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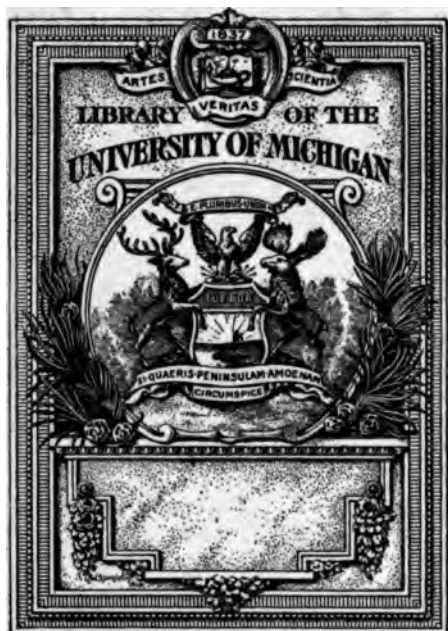
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INDEX.

PAGE

L

PAGE

A

A SUMMER Sabbath.....	18
A Vision of Mount Vernon. By ISAAC MACLELLAN.....	118
A Fragment by BARRY CORNWALL.....	175
A Mind-Picture. Like yet unlike.....	281
A Night with a Nereide. By J. K. L.....	271
A Month at the Racket.....	290, 856, 485
A Lover's Lines.....	879
A La Dame a Volle Noir.....	404
An Evening Picture in August.....	487
A Week's Adventures at Patchunguan.....	881
Allthea. Lines by JEROME A. MABRY.....	844
Across the Street. Stanzas. By W. B. GLAZIER.....	44
American Student Life.....	551
An Evening by the Fire.....	562
A California Model Love-Letter.....	642

B

BACHLOES. By D. J. SPRAGUE.....	177
Biography of a Genius.....	569

C

CARWALLON'S Feast.....	129
Constantinople. By Dr. J. O. NOYES.....	162
Commodore Stuart. By L. J. BATES.....	289
Carle of Cambridge. By a New Contributor.....	365

D

DOMINE quo Vadis? By CHARLES W. BAIRD.....	252
Discouragement. An Address to the Soul.....	270
Dumb. Lines. By JENNY MARSH.....	449
Death of Autumn.....	553

E

ELIZABETH MANTON: or Life-Pictures, 14, 119, 896, 463, 574	
Eastern Derwiches. By JOHN P. BROWN, Esq.....	880
Epitaph in the Desert. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.....	494
EDITOR'S TABLE. Another Leaf from the Lake-Shore. 81. Our Up-River Cor- respondent at Niagara, 194. At Lake Mem- phremagog, 418. Letter from Dix Van- non, at Round Hill, 527. A Warning Voice from the Stomach, 530.	

G

GOD Below: Stanzas.....	455
GOSPEL WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. 88, 200, 304, 423, 582, 643	

H

HOFER: Lines. By ASIA.....	458
Home: Stanzas.....	171

LINES. The Heart's Contrast.....	12
" To Spring.....	25
" By a New Contributor.....	55
" To a Miniature. By WILLIAM PITT PALMER.....	71
" By CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.....	148
" Lost. By MARY W. STANLEY GIB- SON.....	170
" Spring, Autumn, and Eternity. By MAY.....	240
" The Mountain Pine.....	477
" To One who will understand Them. By ROBERT TURNER.....	363
" Suggested by a Sermon.....	378
" On Art.....	498
" The Siege of Vienna.....	560
" The Dying Year.....	568
" A Memory.....	622
Lugubrious Lines.....	569
Letters to Ella.....	56, 221, 456
Love's Warning. By HENRY A. CLARK.....	180
Let us part kindly: Stanzas. By RACHEL ACKERMAN.....	259
LITERARY NOTICES: The Grey Bay Mare. By H. P. Leland, 72; De Wette's Human Life, or Practical Ethics, 74; Ewbank's Life in Brazil, 75; Wallace's Art, Scen- ery, and Philosophy in Europe, 76; Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, Edited by Frank Forrester, 79; Humorous Poetry of the English Language, 187; Irving's Life of Washington, 189; Creasey's Rise and Progress of the English Constitu- tion, 192; Cockburn's Life and Times, 295; The Wanderer, by J. R. Malt- land, 302; Victoria or the World Over- come, by Caroline Chesebro, 303; Re- port of the New-York and Erie Rail- road, 409; Southern or Practical Poetry, by William Terry, 412; Duer's Lec- tures on Constitutional Jurisprudence, 414; Household Mysteries, a Romance of the South, 415; Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, 417; Memorial of John W. Francis, Jr., 510; The Catholic Church in the United States, 512; North Ame- rican Review for October, 514; Kane's Arctic Explorations, 518; Daisy's Neck- lace, and What Came of It, 522; The Golden Dragon, etc., 524; Griswold's Illustrated Life of Washington, 525; Bothwell, a Poem, in six Parts, by W. Edmonstone Aytoun, D. C. L., 628; Arctic Explorations, by Elihu Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N., 626; English Traits, by E. W. Emerson, 630; 'It is Never too late to Mend,' a Matter-of- Fact Romance, by Charles Reade, 632; The Musical Bouquet, and Institute Choir, a Collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, and Choruses, published by Ivi- son and Phinney, 633.	

	PAGE		PAGE
M		STANZAS: Catullus,.....	
My Campaign Reminiscences. Number		" Late Autumn,.....	466
Twelve,.....	45	" Regrets,.....	482
My First Duel,.....	180	" On Hearing a Lady's Voice in	508
My Lady Love. From the French,.....	395	Church,.....	54
Memory: a Fragment,.....	448	Schediasms. By PAUL SIOGVOLK, 68, 172,	
My Shadow House,.....	608	345, 495	
N		Subtleties of Scott's Names,.....	111
New-York Artists. By H. T. TUCKERMAN, 28		Spring-time on the Prairies,.....	160
New Publications, Art-Notices, Etc., 109,		Sir Roger Inkleby's Story. By KIRK KELVIN, 253	
827, 547		Souvenirs of Saunterings. Number Three,	
O		441, 594	
Out on the Battlements. By JENNY MARSH, 176		Sonnet to an unappreciated Poet,.....	454
Observations of Mace Sloper, Esq., 181, 279,		Sergeant Wallis' Good Long Rest,.....	498
405, 500, 611		T	
On Champaigne Wine. By J. M. SANDER-		THEY Soul. By a Baltimore Correspondent, 26	
SON,.....	282	The Nameless River,.....	48
Oakfields: My Last Pilgrimage Thereto,....	241	The Sand. By H. B. Wildman,.....	128
P		The Winged Thief,.....	189
PARTING (The.) By SURREY KEENE,.....	187	The Mid-Night Chime,.....	161
Phoenix's Fourth-of-July Oration in Oregon, 634		The Stars. By C. C. VAN ZANDT,.....	186
Piscatory Reflections and Reminiscences,....	149	The Complete Susquehanna Angler,.....	360
Pleasant Vale: Oriskany. By H. W. ROCK-		The Maple Tree. By PRASANT BARD,.....	269
WELL,.....	257	Tomb of Sir Walter Scott. By ISAAC MAC-	
Power of Argument on a Dutch Baker,.....	461	LELLAN,.....	277
Platonic Love Played Out,.....	559	Tiberius at Caprea. By HOWARD H. CALD-	
R		WELL,.....	351
RAMBLER in Bulgaria. By J. O. NOYES, M.D., 1		Thirty-Eighth Ode of Horace,.....	896
Reading Tennyson: Lines. By MARY W. S.		Thoughts at Sun-set,.....	450
GIBSON,.....	276	Two Men and Game. Original,.....	492
S		The Siege of Vienna,.....	560
STANZAS: The Eagle's Nest,.....	24	Thoughts I had upon My Bed,.....	578
" Night,.....	42	The Phantoms,.....	586
" Louisiella,.....	230	V	
" Too Late,.....	377	VOICE from California,.....	479
" Summer and Love. By J. K. L., 417		Voyage of Life: Manhood,.....	509
		Visit to Independence Hall, Philadelphia,....	66
		W	
		WHEN the Sultan goes to Ispahan. By T. B.	
		ALDRICH,.....	364

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RAMBLES IN BULGARIA.

BY J. O. NOYES, M.D., LATE SURGEON IN THE OTTOMAN ARMY.

'DANUBIO, río devino
Que por fieras naciones,
Vas con tus claras ondas discurriendo.'—LOPE DE VEGA.

AN old Turkish boat-man, the very picture of Charon, ferried me across the Danube, for a few paras, and set me down on the narrow strand of Silistria. A half-dozen houses were scattered along the sandy shore, but the city appeared to be sunk below the level of its wall, a few minarets alone being visible above the latter. Colonel Bent hastened on in the first arabá his dragoman could obtain. The latter informed me that Silistria contained neither a hotel nor lodgings of any kind kept by a Christian. At the promise of a couple of piasters, a greasy *Cawas* shouldered my carpet-bags, and led the way to a Turkish khan. A few Ottoman soldiers were leaning idly on their muskets at the gate through which we passed. It seemed as if the genius of death reigned within those solitary walls. Nothing save the desert, the wilderness, and the calm ocean, is so silent as a Turkish city. There is no rattling of carriages or tramp of hurried feet; there are no brawling voices: men, silent men, in the grave costume of the Orientals, and women veiled from the sight of the most inquiring eye, glide along the narrow streets and stony lanes, more like ghosts than human beings. The impression is one of solitude and death.

The khan, where a board was promised me for a couch, contained but a single square room, with mats for squatting Turks, racks for chibouques, and shelves for kargilehs and the diminutive cups in which coffee was served by a bustling little *cafidi*. For a guide I employed a sleek, good-natured Mussulman, who, in the comprehensive language of the Orientals, 'knew every thing,' and appeared to combine the occupation of a police-man at the city-gate with the occasional services of a dragoman. Mustapha was shaven as to his head, but wore his beard after the manner of the Osmanlis, and gloried in a girdle glittering with

bright weapons. He slept at my feet on the hard boards, drank black coffee, and ate fiery dishes of *papika* at my expense, having no objection to my piasters, however much he may have hated me in his heart as a Christian.

Silistria, the chief city of the *Sandjac* of Silistria, has a population of about twenty thousand souls. It is surrounded by a wall and *fosse*; the former varying from fifteen to twenty feet in height, and mounted, at proper intervals, with saucy cannon. There is none of 'Dickens' 'distressing regularity' of streets. In the open places winged and four-footed carnivora may often be seen dismembering an unfortunate donkey or other animal that has died by the way. In Turkish cities filth, and mud-and-dust, her twin sister, 'most do congregate.' There is not a painted house in Silistria, and, with the exception of the mosques, but two structures more than a single story in height. One of these is the residence of the pacha; the other the half-finished Greek Church, the erection of which the Russians began while in possession of the city, from 1829 to 1833. In the end toward the Arab Tabia I counted where twenty cannon-balls had struck and done good execution. The Russians were compelled to batter down the work of their own hands. That is typical of Russian — of European policy. Absolutists are blinded: they plan and work merely for to-day, and build not upon strong and permanent bases. The tyrants of our generation are doomed to roll the stone of Sisyphus: would that they had also to grasp after the delusive cup of Tantalus!

The low cabins of Silistria are surrounded by little court-yards; and walking through the streets is passing between two continuous, windowless walls. These wicker-walls — for such is their construction in the Danubian cities — are so well plastered, internally and externally, as to defy the eye of the curious howadji on the *qui vive* for the veiled beauties within. The one great object for which Mussulmans appear to live, is to conceal their women from the inquiring eyes of men.

The manner of building Turkish and Bulgarian houses is unique. Four posts are driven into the earth, and joined by means of cross-pieces, between which are interwoven the pliant twigs of the willow. The frame-work is done by the awkward native carpenters, after the posts are driven into the earth, and not while they are lying on the ground. The low roof is tiled. A coating of clay, mixed with animal manure, is applied externally; and on the inside a plastic material affords a hard wall which can be white-washed or ornamented with the wretched daubs in which the artists of the veiled sex sometimes indulge. For the floor they employ a piece of the soil given by Allah to be inhabited by his children. Acres of such habitations can be swept away in a few minutes by fire; and hence the immense conflagrations which so often occur in the large Turkish cities. They are, however, the best structures to withstand a siege. I did not see a house that had not been perforated by one or more cannon-balls; but they had merely passed through the wicker-walls, leaving small round holes, the same as when bullets are fired through a glass-window. It was only where a bomb-shell had burst, that great injury had been done. The Russians appear to have aimed particularly at the five mosques of

Silistria, whose tall minarets were excellent targets. Shot and shell had made curious work with those barn-like edifices.

It is astonishing that seventy thousand balls and bomb-shells could be fired into a city like Silistria without producing more damage than a few Bulgarian masons could repair in a short time. There was also but a small loss of life in the garrison and among the inhabitants. The general rule that it requires nearly ten thousand discharges to put one of the enemy *hors du combat* was more than true of the Russians, and less than true of the Turkish and Arab troops who defended Silistria during an eventful siege of thirty-nine days. In vain did Paskiewitch attempt to unlock the gates of Silistria with a golden key.

By the side of one of the ruined mosques lies Mussa Pacha, who fell during the siege when about to engage in the morning-prayer. His successor was an arrant coward, and took refuge in one of the subterranean chambers, where most of the inhabitants repaired for safety. In the course of a few days his hair became snow-white through fear and mental anguish. Butler, who also fell during the siege, was buried in the court-yard of a Greek church hard by. The Bishop of Silistria would not at first permit the desecration of what the Orthodox Greeks call holy ground, by the dust of an Englishman, but was obliged to yield to the order of the Pacha. Let justice be done to the true defenders of Silistria. The English, as might be anticipated from their national character, claim that the exertions of Butler and Naysmith alone saved the city from falling into the hands of the Russians. Such was not the case. The first place of honor belongs to Grack, a brave Prussian, who unfortunately died at Rustchuk, one month after the repulse of the Russians before the out-works of Silistria. Butler and Naysmyth were India officers, good in hand-to-hand conflict, but nothing more. Neither of them made any pretensions to skill in engineering, and both were unpopular with the inhabitants of Silistria, as also among the defenders of Arab Tabia. Grack was an excellent engineer: to him was given the charge of repairing the breaches effected by the Russians, and to him, more than any one else, were the Turks indebted for the preservation of Silistria.

A strong garrison was still stationed in Silistria, and there was great fear that the dreaded *Moskos*, as they called the Russians, would return.

I had seen every thing worthy of attention in dingy, battered Silistria. Anxious to study the rural life of the Turks, and still more anxious to experience the Oriental life of Stamboul and Grand Cairo, I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity to depart. Terzin Bashá, a little Hungarian tailor with whom I had become acquainted through Mustapha, conducted me to Ibrahim Pacha, the governor of Silistria. His Excellency was reclining in the *Selamlík*, or male apartment, smoking, with a company of grave Mussulmans, the delicious *kief*. Our entrance scarcely interrupted their placid intoxication. Terzin meekly slipped off his shoes in the presence of the pacha, who is the representative of the august Abdul Medjid, or, as the faithful delight to call the Sultan, 'the Unmuzzled Lion, and Proud Tamer of Infidels.' The pachas of the different provinces and cities are appointed by the

Padishah, and to him alone are they answerable. In Turkey, posts of honor and profit, like the governorships, are given to those who offer most piasters for the same, and are usually continued on the annual payment of a stipulated sum ; although the principal occupation of the pachas is 'to suck the very vitals of their provinces.' They control the revenue, command the military force, and exercise criminal jurisdiction in their respective governments ; but notwithstanding these powers, are called 'statues of glass' by the Turks, and can be deposed and punished at the will of the Sultan. I judged Ibrahim Pacha to be a man of the most profound incapacity. In a country where hereditary aristocracy has no existence, and where slaves become Grand Viziers, the highest offices are often administered by persons taken from the very dregs of society. The traveller occasionally has the opportunity of enjoying the hospitality of these officials, who, however, cannot be esteemed, and must be looked upon with that feeling of mingled regard and pity which is excited by the simplicity and goodness of very benevolent but very illiterate old women.

Ibrahim Pacha gave one twitch of his superior ocular muscles, regarded me for a moment, and then directed that I should be seated. It was not my first interview with a pacha, and I did not stop to enjoy the proffered pipe and coffee.

'What does the howadji desire?' inquired the Pacha.

'The howadji, O Ibrahim Pacha! desires permission from your Excellency to travel through Bulgaria on his way to the great city of Stamboul,' replied Terzin Bashá. The governor gave another twitch of his ocular muscles, and waved his hand toward the police-office, where I was to procure the *teskery*, or Turkish passport.

The office of the police bore a close resemblance to a tailor's shop, the officers and scribes all seated cross-legged upon mats and low divans.

My original purpose had been to proceed from Silistria to Schumla, cross the range of the Balkans and reach Stamboul by Adrianople, the second city of European Turkey. But there was no Turkish post between Silistria and Schumla, and I could find neither horses nor a Tartar to act as guide. Terzin Bashá said that I might possibly procure an arabá, or Turkish carriage, at a khan in the city, and we started off to see what could be done. The keeper of the khan, a dark, thin-visaged Turk, with deep-sunken eyes, and wearing the round turban and flowing costume of Damascus, informed us that he could furnish the desired conveyance to Varna ; but in consideration of the length of the route, the escort necessary to keep off the vagrant Klephts and Bashi-Bazouks, and innumerable perils by the way, he demanded three hundred piasters. I finally brought him down to two hundred and twenty-five piasters, about ten dollars of our money. We were to start the next morning : the escort was to be strong, the horses superb, and the arabá the best of the kind. Our bargaining had been carried on in a group of silent smoke-consumers.

A collection of the pipes of all nations would give the best possible idea of national characteristics. The calumet of the American Indians, ornamented with feathers and porcupine quills, and made to be smoked

by a whole tribe, indicates a certain advance of the social state, but gives no idea of individuality. The universal pipe of the Yankee nation, short, cheap, and thoroughly practical, is a decided indication of progress. The American must smoke as he runs and reads, else he would not get time to smoke at all — earnestness and activity being chief elements of his character. The sharp, money-getting American physiognomy seems, in fact, hardly complete without the accompaniment of a pipe or a segar directed toward one of the wandering planets. The more cumbrous article used by the English denotes a spirit that does not like to be small in smoke, literal or symbolical, The *pipe en boue* of the French, with its *penchant* forward, like the French military cap, gives us an idea of the future, but is most liable to be *ruinée* by the force of opposing obstacles, as is the case with all schemes floating in the undefined limbo of French politics. The German *Meerschbaum*, a cross between the Trian lute and a polypus, has a smack of the Oriental mingled with Occidental habits and usages. One lingers before the window of a Viennese *Fabrik* as he would in a gallery of antiques; for on those huge *Meerschbaum* bowls the cunning hands of artists have toiled to reproduce what was most wonderful in the smoky myths of the Greeks, from the funeral games round the tomb of Patroclus to the lesser glories delineated on Achilles' shield. Still the smoking Dutchman is a working Dutchman. He suspends his pipe so as not to interfere with locomotion or manipulation. Without tobacco-smoke we should not have the metaphysical ravings and the ontological vagaries of the Teutonics. The pipes become longer and more cumbrous as one penetrates further in the east of Europe. It was in the family of a Hungarian count that I first learned to appreciate the Turkish chibouque charged with fragrant Latakieh. French civilization has done something in the way of reducing the folds of the Ottoman turban, in diminishing the ampler parts of the baggy pantaloons in which true Mussulman delights, and in displacing the cumbrous, all-concealing veil by the 'woven air' which reveals the flushing tints and rich outlines of Circassian beauty, but the Turks will never become a progressive people until their pipes are reduced from the dimensions of feet to inches.

Smoking is *par excellence* the peculiar institution of the Ottomans. The influence of the Latakieh seems to have penetrated their very souls, and lends a hazy, dreamy outline to all the manifestations of their outward life. The genuine Turk, dressed like a fillibuster, enjoys his long chibouque or snaky nargileh from morn to eve, with the gravity of an alderman, and the glowing visions of the great-eyed Orient appear to float before his mental vision as he yields himself up to their perennial charm.

I am, indeed, greatly amused to see how the Turks, on their own soil, and uncorrupted by foreign tastes, persevere in the use of tobacco. At college, my room-mate persisted in going to sleep every night with an ignited segar between his teeth. The Dutch pilot who took us into Rotterdam, after

'A two weeks' tipsy time on cold salt-water merely,'

must have descended from the Wouter Van Twiller who smoked away

the embarrassments attending the early settlement of New-York ; although at the time, his piscatorial face, the fishy expression about his eyes, and two short arms, moving precisely as a dolphin moves its pectoral fins, led me more than once to cast my eyes under his long-tailed coat in search of a like caudal appendage, and suggested that he might have had an existence in that remote age when, according to Vathek, Holland was all water, and the ancestors of the present inhabitants all fish. Not every where, as in the canals of Rotterdam, can one behold sailors mounting the rigging of lofty ships, and handling the sails with pipes in their mouths. When, at the inn of the Three Lions in Semlin, I saw my Hungarian neighbor complacently shaving himself, with a huge Meerschaum suspended from his teeth : I verily thought the Mont-Blanc of fumatory achievements attained ; but stranger experiences were in store for me among the Orientals. The *Chibouchi*, or pipe-bearer, takes the first rank among the servants of every Turkish grandee. Pipe-cleaners perambulate the streets of Turkish cities, and announce their craft after the manner of charcoal-men with us. Turkish troops often go into action with their long pipes lashed upon their knapsacks ; and at the close of the daily fasts of the Ramazan, the chibouque takes the precedence of food and water.

It was on a mild autumnal evening that I rode out in company with an Italian surgeon in the Turkish service, to visit the celebrated outpost of Arab Tabia. I had spent the day with my friend in attending the invalids at the different hospitals, crowded to excess with the sick and wounded. As we passed through the land-gate of the city I noticed, in a nook of the wall hard by, a company of Turkish troops piously engaged in the evening prayer. They had carefully gone through the requisite ablutions, and, having spread mats and garments on the earth in the direction of Mecca, performed the impressive devotions which characterize the followers of Mohammed. There was the absorption peculiar to the Ottoman worship of to-day, and not the fervor of the Janissaries kneeling in solid squadrons, shouting *Allah hou !* as they rushed into the combat, and, with an enthusiasm unknown to the less devout Nizam, overrunning province after province, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other. An officer appeared to lead, and they performed their prostrations and semi-prostrations as if they had been accustomed to press shoulder to shoulder into the conflict.

A ride of a few minutes brought us to the base of the hill on the crest of which the Arab Tabia is situated. The bluff bank of the Danube is here interrupted for a distance of several miles ; the hills, or rather the line of elevated ridges which disappear in a *plateau* at the southward and westward, sweeping around Silistria in the form of an amphitheatre. What would otherwise be a continuous but elevated *plateau*, is broken into several ridges by defiles that radiate back into the country a distance of many miles. On the crests of the ridges, thus thrown into a semi-circle, are situated the five out-posts of Silistria, the two nearest the river, namely, the one above and the other below Silistria, being of less importance than the three others, the Arab Tabia at the south-east, the Medjidie, nearly south from the city, and a smaller fortification between them. The Medjidie appeared to be the only one of the

out-works worthy the name of a fort. The hill-side, formerly covered with fields and vine-yards, had been ploughed by cannon-balls, and was thickly strown with the fragments of exploded bombs. The Russians approached Silistria from the south-east, and so puny was the obstacle in their way, that an orator in the House of Commons was entirely correct in saying: 'The first wave of that remarkable invasion was scattered into foam before the out-works of a fifth-rate fortress.' I shall never be able to comprehend the Russian defeat at Silistria. The Arab Tabia, a mere out-work, simply an earth-fortification, was defended by no more than six guns. Never was there offered a better position for bombarding a city than from the *plateau* which stretches away from the Tabia, and affords a commanding point of rare advantage, an indispensable acquisition in the successful carrying on of a siege. Yet Paskiewitch was foiled, and lost the flower of his officers, with fifteen thousand men, before beating a retreat. I examined every inch of ground with the greatest care. There were the mines laid by Childers, and sprung precisely at the moment to create dreadful havoc among his own troops: there were the long trenches by which the enemy thought to approach near the Tabia, but were so often foiled by the watchful Arabs within: there were the hard-trodden spots of hand-to-hand conflicts in which the fierce Arnauts had cut to pieces whole squadrons with their terrible yataghans: and there, O horrid sight! were the pits into which the thousands slain had been promiscuously thrown, to embrace each other in the accidental movements of the dead. A division of Turkish troops, which had been engaged in extending and repairing the fortification, slowly descended from the Tabia, and with beating drum and glittering bayonet, marched up the declivity of the Medjidie.

The extended view from the Arab Tabia is not uninteresting. At the southward and eastward, beyond the plain on which the Russians operated, are the forest-clad hills of Bulgaria. At the northward flows old Danubius as proudly as in the days when Roman legions were encamped along his banks; while beyond stretches away, farther than the eye can reach, the low plain of Wallachia, once the highway of nomadic nations pressing toward the Occident; but in later times the battleground of empires struggling for the mastery of the world.

After our return to Silistria I dined *à la Turk* with my Italian friend in an old Turkish house assigned for his quarters by the Pacha. The meal consisted of numerous dishes prepared in genuine Turkish style by a soldier-servant; the names of which are unimportant, the ingredients of which I never knew, save those of the rice *pillaff*, the crowning glory of every Turkish feast. We were joined by another Italian surgeon, also in the service of the Sultan. After dinner pipes and coffee were brought in; but more pleasing to me than the dainty morsels of the Turkish *cuisine*, the fragrant Latakieh, or the aromatic Mocha, were the racy anecdotes of Turkish life, and the imbrolios of adventure with which, reclining upon the divan, we beguiled the long hours. My companions were political exiles. They spoke feelingly, almost tearfully, of their loved Italy, of her fair hills and poet-sung skies, of her humiliation and her future, and seemed to bemoan the

cruel fate which had exiled them from their home on the yellow Tiber to the inhospitable banks of the Danube.

At a late hour they sallied out to accompany me to the lodgings of Terzin Bashá. Gas was never dreamed of in a Turkish city; the streets are without names; the houses without numbers. Every person who ventures out after dark must carry a paper lantern, or incur the risk of being arrested by the police and kept in custody until morning. An English ambassador at Constantinople, not Stratford de Redcliffe, occasionally ventured abroad incognito in the dark. In one of his nocturnal sallies without the customary light, he fell into the hands of the police; and, as they could not distinguish an English lord from an ordinary Frank traveller, was, in spite of all his protestations, put in the lock-up to sleep with rogues and vagabonds. The following morning the authorities were shocked at having caged a British lion. With the usual tact of the Ottomans in getting out of difficulties, they hastily summoned the largest Turkish band in Pera, formed a hollow square for his Excellency, and persisted in marching him down to his palace through crowds of wondering Turks, and amid the frenzied dissonance which a Turkish band can alone produce.

It was a night of Bulgaro-Egyptian darkness. Now and then a sleepy watchman, whose girdle glistened with weapons, would stop us for a moment, and the wolfish dogs over which we stumbled in the street followed us with their flashing eyes and ceaseless barking.

We were soon lost in the interminable labyrinth of Silistria, and wandered about a long time without being able to find Terzin Bashá, or even the house from which we had started. Some one at last conducted us to the lodgings of the little tailor. My friends bade me *buona notte*. Terzin lived in an Armenian family, who, with characteristic inhospitality, insisted that I should not spend the night under their roof, as in their peculiar godliness, they would not sleep with a heretic believing in the divinity of CHRIST and the eternal punishment of sins.

The Bashá — may the blessing of Allah rest upon him and all honest tailors! — then conducted me to his little business sanctum in another part of the city. On his platform as a couch, and his goose for a pillow, I soon fell asleep, dreaming of Klephts, fleas, and especially of the luxurious arabá in which I was to be suspended between heaven and earth on the following day.

'Prayer is better than sleep.' The Turks rise early, in order to invoke the Prophet. The *Cawas* of Ibrahim the khan-keeper, led to my quarters by some mysterious agency, woke me at an early hour. He shouldered my carpet-bags, and I followed him to the khan, where, as he declared, they had been waiting an hour for my arrival.

Oh! the delusions of Oriental exaggeration! The escort to guard me against the Bashi-Bazouks had dwindled down to two Turkish soldiers, one of whom was sick and the other charged with a large bag of piasters for a Mussulman merchant in Stamboul. These, in default of a banking system, had to be conveyed hundreds of miles, and in my opinion were a capital temptation to those who get a living by practising upon the Greek verb *kleptein*.

The magnificent horses promised the day before, which were to rival

the swift coursers of the Haffer, I found to be wretched hacks of the vilest Bulgarian blood, incomparably more wretched than any thing equine to be found in the wide kingdom of Connaught. I am confident that, taken together, they did not exhibit one of the seventy good traits which, according to the best Arab judges, belong to every good horse. What magical wand could have converted the creatures of my imagination into such detestable hirans? They seemed to be formed merely of osseous tissue, and the organs of respiration, packed tightly in a cutaneous integument, the solution of whose continuity revealed here and there the workings of the systems within. Baron Munchausen would not have entertained for a moment the thought of reaching Varna with such animals, to disturb whose stable equilibrium but a single breath of air seemed necessary. But the arabá to which these promising steeds were harnessed — what beautiful word could express a more perfect delusion! Not a particle of iron or metal of any kind had been used in the construction of that nondescript *voiture*, good for nothing but in name. Upon four wooden wheels was balanced a rude box framed of sticks of wood interwoven with pieces of bark. Bows had been bent over the top so as to support a coarse mat, in the shade of which, according to the idea of the architect, might repose the weary traveller. Ibrahim looked upon me with lofty contempt, as with a single effort of the hand I produced a luxation in almost every joint of the curious vehicle. 'Bosh! bosh!' I shouted into his ears — a Turkish word signifying all that is worthless, superficial, and contemptible, in things moral, verbal, or material. I plainly saw it would be of no avail to rouse up the fanatical in Ibrahim. I was tired of Silistria; and the *Cawas* of the dirty, yellow turban and shuffling babouche declared that not another arabá could be found in the city. 'Pekee! pekee!' 'good! good!' whispered the Turkish soldier with the piasters, who, instead of drawing his scimitar to force me into the arabá, ingenuously threw his arms around my neck and besought me to go. I meekly inquired of Ibrahim how long it might take to reach Varna in the conveyance he had supplied. His answer gave me a clearer comprehension of the Turkish character than medicating a whole regiment of the Nizam, or poring for weeks over the plethoric tomes of Von Hammer. Drawing himself up to his full height, and seizing with one hand his magnificent beard, he shouted, 'I am not Allah! how should I comprehend time and distance?' and meekly added, 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet;' a sentence that cuts the gordian-knot of all Ottoman difficulties. We started. The very dogs barked at us until they lost the power of utterance; and veiled women ran out to look upon the departing *Howadji*. I could only wonder whether the awkward, waddling bundle of clothes before me enveloped the blushes of sweet seventeen or the frowns and wrinkles of seventy winters. We passed through the southern gate of Silistria, and took the road which winds up the ravine between Arab Tabia and the Medjidie. Looking back, I bade a final adieu to old Danubius, the one great river of Europe. It was on the Danube that I had enjoyed some of the wildest scenery of the Eastern world. I had there become acquainted with all the beautiful features of German social life, and there learned to honor

Hungarian virtue and patriotism. Amid the strata of expiring civilizations I had seen much which carried the mind back to the time when the tramp of Roman legions was heard along the Danube, and Roman life throbbed in the busy camps and cities of the Ister, long ago given up to desolation and solitude. Even in these remote regions the victorious eagles left the impress of civilization; for as Pompey said, the foot of a Roman soldier had but to touch a foreign soil, and new institutions would spring forth as if spontaneous.

What wonder, O reader! that the ancient Egyptians deified Nilus? He scatters fertility like a god; and without him there had been no Egypt. Great rivers, like hoary temples and the everlasting mountains, have also a sublime interest, a mute eloquence of their own. The mythology of Greece, instinct with imagination, crowned every rock with an Oread, hid a Naiad in every fountain, and if it did not, like the Egyptian, deify rivers, it at least made them sacred to the gods, and converted their sylvan banks into retreats for the graces and the muses. Like the illustrious French traveller, who roamed over the Eastern world more as a pilgrim than a mere gatherer of facts, I have always had a passion to press my lips to the bosom of great rivers, believing it were better if man and nature were more familiar friends. Thus have I drunk from the Mississippi, the Thames, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube: thus I hope to drink from the Nile and the Jordan, the Ilissus and that lesser stream of Asia whose murmuring waters often listened to the songs of Homer.

Rivers are the moving high-ways of the nations. In the earlier ages of the world they slowly accomplished what the steam-ship booming on the ocean, and thought leaping across the globe on telegraphic nerves, are now doing to solve the destiny of the human race. Their Briarean arms embrace the earth. The earlier migrations crept slowly along their banks, and much of the commerce of the world still flows in their channels.

The familiar and high-sounding names of Eastern rivers are apt, however, to give a wrong impression of their size and importance. The Danube and the Nile are indeed magnificent streams; the former receiving the waters of a hundred rivers, with a hundred nations clustered on its banks, the latter flowing through a thousand miles of desert without a single tributary. The Jordan is worthy to be called a river only when swollen by the winter rains; the Eurotas of Sparta is a mere mountain-brook. The Simois, and that stream on the plain of Troy which the gods called Xanthus and men Scamander, are scarcely visible except to the eye of faith: the Cephissus, which waters the groves of the Academy, and once waked the swelling thoughts of Plato, would not, in this practical age, propel an ordinary saw-mill; and the Ilissus, the Ilissus of Athens, that far-famed river, sacred to the muses, can be leaped across by a child, and furnishes scarcely water enough to purify the rags of a few Greek women, the unpoetical descendants of the *Muse Ilissidae*, who once wandered along its banks.

Never shall I forget that inky, leaden Bulgarian sky, nor the cold wind which, cradled among the icy peaks of the Balkans, swept down the ravine through which we were passing. The Wallachian plain,

the minarets of Silistria, the Arab Tabia, and the Medjidie, were soon out of sight ; and, drawing my travelling-cloak closely around me, I stretched myself at full length on the bottom of the arabá, to meditate upon the pleasures of travel among semi-barbarians. Of romance there was none : romance belongs to civilization. I found the arabá much better than I had expected. From its looseness of construction it yielded gently to the sudden elevations and depressions in the Bulgarian road, and swayed to-and-fro like a ship in a storm. The horses were not nimble, nor did their peculiar manner of locomotion correspond to any thing I had read in the German work on the gaits of animals, but, like the arabá, save a few vicious tricks, they surpassed all expectations.

On reaching the elevated plateau which flanks Silistria, the winding road stretched off in a south-easterly direction toward the Euxine. As we advanced, the country became more hilly and broken. The ravines were well wooded. Many of the slopes bore a close resemblance to the oak-openings of the West ; and from time to time we passed through magnificent forests that would do credit even to American scenery. The soil would be exceedingly fertile were it not for the great scarcity of water during the months of summer and autumn. The first day's journey I did not see a single stream. The region, for many miles in the interior, had been occupied by the Russians, and presented a scene of the utmost desolation. Hordes of marauding Bashi-Bazouks had swept away the little left after the forages of the Cossacks. The Bulgarian cabins had been reduced to ashes, and their inmates swept away by the rude breath of war. The fountains erected here and there by Moslem piety or Moslem pride had fallen into decay, or had recently been broken and defaced by ruthless hands. The Russians had plunged their dead horses into the wells ; and the apparition of out-stretched legs from the limpid water was not peculiarly gratifying to a thirsty traveller.

The road was in a state of nature. Selim, the Turkish driver, and a paragon of Oriental ease, was perpetually losing his way among the diverging routes ; and the sick man patted along behind us on the spare Bulgarian pony.

Abdallah, my right-hand man, and withal a plump, good-natured Turk from the camp of Achmet Pacha, mingled his amatory chants with the sighs and groans of the arabá. He seemed happy, just returning as he was to Stamboul, after a long campaign on the Danube, and sung *Güzal ! pek güzal !* (My beautiful ! my very beautiful !) hour after hour, in drawling, nasal tones, that could not have been equalled by a Scotch master of psalmody.

We met a long string of arabás from the interior, drawn by buffaloes, and loaded with grain for Silistria. I did not omit the Turkish salutation : *Aleikum salaam* in answer to *Salaam alcikum* ! (Peace be with you !) to the drivers of those anomalous animals before vehicles still more anomalous. I am confident that no other quadruped, bovine or equine, combines so perfectly all the points of ugliness as the Bulgarian buffalo ; and certainly the cunning hand of man cannot devise another vehicle so ludicrous and indescribably wretched as the Turkish arabá, whose original must have been in use among the nomadic peuplads of Orchan and Timour. Magnificent word, typical of that Oriental exag-

geration which for ever flatters with high-sounding names, and disgusts with the shabbiness of the reality.

We made comparatively little progress, and toward night reached Koutchouk-Kainardji, a large Bulgarian village, where the celebrated treaty of that name was signed on a drum-head, in the year 1774, by Field-Marshal Romanzoff and the representative of the Grand Vizier. In that convention, since so often invoked by Turkey as well as Russia, the Porte recognized the independence of the Tartars of the Crimea, and granted to the Russians free navigation in all the seas of the Ottoman Empire ; thus opening the route to Constantinople to the Muscovite fleets, and foreshadowing evils innumerable to the Turks. Catharine, by way of compensation, restored to the Ottomans Bessarabia, the Danubian Principalities, and the Islands of the Archipelago, previously conquered by the Russians.

THE HEART'S CONTRAST.

THE sweet spring-time is coming
 Once again ;
 On the flower-buds softly droppeth
 Gentle rain ;
 Opening soon, each fairy blossom,
 Folded long on earth's cold bosom,
 Wakes to bliss ;
 Breathing forth a fragrant blessing,
 Answering to the wind's caressing
 Balmy kiss.

Still the tiny fairy floweret
 Lieth low,
 That I placed on earth's cold bosom
 'Neath the snow.
 Then the wintry winds were sweeping
 O'er the mound where she was sleeping ;
 Now the rain
 Softly on the green grass falleth ;
 From the ground *my* flower-bud calleth
 All in vain.

Myriad forms of life are waking
 Everywhere,
 And the song of birds outgushing
 Charms the air.
 But, alas ! I'm watching nightly
 For the form that glided lightly
 O'er the floor :
 What to me the wild-bird's singing !
 I shall hear her sweet voice ringing
 Nevermore.

M. A. E. T.

A S U M M E R S A B B A T H .

THE sun is rising o'er the distant hills,
And throws his long, straight beams
On the ripe harvest plains,
Along the flower-haunted lanes,
In full and fiery-heated streams.

The distant crow of cock comes drowsily
Up from the way-side hill:
And, dull as in a dream,
Gurgles the rock-bedded stream
Down in the valley by the steep-roofed mill.

On the warm air the perfume of the hay,
New-mown, blows from the meads:
And down the long road-side,
Where modest wild flowers hide,
Fresh perfume rises o'er the dusty weeds.

The brazen weather-cock is motionless
Upon the low church-spire:
And glitteringly bright
Hangs 'gainst the uprising light,
Like guardian cherubim sword of fire!

The church-bell rings; and while its peaceful notes
Die on the calm, still air,
The happy rustics all,
Prompt to the sacred call,
In little scattered groups draw near;

Through trodden foot-paths in the valleys low,
And on the low hill-side,
Where happy hamlets lie
In sweet tranquillity —
Where pure Religion covets to abide.

Through the low wicket come the gathering flock —
Tread softly 'mong the graves —
Enter the rustic doors,
And, while the organ pours
Forth from its deepest depths melodious waves

Of sacred music, tremulous and sad —
While from the stir of shrubbery
Murmuring 'mong the tombs
Cometh the sweet perfumes
Through the half-open windows where the sky

Peeps calmly in, they humbly kneel to pray
An answer to the prayerful calls
Descending from above:
The spirit of the dove
Seemeth to brood about the sacred walls.

While here I sit, my childhood comes to me:
 A hymn—that timidly grew faint
 As the late years rolled on,
 Till it had almost gone,
 Once more salutes my soul — a sweet, pure plaint .

From a dear, holy voice I know in heaven.
 I feel my sainted mother's hand
 Lie lightly on my brow,
 And to me cometh now
 The voice of prayer from the far spirit-land.

Thus there are seasons when the dreaming soul
 Wakes to a dear reality.
 Apart from worldly care
 It breathes a holier air,
 And swells with conscious immortality.

Easton, (Pa.), May, 1855.

H. BOWMAN.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

PART SIX.

THE HEART'S EXPERIENCE.

WEARILY passed the two days of waiting, during which I endeavored to be cheerful; but the stern gravity of that unrelenting countenance grew darker and darker, until it began to be fearful. My letter was not answered; but I knew as well as written words could tell me, that my dream of happiness was over.

The appointed hour came for my lover to arrive; and this time I was waiting in the parlor, with no fear of swooning, but with a heavy and sorrow-burdened spirit. The old feeling of paralyzation came over me. Cold, restrained, and without animation, I gave pain to him who had come with the bright bow of promise in his sky, and knew nothing of my fears of clouds and darkness. He read in my averted eye an averted heart.

Any one who entered might have supposed we were playing 'Puss, puss in the corner;' for we were scarcely within hearing distance of each other, and looked as if contemplating a funeral rather than any more joyous event. I could not speak of hope, for I had none, yet shrank from giving the true cause of my dejection and indifference.

We parted, not to meet again, but to write, though I had little hope of being permitted. Until there had been a prohibition, I need not be governed by it.

In three days it came, the letter — a love-letter, the first my eyes had perused; and notwithstanding the heaviness of my spirit, thrilled it as only one joy in life can thrill. The first love-letter! it may seem

a foolish trifle to dwell upon, but who has not felt its power? May I have no readers who are ignorant of its magic charm.

Mine was full of love, but also contained many fears, and a little gentle chiding. But it was a rain-bow, so bright as to dispel the clouds, dark as night, which were gathering around me. I read it, re-read it, and committed it to memory. I answered it too, but my words did not come from my heart. I could not speak what I felt. I knew they must soon be recalled; yet it kept up the spark of hope in a lover's bosom, and sustained me, too, in my fast-failing strength.

But the crisis came at length. I was summoned to my father's presence to hear the decree, on which might hang the hope of happiness for life. I thought I was prepared for it, whatever it might be; yet when it came, staggered beneath the blow. The words I could not remember an hour, and scarcely heard them, but the sensation they produced, as they fell cold and hard upon my heart, heavily and more heavily, one after another, till I had not strength to listen, no happiness in after-life could ever efface.

We were forbidden to meet, forbidden to write, 'because it was folly, and because Mr. D — was not a man he liked.' When asked for a better reason why those who were most concerned and were old enough to judge, should not be permitted to act for themselves, he could only answer, that he was not accustomed to give reasons: my duty was to obey, and not question.

If I had had a mother's bosom on which to weep, tears might have relieved the bursting heart and fevered brain; but I was alone; and all around grew dark, oh! how dark! and there seemed only desolation in a world which was indeed teeming with life and beauty.

I uttered no remonstrance, and spoke no word of bitterness; but when he had finished, walked quietly and silently from the room. I did not faint or fall: these were not my habits: I was accustomed to endure. To none around me were there any signs of agitation.

My first study was how to screen him who had wounded me. His words had been so many daggers, plunged in my heart with a recklessness and guilt far greater than to have pierced my vitals with a fatal knife. Yet he was my father; and I had been taught that it would be like the sin of Ham to uncover the nakedness of his soul to the world. I must speak falsehood, and take to myself the blame rather than do this.

When recovered a little from the shock, I remembered the reservation which at the time was meant to palliate the blow. At the end of two years, if we did not in the mean time meet or write or in any way communicate, he would remove the prohibition. Two years! it was a long time, an age, in such a life as mine; but it would have an end; and he did not know the strength of purpose he was fostering, by a promise which he did not suppose he should be called upon to fulfil.

Two years! Though my daily routine was like walking hither and thither through the desert, with this star of hope I should not faint. But then arises the thought: 'Will he who is to share with me this sorrow and this hope, be equally patient? Will his love bear this test?'

I wrote to tell him; but I did not permit him a glimpse of my

bruised spirit. I said our acquaintance had been short, and I had seen little of the world. My father therefore thought best to try us. Two years would soon pass away. Under the circumstances in which we were to await their end, we should be thoroughly proved, and I believed it to be well. If he could not accede to this, he was free from all obligations to me, and our acquaintance might be forgotten.

How my conscience smote me when I received the answer to this cold, unwomanly letter. 'Yes,' he said; 'he could wait — wait patiently as long as Jacob waited for Rachel, if he might then be sure he should have his reward. It seemed a mysterious trial, and quite unnecessary; but he had been greatly misjudged, if he was thought not equal to it. Of the nature of my love,' he continues, 'you have little idea, if you think it is to be quenched by time or distance, or unmanly suspicion of my honor and my truth. Little indeed do you imagine its breadth and depth and constancy, burning steadily and more brightly during all the years of your indifference, with not a ray of hope to feed its flame. Think you, then, it will die, when I am permitted to bear about with me the assurance, faint though it be in comparison with what I believed I should receive, that I am enshrined in your memory, and that I may at length possess the one only treasure I have ever coveted? I cannot say I shall to the letter obey the command of non-communication: I shall think it no sin to disobey it; but I will not offend him who made the prohibition by the indignity of my presence.'

To this I did not think it a sin to reply in a strain more in accordance with the feelings of a true and loving heart; and so ended, for a time, all knowledge of each other.

So little emotion had been manifested, that Aunt Ida had supposed all things going on smoothly, and soon after our final separation, exclaimed: 'Well, when are we to have the wedding; for I suppose this is to be the end of the matter?'

'You will not have the trouble of a wedding, nor the trouble of any more calls.'

'Oh! you need n't tell me, as if I should believe you had given that nice young man the mitten.'

'It will make little difference whether you believe it, or not. If you wait, you will see.'

'Well, I think you'll be sorry, is all I have to say.'

And thus, for the present, ended the matter between us, and the heavy days wore on.

But the inward struggle was not less severe for this outward calm; and the nervous energy wasted fast in its effort to aid the strong will to overcome and subdue. No panics or hysterics ever revealed my soul's agony; but suffering did not less surely perform its work. When prostration came, and for many months the victim hovered upon the verge of the grave, physicians had no name for the disease, and gossips had no suspicion of its cause. But the mind was relieved when the body was in tortures. Tossing and tumbling and groaning are proper manifestations in any affliction but that of the heart; but as the heart-wound was not visible, and there was no danger of the accusation of

weakness, the spirit could share the relief of the body ; and through tears the burning brain grew cool.

Sympathy, too ; how much was bestowed for physical suffering ! How ready was every hand to assuage : and he who had crushed the spirit, and poured poison where he should have poured balm, watched anxiously by the couch of pain ; for to be sick and die was something he could understand ; but to languish in idleness, or hunger for affection, was a degeneracy for which he had no compassion. To snatch a daughter from the grasp of death would not have drawn from him a relenting word. He had not the weakness of being moved by entreaties, or recalling a fiat, however unjust.

I recovered : and when the spring-buds again opened, was able to go forth and enjoy their freshness. The mountains are ever the same in their hoary grandeur ; the river and the meadow in their quiet beauty. The birds are always happy. No heaviness of spirit disturbs their matins, and the free, glad air alone restrains their soarings. Would that I had wings : I would flee to some spot where gladness dwells. How strangely sweet is tyranny to man : how all who have it in their power delight to control and sway and oppress ; and insist upon believing they are exercising the right not of the stronger alone, but of the wiser and better. Kings and princes might be more easily pardoned for not sympathizing with the poor and toiling, for they were never poor ; but far more astonishing it is how soon those who are old forget they were ever young.

One whole year had passed : now I should only have to count by moons, and they would swiftly speed away. But should I dare to trust that there would be no change in the heart I was still believing true ? Whether I justly might or not, I did. I never for a moment doubted that it would return to me, not to fulfil a vow, or for fear of causing disappointment and sorrow, but with the same undivided affection, without a shadow of change. To be sure, I had not been left without some tokens of this fidelity. Post-masters are Argus-eyed, but they are not clairvoyant ; and the nicely-folded papers with wrappers that left 'each end open,' as the law requires, brought me many assurances which were none the less valued because I was obliged to consult Flora's interpreters in order fully to understand their import. Lilies and geraniums were not letters, but they were right eloquent messengers on love's errands ; and when I had formed a little herbarium of flowers which had been culled in field and forest and by the meadow-brook, selected among rare exotics in the conservatory or purloined from the garden-hedge, I had a book that needed no seal to keep it from other eyes ; where thoughts which were traced in gold and purple and scarlet were meaningless to all who gazed, and yet to me spoke volumes. What a revelation was every leaf and petal to my soul. But there was no acknowledgment of them ; and now, though the time for flowers had come again, the illuminated pages of my herbarium did not multiply : the next year would be blank. But it passed away, each season in its turn, and yet I lived. The bloom of summer and the blight of autumn were followed by winter's pageant and its storm ; and like the snow-shroud to the flowers, was the dawn-

ing spring to my hopes. Trust had almost faded from my heart ; and when the two years were wholly gone, and the red light dimmed into darkling shadows along the western hills, on the anniversary of our parting and our promise, and there was no sign of his coming, I began to sigh over the faithlessness of man, and to doubt, with the heroines of romance, if truth had existence except in name.

Yet in my woman's heart there arose a plea, for even a false lover. What wonder that he did not care to sue again for a hand which had been so insultingly denied him, and a heart which had never professed to reciprocate the love which had been so lavishly bestowed upon it ? He who sought it had never known the strength of the affection he had inspired, and had received no assurance of its fidelity. He had believed it scarcely warm in the beginning, and how could he imagine it would now be otherwise than cold ?

The appointed time came and went, and he was not here. Yes, he had probably changed, and I was forgotten. And with every hour I resolved to dwell no more upon a useless dream, and root from my heart the remembrance of one who was not worthy of me, and, like a genuine heroine of romance, carried this resolution into effect by recalling every look and tone of the banished one, perusing again and again the letters, no word of which had faded from my memory, and studying with renewed interest the mystic language of my flower-printed pages. And my efforts were attended with the usual consequences.

'Dear me ! I should think you were in love,' exclaimed Aunt Ida : 'how stupid you are lately.'

'And what can I be in love with ? — some of these trees, or the sheep upon the meadow ? Surely there has been nothing more human along here lately.'

'You spend most of your time in looking at the trees and the sheep, to be sure. You have hardly spoken for a month. I hope you are not going to turn into a mope.'

'I have not felt very well : you know I have not been strong since I was sick : ' and here my voice trembled a little, and the good lady's sympathy was immediately excited : she remembered that I had been sick, and did not care to have me sick again : and, like most people in the world, she only ascribed physical causes to physical suffering, and said : 'You ought to have something strengthening — a little wine-biters, or some of Dr. Morrell's cordial.'

'No : when the cold weather comes I shall be better. I wish I could journey ; but I cannot go alone.'

'Well ; why not ask your father to accompany you, or your brother to take you to the city ?'

'Oh ! my father is too busy, and would not understand the necessity ; and my brother, he is also too much engaged. I do not have to work for a living. I have enough to eat and drink and wear, a garden to walk in, books to read : they can't understand that I need any thing more. I ought to be well and happy.'

'Perhaps you ought to be happy : we all ought to be happy, with so many blessings which we do not deserve ; but I don't see how you can

help being sick, unless you are careless about taking cold, or eat something that disagrees with you.'

Alas ! I was not conscious of having been guilty of either of these sins, and yet I was far from well ; and had it been possible to be happy by force of will, or in obedience to persevering effort, no heart would have been more joyous than mine. In obedience to the promptings of her animal sympathy, Aunt Ida insisted on inquiring every night if I 'felt better,' and if I would not have some one of her infallible remedies for head-ache or 'general debility,' till I was forced, in self-defence, to profess myself entirely recovered, to assume cheerfulness, and to put my tongue in motion too ; for the good lady could not understand how a person could be well that did not talk, nor how a person could refrain from talking that was well. And quite as inconceivable it was to her, how there could be a cause of unhappiness that was not visible and tangible, or an ill that herb-drink would not heal.

So I had no longer the luxury of indulging in sadness, and grew suddenly more gay than ever ; which was proof to those around me that sickness and sorrow had been scattered to the winds.

It was the last bright morning of summer : how well I remember it. An acquaintance had called, and we were all in the parlor. I was sitting by the window, looking listlessly out, when a carriage drove up. That a gentleman alighted, I was aware, but this did not startle me ; and though my eyes followed him, it was not till he turned to enter the gate, that I awoke to the reality ; and then, at a single bound, I was out of the room, and before the bell rang, locked in my chamber. In what a dizzy whirl swam every thing before my eyes : and not till I had schooled myself to calmness, could I reënter the parlor to meet him — yes, the long-lost, and found.

I waited to be sent for, and then descended with a mien and manner that would not have disgraced a stoic. My first glance was at my father ; and on his brow I read my fate. Had I only been content to read it there, what a measure of woe it would have spared me.

One after another all departed, till we were left alone. My second glance had assured me that my fear and sadness had been an idle and foolish dream. Neither fickleness nor falsehood had cast their shadows upon that manly brow. Truth was in that steady, fearless gaze.

'I have fulfilled the days of my exile,' said he, 'and come to claim my reward ;' and there was evidently no fear that the reward would be denied him. Not with hope, but with certainty he spoke ; and so soothingly did the accents fall upon my heart, that fear for a moment forgot her supremacy, and hope beamed in my eye.

It was a bright summer morning, as I said, though the last ; and we adjourned to the bower — that little bower, where girlish fancy first fluttered its spotless wings, where they had been many times folded, and where it was now meet they should spread and bear me to a brighter land. I could not fear when sitting by his side ; I could not help being happy : yet I told him it would not surprise me if the promise were not kept even now.

'Not kept !' he exclaimed : 'No man would think of violating a solemn promise : it is impossible.'

'I cannot tell: all is not clear and bright. But perhaps it is the darkness of the past casting its shadow upon the future. Happiness! no, it is not for me.'

'Ah! you must not indulge in these bitter thoughts. You shall — yes, *we* will yet be happy.'

And though the presentiment remained, I did not again allude to it; and we spent the hours in talking of the happy future, as we hoped to make it for ourselves. It was no Eden or Utopia in which we placed ourselves; and we did not talk of vine-trellised cottages or of bliss unalloyed. Yet it was a bright and happy future, the star of which was love; and when this shines steadily, though there are thorns beneath and clouds above, it is not all darkness.

When alone again, every ray of brightness vanished. I could not again pass through the terrible ordeal of asking to be denied, of imploring to be repulsed. I had not strength for another such trial.

Aunt Ida entered my room and found me with my head buried upon my hands, weeping bitterly. There was no one else to listen, and I must speak, so I told her all, and then was weak enough to follow her well-meant but injudicious counsel. She knew my father, she said, (alas! how little she knew him,) and his cold, stern ways, and he was not unlike many other fathers, who will not manifest the interest they feel in a daughter's happiness, lest they should seem weak and womanish, and so shrouded themselves in a cold indifference which is far from genuine. She was quite sure that now, I should have perfect freedom to do as I pleased, and begged me not to throw away, by a hasty and ungenerous resolution, a prize which a whole life-time might never again offer to me.

The next mail brought me a letter, which strengthened the purpose the good lady had half-formed; and one less resolute might have been excused for yielding to its earnest appeal.

'I have seen you,' it said, 'once more. I have seen you; and now it is impossible for a moment to indulge the thought of giving you up. Banished! Never. It cannot, must not be. How wildly my heart throbbed in its ecstasy, though you only saw me very calm as I sat by your side in the little bower. Unworthy indeed I feel of the treasure I covet, but it must be mine. For the first time I felt that my love was all returned; for the first time my lips were permitted to touch your cheek, my fingers to twine among your curls. Oh! the thrill it sent through my nerves. . . .

'Write and tell there is no more doubt; that I may come to claim you openly.'

So again I resolved to supplicate for mercy. I had gained the statistical knowledge to prove that I should be in no danger of starvation: the arithmetical proofs were furnished me that Mr. D — could navigate successfully over the shoals and quicksands of the sea of life; and I had learned that he was on the right side in politics: and very well I knew that if he were a guest under any other circumstances than as the suitor for his daughter's hand, my father would have liked him: he would have been a man after his own heart.

I sat down and thought: He is my father. To whom should I open

my heart but to him? There is none other in all the world so near to me. To him I owe obedience, and he should be the recipient of my confidence. Alas! that what is duty should be so far from pleasant. Why this estrangement—this terrible barrier between us? Can it be my fault? I will try once more to break it down. He must remember the days of his youth. I have heard that he loved my mother truly: he cannot look upon it as sin and folly in a youthful heart to love. I will frankly tell him that my happiness for life is involved. He will relent and grant my prayer. Then with a lighter heart I took my pen, and in the fulness of my confidence, wrote: and when I had finished, felt sure that the affectionate appeals must melt a heart of stone.

Now there was nothing but to patiently wait; but we who were enduring this suspense and uncertainty solaced ourselves with one stealthy meeting. I had written, and appointed Tuesday for this purpose, as on that day a political caucus would call my father from home, and there would be no danger of an unpleasant interruption.

What an interest I took, for once, in a political caucus! Dinner was ready before the time, and every assistance in my power was rendered to facilitate the early departure of all who were zealous for their country's welfare. And I thought, as I ministered to the wants of him whose face I studied as if life and death were written there, that I saw upon it a more kindly gleam; and ready, like the drowning man, to catch at straws, I felt a relief as if a burden had been taken from my spirit.

This time, as I seated myself by the window to watch and wait, my manners took their tone from the buoyant spirit, and a smile shed its genial influence upon him who had scarcely seen me smile before. For a few hours, doubts were thrown to the winds, and we scarcely thought of the conditions upon which depended the fulfilment of our plans. 'The course of true love never does run smooth;' but surely ours had long enough gone zig-zag to flow now without a ripple!

We selected our house upon a green hill-side in that same town of Winston, and furnished our home. The week, the day, the hour, was appointed on which our long penance was to end; all the arrangements made for cards and friends and journeyings; and we revelled no longer in dreams, but in realities, and took possession of our life-home. Now, for the first time, we called ourselves engaged, and sealed the troth-plight as troth-plights always are or should be, and felt secure.

The angry tones of politicians without, warned us that our gentle whisperings must cease. One moment of silent, of unspeakable happiness, and he was gone. How should I have endured the thought if I had known it was for ever?

For a little while only, I was sustained by the strength of what seemed to me a certain and happy future—there is no strength like that which happiness gives—and then fell prostrate under the certainty of misery—nothing so drinks up the life-blood as heart-woe.

One week after another passed away, and still no answer came to my appeal. It was enough. I needed no words to assure me that darker clouds were gathering, and a fiercer storm was preparing to overwhelm me.

It would not be well to transcribe the bitter murmurings which fell from my lips : the anguish of my spirit became like the resistless current of the Mælstrom, into which I felt I was slowly but surely floating. I struggled, but in vain. Every nerve was strained for endurance, every moment was a prayer for resignation ; but alas ! though the spirit may bear up, the body knows nothing of resignation. Through the darkness there came not a single straggling beam of light. For what had I thus poured out my heart ? Why had I laid down the purest, holiest affections to be again mercilessly trampled under foot ?

Like a withered reed, like a blighted flower, like a waning shadow I moved about, till at last I was summoned to receive the blow that was to stun me, and kindly render me unconscious, for a little season, to mental suffering.

It was the twilight of a cold autumn-day. Gray, heavy clouds were lowering upon the mountain-tops, and the wind did not whistle or moan among the half-leafless trees, but seemed to be slumbering with a sleep more terrible than its fierce awakening. There was not a sound of life : all without was dead and cheerless, and within, like walking among the damp of mouldering tombs.

There was a fire in my little stove, but it had no warmth, and no taper had been lighted to deepen the shadows upon the walls. I had ceased to weep : the fountain of tears was dried up : like a draped statue I sat, with the shawl drawn close about me, and my head resting upon my hand, supported by the same little table on which it had been bowed so often in weariness and woe, when the door opened ; and instead of the kind old lady or the little girl to inquire for my evening wants, my father entered. I aroused myself, for I knew now I must listen, but I did not open the way by query or comment.

He did not begin by referring to the solemn promise he had made, and give a reason for disregarding it, but by wondering how I could again call upon him to speak upon this subject. I well knew his aversion to the man I was professing to love. What nonsense to talk of love, as if there was not another as good, enough more a great deal better.

‘ But why,’ I ventured to say, ‘ do you object to him ? I cannot imagine what there should be which a man should consider a barrier to his pretensions.’

But he only answered that he did not wish to be called upon to state objections : I knew his will, which was sufficient. I could act in opposition to it if I chose, but I should reap the consequences.

I knew too well the consequences to think of braving them, and had no strength to sustain me in walking through burning sand or a fiery furnace.

He was often interrupted by my sobs and wails of anguish, which hardened instead of softening his spirit. On my knees I begged him to take back those words that breathed revenge, to recall what fell upon my ear like a curse, and burnt into my heart. ‘ Will you not speak one word of kindness : will you not remember the feelings of your youth ? Oh ! will you not remember my motherless childhood — have compassion upon my desolate life and orphan spirit ? Will you not say I shall

be forgiven if I, in the way which seems to me right, seek my happiness ? ' and I clung to his knees, and bathed his hands with the scalding tears, as I clasped them to my bosom, But coldly he cast me from him, and left me stretched lifeless upon the floor. It was the slow and cruel torture compared with which murder would have been merciful, oh ! how merciful !

When I awoke, the moon-beams were struggling through the thick branches which shaded the window, bathing with their pale, cold, light the cheeks still wet with tears, and the hair which fell in dishevelled masses upon the floor. I was chilled, and could scarcely drag myself across the floor, but succeeded in finding something in which to wrap myself, and sank again into a heavy slumber, from which I awoke with a scream, wondering if day would never dawn, and then followed a disturbed and dreamy sleep, in which I was upon the verge of frightful precipices or trembling before yawning gulfs, or the fangs of monstrous serpents were fastened in my vitals, while I was writhing in their slimy folds.

What the day revealed to others I knew not. When consciousness returned, many weeks had passed, which brought only the indistinct recollection of having been cast into some horrible pit, where I groped in darkness among rocks or sank in miry sloughs, treading upon vipers whose hisses were continually in my ears. My hair seemed changed to snakes, which were dangling about my neck and temples, with their fiery eyes and forked tongues glaring before me.

Then came the scarcely less painful remembrance of the reality, from which there was no recovery, no escape. But there came with it new views of life, of duty, of immortality, and with these, new strength. The soul awoke from its lethargy, and was clothed with a new righteousness, which emancipated it from servility, and prepared it not only for endurance but for action.

I recovered ; that is, I walked about, and visited and talked, and assumed a gayety I had never before known ; but henceforth there was a blight upon the spirit, for which life had no remedy. I could hide it, but it never ceased to corrode.

In some way the knowledge of my illness reached him who departed so blithe of heart ; and many weeks after my recovery there came a letter telling me how he ventured into my father's presence, and begged to see me, promising that it should be the last time : he would not speak, he never would write again, might he only be permitted to look upon my face once more. But the boon was denied ; and ere he reached his home, a burning fever prostrated him ; and for many weeks he was hovering between life and death. ' Now,' he said, ' I will bid you farewell for ever. To you I could kneel and implore, but I cannot thus humble myself to a man ; and, conscious as I am of my unworthiness to possess the treasure I covet, I cannot understand the objections a man can make to my pretensions. Farewell. To continue our acquaintance is only torture to yourself and me. We will be strangers henceforth, though in the thought there is a sting sharper than any death-pang. What is in the future I cannot tell. I may marry. I do not believe in living alone. I can never love another as I have loved

you. God grant I never may : but I may love another well enough to be happy—happier than in utter desolation. Farewell ; farewell.'

To this I made no reply. I had not strength ; and it was useless. In another year I heard he was married to one whom I had seen, and knew to be good and beautiful. He was happy : for myself—no matter !

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

I.

I KNEW an eyrie in a mountain-pass,
Where a bald eagle had her great nest built,
Built it of twigs and soft and mossy grass,
And with a progeny of eaglets filled.
Here came she hourly to feed her young,
Till they were grown quite large enough to fly,
Spreading their wings, now long and wide and strong,
Hailing her coming with their quick, shrill cry.

II.

I found this eyrie when the young were grown
Full big and strong, and watched the parent bird,
And noticed each time when she settled down,
The little eaglets felt their warm nest stirred :
She rising thence to take her upward flight,
A stick or tuft to her sharp talons clung,
The nest was broken, and to my keen sight
No nest remained, to hold her now grown young.

III.

I marvelled much, nor knew why this was done,
But watched the mother : she returned, and then
She strove to teach them how to fly alone,
And seek subsistence in the vale and glen :
Now pushing one from off the rocky crag,
Its wings in fear the eaglet moving, flew,
But soon in falling screamed : its young wings flag,
And, downward rushing, near the rocks it drew.

IV.

The mother heard the quick, discordant shriek,
And, spreading wings, dashed downward like the light :
Now hovering, caught her young with harmless beak,
And bore it upward in her airy flight :
Released again, the eaglet in amaze,
Renewed in strength, each spreading pinion tries,
While, lest it fall, the mother round it plays,
And cheers it on until at length—it flies !

BALEN.

New-York, May 9th, 1856.

T O S P R I N G .

SPRING, thou hast loveliest hues :
Thy robes are dyed in varied tints of green :
At early dawn on opening buds are seen
Thy soft, refreshing dew.

Thou wak'st with gentle hand
The sleeping flowers from their long repose ;
And one by one, their leaves thou dost uncloze
To be by soft winds fanned.

Thou bearest on thy wings
The summer-breezes we have missed so long ;
Their whispering echoes join thy waking song :
The air with music rings.

The forest-warblers wake
To chant thy praises from their wood-land nest :
Each tiny birdling trims anew his crest,
Welcome for thee to make.

Thine efforts are not vain :
Thy foot-steps track the frozen river's gleam :
Waked by thy breath of love, each icy stream
Has burst its prison-chain.

Ever, sweet Spring, to me
Thou 'rt dearer than my feeble words can tell ;
And to thy praise my harp its notes would swell,
Imperfect though they be.

Thine hours are doubly blest ;
For in the mansions of our home above,
Spring-time shall reign for ever ; crowned with love
And everlasting rest.

Fain would my heart be led
To place within thy wreath my single flower ;
But its frail leaves would wither in an hour,
Its perfume soon be dead.

Enough if thou dost own
The tender plant that grows from day to day ;
Until beneath the genial suns of May,
Its buds are fully blown.

Upon each blossom shed
The joyous coloring of early youth ;
And let the dew of innocence and truth
Endure, when morn is fled.

That so, when Spring is past,
And summer-flowers in autumn fade and die,
An inward strength may all its roots supply
Through winter-storms to last.

T H Y S O U L .

THY soul is linked by slender chains
 Unto the bondage of our years :
 Within the prison of thy life
 The angel in a dream appears,
 And bids thee rise and home return :
 Home to the far and cloudless skies,
 Where Sorrow droops no sable veil,
 Nor captive Love in anguish dies.

This wide-spread earth is unto thee
 A guarded court and darkened cell,
 Yet in its dreary spaces are
 The waters of the mystic well,
 Which cleanse the garments of thy soul,
 Until in white-robed calm it stands,
 Waiting until the iron gates
 Are opened by thy FATHER'S hands. WALTER M. LINDSAY

N E W - Y O R K A R T I S T S .

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

READER, did you ever spring into an omnibus at the head of Wall-street, with a resolution to seek a more humanizing element of life than the hard struggle for pecuniary triumphs? Did you ever come out of a Fifth-Avenue palace, your eyes wearied by a glare of bright and varied colors, your mind oppressed with a night-mare of upholstery, and your conscience reproachful on account of an hour's idle gossip? Did you ever walk up Broadway, soon after meridian, and look into the stony, haggard, or frivolous countenances of the throng, listen to the shouts of omnibus-drivers, mark the gaudy silks of bankrupts' wives, and lose yourself the while in a retrospective dream of country-life, or a sojourn in an old deserted city of Europe? A reaction such as this is certain, at times, to occur in the mood of the dweller in this kaleidoscope of New-York; and as it is usually induced by an interval of leisure, we deem it a kindly hint to suggest where an antidote may be found for the bane, and how the imagination may be lured, at once, into a new sphere, and the heart refreshed by a less artificial and turbid phase of this mundane existence. Go and see the artists. They are scattered all over the metropolis: sometimes to be found in a lofty attic, at others in a hotel; here over a shop, there in a back-parlor; now in the old Dispensary, and again in the new University: isolated or in small groups, they live in their own fashion, not a few practising rigid

and ingenious economies, others nightly in *elite* circles or at sumptuous dinners ; some genially cradled in a domestic nest, and others philosophically forlorn in bachelor solitude. But wherever found, there is a certain atmosphere of content, of independence, and of originality in their domiciles. I confess that the ease, the frankness, the sense of humor and of beauty I often discover in these artistic nooks, puts me quite out of conceit of the prescriptive formalities of Upper-Tendom. Our systematic and prosaic life ignores, indeed, scenes like these ; but the true artist is essentially the same everywhere — a child of nature, to whom 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;' and therefore a visit to the New-York studios cannot fail to be suggestive and pleasing, if we only go thither, not in a critical, but in a sympathetic mood.

Many of our cherished artists — Allston, Greenough, and Cole, are no more : many, like Doughty, have in a great measure retired from public view, and not a few are abroad. Powers is at Florence, executing his unrivalled busts : Crawford is at Rome at work on the Virginia monument, the horse for which was cast not long ago at Munich, and won enthusiastic admiration : while the statues of Patrick Henry and of Jefferson, already at Richmond, are acknowledged masterpieces : the Beethoven, too, now in Boston, proved a complete triumph : Paige, called the modern Titian, is deemed there the greatest of portrait-painters ; Chapman, his neighbor, is etching Roman peasants in a manner no one can excel : Freeman, near by, is studiously evolving a masterly work, and Thompson has made the most perfect copy of the Beatrice seen for years ; while Ives models better than ever, and Miss Lander handles the clay and modelling stick with progressive aptitude and high promise.

One of the most familiar faces among our Roman artist-friends may be seen triennially in our own busy thoroughfares, and not seldom at an evening party 'up-town.' Terry seems to have preserved intact his native ways amid the vagaries of Italian life : the same kindly, sensible fellow as if he had never thrown *bon bons* at the Carnival or joined in the chorus at a pic-nic at Ostia. He was ever an attentive cicerone to his countrymen, and especially, country-women ; and now that he has reëstablished himself in a handsome studio of the Eternal City, very comfortable are his artistic receptions, where rides to the Appian Way, a party to witness the illumination of St. Peter's, or join in a ball at Torlonia's, are talked over by fair visitors to their hearts' content. Weir is at West-Point, every now and then sending to Williams and Stevens, a domestic or religious picture marked by a Flemish exactitude of detail, a fine disposition of light and shade, or an attractive tone of feeling. Morse has put his artist fire into a locomotive shape, and writes with electric fluid instead of painting in oil. His last picture hangs in the drawing-room of 'Locust-Grove,' his beautiful domain on the Hudson ; and while it testifies too much skill and feeling for the lover of art not to regret his withdrawal from the field, it also symbolizes the domestic enjoyment, which with science and a great public economy, now more than fills the deserted sphere of his youth : it is an admirable full-length portrait of his daughter. Leutze is busy upon American historical subjects, at Dusseldorf ; and his grand

picture of 'Washington crossing the Delaware' keeps his memory green in the hearts of his countrymen, through the widely-distributed engraved copies. Mount is at his home on Long-Island, but doubtless will have ready one of his inimitable reflections of humble or humorous life for the next exhibition. Rossiter* has been at work on a large scriptural picture at Paris; and Pearse Cranch is there engaged on landscapes, occasionally weaving a poem for the *Crayon*, or his friend Dwight's *Musical Journal*. Hunt's peculiar talent, so long the delight of his friends at the French capital, will, it is hoped, derive new inspiration from his bride. May varies his studies here by occasional trips to England, where he turns the more lucrative branch of portrait to good account. H. K. Brown, whose studio is in Brooklyn, L. I., has been for many months absorbed in his Washington statue. G. L. Brown was last heard of at Lake Albano, gathering materials for an elaborate Italian composition: and Ingham reappears occasionally in his pristine fame, to the admirers of high and dainty finish, in the shape of his lovely 'Flower-Girl.' Duganne, though lately interrupted by illness, models, draws, writes, and teaches as indefatigably and efficiently as ever. Cheney goes about making his matchless crayon-heads — a branch of portraiture more and more in vogue, and one in which Miss Stebbins,† Darley, and Collyer have gained of late some enviable laurels. Baker's excellent portraits are in constant demand, and Cole's beautiful legacy, the 'Voyage of Life,' has just been engraved in the best style. But space will not allow us thus to expatiate upon all the individuals who honor and illustrate artist-life among us, and, for the present, we must glance in at a few of the New-York studios, and renew our subject when more scope is allowed for a theme so broad and delectable.

My visit to the President of the Academy was repaid by an agreeable surprise. I found in his studio, beside the familiar trophies of his progressive career, two new and original pictures embodying phases of nature such as he has never before so distinctly put upon canvas, and the masterly execution of which attests the steady advance inevitable with such principles of art as guide the pencil of Durand. One of these was a group of forest-trees, standing in their native individuality, and unassisted by any of those devices which are usually introduced to set off so exclusive a theme. Only the great skill and truth of their execution would atone for the paucity of objects in such a landscape. Yet so characteristic is each tree, so natural the bark and foliage, so graphic the combination and foreground, that the senses and the mind are filled and satisfied with this purely sylvan landscape. Mark the spreading boughs of that black birch, the gnarled trunk of this oak, the tufts on yonder pine, the drooping sprays of this hemlock, and the relief of the dead tree — is it not exactly such a woodland nook as you have often observed in a tramp through the woods? Not a leaf or flower on the ground, not an opening in the umbrageous canopy, not a mouldering stump beside the pool, but looks like an old friend: it is a fragment of the most peculiar garniture that decks the uncleared land of this continent. In an English gallery it would proclaim America. How Evelyn, Michaux, Audubon, or Bryant would hail it with loving

* Just returned under most afflictive circumstances.

† Sailed for Europe in May.

eyes ! Its unexaggerated, simple, yet profoundly true expression, shows how the genuine artist can effect wonders without adventitious means. In another painter's hands it would prove but a sketch ; in Durand's it becomes a landscape ; and one of the most fresh and vigorous he has ever made. Not less remarkable, although in a diverse way, is that view of mountains and a lake during or just before a thunder-storm. The deep shadow that is cast by the black cloud, while it falls opaquely over a portion of the scene, is diversified by a faint, tremulous light in the lap of the hills, while farther off hangs a bluish mist — the effect of partial sunshine and a patch or two of blue sky : many a time have we witnessed such a magical result of dense, over-hanging vapor suddenly casting a pall over the Hudson, on a bright summer day : the transient character of the elemental phenomena renders their successful transfer to canvas more impressive : we seem to behold the change itself instead of a moment of its process : the details of the landscape are faithful, and the transition wrought by the gust is at the same time caught and fixed. In these pictures two of the most difficult points in landscape painting are accomplished ; the trees look real, and the *chiaro oscuro* of nature is reflected : the evanescent is staid by the limner ; a rare observation and a poetic sense have ravished from the picturesque its most effective traits. A work of singularly pleasant associations as well as of characteristic beauty has just received the final touches of this artist's pencil. Two or more years since, an English gentleman, Mr. Graham, left the sum of five thousand dollars to establish a school of design in Brooklyn, (L. I.) A part of the interest, it was provided, should be expended annually for the purchase of a picture by an American artist, and thus a gallery instituted. Mr. Durand was applied to, and, in order to recognize this admirable precedent for the improvement of local taste and the encouragement of native art, he cheerfully agreed to execute a large work for the Association, at a price merely nominal in comparison with the usual remuneration and actual market-value of his landscapes. His sympathy with the object is manifest in the elaborate care and graceful feeling exhibited in this beautiful scene. In the back-ground rise mountains, whose American character is evident both in the shape of their summits and the tints that clothe the most distant in blue mist, and the nearer in clear day-beams falling on umbrageous declivities : a stream brawls in the fore-ground, and, amid the rough timbers of a clearing, is a settler's log-hut approached by a rude path, near which runs one of those primitive boundaries called a snake-fence : between the woods and the domicile a large field of ripe grain lifts its mellow and waving tufts to the sun-shine, and, at its edge, stands the gleaner about to swing his sickle through the golden ranks. The details of the picture are worthy of its genial conception ; bark, moss, stone, leaf, spire of herbage and hue of cloud, wear a genuine look ; the ridges of the hills recal the White Mountains ; the trees are indisputably those of an American forest, and over all broods the modified glow of the ripened summer. This landscape rejoices in the felicitous name of 'The First Harvest,' applicable both to the scene itself and the circumstance that it initiates the national collection of a

judicious benefactor of art, whose name the painter has gratefully inscribed on one of the rocks in the fore-ground.

Of all our young painters, Huntington gave the most emphatic promise of that religious sentiment which embalms the names of the old Italian masters. His 'Dream of Mercy' breathed the holy effluence that so instantly excites veneration and tenderness. He has paid a visit to England recently, and made some fine portraits of church dignitaries; and, since his return, having been mainly occupied with likenesses which are claimed as soon as finished, his studio contains, at present, but few specimens of art. I was, however, delighted with four noble studies which he made in Paris, with a view to his picture of 'The Good Samaritan': this painting awaits the completion of the private gallery which it is destined to adorn, and, in its absence, it is interesting to examine these studies. They consist of two male and two female heads: the originals are rare models, worthy a painter's devoted attention; and Huntington seems to have transferred them to canvas not only *con amore*, but with the most elaborate fidelity. Such relief, strength, expression, and color could only result from vigorous and earnest limning: seldom do we see four more effective and individual heads; there is the greatest degree of artistic significance in the details and general effect; they show that Huntington's powers have vast latent force, and that he is capable of greater things than he has yet achieved; only will and inspiration are needed by a man who can so command the elements of art, to realize the highest conceptions. Bishop McIlvaine's portrait is a fine work: it has great reality and an excellent tone.

Now let us step into the room of a young Italian who has but lately set up his easel in New-York. He is from the most prosperous and liberal of the continental states, a Sardinian. He has studied painting in the gallery of Turin. Whoever has visited that collection will remember it by the glorious Murillo it boasts — representing Homer with sealed eyes and a laurel crown — one of the most truthful and characteristic works of the gifted Spaniard. Signor Angero excels in cabinet portraits; several excellent ones of well-known residents among us, attest the fidelity of his pencil. His flesh-tints are very good; and some of his studies from the old masters, suggest great insight. His style is likely to be popular; and may success attend the intelligent young artist who has come to test his fortune among us.

In contrast with this mercurial son of the South, let us turn to a young Dane whose pale and earnest face has affinity with his ideal countryman whom Shakspeare has immortalized. Wenzler is as devoted a student of art as is to be found in this metropolis. His standard is high, his zeal unremitted. In spirit he is kindred with the most self-devoted of his profession. No one has painted more exquisite miniatures, with such lovely flesh-tints, such fine drawing, and delicate color. They remind us of the *chef d'œuvres* of that branch of art, hoarded in the caskets of beauty and worn on the bosom of affection. His last triumph in a department of art where mediocrity is so common and the highest success rare, is a portrait of the highly-endowed and deeply-lamented son of our respected fellow-citizen, Dr. Francis; although

dependent on a daguerreotype and his affectionate memory alone, so perfect in expression, so life-like in lineament, so characteristic to the minutest detail, is this beautiful work, that we feel, as we examine it, that love inspired what genius conceived, and thus re-produced the living image so endeared, to console hearts otherwise indeed bereft of all but the memory of his nobleness and his worth. The oil portraits of this artist have won great admiration for the extreme reality of their details and for their excellent drawing : in tone and hue they have been more experimental, and therefore less satisfactory ; but in landscape, two or three specimens have borne evidence of deep study and remarkable truth of effect : they have arrested the eye, when exhibited, and excited high anticipations of his future career. Wenzler's characteristic as a votary of art, is earnestness ; and he has seized, with great tenacity and precision, certain elements of painting. It is needless to add that such a spirit and attainment render him an object of peculiar interest, as destined to work out and realize a true ideal. The variety and faithfulness of Kensett's* studies of landscape may be learned at once by the sketches on the walls of his room. The traveller recognizes localities at a glance. One of the marked excellencies of this artist is the truth and definite character of his outline : accordingly we behold a fragment of the Appenine range, an Alpine peak, and the more rounded swell of American mountains, in these artistic data for elaborate works. Careful observation is the source of Kensett's eminent success. He gives the form and superficial traits of land and water so exactly as to stamp on the most hasty sketch a local character indicative of similitude. His landscapes would charm even a man of science, so loyal to natural peculiarities is his touch and eye. Equally felicitous in the transfer of atmospheric effects to canvas, and with a genius for composition, scenery is illustrated by his fertile and well-disciplined pencil with rare correctness and beauty. In rocks he is especially effective. Every material that goes to the formation of a landscape he appears to have carefully studied. We retrace, at ease, our summer wanderings, in his studio : there are the 'Hanging-Rocks' which bound good Bishop Berkeley's old Rhode-Island domain ; here a bluff we behold on the Upper Mississippi ; and opposite, an angle in the gorge at Trenton where we watched the amber flash of the cascade. How finely is reflected the morning and afternoon light of early autumn in America, in these two charming pictures ; there is Lake George itself ; the islands, the shore, the lucid water ; how native is the hue of yon umbrageous notch ; and what Flemish truth in the grain of that trap-rock ; how rich the contrast between the glow of summer and the colorless snow on the summit of the Jungfrau. The trees in this more finished piece, are daguerreotyped from a wood, with the fresh tint of the originals superadded. Any one who desires to carry to Europe a reliable American landscape should bespeak a picture from Kensett. If we may judge from the sketch, the view of Niagara for which Lord Ellesmere lately gave him a commission, will prove not only a satisfactory work, as conveying a just impression of the wondrous scene, but an honor to American art.

* Embarks for England this month, to sketch among the Lakes of Cumberland.

Opposite Grace Church is the studio of the Chevalier Fagnani, a Neapolitan artist who came to this country, if we mistake not, with Sir Henry Bulwer, by whom he is highly esteemed. We have seen various specimens of this accomplished painter's talent — fine original composition drawings, remarkable studies of the head and figure, etc.; but his great versatility of style and unusual success in characterization, have caused his time to be almost exclusively occupied in portraiture. When the subject is favorable, he gives a peculiar charm and interest to his likenesses; we recal, especially, two or three of his female heads in which the air, coloring, and general effect have been, in the highest degree, refined and artistic. Beside masterly portraits in oil, Fagnani makes admirable crayon pictures. Among his latest elaborate portraits is a composition, his own beautiful family grouped in most natural attitude, around a tuft of pond-lilies, on the edge of a stream: he has also recently finished a speaking likeness of President King, of Columbia College. He excels in children, seizing on their graceful outlines and glowing or delicate tints. He also excels in portraits, many of them of cabinet size, executed in colored pastels, in a way peculiar to himself: the finish, expression, and beauty of these works have made them so popular that the artist's time is quite absorbed.

There is, as usual, on Elliott's easel, a strong, richly-colored head in the process of completion: how true the lines, how effective the relief and contour, and with what nature the white hair rests upon the florid temple! There is not such a vigorous pencil among our limners; when an old man whose face is ploughed with the thought and cares of an adventurous life, and yet alive with the latent fires and marked with the strong will of robust maturity, sits to Elliott, the portrait becomes not only a noble likeness, but a grand study of character and of color. Laing has recently painted a beautiful full-length of a lady; he has a ready melo-dramatic talent, and his work is radiant with an enjoyable spirit. His studio exhibits a crowd of lovely children. Gignoux could almost allure a snow-bunting from the sky with his truthful winter-landscapes. His imitative skill in detail is marvellous; and he has just sent to its fortunate owner an autumnal landscape that resembles a large daguerreotype caught and tinted in an American wild in the deepest flush of October. Richard M. Staigg is here in the winter season, to finish his roll of commissions begun in summer at Newport, his permanent home. His miniatures are in constant demand; he often succeeds in obtaining the best effects of oil-painting in these exquisite works; and is more uniformly successful in his likenesses on ivory than any votary of that delicate art. As a colorist, too, there is truth and freshness in his miniatures; those of Webster and Everett, engraved by Cheney, are the finest specimens of the kind yet achieved in this country; and Staigg has done artistic justice to some of the loveliest of American women.

We contemplate with peculiar interest the results of Church's recent visit to South-America; although his stay was brief, such is the thorough New-England industry and quickness of this popular artist, that he seized upon more hints for landscapes, and brought away a greater number of traits of scenery than a less spirited observer would acquire

in a year. Some of these he has transferred and others is now transferring to canvas : one especially proved a novelty : it is the view of an extensive water-fall ; the tropical vegetation, the long distance occupied by the broken cataract, and the singular formation and quality of the hills, make this landscape, in the literal style of Church, a very suggestive and remarkable picture. He has dealt with South-American cascades as faithfully as with the flushed horizon of his native country, and we find a new mine of the picturesque opened by his graphic hand. Seldom has a more grand effect of light been depicted than the magnificent sun-shine on the mountains of a tropical clime, from his radiant pencil. It literally floods the canvas with celestial fire, and beams with glory like a sublime psalm of light. A butter-fly impaled under a glass in Church's studio actually scintillates azure ; and when visitors question the authenticity of his brilliant tropical hues, he points them to this insect witness of nature's radiant tones in those latitudes. There is a resolute, progressive, and apt spirit in Church which gives a living interest to his landscapes, and fills the spectator with a sense of his rare promise in art. Edwin White has lately returned from Europe, and opened a studio in the New-York University, with ample proofs of careful studies ; his pictures, however, have been distributed among their owners, and but a few remain in his studio : he has in hand a subject certain to be popular among the descendants of the Pilgrims, 'The Signing of the Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower.' To the traveller, however, who cherishes Italian memories, there is more of the poetry of life in his 'Beggars-Child,' who looks as if he had just stepped out from an angle of the Piazza d'Espagna or the shadow of Trajan's Column, so much of the physiognomy and the magnetism of the clime are incarnated in form, complexion, attitude, eye, and expression. Equally suggestive is the *Pifferini*, two of those picturesque figures that swarm in Rome at Christmas-time, and are indissolubly associated with her fêtes, ruins, and shrines ; the elder leans against a church-wall, on which the half-obliterated ecclesiastical placard looks marvellously familiar ; his peaked and broad-brimmed hat set on his head in a way inimitable for its effect of shadow and grace, his luxuriant beard, velvet jerkin, effective attitude and meditative gaze, are precisely true to fact ; at his side nestles a boy whose long tresses and large, pensive eyes, whose olive cheek and angelic smile remain indelibly stamped on the memory of all recent visitors to the Eternal City. We recognize in this beautiful urchin one of the 'things of beauty,' which the English poet, who died in Rome, has told us so truly 'is a joy for ever ;' the pilgrim's instrument is at his feet. How come back to the heart, as we gaze, the dreaminess, the calm, the sunny lapse in life's struggle in which it was our privilege to revel, and is now our delight to remember, as the most peaceful and brilliant episode of our days of foreign travel ! These two figures, caught from the passive life of old Rome, typify it completely to the imagination, and touch the key-note of an ended song.

Here we are in the room of a representative of the English school, (only to find him packing up for a migration to his kindred's home in the South-west,) an artist who painted Byron in Italy, and won the

heart of Sam Rogers by his picture of Annette — the poor girl who watched in vain for her lover in Irving's sad and graceful story. It was at the epoch when that author was the favored guest in London ; and we cannot wonder that, with such reminiscences, West * should cling to the subjects and the style then prevalent in England. He is loyal to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and elaborates composition portraits with the most patient care and tasteful study. An 'Angel-Child' is very expressive and delicately treated : 'Judith' is a gorgeous and effective piece of coloring and dramatic action ; and several portraits, with beautiful costumes and accessories, attest the refined taste of the artist, and the number of lovely young friends who have sat and listened to his charming reminiscences while he, with glad patience, delineated their charms.

I found a 'Winter-Scene' on Cropsey's† easel of both artistic and historical interest. A picturesque, shelvy mountain impends over a dell in the Ramapo valley ; two or three cottages with snow-crowned roofs are grouped in lonely brotherhood ; the white drifts on the shaggy and precipitous side of the cliff, the wintry sky, the unsullied expanse of the fore-ground, where a woman is crossing with a pail, a boy loitering with his sled, and a load of wood stands ready to be piled away, unite to form a landscape at once indicative of the season and the country : the tint of the frozen pool and the hue of the atmosphere are given with much truth to nature. In this vicinity Washington made his head-quarters during the fearful episode of our revolutionary struggle identified with Valley Forge : and from the summit of this abrupt and lofty mountain, he often gazed toward New-York, thirty miles distant, visible on a clear day. With how many months of weary and intensely anxious vigil is that bleak and isolated observatory associated ; and how vividly the terrible ordeal through which the scanty and famished army passed, reappears to the mind while contemplating the scene in all its wintry desolation ! An entire contrast is afforded by a view of Greenwood Lake. I knew it belonged to New-Jersey, from the character of the rocks, familiar to all who have wandered along the Passaic. In the umbrageous glen Cropsey has passed many a dreamy hour. His summer studio is near by. Another sketch is quite characteristic of the region : it represents an inundated valley over-grown with dead trees, whose huge, spectral limbs have a melancholy fascination. There is a spirited view of a gorge in the Catskills, wild enough to charm Salvator ; a shivered tree hangs over a chasm, and down its sides of gray stone, half-hid by a thicket, a foaming cascade is dashing. Those familiar with the aspect of the Mediterranean coast, will recognize the cliffs, water, and sky of the Genoese territory in the masterly scene drawn from nature there. Cropsey intends revisiting Europe ; and amateurs are quite secure of faithful landscapes who give him liberal commissions. That large canvas is outlined with an effective picture of the Roman Forum ; every column and arch wears a grand yet familiar look, and recalls the delicious spring morning when I watched the snail-like excavators with their children's bar-

* RECENTLY gone to Tennessee, where his family reside.

† Sailed for Europe in May, with many commissions.

rows and indolent motion, and the solemn nights when the moon glistened on architrave and frieze, and memory conjured back a triumphal procession or a Ciceronian discourse. But here is something nearer home : a beach with granite ledges and a high cliff — a seaward perspective and the green billows fringed with those majestic, graceful, half-transparent, and fair figures watching the beautiful scene ; that curve of the shore, the mould of that rock, the outline of the cliff, are easily recognized : it is the favorite trysting-place of lovers, the delight of children on their afternoon walk, the goal of the Sunday-evening promenade at Newport — the shore below the 'Forty Steps.' How many will gaze on this bit of coast-scenery with emotion. More than one poet has sat there in reverie ; more than one flirt been awed into momentary earnestness by the limitless expanse of wave and sky thence stretching before her fickle eye ; and many a rosy-cheek urchin has gathered bright pebbles there and wet his little feet, while the nurse listened, forgetful of her charge, to an insinuating coach-man. The place, too, has witnessed rare sport. My friend, the pastor, Isaac Walton, Jr., has landed on the slippery ledge many a giant tautog, and a less clerical fisherman grown profane as he jerked his broken hook from the clinging kelp, or waded through the advancing tide to dry land, with nothing but bait in his basket. I wonder not that the humorist who used to wake laughing echoes here with his bon-mots, set Cropsey to work in order to have the beach and its environment reflected by his truthful pencil. Magical in more than a professional sense is the scenic limner. During this half-hour in Cropsey's studio, I have been lured to Rome, to the Catskills and the Passaic, to the Ramapo Valley and to Newport ; and each locality, beside refreshing my eye with natural beauty, has wakened fond reminiscence. Now let us knock at the opposite door, and see what Hicks* is about. With the recollection of his miraculous escape from the hecatomb of victims that perished by the railway catastrophe at Norwalk, it was delightful to find this popular artist cheerily directing the pencil of his wife, another survivor of that tragic scene. What a contrast between their tasteful occupation and quiet studio, and the remembrance of that pitiless fate which overtook so many of their companions ! Hicks is a fine colorist. Examine that head of a stolid burgher of Long-Island ; there is little in feature or expression for an artist to make effective. Yet this want is atoned for by the consummate skill with which the tints are disposed. One is reminded of Gilbert Stuart. Another point, in which success is rare, is obvious in that full-length, so well drawn and toned ; the figure stands firmly and easily. How seldom can this be said of the portraits in the City-Hall ! Have you ever been to Trenton-Falls ? If so, you doubtless remember the landlord and his thriving family. Here they are very cleverly grouped together, one leaning against a tree, another handling his gun ; one playful, another contemplative ; and, in the back-ground, through a leafy vista, we have a glimpse of the rushing water : the likenesses are recognized at once ; the attitudes are natural and well varied ; and there is a pleasant

* Just opened a new and elegant studio near the Mercantile Library, Astor Place.

moral atmosphere and unity of effect in the whole. Some fine heads adorn the wall, all full of character and several with exquisite flesh-tints: those of Halleck and Longfellow are remarkably good. Hicks well deserves the fame and the constant and lucrative occupation he has won as a portrait-painter.

From this busy limner, whose fresh array of pictures indicates that every passing hour brings its task, let us turn to a dreamer who lives in the past, because he is too ideal to clutch at the present. Yet if ever a man had the true artist feeling, the genuine sense of beauty and poetic conscience, it is John Cranch.* I know this from many a colloquy with him while strolling along the sunny bank of the Arno, and through his acute and sympathetic comments in the Florence galleries. He used to make beautiful impromptu studies from Shakspeare. He has a keen perception of the humor and the sentiment of the poet, and could translate them daintily with pen or crayon. He is one of those artists who should live in Italy: the executive is subordinate in him to the imaginative. I found him copying a portrait: it was that of a genuine Italian woman:

'HEART on her lips and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies.'

He was doing it for the love of the thing, wishing to preserve a memorial so characteristic. I remembered an old man's head, a Tuscan painter's beard, and other gleanings from that Southern land; and there were books I knew at a glance came from a stall in the Piazza del Duomo, in Florence. There sat Cranch, intent on the fine outline of the handsome Italian, contentedly touching her great orbs of jet with light, and tinting her softly-rounded olive cheeks to a Fornarina richness: the same reserved, quiet, and genial dreamer as years ago in Italy; never satisfied with his achievements, full of sensibility to the claims and the triumphs of art, and apparently content to breathe the air made vital by its enchantments. Some of our wealthy lovers of Shakspeare should commission this artist to illustrate a scene: he would do it with zest and spirit. Several good portraits may be seen at his studio.

There is something in Gray's pictures that gives one the feeling of maturity, one of the most rare sensations of American life. A refreshing absence of the crude, the glaring, and the melo-dramatic lends a singular charm to his studio. Here is something like mastery; all is not experimental; and we feel the comfort of achievement instead of the unrest of endeavor. How clean are the outlines of his best heads and figures; no attempts at evasion, but so true and gracefully drawn as to gratify our sense of exactitude and completeness. Gray is what may be called a conservative painter: he does not sacrifice the enduring to the temporary. His subdued tints in such pleasant contrast to the gaudy hues prevalent in our streets and houses, attract the eye at once. They are mellow, and linger on the artistic sense as old wine on the palate: his *chiaro oscuro* is often exquisite; some of his portraits

* Now established at Washington, (D. C.)

have the deep clear tone, and the high finish which are the distinction of the old masters. They look as if painted to last, to become heir-looms and domestic treasures, and as if they ought to be hung against carved oak panelings, or in cabinets sacred to meditation and illumined by a tempered light. There is a sweet autumnal spell often radiated from the canvas of Gray. It may be a fanciful idea, but his most characteristic pictures affect me like his immortal namesake's verse — correct and thoughtful — and with a latent rather than a superficial charm. On his easel is a deftly-grouped study of Hagar, Ishmael, and the angel; what a strong contrast, yet how much pure harmony in the composition. The rigid gaze and oriental face of Hagar, the aërial position and rich blonde of the heavenly visitant, the bowed form and pure tints of the drooping child; figures, drapery, color and grouping, all betray the patient and skilful artist. A nude figure which he will turn from the wall at your bidding, is a triumph of color and form. Note, in a sympathetic mood, the little picture called 'Twilight Musings;' how cool and sweet is the light, how graceful the loose-clad figure; what a pensive attitude; how the tessellated pavement, the dark-veined wood, the vase, the open window, each object induces reverie; and how admirably is the tone of the whole in accordance with the reflective enjoyment that steals from the lovely countenance of the musing girl! The London critics appreciated this picture. The 'Peace and War,' though too allegorical for popular effect, has many of the excellencies of drawing and color and expression that distinguish this accomplished artist. We are not surprised that his cabinet portraits are so much sought. Many of them are gems of art, and, when associated with the features of the loved and lost, must become greatly endeared to their possessors. It is delightful to have a picture adapted by its size for boudoir or drawing-room, that combines the attraction of mellow coloring and high finish with the personal associations of a family portrait.

One is sure to find good bits of Southern scenery at the studio of Richards: a native of Carolina, he knows her live-oaks, streams, and evergreens by heart; and has recently given excellent proof of his appreciation of nature in her most picturesque American forms, by the articles written and illustrated by him in Harper's Magazine. Lake George, the Juniata river, and Vermont mountains, have been favorite and well-studied subjects with him. He is thoroughly aware of the scenic phases of the different States of the Union, having passed many summers in sketching their respective features. He has a large number of studies, some of patches of woodland, some of forest streams, and others of the details of landscape, plants, stones, and individual trees. With this suggestive material, and his own fertile invention, Richards is constantly at work upon original compositions, some of which are quite poetical as well as correct. Here is a large canvas with the purple haze of the Indian summer; on a cliff over-hanging a deep, broad vale, covered with variegated foliage, and a golden-tinted atmosphere, sleeps an aboriginal chief dreaming of his paradise; which thus mystically looms to the eye from this 'shoal of time.' The most subtle and gor-

geous effects of an American autumn are given with rare beauty and impressiveness.

Ehninger's etchings illustrative of 'Dolph Heyliger,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs,' executed five or six years ago, showed a decided talent for expression, and an executive facility that quite warranted him in adopting the vocation of an artist. Mindful of these signs of promise, I sought the young draughtsman with an eager desire to behold what he had accomplished during the interval passed abroad. My best anticipations were more than realized. Not only has he proved a faithful student of the elements of his art, but has attained a degree of practical skill, and manifested an individuality rarely achieved in so brief a period. Wisely devoting himself to drawing under the eye of a thoroughly educated French artist, he has avoided the careless habits and incomplete discipline which so hamper and limit the success of most of our young painters. Some of Ehninger's figures are outlined and foreshortened with the correctness of an adept; one can see in them a well-drilled hand; but what is still more pleasant to recognize, he knows how to seize on the principles of expression. His forms and faces have a decided meaning; there is positive character in his pictures. Somewhat of these traits might have been confidently predicted from the merit of his early sketches. They are finely toned; he knows the value of neutral tints; and manages light and shade with a most pleasing effect. Here, for instance, is a somewhat hackneyed subject, 'The Yankee Peddler,' but there is nothing Yankee in it but the subject; a patient handling and an expressive significance are manifest; nothing crude, hasty, or extravagant. Look at the two girls examining a piece of stuff; how characteristic the faces and attitudes! See the baby stretch over its mother's shoulder (while she bargains for the coffee-mill held temptingly up by the peddler,) and strives to reach the trumpet the little brother holds to his lips: what mature and wise arrangement; mark the boy's features in the shadow of his hat, and the heads of the horses; they are full of truth and character; the general artistic effect is almost too good for a subject of this class; though very apt in their treatment, a higher range is more appropriate for the artist. There, for instance, is a gem; it is only a 'New-England Farm-Yard;' but were I exiled to the tropics or Southern Europe, this picture would symbolize my country to imagination and memory. A negro-boy is watering a horse at an old mossy trough; down the road a woman is slowly driving a cow toward the gate; in the middle of the yard are four barn-yard fowls. Such are the simple materials. Note them in detail. The boy is one of those sable anomalies found about New-England farms, that once known can hardly be forgotten: his action and face are inimitable; the horse is excellent, drawn and colored to the life, its individuality and its breed recognized at a glance; the expression of the face singularly true to nature; then the fowls, how exactly they look as we see them every summer-day from the window of our rural domicile; it is not merely that attitude, form, and plumage are given with precision, but the natural language of the birds is preserved: one is reminded of Hawthorne's graphic description of the Pyncheon fowls, only Ehninger's are less antiquated and in better condition.

How sweetly falls the afternoon's mellow light adown the vista of the adjacent road, and over the freshly-tinted fore-ground. Some of the most natural points of the Flemish school are evident. Four little studies of costume and character, French in subject, and daintily executed, suggest that the artist would excel in the sphere to which Newton and Lealie have given popularity. His forte is *genre*. A small picture on panel has a finish and expression that would charm a virtuoso. It represents a youth killed in a duel, and his greyhound regarding his body; a dusky chamber with antique appointments, a richly-dressed form stretched on the floor, a bloody rapier and a dog are the objects depicted; but the look of the animal, the dead face, the *chiaro oscuro* affect one like Mrs. Radcliffe's night-scenes, or an episode of Froissart. My eye is irresistibly attracted by a small landscape; a cart whose Gallic origin is self-evident, drawn by horses of equally obvious Norman breed, a woman seated on the top of her load, with the well-known dress of a French peasant, a man in a blouse walking beside the team, a seaward view stretching from a treeless coast, on the bank of which rises a picturesque mill, unite to form a scene that recalls my day's ride on the top of the diligence, from Havre to Rouen, when every object was novel, and I knew, for the first time, what it was to be a stranger in a foreign land. This is a perfect bit of Normandy; not an object or effect but tells the same story: a thunder-cloud, half-irradiated with sunshine, pours a rich though subdued light over the prospect. It is seldom that so many evidences of versatile ability and genuine feeling in art greet us in the studio of so young a painter; and we have lingered there only to enjoy. The class of pictures in which Ehninger excels is adapted, by the simplicity of the subjects and their size, to our drawing-rooms. The 'Needle and the Sword,' or, 'The Lady at an Embroidery Frame,' and the other, 'A Man examining a Foil,' etc., are gems in their way, and it is unjust to this artist's manifest and special genius, that he should give so much time to bank-note vignettes, excellent as they are.

It is well to consider if there be any thing ridiculous in one's manner or appearance before coming within the scope of Darley's vision. If your nose is *retroussez* or pointed, your figure dumpy, or the way in which you try to be agreeable, slightly exaggerated, the quick perception and ready crayon of Darley may transform you into such a nasal individuality, such an incarnated dump, or absurd exquisite that whoever once beholds the sketch, will ever after involuntarily laugh at the sight of you even at a funeral. Lord Brougham said that the idea of his life being written by Campbell, the biographer of the Chancellors, added to the horrors of death; and the idea of being caricatured by Darley, may well add to a sensitive man's horrors of life. How many worthy individuals whom I would fain approach with respect, or at least courteous interest, has this wizard's pencil made for ever grotesque to my mind's eye! There is one who has become, to my consciousness, only a walking proboscis, whose nose I was not ever aware of until I saw it outlined by Darley; another whose real features I can never detect, because of the emphatic smirk with which the same magician has invested his face; and a third who never looks to me as if he stood on

terra firma, but appears like a galvanized dumpling bouncing on an imaginary steed ; and these transformations being based on the natural language of the parties, have just enough truth to be broadly hinted by their ordinary appearance, and thus the funny image and the real person are indissolubly mingled to the fancy. Two or three lines suffice Darley to metamorphose his fellow-creatures while he preserves their identity. I recognized instantly one of his portraits, although nothing was represented but the hind-quarters and the back of a pair of legs. It is easy to imagine the result when this facility and characteristic limning is applied to illustrate graphic verbal description. The artist not only re-produces but often transcends or satirizes the author's conception. It is no wonder that so clever and prolific a draughtsman is beset by the publishers ; his free, significant, and original sketches will give a zest to any book. He makes one realize how ironical, acute, observant, and natural it is possible to be with no instrument but a lead-pencil ; he tells a story with a dash, reveals a character by a curve, and embodies an expression with two or three dots. It is better than a comedy to look over his sketch-book ; he needs no coffee and pistols for two, but makes a palpable hit at his adversary with a pen-stroke. That is more fatal to dignity, if not to life, than a sword-thrust. It is well that with such a power to annoy, Darley has a noble spirit ; it is only those who provoke his gift that he impales, or those who are really such a reflection on humanity that they are worth preserving as specimens of nature's journeymen's work : his talent for caricature is usually elicited by an amiable contest of wit with his brother-artists, or made the legitimate medium of a deserved reproof of intolerable affectation or overwhelming conceit : he only shoots at fair game. But there is another side to Darley's mind. He holds a master's pencil, and can do justice to the most earnest and pathetic sentiment. Witness some of his elaborate compositions, his beautiful designs, his finished heads and groups ; and especially that work of true genius, the illustrations of Judd's story of Margaret. We have had nothing in this style of art, to compare with the exquisite and impressive drawings in which Darley has embodied his sense of the beauty, power, and truth of that remarkable fiction. Were the execution of the novel as classic as its material is original and profound, these illustrations, like those of Flayman, would have a world-wide celebrity.

At the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, is the studio of Samuel Lawrence, an English artist. His peculiar merit is that of seizing the essential character of an individual and giving its predominant expression in a portrait. In this regard he has few equals. Witness his head of Rogers the poet, through whose age-stricken features gleam the benign wisdom and fastidious taste that breathe from the 'Pleasures of Memory ;' or that of Carlyle, whose prominent brow and thoughtful attitude bespeak the earnest antagonist of shams ; or the dreamy face of the Howadji ; the keen eye of Bancroft ; the expressive look of Longfellow ; the ideal air of Tennyson ; the lofty cranium of Henry James, and the Vandyke-like portrait of G. H. Calvert. In each of these well-known men, and in the 'counterfeit presentment' of many others of the gifted and the fair, is at once visible

the *characteristic* both of lineament, of mind and of disposition. Invaluable to friends are such intellectual reflections of the loved and honored; while crayon drawings thus strongly outlined and individually expressive, are the best of all for transfer to steel, copper, or stone.

Here we are in one of those spacious avenues projected by the sagacious counsel of Gouverneur Morris, which redeem this metropolis; a glance suffices to convince us that it is not the fashionable one: a railroad-car glides along the centre; plain, substantial brick dwellings line the way; provision, dry-goods, grocery-shops, form the basement-range; the street, though broad, has a most provincial and trading look; even an old Dutch gable would be a relief to the eye; but only monotonous, unadorned fronts, and flaunting ells of woollen and chintz, or huge quarters of pork, vary the perspective. Yet even in this unpicturesque thoroughfare, we discover an artist. Ring at that yellow door where the plate is inscribed with the musical appellation of Eugenio Latilla*; by his velvet coat and straggling beard, giving a Vandyke air to the figure, we should know him anywhere for a painter; and here he is established in the Sixth Avenue, a man that has fraternized with some of the best artists of the day, lectured to his English students, presided at meetings of the British Institution, and after a long sojourn in Italy, brings to the new world his versatile ability and wide experience. Latilla is the brother-in-law of Freeman. He executed in Florence a series of fine linear etchings on steel illustrative of the New Testament, with the passages in original characters of his own invention richly illuminated. This elegant volume is a gem of its kind; the heads, figures, and grouping are in a chaste style, and abound in devotional feeling. Fortunately the plates are retained by the artist, and several copies of the work have been disposed of to lovers of Christian art in this country. Haydon once addressed a letter to Latilla commencing: 'My dear Fresco Master;' and it is in this branch that he excels; two houses in this city bear witness to his superior taste and execution in fresco painting; and the wonder is, that this beautiful method of decoration is not more generally adopted; whoever contemplates such an experiment will do well to consult Latilla. He has also studied architecture with much success, and has planned a modified Gothic remarkably adapted to the wants of this country: we hope an opportunity will be granted him to exhibit his designs in the shape of a public building: the style would prove very effective in church architecture. As a portrait-painter his skill and taste are excellent: witness that lovely face over the fire-place; it is one of those fair and delicate English girls who seek the mild skies of Italy, and bloom there in exotic beauty: it was painted in Florence where the lady's family reside. Opposite is an elaborate historical painting, the subject biblical, which gained the approbation of capital judges in London. This artist has just finished the portraits of fifty of the most eminent American clergymen, taken from daguerreotypes, of cabinet size, and intended for a large engraving, which will doubtless be exceedingly popular. The truth of these portraits is extraordinary; indeed, Latilla never fails to catch the expression of his sitters; and his time has been mainly occupied since his

* Now established as a rural architect in a neighboring county.

arrival, in this most lucrative branch of art. What a fine head is that Greek of Malta, near the window ! Latilla has proved of signal benefit to the School of Design, lately established in this city. His instruction already bears fruit, in the well-executed wood-engravings of the most advanced pupils ; his benevolent sympathies, as well as his artistic intelligence, have been enlisted in this philanthropic scheme. But knowing as we do, his varied abilities, we hope to see his graceful designs in the higher class of our publications, and a public edifice erected according to his truly original plans, and internally decorated in his genuine fresco style. He has lately devoted himself to rural architecture, and for that purpose contemplates a permanent residence in the country. All who are familiar with the biography of Campbell, are aware of the poet's idiosyncrasy analogous to that of Goethe, a sentiment for childhood, not as psychological as that of Wordsworth, but having all the character of an individual attachment. This beautiful trait seems quite appropriate to the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope ;' it was not, however, entirely the result of his ideal and sensitive nature, but doubtless gained emphasis from his domestic misfortunes ; in the prime of life he was deprived of those enjoyments which a home yields, and on which his heart was singularly dependent. One day Campbell entered the house of a friend and was instantly magnetized by the portrait of a child that hung on the wall of the drawing-room ; it was one of those bright, winsome faces that appeal irresistibly to the sense of beauty. The poet was eager in his inquiries as to the history of the picture, and learned that it was borrowed from the artist, and a genuine likeness of his little girl. He could not rest until his friend promised to obtain for him the refusal of the work ; then he desired an introduction to the painter, and when the portrait became his own, he sought the acquaintance of the beautiful child, who immediately became an object of the most enthusiastic interest ; he visited her with the regularity and the devotion of a lover ; and to her were addressed the ardent 'Lines to a Child,' in his poems. The head that accompanies them, in the illustrated edition is engraved from the portrait ; the painter was Latilla, and the original is his daughter, whom I have seen there by the fireside, (and could trace the resemblance clearly in the eyes,) subsequently the fair bride of a clergyman, and whose early death husband and parents now unceasingly mourn. With this charming episode of artistlife, we must, for the present, take leave of the New-York artists.

NIGHT.

I HEAR below on the pavement
 The falling of passing feet,
 And a ray from a stranger's lantern
 Comes up from the lonely street,
 And moves, like a ghost, through my chamber,
 So silently and so fleet.

It is gone, and I am sitting
 Alone in my darkened room ;
 And a gleam flits through my spirit,
 Then leaves it in grief and gloom ;
 For I think of my boyhood's darling,
 And then of her marble tomb.

B. B. F.

T H E N A M E L E S S R I V E R .

Now azure as the crystal air,
Now like unsullied snows,
In yonder valley, shining there,
A nameless river flows.

Adown the rocks in light cascades
It pours its floods of song :
Through fragrant fields and silent shades
Its waters wind along.

Flowers blossom on the rock-crowned hills
Whence its fair currents glide,
And over-hang the wood-land rills
That swell its stately tide.

Serene its radiant waters flow
In shadows calm and deep,
Where pine and cone-like cedars grow,
And bending willows weep :

Beautiful flowers its banks adorn ;
Its waves are lily-crowned ;
And harvests of the emerald corn
Swell o'er the plains around.

Yet not for this for evermore
I love its silvery tide :
My steadfast, peerless ISIDORE
Dwells on the river-side !

Upon its grassy banks at noon,
Like one in dreams astray,
I listen to the tremulous tune
The gliding waters play.

Still unto her my spirit leans,
When by the river's side,
Mid fragrant flowers and ever-greens,
I walk at even-tide.

I loiter by its waves at night,
Through shadowy vales afar,
With visions ideal of delight,
Entranced as lovers are.

With tremulous stars the waters shine,
Like old, enchanted streams :
Beneath *her* lattice, wreathed with vine,
They murmur while she dreams.

Flow on, thou nameless river ! flow,
In beauty to the sea :
My heart is on your waves of snow,
My love flows on with thee !

Thy silent waves to me no more
Like nameless waters glide :
I name thee from my ISIDORE,
Who dwells upon thy side.

A C R O S S T H E S T R E E T .

BY WILLIAM D. GLASIER.

ACROSS the street you sit and sing ;
 The song, but not your face, I know :
 It is a sweet, familiar thing ;
 I heard it first, oh ! long ago.
 Between the curtains' envious shade
 Sometimes I see your figure pass,
 And now and then a ringlet strayed,
 As you stoop forward, dims the glass.

Between us clamor Traffic's din,
 The crash of wheels, the tramp of feet ;
 Men go and come, their ears within
 Steal not your singing, soft and sweet ;
 But o'er the whole, thy simple song
 A viewless, airy bridge has thrown,
 On which my heart, above the throng,
 Goes over where you sit alone.

Sing on : I cannot see your face,
 If 't is like one that Memory owns.
 Were it but near me I might trace }
 Some likeness, for your liquid tones
 But mimic hers, who, in the eves
 Of summers fled, sang sweet as thou :
 The curl that o'er thy temple waves
 Seems brown, like those that swept her brow.

Sing on : I know each loving word,
 Though here they steal but faint and low.
 My heart, with tender memories stirred,
 Spells each, ere from your lips they flow :
 Would I could see the hand that sweeps
 In music o'er those answering strings,
 For now, no more my passion sleeps,
 No more 't is you — another sings.

Sing on : perhaps a stranger here,
 Your heart revisits home in song.
 The absent, yearned for and how dear,
 Perchance in fancy round you throng :
 Your lips, that bid those numbers rise
 Have thrilled, it may be, at love's kiss ;
 And, longing for the far-off eyes,
 You sing away an hour like this.

Sing on : I too am dreaming. Thou
 Hast filled a stranger's heart with joy.
 O wondrous song and singer ! now
 Ye make me once again a boy.
 Blue eyes light up this lonely room,
 Soft hands lie, light of touch, in mine,
 She comes in beauty's deathless bloom ;
 Her lips are singing, and not thine !

The song has ceased, the charm has fled,
E'en while its glory brightest shone,
And comes the clamorous din instead,
And I am sitting here alone.
Sweet singer! soon perhaps you go
Where all your heart has been so long;
I would that you might sometimes know
How well one listened to your song.

May 22, 1856.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER TWELFTH.

ACTIVE service in the field is a powerful antidote to sickness of many kinds, as experience fully taught us. With the change from the excitement of the fray and the rout to the monotonous drag of mere guard and police duty, came a host of maladies no less dangerous than the battle-storm. Many who had harmlessly traversed intrenchments, and clambered over ramparts with as light hearts as if scaling nunnery-walls, now fell sick and died. The reason was obvious. There was altogether too much time for reflection. Some sought a refuge in the wine-cup, or in absorbing games of chance which made them nabobs and beggars within an hour: some were of a studious turn, and they ransacked all the receptacles and store-houses of aboriginal lore, and read all the books, and conned all the manuscripts of the meagre public libraries; and the remainder of the gentlemen composing Uncle Samuel's forces in the city of Mexico, employed themselves in a myriad of ways, with but one object in view; and that object was the killing of Time. In return for the civility, the old white-beard, with his hour-glass and scythe, killed many of them. They who had sought a lotus-tree, that could induce oblivion of their native land, found one that made them forgetful of that as well as all else beside; for its roots struck deep — into the grave.

There is a celebrated national song of Switzerland, which is said to overpower the soldier in foreign lands, as like joy-bells it falls in sweet tones upon his ear. Such images of peace, home, and domestic felicity does it conjure up, that it causes home-sickness; and the government into whose service the mountaineer has entered forbids the song under severe penalties. It is wise to do so. *Heimweh*, the ardent and passionate longing for home that impels to desertion or suicide, is not peculiar to him. The *maladie du pays* of the Frenchman, and *nostalgia* (as medical men disguise the horrid name of home-sickness, when they dare not speak it plainly) both mean the yearning of the soul for the household smiles and looks of love that the humblest home can supply. 'Home! home, sweet home!' was with us tacitly proscribed; and when any sick man was heard humming that air it was a pretty

sure indication that he was on a quick march for his long home. I am going to tell of an attack of a malady that is not at all peculiar to clime or face ; and it may be one that is not unfamiliar to some readers of this.

The name of the firm friend of our mess, who is now to be introduced, must for this purpose be supposed to be Rocket. Gifted with an exquisite taste for music, and various other accomplishments that made him a desirable companion, abounding in good-humor, and uniting a gentle spirit and a gallant heart, (by no means a rare combination,) he had all the qualifications for the position of leader in fun, frolic, and the more refined convivialities of a mess. The fault was partially mine that he, the silver-tongued, merry-hearted fellow, so fell away from his high estate as to become the antipodes of himself. Rocket had been wont to boast a freedom from those troublesome things called nerves ; and all who witnessed his easy, unflurried carriage in the hour of fiery trial, when the rasp of the sabre as it leaped from the scabbard inspired with additional courage, and shots buzzed round like wasps ; they, I say, who then saw him were more than half-inclined to corroborate his assertion of having been born without nerves. Now, an internal flame forced from him an admission to the contrary. He who had ever been ready and able to transfuse his own joyfulness into others, and who could revive the languid, bent-down spirit, now had no excess of cheerfulness, nay, sometimes needed a helping prop in his moments of despondency. His mental malady left its trace upon the physical system. One absorbing theme made him apparently insensible to any thing but the mechanical routine of duty. He had been smitten to the core by a weapon whose wound when earnestly given will never fully heal : but it took a long time, weeks, months, to develop the effects of my indiscreetness in connection with the matter.

To divert Rocket from that which was preying upon his mind, I felt bound to exert myself, having even then, in the incipient stage of the disease, a suspicion of its real cause. We went together for a ride on the beautiful public promenade called the Pasco. That ought to cheer him if any thing could. Generally on a fine day it is frequented by thousands of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians ; but during the occupation of the neighboring city by our troops it was never uncomfortably thronged by the fashionables. The *caballeros*, having shed their coat-tails, appeared on horseback in jackets richly embroidered in silk, or gold, or silver-lace, and plentifully bespangled with shining metal buttons ; loose-flowing crimson scarfs girded their waists ; trowsers slashed up the side of the leg, and wide-rimmed *sombreros* with silver or golden cord twisted round them, completed the principal parts of their usually elegant yet sometimes gaudy costume. But then their magnificent horse-furniture, with the saddle that cost a thousand dollars, and the remainder of the equipment no less dashing, drew the gaze of vulgar curiosity from the rider to his steed. Not unfrequently could be seen gay parties of caballeros and their lady-loves in the enjoyment of equestrian exercises, a recreation to which the gentler sex of that country are quite partial. One cannot fail to compare it with Calmuck courtship on horseback, where the lady, if she fancy her pursuer, may allow herself

to be caught and made a bride. We had, however, seen the ladies to much greater advantage in Puebla, where foreign fashions had not perverted the simplicity of the native taste. The ladies of a Pueblan cavalcade seem not to sit less firmly than do their companions of coarser mould; and the alacrity with which the laughing *Poblanitas* would join in a contest of speed attested their entire freedom from fear. There was no rolling off like a dumpling with them, a feat which (with all due respect be it said) marked the first attempts in equitation of certain I wot of. The firmness in the saddle which is so peculiar to the *señoritas* is easily explained. Fond as they are of a *promenade à cheval*, their liking is for the manner of the Duchess de Berri and Madame Fanny K. B —; for the side-saddle is deemed an innovation not to be tolerated in a land where squeamishness and false delicacy are contemned. The graceful long riding-dress precludes an undue display of ankle. This is an item worthy the consideration of our more refined modern reformers (!) who seek to disclose their extreme beauty of formation by wearing a short costume *à la mandarin*. Let those strong-minded feminines who are not so lamentably low, ignorant, and stupid as to suppose that woman should have no higher nor more masculine aspiration than what merely enhances the joys of private life; let them give this question their serious and dispassionate consideration. Let, also, our handsome ladies on Broadway of a bright day, they who take the least suspicion of dampness or mud on the crossings for an excuse to elevate their corded skirts, and thus display their ankles, even to the second joint thereof; let them give attention. Would it not be well for them to adopt the Mexican mode, and to utterly discard the side-saddle, which affords so little security against tumbling, to the graceless hoyden? Discard the side-saddle and all the prudishness that goes with it, or fall short of the progress of the age, which improves so marvellously upon nature. But I am wandering from my proper subject of narration.

That is the primitive custom that is gradually being laid aside in the large cities, where fashion reigns rampant. On the *Paseo*, even in our day, it was a very rare case for a lady to be seen mounted on any thing but what the natives justly deem a foreign barbarism.

As the mounted dons curveted and pranced along, and their brilliant accoutrements flashed before us, there was some hope that the sight of the joyous phalanx would dissipate the cloud that hung over my friend's mind; for we continually encountered acquaintances and exchanged courtesies with both ladies and gentlemen. But no; the occasion had no charms for him. He did start from his abstraction for an instant, only long enough to collect his thoughts and fix them upon a person who accosted us. A florid-faced, beetle-browed squib of a cockney was that person, whom it is convenient to designate as Harley Quin. Much sought after was he by anxious mammas who had marketable daughters, for he had the reputation of being wealthy. Harley Quin was a supercilious fellow, and was withal quite patronizing to such of our officers as were deceived into making an acquaintance with him. I thought a sneer curled his lip as he graciously bowed and turned to speak to some ladies in a carriage near; and, like a quiet individual, I called Rocket's

attention to my surmise, while visions of duelling-pistols and cow-hides danced before me. An artillery officer had but the day before horse-whipped the editor of one of the principal Mexican newspapers in the public plaza. Some remarks in the journal in which the name of a native lady of high respectability was coupled with that of the officer led to the punishment; and the prompt castigation inflicted in so summary a manner, had the effect of making other insolent civilians more circumspect. A quarrel would stir up my companion's lethargic feelings. No; there was no indication of fight about him, and I was almost driven to despair at the thought that nothing would arouse him. After making an engagement with a couple of señoritas who were with their mother in a carriage, to meet them at the opera, we left the Paseo and went into town.

Every body in the city of Mexico who has the pecuniary ability, goes to the opera or the theatre sometimes; and many who have the means frequent those places diurnally throughout the season. There are no hearths in Mexico around which the social gathering can nightly take place. The influence of that lack on the moral habits of the people is manifested sadly; and there is an utter absence of the family meetings which are so dear to us, and of the many pleasant memories that cluster around our hearth-stones.

The theatre of Santa Anna was, when built in 1843, considered to be the finest in the world, excepting that of San Carlos at Naples; and thither in our time, four years later, flocked the fashion and beauty of the metropolis, to keep themselves from dying of *ennui* at home; and there, also, were to be found a plentiful sprinkling of our blue-coats.

Well, to the opera Rocket and myself went in the evening. There also, was Harley Quin, whom I had fully persuaded myself was the evil genius of my friend. As the affected snob turned his opera-glass full into our box, it was evident that he intended to be impudent, and that mischief was brewing. Pistols *also* were again in my mind; and hope of a flare-up again faintly dawned, as Rocket coolly, yet with an eye of determination, compelled the other to cower down, and hide his head. What could be the matter? When we parted for the night, the question was still unsolved.

The next morning I called in at the quarter of a sick friend, and there met Rocket. His woe-begone visage had affected the invalid so much, that forgetting his own infirmities, he invented a species of amusement to cheer him up; but even that soon grew tiresome, and the haunted man relapsed into day-dreaming. I entered just after the sport had commenced. The two were so busy in heating copper coin by a candle, as not for some time to perceive my entrance. As the invalid tossed the coin one by one out of the window, which opened into a side street, the air was rent by oaths and frantic yells, as if Pandemonium had broken loose; and the two inside responded by hearty, almost convulsive laughter. I rushed to a window and looked out. A dense crowd of *lepers* in tattered habiliments pushed, and scrambled, and tumbled heels over head in their thirst for gain, as each coin alighted among them. The blistering copper would scarcely touch the cobble-stones before a naked foot would cover it, and a yell of pain then

invited the attention of all the others to the spot where flesh seethed in the contact with hot metal. By the time the coin was pocketed, it would be tolerably cool ; and but few knew of the trick that all would have been ashamed to divulge. A half-hour had elapsed before the secret was generally known, and by that time the finances gave out. The affair had the effect of restoring the invalid to health, although he did complain of a pain in his side from excessive laughter. Rocket, however, did not appreciate the jest as he should have done. It did seem that nothing could relieve him from the load that was weighing him down. He repulsed all our efforts to ascertain what the matter was.

The true cause of the dejection of our friend might have remained concealed, but for a circumstance that must be related to show how the thing came about. At the American Eagle coffee-house, a party of officers belonging to Rocket's corps, had met in solemn convocation. It was to devise a remedy for an impending evil that threatened the welfare, some said the very existence, of the —th. A martinet had just succeeded to the command ; and in retaliation for supposed slights, he had determined to rigorously enforce the discipline prescribed in the books. His austerity was uncalled-for. Men who were already overworked, who had passed through a campaign of unintermitted toil and hardship, had no disposition for long drills in the warmest part of the day, in addition to the multifarious duties devolved upon them, by reason of the paucity of numbers. That was not the worst of his malignity. Severe inspections, gun-barrels that shone like burnished silver, and spotless uniforms, were calculated to bring the corps into good repute with their neighbors, and could be tolerated ; but he, the martinet, almost daily had new schemes of annoyance which need not be recapitulated. The climax of his cruelty was not yet capped. It was said in a confidential whisper, that he had invented a torture surpassing for keenness all the others that originated with him. An order was to be issued for a strict observance of the first paragraph of page 215, Army Regulations, on the subject of hair. Heads were to be cut close, cropped ; whiskers had no longer permission to extend below the lower tip of the ear, and moustaches were to be peremptorily ordered off. Literally the paragraph read : ' Moustaches will not be worn by officers or men on any pretence whatever.' It may hardly be necessary to state that, therefore, all the army had had full license in that respect, although strictly none but cavalry regiments were entitled to such hirsute honors as moustaches.

It was a sad occasion for the —th. One warrior gravely rose in the meeting, and opened his mouth. The latter fact was not visible to the auditors, for a tremendous moustache hung like a pall over the aperture, from which the orator had just removed an emptied glass ; but the deep tones of indignation that rumbled therefrom, made it manifest who it was that opened his mouth.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am informed from a reliable source, that we, in common with all the army, have been, or are to be, insulted by the application of a contemptuous epithet. We have been called Cossacks ! Cossacks ! gentlemen, because, (the speaker here passed his

right hand over his hairy countenance,) because we wear the most beautiful of nature's adornments. Our gallant men have been told by their commander that they looked like so many bears! *Bears*, gentlemen, was the term. What shall be done? Shall the ———th which has always been the admiration of its friends, and the dread of its enemies — I may be pardoned for so speaking a universally acknowledged truth — shall the ———th now tamely submit without remonstrance to the galling yoke that is about to be thrust upon it; shall we, like Russian serfs — no, they are allowed to wear their beards unshorn — shall we, I say, shall we, shall — shall ———' The speaker, too full of emotion and grog as he was, sank back into a chair and shut his eyes.

'Never!' 'horrible!' are a sample of the exclamations that marked the intense interest that was felt by the select auditory.

'I'll resign, gentlemen,' said a fierce, tall fellow with a sort of vermilion head and beard. 'I'll quit the service first.'

'And I'll get exchanged, or go on the staff.'

'The doctor must put me on the sick list and send me home, if this barbarous order is really to be carried out. Shave me like a convict, indeed!' So spoke a young gentleman who sported an incipient silken fringe on his lip, and a crutch under one arm.

One of the more sedate members then rose and contributed his quota to the assembled wisdom. He hoped the meeting would not be at all clamorous or unofficer-like. The order, if issued, would bring scandal upon the corps; but there was some uncertainty in connection with the report, and it was barely possible that some mistake had occurred. A respectful remonstrance should be sent to the commander upon the issuing of the order, and if that would not do, Gen. Scott could be memorialized. He thought also that proceedings should be conducted with decorum to avoid any appearance of being unruly.

Another gave his opinion that bloodshed would result from the anticipated order. Laughs and gibes provoke duels. They would have to shoot down half of the men for mutiny if the order were promulgated, he knew they would.

All had given some opinion except Rocket. He had nothing to say. When accused of indifference on the momentous subject, he calmly refuted the charge, and approved of lawful resistance to any thing that might have a tendency to degrade the corps.

The opportune arrival of the adjutant at this stage of the business relieved the minds of the distressed *confrères*. He was highly amused by the result of a practical joke, which was traced to a mischievous youngster of Gen. Pierce's brigade. A violent reaction took place when it was certain that no such order was to issue; and to such an extent did the good feeling go, that even the martinet was kindly spoken of, and one or two good qualities of his mentioned. All were joyful — no, not all; Rocket was not. He made some noise, and contributed a forlorn jest or two to the general mirth; but it was plain that he was not at ease. The secret came out, confidentially, of course. It is no longer to be disguised; Rocket was in love! Only think of it! The truth slipped out in an unguarded moment, when the name of Constance, (or *Constanza*, as it was in the vernacular of the country,) the

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eldest daughter of my good friend and host, Mr. M —, was coupled with that of the odious Harley Quin. Inquiring eyes glanced at the face of Rocket as he flushed up, and then plead guilty to the soft impeachment of having a kind of sneaking regard in the quarter alluded to. He was known as an admirer, but who dreamed that an innocent flirtation was to terminate so desperately ! Now I have explained how the order to cut off hair is connected with this story.

PART TWO.

LAVATER tells us that woman is more pure, tender, delicate, irritable, affectionate, flexible, and patient than he of the grosser sex ; and what if she is ? What if she is as pure as crystal ? she is not as transparent : as tender and as delicate as a young pigeon ? one has no ready means of demonstrating it : as irritable as Tantalus ? she can so disguise her feelings as to throw the mildness of a lamb into the shade : as affectionate as one's twin-soul ? she can coyly suppress all token of it : as flexible as a fine watch-spring ? she is just as certain to fly back into her natural coils the moment she is released from restraint : as patient as Job ? oh ! there we must pause. There she seems to excel. She can have the patience to sport with her entangled victim as the angler makes pastime of the writhing of the fish at the end of his line. All the foregoing is upon the authority of an experienced member of my mess, whose opinion has great weight with me.

Rocket in love ! O my comrade ! beware of a want of reciprocity : look not for mercy from the inexorable. Let the mirthful *allegro* no more skip in fantastic jigs over thy lute ; let the heavy-laden *andante* drag over thy sighing instrument in saddening modulations ; and forget not to howl out thy heart's misgivings in a doleful recitative — for Constanza cares not for thee.

Rocket was to be pitted. He was not blindly led by an insensate passion that blazes fiercely only to die out the sooner ; but his preference was undoubtedly the result of esteem, of admiration of virtues. Report had spoken favorably of Constanza months before the innamorato met her ; and he had been intimate with her brother, a cotton-factor at Xalapa, and had also casually heard her family spoken of at Puebla by the English residents ; but when, through my instrumentality, he became intimate with the fair damsel, and her congeniality of temperament became manifest, and won upon him, then alas ! it became too late for him to retreat. Admiration on his part gave way to a more violent emotion, and all at once he became aware that insensibly a passion to which all his life he had been an alien, warped his judgment ; and then he experienced the truth that nothing can render existence any thing more than tolerable but the alternation of the reflex act of life — love ! Love ! nature's magnet-heat, that into cold stone can breathe a world of life and light, dealt not over-kindly with him. Every thing went wrong. Constanza had not forgotten the education she received in a colder climate, and she was reserved and almost cold to him. Even his usually fine time-piece dragged along so slowly as to put him out of patience, and all the clocks of the city formed a league to keep back the hours to annoy him, for guard and garrison duty kept

him away from the side of his lady-love, until the hands pointed to the proper hour. He had become sentimental, and he plucked such a number of posies, that one might be pardoned for supposing that, like Linnaeus, he had so carefully noticed the sensibility of plants as to compose a horologe of flowers. He made me his confidant, and sometimes messenger. That philopœna of flowers was sent by me, as Rocket was stationed in a village of mud-huts at some distance, and could not leave for several days' time; and I would scorn to mention a word of the little paper that was concealed in the centre of the bouquet, but for the hand I had in making it jingle in verse. It was something like the following:

SONNET.

A PHILOPœNA now I send to thee —
 A floral missive of the burning thought
 That up-springs from my mind uncalled, unsought.
 From thralldom such as thine I would be free;
 Yet it doth seem that thou art bound to me
 By some magnetic chain. With mischief fraught
 Are our fond meetings; else surely there's naught
 But bliss can crown my hopes. Let fate decree
 Her best or worst; for so vibrates my soul
 Between conflicting thoughts, that better far
 Were it to end all doubt, though lost the goal
 To which my mind e'er flies, like shooting star.
 CONSTANZA! let thy heart give thee the key
 That can unlock the hidden melody.

That, I say, was the substance of the paper. But the flowers had a hidden voice beyond my ken; and beyond any reasonable doubt they told much more than I wot of. May-be her heart did give her the key to the business.

Were all his pains, then, for naught? Need the question be asked? The furtive glances that the maiden cast as the rose drove the lily from her cheek, did they not mean that she hated the very mention of his name? Could not the impertinent fellow see how downcast the lady looked when accidentally found in his company? any one with but half an eye might have seen it. Frivolous flirtation was foreign to her ingenuous nature, and she took no pains to disguise her hearty dislike to have him always dangling at her heels, and exciting remarks from her lady-friends that made her blush. Still he persisted. It was hinted to the infatuated innamorato, that, however promising a young army-officer may be, unless he have more capital than what is invested in the bulion of his epaulettes; and unless he wear in his face a great deal more brass than is in the hilt of his sword; he need not waste his time and attentions on a fair one who has not the slightest objection to the elegancies of life. A sword, however honorable it may be, will not always enable one to make much of a figure in moneyed society. But Rocket's whole being was vibrating under the domination of that one thought of love, and he spurned all idea of his lady-love not having a soul above buttons. He evidently indulged the Platonic theory that the beauty of form is but an outward indication of the mind, an idea that Spenser condenses into a single line:

'All that is good is beautiful and fair.'

Constanza was beautiful and fair, *ergo* she was good; if good, it was

her bounden duty to prefer him to all the rest of mankind, even though he had only an unsullied reputation and an honest heart, for he was entirely devoted to her. How silly he was! Did he not know that Harley Quin was a suitor for the same hand? Did he not know, also, that that very respectable gentleman was in the employ of an extensive English trading-house, probably as a silent partner? that he wore a diamond breast-pin worth the price of a farm? and that he mounted a saddle that was gemmed with jewels and plated with gold? Yes; he could not help knowing the fact: and, moreover, he knew that the ambitious friends of the lady constantly held up the advantages of an alliance to the supercilious snob. Major M—— testified that women are all alike, all false, and he had the means of knowing, for his heart had been broken a dozen times by the jilts; and he exhorted our friend to eschew heart-alluring damsels, all and sundry; for to tamper with them was like trying a sword's point on a stone. Another had the kindness to report that Constanza was always pleasant and free in the company of Harley Quin, and that she smiled knowingly when his name was mentioned, quite differently from her manner when the military beau was sneeringly alluded to. In attempting to appropriate to his own use and behoof the rose-bud that was gradually maturing into beauty, had he not by mistake, plucked the wormwood that grew by its side? Respect for the lady was urged as an inducement for him to cease his annoyance. He would flare up for a second, than cool down as he reflected, and promise to think of it. Would think of it! Alas! poor me. I had made myself responsible for all the business, and vainly sought an outlet whereby to shirk my responsibility. I called sophistry to my aid, and even deduced a moral from the circumstances of the case, to wit: As the swift pace of the horse is the cause of all his ill-usage; and as the soft fur of the fox is the cause of his being hunted and killed; so were the bewitching manners of Constanza the cause of her being pestered, and no fault should be imputed to me for having first brought them together. What right had she to be so very lovable? otherwise the bewildered mind would not have been so prone to revert to celestials in her presence. A person does very wrong to be always interesting and captivating, and he or she should always have a supply of iciness on hand in case of necessity. So thought Major M——, who had been forty years in coming to such a sage conclusion.

Thus things went up to the time when I was called away from the scene of action. The next time that one of Rocket's mess crossed my path we had a long talk about old times, and the love-lorn lieutenant was not forgotten. Hear the end of his troubles.

'About a month or so after you left us,' said my informant, 'we lost Rocket. We missed him very much.' The fact is, that ever since he got into that scrape with Miss M——, he was not good for much. Dear me! he got as sober as a parson. How some men do take things of that kind to heart, don't they? It was almost like losing a near relative.'

'So the poor fellow is dead!' I exclaimed.

'Dead! No, my dear boy, not *dead* — *married*!'

'Married!' What a relief. I could have danced to hear that my chum was not numbered with the defunct. 'Married! and whom, pray, did he marry? Did he marry after all? Well, now!'

'Whom would he marry, indeed? whom but that girl he was always making such a fuss about, the elder daughter of Mr. M——?'

'What about that English fellow?' I asked. He knew that Harley Quin was meant, by the contemptuous tone of voice.

'He turned out to be a swindler; that is, he was a poor penniless wretch, with nothing to recommend him when his reputed wealth turned out to be a bubble. A small clerk, only. Every body has cut him since. A low fellow, decidedly.'

'What a narrow escape Miss M—— must have had with him,' I suggested, though well knowing that Constanza never could have tied herself for life to such an uncongenial lump of mortality as the afore-said Harley Quin.

'Quite a mistake on your part,' he replied. She and Rocket understood each other from the first. Yet many a wise head was deceived by the line of policy followed by them. As for the father of the girl, he doated on his contemplated son-in-law, Rocket, but withheld his consent for awhile. The fact is, that the old gentleman had the prospect of being entirely ruined by the war, and he was too honorable not to let Rocket know the embarrassed state of his affairs. Then he found out that his daughter had selected a true piece of steel. By-the-by, the Rockets are now in the United States. His talents are already giving him a high position, and he will, before long, be a prominent man.'

Now, my reading friends, who have followed the thread of a small every-day story through a *melange*, how do you like the history and cure of my friend Rocket's disease? Ask himself, if you recognize him, and he will tell you that it is true. SO NOTE IT BE. W. H. BROWNE

S O N N E T

ON HEARING THE VOICE OF THE LATE MRS. W. O. B., IN THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER,
MORRISTOWN, N. J.

WHAT seraph-tones entrance my captive ears?
Can such proceed from earth, or earthly voice,
To swell the magic music of the spheres?
Yes! but from one whose heart makes heaven its choice,
And upward lifts her to the blissful plains,
Where, as they enter, listening saints rejoice
That mortal lips should emulate their strains:
There, when below this melody has ceased,
She joins the angelic choir in holier lays,
Sustains their harmony with power increased:
Oh! may she think of those who, while on earth,
She led in sacred song and chaunts of praise
To the REDEEMER's shrine to gain 'new birth.'

D.

L I N E S .

'T WAS night ; the wind in peace was sleeping,
 The stars their silent watch were keeping,
 The earth seemed hushed in deep reposing,
 Like soft dark eyes of beauty closing.
 The full-orbed moon her light was pouring
 On purling stream and torrent roaring ;
 On lowly hut and lofty tower ;
 On soldier's tent and lady's bower ;
 On sea and land, on all she kept
 Her radiant eye while others slept.

On scenes of sadness and of pleasure,
 On miser counting o'er his treasure,
 On kings and nobles without number,
 On millions who in death do slumber,
 On battle-field with corpses piling,
 On prisoners tedious night beguiling,
 On blood-stained warrior restless dreaming,
 On sleeping childhood faces beaming ;
 On sea and land, on all she kept
 Her radiant eye while others slept.

But hark ! from out yon castle stealing
 Sweet music comes ; now louder pealing
 The ear enchaining, soul entrancing,
 Anon receding, now advancing,
 Now breaking forth in wildest notes,
 Then softly changing, gently floats
 Upon the air ; then dies away
 Like rays of light at close of day ;
 While yet on all the moon still kept
 Her watchful eye while others slept.

But see yon castle-gates unbarring
 With trumpet loud and noisy jarring ;
 A crowd of warriors come out rushing
 Like foaming ocean onward gushing,
 O'er hill and dale, themselves wide spreading
 To sound of martial music treading ;
 While over rock, and tree, and all,
 Had fallen night's sepulchral pall ;
 While yet on all the moon still kept
 Her watchful eye while others slept.

Where are they now ? their spirits fleeting
 Are with the loved and lost ones meeting ;
 Nothing they know of this world's sorrow,
 No further trouble now they borrow ;
They've passed away, we know them not ;
 Tradition only marks the spot
 Where once their ashes mouldering lay.
 They've gone ; but when day's passed away
 In nightly course the moon still keeps
 Her eye on all, e'en while they sleep.

ELLAS-LAND : THE FLORENTINE.

NUMBER NINE.

THE summit of Ellas-land over-looks afar the surrounding landscape. The horizon in the distance appears to be below us. Morning's early beams seem to reach us with an upward flight. At first, darkness becomes less prevailing, and objects are seen more distinctly. A faint and spreading arch of white light in the east is followed by a reddening flush and purple glow. Presently the hill-tops, alive with song of birds, and vocal with all the voices of day, mark their sharp outlines against the sky. Yet another look shows them gilded with the first golden beams of the sun, and then bathed abundantly in his glorious light. The valley, in whose immediate bosom lies 'the Beautiful River,' is seen only as a huge winding fog-anaconda. The smaller valleys separating the numerous hill-tops from each other, lift and throw back their white veils to salute you. Terraces of wine-bearing grapes circle the conical hills at a distance, like flounces upon the skirts of a lady's dress. We gaze off into azure space, and look down upon emerald slopes, fraught with health-bearing verdure, and breathe the sweet breath of new-born day, hours before the tallest steeple of the city is visible through smoke and fog. The coming of morning to Ellas-land is like the coming of Ella to my bosom, lonely by reason of her long absence, and covered with night. It does not come in the manner of those who seek grand effects, through the means of contrasts, or astonishment, and challenging admiration; but as one consciously at peace with herself, and serenely clothed in the brightness of God's favor, with all holy and gentle messages, moving ever in a fresh atmosphere of love and faith. My daughter! O my first-born! when shall the joyful East herald your coming? When again shall all the voices of my heart sing, and all its blossoms open, and all its treasury of delights awake?

The first effect of the recovery of her land and of the presence of assured good fortune, upon the Florentine, I have already stated to you, was happy. She laid off her desolate-looking and worn garments, and with them much of the appearance of age. Freshly and pleasantly clad, her countenance more fresh, and her eye beaming with subdued but cheerful consciousness of success, she was a lady of agreeable presence and of winning manners, lacking neither intelligence nor dignity. We are apt to think of those circumstances which affect the body, as constituting the history of an individual; but if we could separately regard the fortunes of the soul, what histories, what changes, what mysteries should we not read? The Florentine soon relapsed into her restless and wandering mood, and the first we knew, had departed from among us, leaving only some kind messages, but no intimation of the direction or objects of her journey. In a great city, no person is of such consequence as not soon to be forgotten: she had been known to few, and to us only as a mysterious and unhappy person. Her disappearance

was like the sinking of a pebble in the ocean ; causing a momentary ripple, and then to be thought of no more.

But while I acknowledge to have been careless of her fate, more so than any thing but preoccupation with professional cares would excuse, the thought of her did often come back to me. Sometimes it remained long, and refused to go hence. As weeks and months and seasons rolled on, and as *Ellas-land* became adorned with shrubbery, and endeared with rural delights, and mingled with all thoughts of home, the figure of the Florentine would more and more frequently rise in the midst, and sorrowfully move out from us into the surrounding void, or in opposite mood of thoughtful regard, infuse its lady-like aspects and shadowy presence among evergreens and flowering shrubs : it would seem to stand by the spring or glide along the walks. I conceived the idea of a painting, to represent her as a mythical personage, with a weird look, and figure emerging from a cloud. The accident by which I became enlisted in her service, all its results, the intimate and close dependence of all upon my thoughts of you though distant, excited my imagination. Often of a pleasant night, the silver rays of the moon, falling on natural objects, seemed to weave lights and shadows into a resemblance, more or less fantastic, of the Florentine. Sometimes the rosy light of dawn recalled to me her happy countenance — the first time I met her after she had made me the deed for *Ellas-land* — beaming with modest gratitude and satisfaction.

I held several consultations with Beard and Sontag about the picture. Should it be a single figure, to represent the Florentine alone ? or should it be a landscape, and her figure mingled with some device of natural objects, like a vision or a dream ? Should she be seen emerging indistinctly from the evening fogs, below and beyond *Ellas-land*, to glance over its laughing surface in the calm upper air ? Could it be so contrived that a shadowy, peaceful, and light-hearted *Ella* would balance and throw into artistic repose a scene whose portent is the weird unrest of the Florentine ? Might it not be so contrived as to show the spring, the old elm, and our venerable bull-frog Martin Luther ? What would be the effect of throwing upon the back-ground a storm-cloud, with the dark features of Black Hawk peering from it ? Would there be any degree of possibility or artistic coherence in throwing branches of shrubbery so into relief and expression as to bring forth the outlines of Father Green, as a sort of superior and presiding genius, giving the whole combination an idea of trust and safety ?

Mr. Sontag thought there was a fine chance for landscape-painting, but *Ellas-land* was too much improved and cultivated ; grass was cropped, trees trimmed, walks laid out in serpentine bends. There was no old tree or broken branch, no tangled under-brush, not even a wild grape-vine dislocated from its support and swinging in the wind. If he did the picture, he would wipe out all signs of cultivation, and show *Ellas-land* in its primeval state.

Beard, on the other hand, caught up with eagerness the idea of an amiable but distraught countenance and figure, rising somewhat wildly from an indistinct ground, and stroked his long hair with satisfaction. He did not object decidedly to a second figure in the picture, but as I went on,

adding one thing to another, and increasing the group in the manner above described, he answered me never a word until I reached the end. I did not then notice a peculiar light in his eye; but he thought my combination incomplete, and suggested the adding of a ghost, hung up by his heels, and a saint with a split stick on his nose.

All at once, the grotesqueness and absurdity of my inquiries flashed upon me, and taking in the ludicrous solemnity and deference of his manner while listening to suggestions which would over-task any number of academies of design, our eyes met, and we both burst into a loud and hearty laugh. The picture was postponed.

Not until your mother's visit to Madame Cleaver, had we obtained a single trace of the movements of the Florentine herself. From the description given by Madame Cleaver of the stranger in her pew, I had little doubt of the wanderer's return; but where to look for her, or why she did not find us, were questions to be solved only by the general idea we had of her condition, as one mentally perturbed, seeking in vain for rest, and moved about in the pursuit of improbable objects. She was no otherwise deranged or insane than one may be who is still in possession of every sensibility and every faculty, but who has allowed some one faculty or susceptibility to usurp an undue control, so that other faculties and susceptibilities are unable quite to maintain their orderly relations with each other. We were left to inquire for her not many days.

It happened one morning, after a few hours of the sunshine and fragrance of *Ellas-land*, I commenced my customary walk to the city, and in my descent was moving into a bank of mingled fog and smoke, which was yielding slowly, but not yet giving up its obstinate and uneven battle with the sun, whose glittering shafts were piercing it through and through, when I was unexpectedly accosted by the voice of the Florentine.

'Thank God, it is you!' said she, with an earnestness which I thought a little exaggerated.

I took her hand, and said: 'I am glad to see you, my friend.'

She did not give me time to inquire for her health or say more, but commenced interrogating:

'Do you believe in special providences — pray tell me, do you believe?'

While I hesitated a moment how to shape an answer to a question so shot at me, she again asked:

'Tell me truly. You are composed, and your brain is clearer than mine. Do you believe in special providences?'

'By special providences,' I replied, 'I suppose you mean an influence exerted by divine and other spiritual agencies, upon the affairs of individuals, and especially directed to mould their fate, or to shape particular exigencies of it. Yes, I do believe, unless I should use a word more positive, and say I know it.'

'Thank God, again!' said she. 'Now tell me why you believe: prove it to me, and — then you will shine almost like an angel: your steps will be beautiful as the coming of him who bringeth glad tidings.'

I do not remember ever before to have been called upon to make an

argument upon a question, apparently involving so much feeling, not only without a brief, but without a moment's forethought. Partly to gain time, partly to avoid the oddness of such a discussion in a public thoroughfare, and partly to bring her mind more directly under cheerful and healthy influences, I invited her along a by-path with which I was familiar, and which by a short distance led to the brow of a hill, warm with the light of the morning sun, and over-looking city and valley, village and rivulet, far as eye could reach. Arriving there, I was about to call her attention to the beautiful effects of light and shade upon a distant forest, when she again pressed for my argument.

'Shortly, then, my friend! because not to believe it would be to believe human affairs an exception to the general order of nature. I do not now think of any thing, animate or inanimate, which is not more or less affected by causes outside of itself, and proceeding, so far as we can guess, from some great, common centre of government. What, for instance, is the cause which produces from the same elements two such different substances as diamond and charcoal? The fate of two infants, born in the same family, could hardly be more opposite.'

'True!' said the Florentine: 'but those laws are universal and material, are they not?'

'It is rather probable,' I replied, 'that they are universal, and hence do not meet the case before your Honor — I beg pardon, my friend; I see now, I am not in court. But perhaps these laws may be one step in the explanation of the case. We know that men and women, however capable of reason, are not governed by it. The real springs of action are as apt to be found in some cherished memory, some lingering hope, some undisclosed and almost unrecognized emotional impulse, as in the dictates of pure reason. It would be difficult to imagine a combination of mind and matter capable of logic, yet so habitually illogical as mankind. In the important affairs of life, where judgment is called to its highest exercise, it often happens that the scales are poised almost evenly: the weight of a feather or of a grain of sand, as it were, in one scale or the other, decides the question. Then come all the consequences, different and leading in a different direction, from an opposite decision. But this thing, this spirit or inner life, which we call the soul, and the spiritual existences to which it is akin, are influenced by the moral affections. I see no more improbability that one moral affection should draw to it or repel others, than that one magnet should draw to it or repel others. When the scales of the judgment or of the will hang trembling and undecided, some of the millions of spiritual creatures that walk the earth unseen, an angel, the disembodied spirit of parent, relative, or friend, breathes into your spirit a recollection, an emotion, a hope, and the work is done; or the same influence may be exerted upon other minds upon whose decision your fate depends. I knew a violent and irreligious man who was about to commit murder. He says his arm was raised for the fatal blow: the thought flashed upon him, what would the spirit of his departed Mary, the girl of his early love, think of such an act? The blow was not struck. He might have swung upon the gallows: he is now alive, not useless nor without a share of the regard of those who know him. He thinks his Mary saved

him. I have heard Jenny Lind, and many a famous singer, but never a song so sung as to produce the effect upon me that is given by his uncultivated voice to the song of Highland Mary. It is the bridge on which his thoughts cross over to his own Mary.

'Beautiful!' exclaimed the Florentine — 'very beautiful!'

I was at first about to appropriate these expressions to my argument, not unwilling to think I might have said something better than I was conscious of saying; but her hands were stretched to the scene below and beyond us:

'See!' said she with eagerness: 'the mists are all gone. The clouds have rolled away. The hills smile at each other: the valley laughs: the river is tranquil, and flows along the distance like a track of light: it loses itself in the embrace of winding shores, covered with verdure!'

'All very true!' said I, a little piqued: 'but has that any thing to do with special providences?'

'O my dear friend!' continued the Florentine, in a tone of exultation, altogether as wild as any thing I had seen in her conduct; 'I believe now in special providences. It was a special providence that kept me alive with hope for many weary years. It was a special providence that sent me to your office, and when repelled, sent me many times, turning ever again, I did not know why, to that office, until I found you, and through you, my fortune. It was a special providence that, after much wandering, brought me back again to this neighborhood; and being here, it was a special providence that kept me last night sleepless, and impressed upon my brain, as if seared there with a hot iron, the necessity of again seeking your aid. A part of my vision is already fulfilling itself: the rest will follow: it must follow. Thanks be to God! and all His merciful angels! My heavy burden will leave me. I shall be happy: through your agency some how or other, joy is ripening for my desolate existence. Oh! my heart will smile as the hills: it will laugh as the valley: and my peace, it shall flow on like the river!'

Whether she had attended to any part of my explanation of special providences, I am not prepared to say. It was apparent, however, that her newly-expressed faith was only a new phase of feeling, brought about by an unexplained association and concurrence of the scene before her with a previous fancy or dream. It was not quite the fair thing in her, to urge me unprepared to a discussion of such a topic, and then to let her mind wander, and leave me in the midst of my discussion of special providences, to the inglorious certainty of neglect. Thinking over my argument, so far as it went, I am compelled to confess that the Professors of Lane Seminary would not be likely to adopt it as a model; but yet I am persuaded, if she had listened, I might in the course of a few hours have made a tolerably good thing of it. Moral to lawyers: never venture to make an argument, when there is no judge or sheriff at hand, to keep the jury imprisoned in their seats, and if inclined to sleep, to wake them up.

The Florentine, close following her rhapsody to the hills and river, proposed to relate to me her story: upon which proposal I pulled out my watch, and saying I had an engagement at eight, requested her to proceed to *Ellas-land* and remain till evening.

'You lawyers,' said she, apparently hurt as well as surprised, 'are so — stony — cold! Here am I, returned from long wandering, and my heart leaping with a new-found hope, my feelings swaying to-and-fro with the chances of the whole object of a life-time to be gained or lost, and perhaps depending on you! Yet you interpose between me and my chances a cool day's business. I am wrong. I am unjust. You have been very kind: I will wait.'

'Suppose, my friend,' said I, 'you should obtain a promise from me to give you immediate attention, and I should then delay you from day to-day, breaking my promises. Which is the most kind, to tell you frankly when I can and will listen to your affairs, and keep my promise, or to make kinder promises, but trifle with them? The only way to fulfil engagements is to fulfil them in their order. At eight o'clock I shall be at my office. At five this evening I will be at *Ellas-land*, and we will then see what can be done. Meanwhile, go and rest.'

She took my hand very kindly, and said:

'I rely upon you. Your very determined and precise mode of indicating your purpose to act at your own convenience, and in your own way, has an inspiring effect; but after all, if I were *Ella*, standing before you desolate and friendless, would you, could you defer me and my hopes? I was once as young and fresh as *Ella*, and as much loved. The whole world extended to me open palms, and lighted me along with smiles. Between that time and this I have been groping always on that part of the earth which was turned from the sun, hurrying to overtake the morning or to meet it, but keeping pace only with the deepest shadow of night. Oh! it seems like the dark valley of the shadow of death. But away down in the central recess of my heart is a gay little bird that sings of hope. Its song reaches no ear but mine. Often and often have I been about to lie down and die, but as it were at the last moment, the little bird would sing, and I lived. His songs became more frequent. In these later times another bird sings to him just in advance, and I am led on day by day, hour by hour, by the beckoning song of the companion-bird, and my soul keeps warm with the warbling and melodious response of the bird in my heart. Sometimes I forget my food, and often spend my nights sleepless, listening to these tuneful songsters. Last night the invisible companion-bird sung from my bed-post. Beautiful scenes opened before my waking dreams. At the peep of dawn the companion-bird flew from perch to perch, singing, and as it were beckoning away, and I have been following. But a moment since he seemed to be perched on the top of your head. Where has he flown? Did you say something of special providences? Did you tell me to wait till evening? My friend! my friend!'

It was obvious that our unhappy wanderer was only one step this side of fever and insanity, and that rest and affection were imminently needed. To encourage her rehearsals at that moment could only add fuel to the flame that was consuming her vital energies, both of mind and body. Yet, to leave her to pursue her fancies would be to leave her to wander farther and farther from repose, into utter wretchedness. There was an absolute and pressing necessity that her thoughts should

be directed into other channels, or at the least, from entire concentration upon a single theme. Without diversion repose would be impossible, and without repose there seemed to me no hope. But an attempted and unsuccessful diversion would only wound and exaggerate her sensibility, and weaken my influence. I felt as if every word and motion of mine would be like a step in the dark near a precipice. One mis-step and all might be lost. Her mind was so much absorbed in her theme, I do not think she was conscious that as I replied I commenced slowly walking toward *Ellas-land*, and that her movement corresponded with mine.

'The bird in your heart,' said I, 'may be your good angel. The companion-bird may be another angel sent in advance to welcome you to a whole company of angels. It betokens that you are not to be too anxious; you are not to work out your own fate; you are to be surrounded and over-shadowed by the white wings of a shining throng who will quiet and mould your thoughts for happiness. The companion-bird led you to me, and for the present has flown. Let us not rebel against these kind influences. Let us acknowledge this hint, that you are to leave every thing to me. Your birds sing no more to-day, and no more effort on your part to-day is required. The good FATHER will take His own time. If you were to seek some quiet place now and lie down, the bird would sing no more from your bed-post. Possibly you might be lulled to sleep by the gentle influence of good spirits, as it were by the sound of rustling leaves. If any advance could be made in your affairs by immediate attention, your companion-bird would have led you to some one not engaged as I am to-day in an affair altogether as anxious and critical as yours can be.'

'How can that be possible?' said the Florentine, expressing incredulity rather than inquiry.

'I will tell you,' said I. 'And it occurs to me that your companion-bird did me a kind act, also, in bringing you. I have in hand a matter of passion and pride; I am to try to minister to a mind diseased; and since you have experienced sorrows, I would like your criticism on my plan of treating the case.'

Here I paused to see if she was likely to permit her curiosity to be excited. She showed very little desire for me to tell the character of my engagement for the day; but by this time we were walking rather briskly, and after a short silence, I determined to push the experiment a step further, and proceeded to say:

'I am to meet an old miser, who made his fortune by the manufacture of star-candles from adulterated material, selling them by short weight, and putting the money at usury. He won such rest as often comes to the soles of unblest feet. Disease and death scattered his household. Frequent hearses besieged his gate. Not one was left him but a daughter, a wild, untrained girl, whose misfortune it was to be beautiful and lack all the safe-guards of beauty. The father drove her lover from his house: she met him elsewhere and was lost. She has been living for some months at a house of revel, in secret, but in shame. The old miser writhes under it, and has appealed to me for help. What can be done in such a case?'

No reply was made to my question. I continued :

'There is no law at all in the case, and consequently I might decline to interfere. Moreover, the old man wants to take it into Chancery, and into the Supreme Court of the United States, the places of all others where there is no possibility of taking it ; but a litigation in those courts expresses his idea of the sublime in the way of a fuss generally. Down to this time the affair has been but little known, but he now wishes to give publicity to all its unhappy details. It was brought about in part by his threatening to disinherit his daughter, if she spoke again to her lover, and on finding himself disobeyed, he told her, not expecting to be believed, that she should never again cross his threshold unless she would abandon her lover's acquaintance. Law can do nothing with such a case ; but I have become an amateur of sensations. I am curious to see what would be the effect upon both father and daughter of a reconciliation.

'Take pains to reconcile to her father *such a creature as that* ?' inquired the Florentine, beginning to show some interest.

'As an amateur,' said I, 'merely as an amateur. The old man is very miserable. He has nothing to love but his money and his daughter. He tries to keep up a show of resolution, by threats of persecuting her, but I see through it. It shows him unspeakably wretched and ill at ease. He must have relief or he will die. It has run through my mind in this way. His soul and his daughter's are kindred, and although held apart by raging sin, really might do each other good. Now, my friend, suppose these two souls should be left apart, to go by different roads, aching down to darkness, in all eternity to desire and hate each other, but never meet, father and daughter wandering, unhappy, in all eternity never to meet, but to each other lost, lost, lost !'

'What can you do ?' said the Florentine.

'This is my plan. He never would have come to me in the matter, if he had not imagined me to possess a certain superiority. This shows that I possess the means of mastery over him. I must do as the doctors do, look wise and give him medicines. But the first thing is a blister. I will break him into my line of treatment by a test, which, if successful, will put an end to all obstinacy on his part. At precisely eight o'clock I will be seated in the office. He will come in. He will inquire how I do this morning. I will make him no answer. He will put some other question. I will not answer. After a few moments' hesitation I will light a segar for myself and offer him one. He will decline : he hates tobacco like poison. I will puff at my segar until he comes directly to his business, I will then throw away my segar, and indicate my interest. I will say I have been thinking it over. That it is a matter full of difficulty and responsibility. That I see hopes of success, but also foresee the pains it will cost. I cannot undertake it, unless he will pay me one thousand dollars immediately, and more when I want it.'

'That was not the way you treated me,' said the Florentine.

'But his case, you observe, is a case for a blister. His disease at the present moment is in his daughter. The only other vital thing about him is his money. I must put my hands in his pocket, just as blisters

are put on the feet to cure certain diseases of the head. He will groan, and protest, but he will pay me. I will exact one other condition, which, after paying one thousand dollars, will seem easy; it will be like homœopathic sugar-pellets to allopathic pills. He must agree to be governed implicitly by my advice, even if I should require him to forgive his daughter, and take her home to live with him?

'Do you think he will ever agree to that?' inquired the lady.

'He will appear,' said I, 'to protest and object, but finally to yield under a sort of compulsion. The truth is, it is above all things the course he is aching to find a pretence for. He will agree to let me carry her any messages I choose, as from him: in a word, he will, in confidence with me, acknowledge himself willing to do or say any thing to win back his child. I will then promise not to humble him too much before her, and to take care to place her in a state of mind favorable to the exercise on his part of wholesome authority over her. He will almost hug me for that.'

'And what then?' said the Florentine.

'Then,' said I, 'the work is nearly accomplished. All the rest is easy. I select a bouquet of choice, fragrant flowers, not large nor with too much color, but delicate, suggestive of modesty and innocence. I go to the house where she is: I am told she is not there, or perhaps declines to see me. I say: 'Very well, then I will call the police; it is optional to put me to that trouble or not; and, by the way, the trouble is not much, for one is waiting to be called, just around the corner.' I am let in, and soon Miss makes her appearance. She is not yet accustomed to shame and contempt, and meets me timidly, not without a certain shrinking and confusion of manner. After preparing the way, I tell her I have recently seen her father. She bites her nails, but makes no reply. A tear begins to glisten in her eye, but whether of vexation or sorrow, of course I cannot tell. I hand her the bouquet, and say her father sent it. She looks at me with surprise and doubt, but kisses the flowers, and inquires if her father is well. I tell her he is far from well: there appears to be but one step between him and the grave. His heart is broken. She will sob, weep, or go into hysterics. I will manage that she does not quit sobbing or hysterics till I have completely gained her confidence. She will then ask to be taken to her father. I will make difficulties. She shall understand it is no easy matter. I will ask if she is not happy where she is, as if I looked to the probability of her remaining. She will say she is not happy, that she is a fool, and very miserable, and might as well die and go to hell at once, as live so. That her lover has become neglectful and tyrannical, and she sees no course open to her but absolute degradation. She will promise to make any acknowledgment to her father, to get down on her knees to him, any thing, if he will take her home. She will never see her lover more. But I will say to her that she should marry him. 'He will not marry such as I am!' she will say, and then comes another flood or frenzy. 'Proud people do not buy cheap goods,' she will say, or something to that effect. Then I will rise from my seat and pace the room with apparent excitement of manner and say: 'But you are as good as he is. He ought to marry you, and he must and shall marry you. Obey me, be firm, and he shall certainly marry you.'

‘O Sir!’ she will say, ‘I am sunk very low; but I cannot accept a husband who offers or consents only upon compulsion to make me his wife. I can beg, I can starve, I can die, but that I cannot do. Oh! pardon me, Sir; *that* I will not for a moment think of. While there is blood in these veins, there will be life to bite a hole large enough to let life out; and so long as the pulsations of this heart may be stopped at will, so long will it revolt. No, Sir, no! any thing but that.’

‘But, Miss,’ I will say; ‘the beauty of my plan is, that he shall offer to be your husband, plead with you for the privilege, protest that he cannot live without you, and threaten to kill himself if you reject him.’

‘She will shake her head sorrowfully, and moan, and say:

‘Such a thing might have been! O my God! but not any more possible for me. Oh! no, no, not for *me*.’

‘To which I will reply: ‘But I say, yes, yes; not no, no; it is possible, more than possible, it positively shall happen. The only condition, is, that you shall promise to act as I require, and then, at all hazards, not fail to fulfil your promise.’

‘Do you think, Madam,’ said I to the Florentine, ‘that the young woman will agree to follow my advice?’

‘Follow it!’ said she. ‘The girl will drink in the hardest conditions you can impose, as a thirsty person drinks water. She will be as docile as a pet lamb that runs frisking and bleating, to the hand that feeds it. You must not hold up such promises not to be fulfilled. You have no right to lift the poor girl to the skies only to dash her again into the pit!’

‘Poor girl!’ said I, ‘such a creature as that!’

The Florentine was not in a mood to appreciate a joke. I proceeded to say, I would remove the girl to costly apartments, where the first object meeting her eye should be her mother’s portrait, and where she should receive respectable protection. I would have her amply supplied with new clothing, very rich, but very plain, such as might adorn a vestal. Gew-gaws and meretricious ornaments she should have none. Every former vestment should be consigned to the flames. The past should be made to seem to be really in the distance. She should see all the symbols of a new and purer life, and breathe a new atmosphere. I will tell her father about it; but as yet he shall not see her. Presently her lover begins to wonder at the change; he doubts if he was so fortunate as he supposed himself, in getting rid of her. He thinks her very beautiful, and calls to see her. She receives him with patient modesty, but will see him only in the presence of others. He calls again and again with similar results. I make it a point to meet him, and request him not to bother the young woman with calls. I tell him that she had been greatly thrown from her balance by harsh treatment from her father, and by believing herself necessary to his, her lover’s happiness, but she had discovered her error. She would lead a different life hereafter. She might never return to her father, but her father would always supply her with the means of living elegantly and honestly. It was a sin and a shame to have ruined the prospects of such a girl, but his visits would be no longer tolerated. He was not worthy of her. If she ever marries, I will say, it will be some man whom she respects.

This will only inflame him the more. He will beset her with bouquets and billet-doux, and consume himself with sighs. In short, they will be married. It may be perhaps a private marriage ; and it will not be necessary to advise the world that it did not take place when it ought to have taken place. Then her father welcomes them home. The two souls, father and daughter, shall cling more fondly than ever together, and not wander separate and sorrowful for ever. But here is *Ellas-land* !

I explained to your mother the urgency of the necessity that the Florentine should have rest and food. She appeared to take a good deal of interest in what I had told her, and I hoped the diversion of her thoughts would be in season. On my return in the evening I found she had slept, but had eaten little. She was reclining on a lounge. Her mind was clear, and free from excitement, but she was languid, and acknowledged herself too weary to tell me the history of her troubles at that time. During the night she had considerable head-ache, and in the morning a fever set in. Its character did not long remain doubtful. It was our old dread : that low, baffling, deceptive fever, the typhoid.

A VISIT TO INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

BY MARY E. THROPP.

UP
Through the shaded walk, into the State-House,
Walked AGATHA and I, one clear, bright morn
In early spring. A moment, and we stood
Within the silent hall whence, years ago,
Issued the wisdom of those men whose bays
Float brightening down the tide of time
For ever. 'T is a large, plain room, hung round
With portraits, images of men whose names
Gleam brightly in the galaxy of fame.
Dependent from the ceiling, a chandelier
Pours intercepted light through countless prisms
In rain-bow radiance o'er the room. On high,
Mid-way of the far wall, over against
The entrance, perches the brazen eagle,
Our country's emblem. Conspicuously
Beneath stands WASHINGTON in statue ; here,
As in history, alone, unequalled.
Europe has had her heroes, Albion
Her warrior-monarchs, and Corsica
Gave Gaul its red, far-flashing meteor :
But thou, America, young, favored land,
Hast fixed upon the firmament of fame
The cynosure of nations. 'Come hither,'
Called my friend : 'come ! sit here where I have sat :
I'll tell my countrymen, when I return to Greece,
How I reclined me in the chair
Honored by WASHINGTON.'

I've never cringed
To mortal: no living wight bears spirit
Prouder than my own; but reverently
Before that chair I stood, nor dared to touch
The seat once hallowed by his presence.
Later, and up the winding stairs we took
Our toilsome way e'en to the interior
Of the clock; itself a room, its mechanism
In the centre; the four circular windows
Its four faces; to which the citizens
That throng the streets look up and see
On every side of the square tower, true
As truth itself their faithful monitor.
Down in the room below, the pendulum,
That great pulse-beat of time, swings to-and-fro.
Up, on we went, nor passed unnoticed
The bell whose iron mouth to all the land
Sang out the song of freedom! Pacific
Heard it borne along by echoing Andes;
And, kneeling on the shore, its mighty waves
Took up the tune; and ever on their march
From pole to pole, they chant it forth afar
To listening lands in solemn unison.
Higher and still more high, and then we stood
Within the open steeple. 'How glorious!'
Exclaimed my friend. 'How more than beautiful!
The city girt with rivers, the blue sky,
And that white building to the west away,
With gleaming columns, so like the Parthenon!
'Tis almost like a morn in my far clime.
Ah! Greece, thou dear, delightful land!' She ceased,
Looked dreamily toward the College,
And tears, large tears, suffused her soft, dark eyes.
Her gentle breast heaved with a sigh, and then
I left her side, for well I knew her thoughts
Were far away, and busy with the past
O'er the vast, irregular mass of roofs,
Chimneys, and tops of trees just visible
Between, glancing at spire and gilded dome
With crowning cross shining like a pale planet
In the sun-light, my eye roved on, and there
Far to the south, where sky and landscape meet,
Saw the blue, lordly Delaware move on,
Majestically slow, receive and bear
Rejoicing Schuylkill onward to the sea.
Delightedly I gazed and long: enjoying
The pure breeze, gladdening sun-light, and low hum
That from the busy streets below ascended
Lulling: like the far-off murmuring
Of water-fall; and thought anon of Hellas,
Unhappy, ruined Hellas: beautiful
But sad, mourning o'er her lost liberty,
Lost power, and perished glory: yet
To the fond wanderer's heart lovelier
In all her woe, than our young rising land
Of giant promise.

Ere we descended
Once more to the vast, lighted scene below,
I turned then to the calm, o'er-arching sky,
And, like the old Milesian, thanked my God
That I was born in such a land as this!

Way-Side, Valley-Forge, May, 1856.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL STOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART EIGHT.

WE have a receptacle for lost property, and many a strange article is picked up in these cars. It would astonish the curious to see the odd combination of wails that lie in confusion in this treasury. The limbo of Milton is common-place in the comparison :

'COWLS, hoods, and habits, tossed
And fluttered into rags: then relics, beads;' etc.;

such strange, incomprehensible little articles of female apparel ! What abstruse mysteries are revealed ! What fruitful suggestions are furnished to those 'curious in that way,' of the myriad appliances necessary to compose the female figure ! What tell-tale discoveries of the fanciful wants and necessities of manly nature too ! What odd juxtaposition of things abhorrent of each other ! Fancy, for instance, a lady's silken garter lying in dumb unconsciousness cosily between the thumb and finger of the glove of some careless gentleman ! But I will resist the temptation and not disclose too fully the secrets of 'our mystery.'

The most marvellous thing that ever fell in my way in this manner (as no owner ever called for it) I took the liberty of laying violent hands upon. One day as I had just discharged my cargo at the end of the route, I was passing as usual through my car to pick up any estray that escaped from the passengers, when my attention was attracted to a crumpled mass of paper that seemed covered with curious marks as it lay at my feet. I stooped rather mechanically to examine it more closely as I passed, when the very strange characters inscribed upon it excited my curiosity and induced me to pick it up. Having gotten it into my possession, my curiosity was aroused more than ever. I now discovered the paper to be a very closely and minutely written manuscript on several sheets of very thin paper that had been folded into so many creases as to present a superficies scarcely more than two or three inches square on either side. It had partially lost its folds, and was soiled with marks of having been trampled under foot. From this I inferred that, like most lost MSS., it was thought by those who might have seen it, to be of no use except to the owner ; but I looked at it more narrowly. The characters inscribed upon it looked very like the pot-hooks we used to make at school in our birchen days, when the 'twig was bent' for us. I could not satisfy myself to throw this paper away, although I could scarcely tell why I did not. Having a passion for scribbling in my early youth, I always entertained a kind of respect for manuscripts, and felt a twinge of compunction at the sight of a written page tossed and tumbled in the dust and mire. Be that as it

may, without puzzling my will further, I followed Hoyle's precept wherein he so very astutely says: 'When in doubt, take the trick.' I knocked the dust from the paper, and, crumpling it in my hand, went on with my duties.

Going down-town that day I encountered a very ingenious scholar, who had often spoken kindly to me as he rode in my cars, and in whom I had early discovered a ready and eager eye for the marvellous. I showed him the document. He examined it with much care, and begged permission to take it. He felt assured it was written language, and he could decipher it. The next day he returned me the papers, and told me very triumphantly he had unravelled the whole matter. It was a letter or diary written by the two little AZTECS (who some years ago were in this city) for the benefit of their friends at home in IXYMAYA, and it had either miscarried or was a draft thrown away after having been copied. The manner of folding the paper was probably Ixymayan. It was wonderful how such an immense wilderness of marks and characters had ever been inscribed on these few pages. The chirography was peculiar, as I have stated, and also in some degree resembled writing backward and bottom-side upward. The language proved to be composed of exceedingly bad broken English, interspersed with a great many unpronounceable words, which, as my friend told me, he had only been able to fathom from their close resemblance to the dialect of ZOHAR MOSES the elder, an early Hebrew author, whom he was then studying, with whose literary remains he was familiar. His mode of arriving at the letters and spelling the words was rather novel, and he communicated the invaluable secret to me in a forcible whisper. He had stood upon his head and read the MSS. from the bottom to the top, and volunteered to put me in the same position that I too might read. I begged to be excused, and (with an ingenuity that my friend seemed never to be tired of admiring) I turned the MSS. upside down instead of myself, and then, by the aid of my friend, these mysterious and cabalistic words were gradually unravelled to my poor understanding.

There was something so striking and peculiar in the situation of these pigmy adventurers among us, that I have fancied a translation into readable English, of some parts of their MSS. would not be uninteresting. I purpose to give, without further preface, a few passages from it, such as I deem most worthy of notice. After some few common-places and exclamations of wonder at the strange sights presented to them their MSS. proceed: 'Since we set out upon our travels into this funny Empire we have been so bewildered with prodigious marvels we scarcely know whether we dream or are wide awake. We are now in a place the natives call A CITY.' [This is an ingenuous allusion to New-York.] 'It consists of a great many stones, of many colors, forms, and sizes, piled up together in various plain or fantastic shapes, and the people live in the holes left between them. They call these holes 'houses,' and they have them arranged in rows adjoining each other, so that in case of fire a great many can burn together at the same time. For you must know that these creatures here worship FIRE as well as more enlightened mortals like ourselves.'

'On great festal occasions too, when they illuminate the city by burning up a hundred or two of these dwelling-places, to their credit we must say, they devoutly offer up to their gods some dozen or so of human beings (such as they are) beside. Indeed, of all people we have encountered, none seem so worthy your prayers, and in the matter of human sacrifices so much after the manner of our own faith. Though their offerings are shabby enough, they are as good as they can procure. They do not, as in some countries to the southward, through which we have passed, limit themselves to persons accused or suspected of crime or insolent language. (Criminals (after a few months' imprisonment in the same cell with the witnesses arrayed against them) they put through a mock trial 'for the sake of vindicating the majesty of justice' as they term it, and then set them free as unfit offerings and unworthy of sacrifice. Self-destruction is one of their favorite religious ceremonies. They are, in this respect, very unlike the natives of many dull countries where we have been, in which this mode of divine worship is carried on, as it were, almost by stealth, under color of an occasional suicide or murder. These 'New-Yorker peoples' do understand this business better.'

'We will try and give you a little idea of their way of doing it. They use for this purpose a kind of large boats, propelled without sails, and sometimes wagons, moved without horses, by the mere power of 'the smoke of hot water.' Periodically, at short intervals, they load these boats or 'wagons,' as the case may be, as fully as they can be crammed with human beings, and then proceed with great pomp and rejoicing to the noble duty of immolating them. They resort to a pious fraud in obtaining victims, which may perhaps be pardoned in the barbarians, but cannot be justified. I refer to the questionable expedients resorted to for the purpose of filling the boats and wagons. They give out that a party of pleasure is to be gotten up, *impromptu*, for an excursion, and all persons are invited to participate upon payment of a nominal fee; or they cause it to be noised about that the 'wagons' will convey the passenger many hundred miles and return him safely for a petty sum of money, with only 'baggage at the risk of the owner.' By such means, I am persuaded, many are induced to embark upon board these boats and to ride in the 'wagons' who do not contemplate the 'pious uses' to which they are devoted.'

'But to proceed. These boats contain some powerfully explosive substance, and when the boat is fairly on the deep, so that the victims cannot escape, the whole concern is blown into the air in a million fragments. The priest who conducts the holocaust, disguised as captain of the vessel, generally manages to escape; but the passengers are very religiously prevented from such a profane sacrilege by the crew (instantly they discover the crisis at hand) seizing the boats and filling and capsizing them, they drowning themselves lest there should be a charge of partiality.'

'The 'sacrifice by wagon' is more exhilarating still. The same propelling power urges two 'wagons,' from opposite directions, along an iron groove, upon which the wheels run with tremendous velocity; and when they come in collision, the crash is like the fall of a thunderbolt.

and not unfrequently an hundred victims are thus devoutly offered up at once to 'THE GREAT SOLAR RING.'

'After this devout ceremony is over, the high-priests, called '*Coroners*,' and twelve priests of a lower rank, called '*Jurors*,' are assembled, and witnesses are examined as to the degree of merit and skill manifested by the respective managers of the opposing '*wagons*.' It seems the cardinal point kept in view in conducting this sacrifice is, to effect the collision so instantaneously and unexpectedly, and with such entire destruction of each '*wagon*' and contents, that it shall be impossible to detect who contributed least to the magnificent result. If the '*Jurors*' find the performance to have been clumsily executed, and some of the victims mangled and not killed outright, the '*wagon*' conductors are treated as common criminals in the manner we have before mentioned; nay, sometimes they are even degraded from their rank, and deprived of the *insignia* and emoluments of office. But if it be ascertained '*no body is to blame*' (which is their slang expression of approbation) the conductors are continued or promoted in office, and rich presents are made them by the people who own the '*wagons*.'

There is a scrap of these precious little wretches' view of the '*working of our institutions*.' There is an immense deal more of the MSS. I think this will suffice at present, for a taste of the quality of the lilliputian monsters. I shall doubtless transcribe more of it hereafter.

TO A MINIATURE.

THE pictured face still wears the charm
Her real presence used to wear,
When, circled by my loyal arm,
She let me gaze enchanted there.

But since no more with dimpled wiles,
She deigns my fondness to betray,
Why cherish these unchanging smiles,
Whose fickle types have passed away?

A dearer arm now circles her,
Her beauty wiles a dearer heart;
Ah! lost Love's sad remembrancer!
'T is time for thee and me to part.

Go, then! nor shall resentment find
A harsher wish to send with thee,
Than that thy presence may remind
How fondly once she smiled on me!

W P R

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE GREY-BAY MARE: and other Humorous American Sketches. By HENRY P. LELAND. With numerous Illustrations. In one volume: pp. 314. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

HERE now is a book which is the *very thing* to take up in a rail-road car or on board a steam-boat, wherewith to 'while away the hours.' It is running over with a pleasant and various humor, and there is variety enough to satisfy the veriest lover of novelty, how studious soever of change he may be. Certain of the sketches under the writer's signature have already appeared in our pages, and been widely copied throughout the Union. There is much in common between Mr. HENRY P. LELAND, and his brother, (*par nobile fratrum*;) CHARLES G. LELAND. Both are accomplished scholars and travellers: they have a similar eye for the ridiculous and the burlesque; and a kindred ease and felicity of style. Our readers are too familiar with the manner of 'H. P. L.' to require more than a single 'touch of his quality' in a hitherto unpublished sketch—an admirable and effective satire upon the excessive 'hoop-a-doodle' follies of our time:

'H O O P H U R R A H !

'PREFACE.

'THINGS as they are.
Vive la Bizarre.

'INTRODUCTION.

'KEEP cool! and let me introduce you to Miss BLANCHE CERCEAU.

'CHAPTER I.

'AND I waited in the drawing-room, till I thought my hair would grow gray before she would appear. The carriage was at the door; it was a bitter cold night; I could hear the coachman swinging and slapping his arms to keep his hands warm. I had wound up the musical box for excitement, and listened to its soulless jingle for occupation; I had made the little King CHARLES spaniel stand on his hind legs till he began to think that was his normal position. I tried with my right hand to coax 'Uncle Ned' out of the piano—much to the chagrin of that grand instrument, whose mission was classical music. I beat a retreat from the realm of sweet sounds to that of sweet feelings—my patent-leather boots were awful tight. In blissful agony I heard, at last, the opening of a door, a musical laugh, the rustle of silks, and there before me, just giving

the last tightening to her glove-lace, was BLANCHE CERCEAU. Such a seraphic smile, such a cooling voice.

'And did I keep him waiting? — the dear little ARTHUR! And did he grow fretful?'

'In the lexicon of Politeness which Fate has ordained for a bright man-of-the-world, there is no such word as Fretful!' I answered. I had been studying this answer for two hours — BULWER gave the lesson. As I replied, my eyes fell on the ball-costume of BLANCHE. The Pyramids of Egypt were evidently intended to be represented by that dress, her head the apex, and the bottom of her skirt the base. I had to open my eyes twice to take in the full circumference, there was no *end* to that lower hoop! 'Can she get out of the front-door,' thought I; 'granted, yet can she get into the carriage? Had n't I better ride outside with the driver?' I mildly asked her this last thought. She answered:

'Never, dear ARTHUR, on such a night as this! Ride inside, only put your feet up on the cushions; then, I can stand up.'

'Kind-hearted BLANCHE,' thought I, 'what sacrifices you make for one you love!' I entered the carriage first, it was not gallant, but then she insisted on it! Then she came in — *how* I can't tell, but she did it. And standing up like a Hippodrome girl in her chariot, and holding on to the hand-straps, off we started to attend Madame RAVENCOURT's grand ball.

'CHAPTER II.

'It was a full house; how it would have gladdened the heart of a prima-donna, at a dollar a head! Through the crush of human beings I swept onward with BLANCHE; once only I thought it was all up with the whale-bones, but we got through, a little bent, but still elastic: occasionally a passer-by would sweep the skirts round till I saw those daintily *chaussés* tiny feet, and her figure looked like a dinner-bell cut in two; but the wave swept on, and the pyramid was a pyramid.

'Will you waltz?' I said to her as the music sounded.

'Oh! no! I never waltz now!' 'Confound those hoops,' thought I. But we 'did' a quadrille — very easily. Only two steps, and the figure was complete; an awkward step from the gentleman vis-a-vis, and rip went the lady's skirts, hoops, etc.; then came apologies, retreat to the dressing-room — repairs impossible — had to send home for the carriage — and instead of having a splendid evening BLANCHE and I — she sat down on the seat now, and I took her dear little gloved hand in mine and poured consolation into her heart — rode home before eleven o'clock. O horrors!

'CHAPTER III.

'In a few days BLANCHE and I will be married. Hoop, hurrah! The wedding-ring — I wish it was some other shape, it reminds me so much of hoops — now lies on my table. And that cart-load of whale-bone I saw going into her house, one day last week: 'BLANCHE,' said I, 'is there an umbrella manufactory near you?' — reminds me that the bridal dresses — *à la* Pyramids of Egypt — are being built.

'BLANCHE has n't been to church for three months — owing to the narrowness of the pews, and the width of her hoops.

'CHAPTER IV.

'AND I sit down in my arm-chair, and wonder if such things can be possible, and if what was, was right. And I've come to the conclusion that every thing is that is.

'My wedding-day! 'Now, old boy!' I soliloquized, 'you can only go through this operation once in your life — three or four times at the outside. Just raise the window and see if there are any unusual operations going on in the heavens above, or in the garden below, or over in the neighbors' houses the other side of the street. Nothing! Then Nature is unuspicious. There'll be a row to-day, somewhere!'

'Prophetic words! We were to be married in church *en grande tenue*: at ten o'clock in the morning. The hour came, carriages, friends, etc., along with it; we went to the church. We descended, walked up to the door — side-door — very narrow — bride could n't get through — could n't get into church. Hoops too large, door too small. I grew as red in the face as a boiled lobster. 'Put her through,' I gasped, confused, agitated, and vulgar!

'Sir-r-r!' said BLANCHE, 'such language at such a time!'

'We reëntered the carriage, ditto the friends theirs, returned to the bride's house, and then I, ARTHUR O'BANDYLEGGE, received a formal dismissal. I got the sack, Mlle. BLANCHE CERCEAU retains the hoops. Shall I not write:

'THINGS as they are!
Vive la Bizarre!'

Who is it in Philadelphia who so far excels our own artists in getting up

gold-and-color covers for books like the one before us? Some of them are quite triumphs of pictorial and ornamental effect, as in the present instance. There would be little left to be desired, if the designs were secured to thicker boards. The book is well printed, and very clearly and liberally illustrated.

HUMAN LIFE: OR PRACTICAL ETHICS. Translated from the German of DR WETTE. By Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the MESSIAH, New-York. In two volumes: pp. 777. Boston and Cambridge: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

THE lectures contained in these volumes were delivered to a promiscuous audience in Basle, in the years 1822 and 1823, and were intended to meet the wants of the various professions and classes in that city. They were given in two courses: one upon general or theoretical, the other upon particular or practical ethics. According to the author's advice, the second course has here been fully translated; while a compendium of the first course has been thrown into the form of an 'introduction'—a most careful and comprehensive synopsis of the entire course. The able and accomplished translator, as we are assured by those who are among the foremost German students and scholars in this country, has performed his task with marked ability. He has caught the German *concentrativeness* of idiom with entire success. Our two volumes of this work are dog's-eared with turned-down leaves for extract: but the following passage, under the division of 'Inspiration,' is all for which we can find room:

'INSPIRATION exalts the courage of the brave; it strengthens the power of patience that might else at last succumb, if the spirit were not invigorated by the cheerful hope of future redemption, future victory. In the hope of victory, in pursuit of the enemy, the warrior bears all adversities and privations, while the defeated give way beneath their burden: so that even the wounds of the victor heal sooner than those of the vanquished. But even if there is no longer hope of life, and the sufferer sees clearly that nothing but death can release him, the prospect of a fairer world strengthens his wavering heart; of that world, where the force of pain and human wickedness does not reach; where blissful peace, untroubled rapture, prevails: amid the discords of earthly existence, he believes in the eternal harmony in which all things, and his own immortal nature, will one day join; he feels himself not made to breathe out his life weakly in sobs; his spirit is strong and free, and preserves its inward energy for a higher destiny.

'Inspiration exalts our courage and energy, and makes us accomplish more than we could otherwise do; it awakens in us hopes that transcend results, and can never be fulfilled; it places before us heavenly forms, so that, with longing effort, we reach out our hands toward them; but, while we seem to be near them, they have vanished, the end of life is placed further back, and we begin the career anew. And thus it must be. Ah! what would life be, should we conform our hopes to the cold reality, and attempt nothing which we could not fully achieve? We could not then accomplish what we now do. How poor should we be, if, satisfied by what has been attained, we stood still in our course, and withdrew our gaze from that which lies before us! No! longing hope is fairer than all fulfilment; the thirst for the heavenly draught refreshes more than any earthly refreshment. And hope, while it beguiles, does not deceive us; in it is eternal truth; and the reality, which does not correspond to it, alone fulsifies. The bright dawn of hope, which meets us upon the entrance of life, is followed by a sultry, cloudy day; but, in the evening of life, it appears again as the emurped twilight, and shows us the way to that fairer land, where a bright, eternal day is ever in its dawning beauty, and never deceives the heart; and, if we turn our gaze faithfully thither, all the deceptions we have experienced will not take away our trust. We undertake every work with cheerful hope, and in the prospect of accomplishing something fair and noble, of providing an enduring advantage for life; but, as soon as it is finished, it no longer answers our expectations. As the child runs up the hill to reach the rainbow

which appears to rest upon it, so every enterprise charms us by its brightness and splendor, and, when finished, seems naked and bare; we clearly recognize all the defects and gaps, and turn to a new enterprise, in which we pass through the same experience. How the world shines and dazzles the eyes of the lovers, when they pledge their faith to each other! the door of Paradise seems open before them; but alas! a garden full of thorns and thistles meets their view, and, in the happiest cases, true friendship cheers and lightens their grievous pilgrimage. Do they stand at its end yet in close embrace, and their hearts yet beat with love for each other? and has gratitude exalted their love? Still the fair dream of hope remains unfulfilled; that ideal of a life of unclouded, glorified, blessed love has not been realized. With what hopeful anticipations the mother receives her new-born child into her arms! how she watches for every movement of soul in her expanding boy! and what fond predictions she makes concerning him! Perhaps he gives her much joy and honor; but her anticipations surpass the reality. The artist glows with ardor and expectation, when he plans a new work, and hopes to produce something illustrious; but when it is completed, he hears with trembling the judgments of critics. Hailed with jubilee, the young prince, full of lofty purposes and cheerful prospects, ascends the throne of his father; but, at the evening of life, he surveys with displeasure his day's work, and his fairest hopes remain unfulfilled. And yet, had he not cherished these hopes in his bosom, he would have accomplished still less: they held him up, gave him power and ardor, and raised him above the vulgar level.

'With the same joyful confidence, with the same glad hopes, we ought also to regard the efforts, the undertakings of others, partly in order to cheer them by our sympathy and presence, partly in order to invigorate and elevate ourselves. Nothing is more fatal than mistrust of the purposes and actions of others; this is the poison of the moral world. It not only prevents sympathy, without which nothing great succeeds, but it calls forth that hostile prudence which stands in the way of great enterprises. Selfishness will often associate itself with this mistrust—anxiety for the reputation, emolument, influence, that have been acquired; and also envy.'

Our commendation of this work must cease with a tribute to its external execution. It is well printed, upon good paper.

LIFE IN BRAZIL: or a Journal of a Visit to the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm. With an Appendix. By THOMAS EWBANK. In one volume: pp. 469. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Pearl-street, Franklin Square.

ASIDE from the main subject-matter of this large, comprehensive, and most liberally and excellently illustrated volume, (it has over one hundred engravings,) it is enriched by an appendix which contains illustrations of ancient South-American arts, in recently-discovered implements and products of domestic industry, and works in stone, pottery, gold, silver, bronze, etc. Beside 'church affairs'—and Mr. EWBANK does not seem to be a Catholic; 'on the contrary, quite the reverse'—he claims to have 'noted whatever interested him, and that was nearly every thing: arts, manners, customs, buildings, trade, tools, pottery, food, slaves, animals, agricultural products, climate, diseases, population, antiquities, etc.' The volume is, in fact, a full miscellanea of tropical life. We were not a little amused with our author's description of his sea-voyage. Like a practical man, as he is, and following out the 'specification' and illustrative system of the Patent-Office, of which he was, for a long time, the Commissioner, he has given us two diagrams, representing the ship's motions in a storm. These are exactly defined: the slightest lurch or pitch, and every variation from the horizontal which the vessel's deck underwent, were accurately delineated and recorded, with their direction and comparative extent. The *modus-operandi* is an ingenious invention of the writer himself. NEPTUNE! what lines and conglomerations of

straight and crooked lines! No wonder they suffer with the *nausea-marina* who 'go down' to the sea in ships.' If there was the slightest savor of bilge-water in the pure odors, redolent of June, that take possession of the atmosphere around 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' this morning, it would assuredly make us sea-sick to look at these diagrams of plunging, gliding, rolling, pitching, shooting, and jumping!

We noted many passages as we ran over Mr. EWBANK's book, of which it was our intention to quote not a few, and at least to advert to others. But the work itself is before the public, and to its pages we must commend our readers: contenting ourselves with a single extract, describing the manner in which negro-witches cure patients in Brazil: 'My friend the vicar had a lad long troubled with a bruised leg. The sore resisted all his attempts to heal it. As a last resource, a colored 'wise woman' was consulted. She raised a smoke of dried herbs, scattered over the wound, made motions as if stitching its lips up, put on a cataplasm of herbs, sent him home, and in a week he was well! Another young slave had a diseased foot: nothing seemed to do it good: and at length his owner gave him leave to visit a dark sorceress, who talked to it, made signs over it, rubbed it with oil, covered it with a plaster, and in a few days he was sound, too! Earth-worms, fried alive in olive-oil, and applied warm as a poultice, remove whitlows, which are common among blacks and whites. Senhora PERES tells me she thus cured one of her slaves. The same thing has been done in another family.' The foregoing passage shows us how greatly *imagination* may be made to favor the application of remedial medicaments. Doubtless there was little virtue in the agents employed, and less in the incantations and manipulations of the 'wise' operators: but the imagination of the patient made him 'whole from that hour.' And here, 'may it please the court, we rest.'

ART, SCENERY, AND PHILOSOPHY IN EUROPE: being Fragments from the Port-folio of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esquire, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: H. Hooker. 1855.

LITERARY CRITICISMS AND OTHER PAPERS: by the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esquire, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1856.

THE name of the late Mr. HORACE BINNEY WALLACE awakens amid the somewhat limited circle in which he was personally known, the most painful as well as the most pleasing emotions. A profound disappointment, an incurable grief, mingles with the pride and joy occasioned by the recollection of his genius, his accomplishments, his moral purity and elevation, and his social graces; and with the few and fragmentary but noble specimens of his intelligence which are left for our appreciation in the two volumes which have appeared of his writings. His life, up to its melancholy close in Paris, nearly four years ago, was but a preparation; and all he was, at the last, but a promise of what he would have been. They who had watched the unfolding of his understanding, and seen its easy and marvellous trialing, subject in all things to the law of truth, might well anticipate a

ready recognition of his greatness, whenever he should apply its full strength in orderly earnestness to the dignified purposes in our age and country awaiting such capacity and virtue; and they may be pardoned if they regard his untimely death as one of the weightiest of the misfortunes which have recently befallen the world.

DANIEL WEBSTER, replying to an observation that in the new generation there were none to take the places of those illustrious men who had hitherto been the chief guides and trusts of the nation, referred to Mr. WALLACE as equal to all duties, all offices, all successions. 'The development of great characters,' he said, 'has always been one of my most favorite studies; and I doubt whether history displays at thirty years of age a loftier nature, or one more universally and profoundly cultivated.' When Mr. WEBSTER was Secretary of State, he caused it to be intimated to Mr. WALLACE that any place in the gift of the government, subject to his influence, awaited his acceptance, whatever the claims of States or partisans. Mr. WALLACE had no desire for such distinctions. He watched, with an intense interest, the fluctuations of affairs, and would have shrunk from no imperative necessity of serving his country, in any position; but he was a gentleman, and instinctively shunned association with such men as in a democracy are apt to occupy the general attention. He preferred to exercise his faculties for the public welfare in appeals to the common reason, commanding regard only by their inherent force and wisdom. His thoughts were occupied with important studies, and the contemplation of important works, which, had he lived for their execution, would have been a means of larger and more enduring influence than attends the most eminent official activity. The noble endeavors which he proposed to himself are partially disclosed in a letter addressed, a few days before his death, to the Rev. Dr. MCCLINTOCK, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and included in the first volume of which the title is given at the beginning of this notice.

As we have mentioned, he died in Paris. There AUGUSTE COMTE, 'the BACON of the nineteenth century,' became acquainted with him. Like Mr. WEBSTER, though his opportunities of knowing him were necessarily few and imperfect, he did not fail to apprehend how much Mr. WALLACE surpassed the average of mankind. In the preface to his *Système de Politique Positive*, published in 1853, he says of him: 'Free from all affectation, his culture, both æsthetical and scientific, was in perfect harmony with his fine organization. Although he gave his youth in part to literary efforts, his spontaneous and free communications to me authorize the belief that he would have distinguished himself in active life, in a country where the noble citizen is greater even than the officer of state. I do not exaggerate his merits in ranking him as the equal of the greatest of American statesmen.'

These recognitions of Mr. WALLACE's character have an undoubted authority, and they are justified by the contents of these two volumes. Yet the splendor of his abilities was felt in its entirety only by those who were in some sort fitted to be his judges by a mental and moral congeniality, and who had the happiness of hearing his best conversation. Glowing as are many of his paragraphs with creative energy, and luminous with the concentrated light of experience and reflection, they lack the charm and fre-

quently amazing power of his modestly and quietly-delivered discourse, in which the sweep of his thoughts suffered none of the paralyzing influence of a mechanical expression. The admirable classical training of his earlier years, the discursive but methodical reading of his ripening youth, and the severer discipline of his professional studies, had invested him with a singular mastery of the resources of language, and the distributive and cumulative forces of formal logic, and when, thus all-accomplished, he suffered his genius to lead and vindicate herself with his learning, the effect was sometimes a calm and delightful wonder, such as one feels in a dream, as if the faculties were suddenly offered a larger and sublimer comprehension, without the shock and weariness of initiative and preparative effort.

The variety of his intelligence was as remarkable as its profoundness and brilliancy. In the presence of strangers he was apt to seem reserved and even shy, announcing his opinions as they were solicited, and with brevity and an air of indecision; but in a familiar and sympathizing auditory, he appeared in conscious strength, though with a deference which was a compliment to those whom he addressed; and, heard under such circumstances, in an assembly of mathematicians, it might have been believed that the long-hoped-for secret of the transmission of mental riches, by inheritance or testament, had been discovered, and that he had fallen heir to the learned talents of an EULER or a LAPLACE. Those who entered with him into discussions of metaphysics, were astonished that a life-time of thoughtful study should have made him so familiar with the abstruse speculations of the great sects from PLATO to COMTE. In a senate of jurists it could scarcely have been doubted that his years were far more numerous than they seemed, and that they all had been devoted to the investigation of that noble system of equity, in which human reason had its bravest triumphs, at Rome, before the Divinity condescended to add to it those principles which were beyond the suggestion while not beyond the acceptance of created intellect. The awful mysteries of religion he approached with the deepest humility, but it was easy to perceive that his simple faith had been strengthened though not grounded upon the most exhaustive study of conflicting opinions. In the same way, the exactness and particularity of his historical and literary erudition were a continual surprise. As he led the way among confused and opposing authorities, they took their places in order, and yielded up the credentials of their value; and if he talked of a great writer, critics surmised that his habits of seclusion would be accounted for by an edition of that writer's works, in which his intimate knowledge and sagacity would be displayed in doubt-ending annotations.

Would he had lived more perfectly to justify the reverent admiration of his friends! but

*Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.*

There is no real nobility in human nature that had not illustration in his life, which, if ever this were true of any life, was unstained to its close by an immorality of intellect or passion; and whatever the relation in which these essays on Art — 'fragments found in his port-folio' after his death — and Literary Criticisms, many of which were written before he was twenty

years of age, would have borne to the productions of his later life, it will not be doubted by appreciative readers that they embrace some of the finest specimens of literature that America has yet given to the world, or that our language will convey to other generations.

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR. Edited by FRANK FORESTER, Author of 'Field Sports,' 'Fish and Fishing,' etc., etc. With Illustrations by JOHN LEECH. In One Volume: pp. 425. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

THIS book is as full of fun as an egg of meat. It may possibly strike the reader, at first, as a little too colloquial, too *dialoguey*; but he will soon see that a series of laughter-moving pictures are in this way presented to him, which could not be half so well conveyed in any other manner. MR. HERBERT ('FRANK FORESTER') has well described the character of the work in his brief and well-written introduction: 'In the first place, it is not, as it does not profess to be, either a veritable description and chronicle of sports and sporting adventures in the field, combined with the natural history and habits of the animals of chase, whether pursuers or pursued, and conveying information to the reader as well as maxims to the sportsman — or yet a fictitious story, embracing the same features, aspiring to convey the same sort of information, and at the same time to enlist something of the feelings of the reader, by introducing an incidental romantic interest, as of real life, somewhat analogous to that of the modern novel of society. Nothing of this sort is 'Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour;' nor at any of these objects does it aim. It is rather a series of *caste* pictures, of the most graphic kind, of character-paintings so droll and ludicrous that, but for their inimitable verisimilitude, their perfect naturalness and the breadth of their details and force of their colorings, they might be almost called caricatures, than a connected story, with hero, heroine, regular plot, and regular *denouement*. The sporting parts of the work, though perfect in their accuracy, vividness of description, keenness of observation, and minuteness of detail, intimating the complete acquaintance of the author with his subject, are entirely subordinate to the general effect and point of the book, and aim at amusing rather than at instructing, at presenting pictures and portraits than at inculcating precepts. And both the pictures and portraits will be found equally true and life-like as they are telling and entertaining, and in both respects equally appreciable by the fair city-lady and her lady-like exquisite, and by the DIE-VERNON Amazon, and the veriest NIMROD of the day. The ball-room and the club-room of the fashionable watering-place, the manœuvring mammas and the husband-hunting mademoiselles, are as presentably put on the canvas, and far more frequently, and I dare to say as *humorously* as the kennel and the coverside, the jolly English yeoman, and the scoundrelly English horse-dealer, the blossom-nosed, fox-hunting parson, and the rude, roaring, roystering, fox-hunting peer, the field-huntsman and the fancy huntsman, the seedy screw and the spendthrift

baronet with his crew of third-rate ragamuffin swells dramatic, or lastly as the matchless 'SPONGE' himself; for whom, in spite of his sponging and his screwing, his soaping of amphytrions *with* whom one may dine to-day, his circumventing of snobs and flats *off* whom one may hope to dine to-morrow, and his attempts at surrounding heiresses, with whom one may hope to wed some day or other, we cannot but confess a sneaking liking. And more we think than a sneaking liking almost he deserves, for his dauntless pluck, his matchless horsemanship, his great native hunting qualities, his warfare against flats, screws, and snobs of all kinds, the daring impudence by which he gets out of all scrapes as fast as he gets into them, and lastly, for his possession of that 'one touch of nature' which is so truly said to 'make the whole world kin,' and which leads him, as the end of his adventures, sporting and matrimonial, to espouse the lovely and loving LUCY GLITTERS, though he well knows that she has not a sixpence in the world, and that he has no visible means of supporting her, only because she is *such* a pretty girl, *such* a trump, and *such* a rare hand to show a whole hunting field the way over a park paling. From Mr. WAFFLES of Laverick Wells, to Mr. BUCKRAM of the snug little hindependence of his hown, from the am-a-azin' specimen of a pop'lar man, Mr. PUFFINGTON, to my Lord SCAMPERDALE blubbering over the untimely parted corpse of JACK SPRAGGON, because he may never hope to find again 'so fine a natural bb-blackguard,' from JAWLEYFORD of Jawleyford Court, to FACEY ROMFORD and Farmer SPRINGWHEAT, from the fashionable fair of the pump-rooms and ball-rooms of Laverick Wells, to my Lady SCATTERCASH, *née* Miss SPANGLE, Miss HARRIET HOWARD *alias* JANE BROWN, and beautiful, brave LUCY GLITTERS, with whom a better fellow than our friend SOAPEY SPONGE might have wedded without derogation, the reader, whoever he or she may be, will not find one character, high or low, good or bad, but is painted to the very life, as, at some time, and in some place or other — with the sole exception, perhaps, of Mr. JOGGLEBURY CROWDEY — I myself can avouch, that I have seen them. There is some low life, but there are no low thoughts; nothing offensive or hurtful to the feelings, much less prejudicial or seductive to the minds of the purest and most refined. If there be not much wisdom, I will be content to bear the blame if there be not found much wit, much keen comprehension of the world, and much scathing satire of all that is low, mean, dirty, and degrading, in the *Sporting Tour of Mr. SOAPEY SPONGE.* We can say of the engravings, which are well colored, that although in one or two instances they are in our copy a little faint in execution, they are capital in design. Look at 'Mr. SPONGE at Jawleyford Court,' and see if we have not 'said sooth.' Our friends the publishers of this attractive book, have wisely given up all issues of paper-covered literature. They have risen to distinction in 'the trade,' and will henceforth issue none but first-class works, and in the best style of paper, typography, and binding. Such is the public taste: and how, we ask, can *any* publisher more clearly indicate *his own* poor appreciation of a book, than by bringing it out in a shabby, flimsy, ill-looking dress? Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND's catalogue of new works and editions in press, to which we shall hereafter advert, is especially rich and attractive.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER 'LEAF FROM THE LAKE SHORE.'—Right glad are we again to welcome to our pages our lively and gifted D^EE VERNON. She is as beautiful as she is accomplished; and what is better than all, you never would think she was at all aware of it.

'Another Leaf from the Lake Shore.'

'If you have ever been over the road, reader, from Lake GEORGE to Ticonderoga, you must know JOEL HOLCOMB, the stage proprietor, and if you have not, let me advise you to take the trip next summer for the sake of making his acquaintance.

'A first-rate fellow is JOEL; a decided *character*, and one that needs only the opportunity to make his mark in the world: open-hearted and open-handed, never forgets a kindness, will take any amount of trouble to serve a friend, and considerable pains to annoy a foe. He is the best driver that ever handled the ribbons, and the best judge of men, women, and horses I ever met. JOEL and I are great friends, and I am indebted to him for many a pleasant drive and many a droll story to enliven the way: he knew of old my fancy for driving four horses, and handed me the reins as soon as we left the landing, and the way I put those horses up hill and down, rather startled some of the inside passengers, and there was a succession of terrific screeches from the feminine portion as soon as they discovered that there was a lady driving!

'As I have no sympathy with, nor compassion for screaming women, I only drove the faster, and JOEL sat with his arms folded, laughing silently and enjoying it in his own quiet way. At this dashing rate we soon arrived in sight of the Old Fort, or rather the place where the fort *used to be*, for there are but few traces of it left now: here I drew rein, and JOEL informed the passengers that they might alight if they chose to inspect the ruins, and there was a general clearing-out from the inside, but whether they were influenced by a desire of antiquarian research, or a desire to escape from what they evidently considered a perilous situation, remains a doubt in my mind to this day.

'No transition could have been more disagreeable, than from the clear and sparkling Lake GEORGE, to the dark, mud-colored waters of Lake Champlain, and no contrast could have been greater than that between SHERRILL'S well-regulated, well-kept 'Lake-House,' where every attention was paid to guests, and every reasonable wish could be gratified, and which for true comfort exceeds any summer resort I

ever visited, and the noisy, ill-conducted house at Fort Ticonderoga, where every thing is in disorder and confusion, and the landlord goes about in his faded linen coat, striped cotton pantaloons, no vest, and a huge shirt-collar, that looks like the sail of a North-River sloop. He wears heavy shoes, with thick soles and big heels, and when you ask for a glass of brandy-and-water, takes you into a closet, locks the door, and gives you *bad rum* to drink, because it is after the Fourth of July, and he is a timid man: when you ask for matches, he takes a bunch of keys and goes up-stairs, is gone a long while, and brings you down *one match*! The food is bad, the cooking worse, the rooms are small, the bedsteads large, and you have your choice between a feather-bed and one made of corn-husks, with now and then a corn-cob left in by way of variety!

'I have travelled pretty extensively in Europe and America, had experience in German inns and French lodging-houses. I have lived in log cabins and 'camped out,' but never was it my ill lot to encounter such a congregation of miseries as were collected in the Fort-House at Ticonderoga in the month of July, 1855!

'Under such circumstances, you will readily imagine that we were not very well pleased at being detained there by stormy weather two days and two nights. The morning of the third was bright and beautiful, but it happened to be Sunday, so of course, there were no steam-boats or stages, and we should have been obliged to pass another day there, if my friend JOEL had not come to our rescue by suggesting that we might cross the Lake in the ferry-boat and drive to Middlebury, Vermont, offering to furnish us with wagon, horses, and driver. Never was an offer more readily accepted, and by ten o'clock we were all ready to start. JOEL accompanied us to the lake shore, and amused himself in gathering a bunch of flowers for me from the garden of a farm-house, while we were waiting for the boatmen on the other side of the Lake to notice a signal that an old woman was making with a little piece of white rag. Our patience was nearly exhausted, when JOEL rushed into the house and seized a sheet, or a table-cloth, or some other garment, and fastening it to a stick, soon attracted the attention of the ferry-men, who began hoisting the sail to their antiquated and unwieldy vessel, and in a shorter time than might have been anticipated from such a dull, heavy-looking craft, they *backed up* to the shore near us, and called out that they were ready to receive us on board. It took considerable persuasion from JOEL to get the horses to trust themselves to that mysterious-looking machine, and then the united efforts of half-a-dozen stout fellows to get the clumsy old thing from the shore. I verily believed it to be the identical boat in which ETHAN ALLEN crossed with his 'Green-Mountain Boys,' to take Old Fort Ti.; but I suppose the proverb which says we should 'Speak well of the *bridge* which carries us safe over' applies also to boats; therefore I must not abuse the old scow any more, but advise all those who are fond of variety to take a trip across Lake Champlain in it next summer, and let me know how they like it.

'A couple of hours after we landed on the Vermont side, we were seated at a cozy little dinner in the 'Addison House,' at Middlebury. We found a neat house and a gentlemanly landlord; quite a treat after our recent experience at Ticonderoga; and so we decided to spend a week or two there: and so it chanced that some of the warmest weather last July found me still in that same spot. One afternoon, perfectly exhausted with the heat, I lay upon the sofa in my parlor, panting for breath. The room felt like an oven. The scorching rays of the mid-summer sun poured down upon the white houses opposite, and sent a dazzling glare into my windows. The fields were dry and parched, and the poor trees looked hot and

dusty ; the mountains seemed so many volcanoes just ready to send forth fire and smoke. Locomotives came puffing and snorting into the town, suggesting stifling cars, crying babies, and thirsty travellers ! Stage-coaches, *painted red*, trotted up to the door ; baggage was taken off and carried through the halls, bells were rung, and people were hurrying to-and-fro, calling servants and giving orders and asking questions, and talking in loud voices, every body talking at once, and no body stopping to listen. If I had had sufficient strength left, I should have rung bells too, and called servants, simply to inquire of them how many persons had died in the town that day of heat and suffocation ; but as I had not the necessary energy to gain the desired information, I was forced to content myself with speculations upon the subject : and there I lay waiting for the sun to set, and wondering if it were always as hot in Middlebury, and if the people ever got used to it, and most heartily wishing myself a thousand miles away to some cool place, if there were any left in the world ; for I began to doubt the existence of Mont Blanc, and to consider the Mer de Glâce as a cunningly-devised fable, or the optical delusion of poor bewildered travellers. I quite envied the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and determined to join the next Arctic Expedition, thinking it would be a most delightful sensation to be 'imbedded in ice ;' when my reverie was interrupted by the entrance of my friend NED —, looking as provokingly cool as though he had just stepped out of an iceberg, and as only a Vermont lawyer could look on such a day as that.

'Well,' said he, as he took a seat beside me ; 'what say you to a drive to Lake DUNMORE this afternoon ?' — and seeing a look of discouragement on my countenance, he began to name the inducements. The drive, he said, would be delightful after sun-down : 'we will have a pleasant party : there is an excellent hotel, and it is so deliciously cool there —'

'Say no more !' said I ; 'that last inducement is sufficient : ' and I verily believe I would have started for the lower regions, if I could have been sure of a *cool reception* from HIS MAJESTY !

'The necessary orders were given ; I donned my bonnet and drew on my driving-gloves ; the horses were soon brought to the door ; I took the reins, and we dashed off in fine style. NED is at all times a most agreeable companion, but I never remember to have seen him in such good spirits as he was that afternoon. As these things are always contagious, I soon forgot all my ill-humor, occasioned by the heat, and tried to be agreeable also, and rather flatter myself I succeeded.

'The last brilliant hues of the sun-set still lingered in the sky, imparting their glowing colors to the surrounding mountains, and the cool evening breeze was most deliciously refreshing, after the oppressive heat of the day. Our road lay through the most picturesque scenery, sometimes by the river's bank, sometimes through the forest and round the mountains ; but I must confess that my attention was more taken up with the horses I was driving than with the country through which we were passing. I do love a fine horse ! and these were beauties ; such grace, such action, and such speed ! Ah ! there's no mistaking the signs of *good blood*, in either a horse or a woman ; and *in both* it has the same characteristics — the small, well-shaped head, delicate ear, thin, expansive nostrils, long, graceful neck, full chest, intelligent eye, slender limbs, and small feet and ankles ; these are the marks which in either unmistakably denote high blood and breeding ; and NED's horses were full-blooded and thorough-bred ; and before that drive was over, I had tested their metal pretty effectually.

'The rest of our party had considerably the start of us, but we came up with them one after another, some allowing us to pass quietly, and others inclined to dispute the matter with us. I was always ready to indulge them, if they felt inclined to try their horses' speed; and when tired of the race, a slight touch of the whip to my horses' ears soon settled the matter, and with a laugh and a joke I passed them, and dashed off up the mountain.

'At times our road lay through the deep forest; and the freshness of the air and the peculiar fragrance of the pine-trees was perfectly delicious, and I was glad to let the horses walk while we enjoyed it, sometimes chatting gayly, sometimes silent and thoughtful: and the stars came out one by one, looking so bright and beautiful, but so far off from us poor mortals! We spoke of old times, and of absent friends whom we hoped to see again, and of some who had left us to return no more; and I believe that our quiet, twilight memories were a more acceptable tribute than costly monuments raised by those who loved them less. In spite of our lingering, we were at the hotel long before the rest of the party: and as soon as we announced their coming, all was bustle, activity, and busy preparation, and when they arrived, a more ravenous set I never saw. Brook-trout and lake-trout, and all the other good things with which the table was covered, disappeared before them in the most marvellously short time; to say nothing of the quantity of Heidsieck it took to wash the fish-bones out of their throats.

'Many healths were drunk, and my friend NED had the impudence to pour a libation, and offer devout thanks for the preservation of his neck with my reckless driving! Just as if I had n't been used to driving horses all my life, and *men* too, for that matter, and never broke any necks, nor heads either! I said nothing, however, but made a silent vow to myself, that if I ever got the reins in my hands, and Mr. NED seated beside me, I would give him cause to tremble for his neck; and I rather think I kept that vow. After supper we adjourned to the drawing-room. The champagne or the trout had affected the spirits of the party, and we were all exceedingly merry and good-natured, and one or two of the party were particularly amusing in their 'spiritual manifestations.' They sat down to play cards, and after one or two hands, a dispute arose as to whether they were playing 'Whist' or 'Euchre;' and as there seemed no possibility of getting them to agree, some of the others proposed that they should go out on the lake, and cool their brains in the night-air. They consented, provided the ladies would go too. In vain we protested that it was late, and we were tired: they persisted, and we were obliged to yield. The night had grown very dark, there was not a star to be seen, and we were actually obliged to feel our way along, step by step, to the lake shore; and after several stumbles and screams from the ladies, we finally reached the boat; and, jumping in, two of the gentlemen seized the oars, and attempted to push her off, but as they were pushing in opposite directions, you may imagine they did not make much head-way: as fast as one got her off, the other sent her high and dry again; and then they began scolding each other, and calling upon the rest of the party to testify that they were in the right, and their opponent in the wrong. Finally we were afloat, and the two quarrelsome fellows took their seats and began to row; and in about five minutes we were ashore again! There was no persuading them to relinquish the oars, each one persisting that they could row better than any other living man, but that the other fellow was making a fool of himself; and so they went on rowing us round and round in circles, we laughing and enjoying the sport; and every little while the grating of the boat's keel upon the sand announced that we were ashore again! The best of the joke was, that they were perfectly serious in

their attempt to get us across the lake, and to have us enjoy the view from the opposite shore, though the night was as dark as a wolf's mouth, and we could n't see a foot before us. Finally they got the boat so far on shore that it defied all their efforts to get her afloat again, and we were obliged to land where we were, which proved to be about a mile from the hotel. I, for one, was glad to see her on *terra firma* again. Soon after our return to the house, we separated for the night; and if the rest of the party were as much fatigued as myself, they did not long court slumber in vain. The next morning we all assembled at the breakfast-table, looking as bright as though we had never seen lake-trout or tasted champagne; and, after the usual greetings, began discussing the plans for the day. Some decided to remain, and pass the day on the lake; others had a fancy for exploring the steep mountain which rises on the opposite shore; and others were not quite decided what to do. While these arrangements were being made, NED turned to me, and proposed making a party to drive over to Ripton, and revisit some of our last summer's haunts. I readily assented, and proposed to one or two of our friends to join us: they were delighted with the idea, and the gentlemen went out to give the necessary orders, as we thought best to start early, so as to avoid the heat of the day. Our horses were soon ready; and as NED took his seat beside me, I smiled involuntarily at his thus willingly exposing his neck to the risk which he had been so thankful to escape the night before; but I quietly took the reins, and said nothing. We bade our friends good-morning, and, turning our backs upon Lake DUNMORE, dashed into the forests. The horses were in fine spirits, and went over the ground like birds. My companion and I were alike in one of our peculiarities, that is, being always thoughtful and dreamy, and disinclined for conversation in the morning. To me there is nothing more disagreeable than to meet an indiscriminate party at breakfast, who ask one common-place questions, and make remarks about the weather. When my mind, fresh from sleep, is full of pleasant fancies and happy reveries, and my heart is filled with strong purposes and high aspirations, it seems to dash away all my bright visions, and drag me down to earth again. So the first mile or two of the drive passed almost in silence, each indulging our own reveries, and enjoying the delicious morning air. At last the road wound round into such a beautiful little nook, perfectly over-shadowed by huge pine-trees, that I felt a desire to rest there a few moments; so I pulled up the horses, that we might enjoy the exquisite stillness and repose. There is something very impressive to me in the perfect silence which reigns in these grand old forests:

'THERE are lessons of true wisdom writ
In every page of Nature, even in the flower
Man treads beneath him as he wanders past:
And poetry in every pendent leaf,
If we could but read them truly.'

We both seemed to feel the influence of the place, though neither of us referred to it; and NED jumped off and gathered some wild flowers, and patted his horses, calling them by their names, and I wondered who they were named after. There are women after whom men name their horses, and whom they toast at dinner-parties, whom they follow and flatter, whose beauty they discuss, and whose praises they sing in public: of such women they soon tire. But there are *other women* whom they shrine in the innermost recesses of their hearts, whom they

'Love with a love that is *more than love*.'

in whose presence they are silent, satisfied to fill their souls with gazing, and ren-

der her the homage of their hearts, not their lips. The man of the world loses his assurance, the sailor his off-hand daring, the scholar forgets his rhetoric, and the lawyer his well-turned periods, and with deference and self-depreciation they seek to win her regard: and such a woman, once loved, is never forgotten. Look into your heart, reader, and see if I am not right. Circumstances may have parted you, clouds may have darkened between you, and you may have sought to blot her name from your memory: but you have not succeeded, for on the brightest leaf of your heart's tablet it is written in characters that can never be erased. The perfume of a flower, the sound of some once familiar strain, will awaken answering echoes in your soul, and serve to recall those 'nights that were filled with music;' which, alas!

'HAVE folded their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently passed away.'

Years may elapse, you may grow more worldly, and surround yourself with the cares of business; but think not thus to banish her image: for in the stillness of the night-time it will rise before you, and wildly will you stretch out your arms and try to clasp it to your heart: and when you sink back upon your lonely pillow, sad and disappointed, your sigh of regret will prove that she is not yet forgotten. Other ties may bind you, but as you sit in the twilight and stroke your wife's dark tresses, in imagination your hand will be resting upon another head, whose soft, brown hair you used to think so beautiful, and memory will picture a fair young face with deep, thoughtful eyes gazing up into yours, in whose pure depths you will look until you startle your wife by murmuring a name that is not hers; and as you wake from your reverie you will feel how powerful still is the influence of that memory, which neither time nor absence have succeeded in weakening. — My dear NED, I really beg your pardon for keeping you standing so long. I believe I left you patting your horses' heads: jump in, and we'll be off again.

'We soon left the wood behind us, and the road began to be very steep and stony: in fact, such a road as could be found only on a Vermont mountain. Presently we came to a place where three roads met, and not being familiar with the ground, we were in doubt which to take. My companion was inclined to choose the right hand one; so, out of pure contrariety, I persisted in taking the middle one, and dashed into it without paying any attention to his remonstrances: but I soon found that I had got myself into rather a ticklish scrape, for in truth it was no road at all, only the bed of a mountain brook, dry from the long drought, and perfectly filled with stones and rocks.

'I began to feel a little scarey, but I would n't turn back — not I; but determined to pay Mr. NED for his saucy speech of the previous evening, and give him cause to remember me and my driving for a long while to come. How we did jolt from stone to stone and rock to rock! and then down into a hollow, which in the spring-time had been one of those deep pools where the big trout love to congregate in the cool shade of an over-hanging bank. It was any thing but smooth sailing for us, however; and nothing but Vermont horses and a Vermont wagon could have stood the racket: and I was expecting every moment that we should be upset, and sent dashing head first down the mountain; but I put a bold face on the matter, and kept a judicious silence, and my companion closed his lips more firmly, as he has a habit of doing when not very well pleased; smoothed down his shirt-frill, and sat in mute resignation, as though prepared for whatever fate the devil and I had in store

for him. He was not kept very long in suspense : a few more efforts, a few more jolts, and we came out on a smooth road, in fact, the very one we ought to have taken at the beginning; and, with a sigh of relief, I pulled up the horses to let them take breath after their tiresome pull. 'Very well out of a very bad scrape,' said I to myself; and, 'Do n't you see I was right? this is the road to Ripton!' said I to NED, as I touched the horses with the whip, and drove on to the top of the mountain, where a few houses, a brook, a bridge, and a saw-mill, constituted the town of Ripton. Here an old-fashioned sort of place, half-inn and half farm-house, afforded 'refreshment to man and beast;' and if the horses only enjoyed their hay half as much as NED and I did our bowls of bread-and-milk, they were well repaid for their morning's toil. None of the rest of the party having arrived, we concluded that they had either lost their way or changed their minds; so we concluded not to wait for them, and sauntered out to the brook-side to revisit some of our last-summer haunts. I soon found the spot where my hammock used to swing, under the spreading branches of a beautiful beech-tree, and the place where we built our bridge, and many another spot which pleasant associations rendered dear to us; but we could not linger among them, for the day was drawing to a close, and we had a drive of nine miles to reach Middlebury; so we returned to the house and ordered the horses; and while we waited, I walked up and down the piazza, amusing myself by trying to decipher the various notices that were nailed up on the posts. They were all funny enough, but one of them pleased me so much that NED obtained permission to take it down; and I have treasured it most carefully, as a memento of that drive, but cannot resist the temptation to copy it for the benefit of those who are able to read it:

‘NOTIS.

‘We the undersigned has kild an old mischeveous brown stra Kreeter, purportin to be Long to some Non-resanented inhabitant of This townshipp, which we judged the same to be a newsence! all persons consarned in said Kreetur or Otherwise, is hereby Notyfied to govern themselves Ackordingly. Witness our return hereon Indorsed. Snake Mountain July 2d, 1855.’

‘With this precious document safely stowed away in my pocket, I drove very carefully down the mountain, and reached Middlebury in time to join our friends at the tea-table, and partake of the delicious trout which they had brought with them from Lake DUNMORE, and which they offered as an excuse for not following us to Ripton; an excuse which was the more readily accepted, as they offered us also some capital champagne to wash it down with. The evening passed most pleasantly: wit and mirth and harmless jests made every one feel in a good humor with themselves and each other: and is it not the best philosophy thus to enjoy the passing hour, and as we journey through life, to LIVE BY THE WAY?’

‘Let us live! In the power to enjoy that is given
The earnest on earth of the glory of Heaven,
In the courage, that ever in joy or in sorrow
Has strength for each day and a hope for each morrow,
With smiles for the future though tears for the past,
And joy in the hours that steal from us so fast.
For the friends whose brave spirits have gathered around us,
For the love whose bright-blooming tendrils have bound us,
Though cloud or though sun-shine encompass the day,
As we journey through life, LET US LIVE BY THE WAY.’

‘In the youth of the heart, ere the glorious ray
That was born of life's morning has faded away,
While the light lingers yet in the eyes that are dear,
And the voices we love still remain with us here:

While the wine is yet red and the stars are yet bright,
And the winds and the waves bring us music by night,
While the warm blood leaps up, when the forests resound
With the tread of the horse and the bay of the hound,
Oh! ever and always, as long as we may,
As we journey through life, LET US LIVE BY THE WAY.

'When the world has grown old, and the bright stars at last
That rose in the future have set in the past,
Save that brightest of all, which is guiding us ever
To the beautiful country beyond the dark river,
When the eyes become dim and the locks have grown gray,
And we gather no more to the feast or the fray,
When we pause at the end and look thoughtfully back
Through the change and the chance of the long, weary track,
It will cheer the old heart to be able to say,
'As we journey through life, WE HAVE LIVED BY THE WAY.' J. K. L.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Now that we have the 'leafy month of June' in full glory, we remark that various journals are counseling our metropolitans to flee to the beautiful country, and hold communion with the visible forms of good old Mother NATURE. Some say 'go one way,' and some 'another.' Suppose *we* offer a little advice 'in the premises' to our beloved fellow-citizens. If you are journeying Niagara-ward, fail not to take the New-York and Erie Rail-road train from town. Such a road, such spacious and comfortable cars, such varied, grand, picturesque, and quiet scenery, is nowhere else to be encountered. To us, who have been over this route some twenty times, it is ever a new delight. Recently we took the cars for a fishing excursion in the counties of Broome and Delaware. The day was calm and pleasant. There was no dust, as there had been a 'spell of rain' the day before. MERIAM, the great seer and weather-breeder of Brooklyn-Heights, who is ruining our climate, had predicted otherwise; but the 'heated term' did not come off. Passing along the grand scenery of the rushing Delaware; the lonely, picturesque, gently-gliding Susquehannah; lofty mountains, and beautiful vales stretching in pensive quietness between; we came at length, precisely 'on time' to the charming town of Binghamton, in romantic and fruitful 'Old Broome, a village which has been a favorite of ours from the very first time we saw it; partly from its beauty of situation and pleasant residences, but more perhaps from the hearty *whole-souledness* of the friends who inhabit those hospitable abodes. Binghamton has greatly improved since we last saw it. New and handsome structures and blocks of buildings have arisen; new rail-roads have here their termini; and a general air of prosperity pervades the entire place. Our 'mission' was to an old and esteemed friend, one of the 'best fellows and best fishermen' in all that region round about, who was to accompany us to a certain point on the New-York and Erie Rail-road, (which shall be nameless, because we are going again one of these days, and don't want the game all bagged in the mean time — selfish fellows that we are!) to wile the speckled beauties from lake and stream. How gloriously we succeeded; what marvels we performed; what perils (at least *one* of us) encountered:

are these things not 'written as it were in a book' with an iron pen? And shall they not appear hereafter? Yea, verily they shall, time and life and health permitting. - - - THE following sketch of PERCIVAL may be regarded as entirely authentic. His was a noble, shrinking, sensitive spirit. Although an old and frequent contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, and not an infrequent correspondent with its EDITOR, we never had the good fortune to meet him, except on one occasion. One day, at our old office in Nassau-street, we found the card of Mr. PERCIVAL, who was domiciled at LOVEJOY'S Hotel, near by. We sought his apartment at once. His fire had but just been kindled, and he was sitting wrapped in a faded camel cloak, near the grate. He received us very kindly; remarking, that he 'felt well acquainted, although he had never met us except under two blue cover-lets': alluding to the blue covers of our Magazine. His eye was all pupil—a light, lustrous, 'true-blue' orb. His smile was extremely pleasant; but while you were remarking it, it changed to an inexpressible sadness of expression. It was like the shadow of a cloud chasing the brightest sunlight over a summer meadow. POOR PERCIVAL! His only grief was the early blight, of which our correspondent speaks. His was a broken heart: and all the 'forms and shows of things' in the world had no attraction in his eyes. It was in a spirit such as this, that he wrote these exquisite lines:

'I SAW, on the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seemed a star that had left the sky,
And fallen asleep on that lonely height.

'I climbed the peak, and found it soon,
A lump of ice in the clear cold moon:
Wouldst thou its hidden sense impart?
'T was a cheerful look and a broken heart.'

'EVERY man of genius and decided character has a ruling passion. This passion may select one channel or another. It may be the love of wealth, or of luxury, or of glory: and it may be the love of woman. But when its direction is once taken and fixed, it rides and controls the billows of the bosom. It is engrossing in life and strong even in the agonies of death. When once the heart has erected and consecrated the idol of its devotions, there is not a thought, not a feeling, not a yearning of desire, going forth upon the broad track of the future, which comes not back again to tell the issue of its errand at this guarded shrine.

'But the many varieties of the ruling passion disclose a wide difference in their distinctive developments. The money-maker and the glory-seeker have each unnumbered schemes for the accomplishment of their designs. Defeat in one, only schools them for a shrewder course and a prouder triumph in another. But he who confides the consummation of his hopes and the perfection of his bliss to an adventured affection, has no second string to his bow: no star of other promise to lead him through the thick shadows of disappointment.

'Let the pure worship of an early and a first affection be alighted: let its sacred and kindly tokens be made a mockery by the very lips that should bless them: let the keen consciousness of neglect and bitter scorn enter the soul's innermost tabernacle, and there is no balm in Gilead for the crushed and bleeding spirit of the sufferer, nor a vision of earthly blessedness that can woo him from his sack-cloth of wretch-

edness and despair. The lyre of his soul is henceforth a shattered thing. As it hangs upon the drooping willows of sorrow, it breathes not a note that is not jangled and tuneless.

'JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, whose instance may serve to illustrate these truths, was born and nurtured in one of the loveliest of the many villages that sprinkle the green valley of the Connecticut. From his very cradle he was a fondling of Nature. His earliest joy was to hold converse with the mysterious whisperings of the forest; to gaze upon the grand old trees, and read the record of centuries in their tall and rugged majesty. Possessed by a distressing diffidence and sensibility to suffering from the harshness of his fellows, his delight was to climb the rude, familiar granite of his native hills, and to travel with his eye along the distant line of azure mountains that bounded the scope of vision, and prisoned in their embracing circuit as quiet and as sweet a scene of pastoral beauty as ever lived in fancy's dreams. The frequent and gleaming spire that pointed as with a directing finger to the blue throne of the ETERNAL; the long pillar of smoke that stood upright in the moveless air, like the guiding cloud of the Israelites; the clustering and low orchards, and the vistas of maples; the humble roof that looked forth from its embowering vines, and the silver stream that held its glass to the winking leaves, laughing at the flower that bathed in its bosom; all these spoke a language of religion to his heart, and applied the burning coal of inspiration to the living lips of his genius.

'No wonder then that the swelling torrent of emotion within him found relief and utterance in the winged words of song; that

'He murmured near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

No wonder that the poetry of PERCIVAL was like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver,' beautiful and brilliant as the tinted shells that pave the paths of ocean. No wonder that it found its way to the secret and shut chambers of many a lonely bosom, and proved as healing to its woes as the oil of gladness,

'But PERCIVAL still possessed one chord of feeling which had as yet found no sympathy with an outward manifestation of beauty. The tenderest yearning of his heart was still unsatisfied. His *ruling passion* still slumbered, like a locked and wave-covered pearl in its briny bed. He fitted for college with his village-pastor, and while quietly pursuing his studies became the victim of an attachment that proved the bane of his life. The object of his budding desires was the daughter of his venerable teacher, a light and laughing girl, with a countenance one might wear in heaven, and be no less an angel. The fascination of her presence quickly won him from his common thoughts and his common joys: the blaze of her beauty at once lighted up the crystal deep of his affections. But his love was timid and tender as a violet which the sun at first dazzles and gladdens, afterward withers and dries up. Yet he loved her passionately, utterly, worshippingly. Her every word and smile and look, even the cadence of her step, he watched and treasured up, 'as if the universe were governed by her motion.' In the still and holy night, he marked the star that she gazed upon, and made it the cynosure of his heart's idolatry. He followed her to the grove that she haunted, and there mingled the sobs of his passion with the sighing of the winds. He found out her secret glen, and her grot, and privily festooned the one with the richest flowers that gemmed the other. In her absence he learned the hymn of her favorite stream, and made it the burden of his lay. But did he not reveal his passion? No: not he. Did he

not breathe it to the one he loved? Not even to her. He hoarded it up in his sealed and silent bosom, trembling like a captive dove, even when he named it to his own thoughts.

'But the hour of his agony drew on apace. He was soon to be steeped to the very lips in the waters of grief. While he was at college, there came to his native village one who had rich blood in his veins, a rich purse in his pocket; and with these credentials of his worth, he wooed and won the object of the poet's secret adoration.

'What a fearful moment was that for poor PERCIVAL, when he learned the doom of his love, the death of his hope, the blight of his existence! It came like a startling thunder-clap in a cloudless sky. He had sipped the cup of promise while it mirrored the fairest visions of enchantment, and had drained with eager lip its nectar. Now he saw the viper steal out from the parted rose-leaves: he met the keen flashings of its basilisk eye, and received the fatal venom of its sting. His castles of air crumbled to the earth. His dreams of romance flitted at the cock-crowing of reality. Naught was left but the lone and turfless grave of a first and fond attachment.

'GAY was the Paradise of love he drew,
And pictured in his fancy: he did dwell
Upon it till it had a life: he threw
A tint of Heaven athwart it. Who can tell
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell
That bound him to that vision? Cold truth came
And plucked aside the veil: he saw a hell;
And o'er it curled blue flakes of lurid flame.
He laid him down, and clasped his damp, chill brow in shame.'

'PERCIVAL graduated from Yale, alike distinguished for his vast erudition and the far-reaching grasp of his intellect; for his splendor of diction and the intrepid daring of his imagination. But he had nursed a desponding temperament that was killing him by inches. He hurried to the sunny South, and plunged into the excitements of mirth and dissipation. The image of his first love went with him. This one fond idea had lain so long with him upon the pillow of reflection, that it had become part and parcel of his being. It still clung to him, a torturing presence, and his heart refused to be comforted.

'His disappointment proved a subduing oil upon the current of his fancies, and his effusions at this period, though pensive as the widowed voice of the stock-dove, are the sweetest that ever flowed from his pen: even so the nightingale sets her breast against a thorn when she sings most sweetly. But he now tore the myrtle from the brow of his muse, and tuned the chords of his lyre to whispers of the mourning cypress.

'The death of PERCIVAL is but a recent announcement, yet he was long ago dead to the world, an anatomy of melancholy, where all before was tinctured with divinity. The iron had entered his soul, and the subtle harmonies of this breathing and pulsing universe, which once found a quick response in his out-going sympathies, long ago fell upon his wretched ear like the winds of winter upon bare and quivering nerves. Quenched was the life of his glance; gone the sparkle of his eye: his forehead was awfully rough with the furrows of care. He became a misanthrope. Squint suspicion oppressed him, like a nightmare, so that he shuddered at the presence of a friend, and mistrusted the tones of kindness. He became a solitaire: immured in his sepulchre of gloomy lore, he held converse with the ghostly mummies of dead and buried centuries. As a mineralogist, he found a more welcome feast of enjoyment in studying the arrangements of strata than in courting the friendships of society. His feelings, like trilobites, seemed wedded to rocks, and

the stream of his affections, which once came gushingly up from its pure bed, had frozen for ever. Socially, he became a mere petrification, and his sympathies were but the fossil remains of a former existence. Or you might call him a geode, with a rough and forbidding exterior, but lined with crystals of poetry, of purest ray serene, which were doomed to blaze in their confinement, unrevealed and unknown. Long before the close of his days, he had bid adieu to his lyre, that once breathed as sweetly as the turtle's wail, and stole the purest tears of emotion. He lived the life of an old bachelor, arid, crusty and cold as an iceberg. Time was, when, like a child beneath its first rainbow, his heart leaped up at the voices of the young and the smiles of the lovely. But the heaven that lay about him in his infancy had vanished. The sorcery of beauty's eye could no more melt the steely casing of his heart than can Egypt's rising sun coax music from the broken statue of MEMNON. Let us add the final shading to this dismal picture of the ruins of a mind. PERCIVAL is said to have been an infidel. He would not believe that his soul, after faring so rudely in the shocks of this life, would at last burst like a chrysalis from its shattered tenement, and live in the pageant glories of another. How dark and joyless such a creed! How utterly disconsolate and how supremely miserable that man, who can look back to no flowery isle in all the bitter and black waters of his memory, while every tumbling surge of remembrance throws up the wrecks of dearest hopes! Especially when he can turn to no page of promise in the BIBLE of his faith, and there read his assurance of a home where the wicked cease from troubling, in the bosom of his God.'

May he rest in peace! - - - A new and welcome correspondent, writing us from 'Lima,' in our State, says: 'You will 'perceive' by the inclosed, which was first published in 1825, that K. N. PEPPER is not the only 'pote' that this great country has produced. To you as a stranger the editorial may not give a sufficient explanation. I will add, therefore, that the three 'THAYERS BROTHERS' were executed at Buffalo in 1825, for the murder of JOHN LOVE. The 'circumstances' are sufficiently set forth in the 'Pome.' Perhaps you will find it worthy a place in the KNICKERBOCKER. At all events, it gives me pleasure to furnish it for your 'distinguished consideration.' 'K. N. P.' must look to his laurels.' Thanks! '*The Three Thayers*' is a noble composition. Three verses from it we published several years ago, but the *entire* composition we have never before seen. What unity and force of style! We have underscored a few lines: but what can add force to lines like these? They are beyond the aid of typographical adjuncts:

'At the urgent request of several friends, says the *Buffalo Express*, we have been induced to re-publish the plaintive domestic ballad of '*The Three Thayers*,' the original manuscript of which lyric now lies before us. (We call it a lyric because it is intended to be sung to the accompaniment of the harp of a thousand strings, sperrits, etc.) The poem has before been printed, but very incorrectly; and the fact that many spurious editions are now in circulation, to the great disparagement of the author's fame, is an additional reason for our compliance with the repeated demands for its issue in an authentic form. It has once been set to an air of a telescopic character, which shoved in and out, so to speak, in order to adapt itself to the somewhat eccentric rhythm of the ballad. That melody, however, died with its composer, the lamented DAN. MARBLE, who, never having had the remotest idea of scientific music, was well fitted by nature to illustrate in tuneless numbers, the touching lay of the anonymous poet—for genius ever scorns the fetters of rule. . . . One word as to the history of the ballad. It was unquestionably written in perfectly good faith, and was sent, for publication, to the *Buffalo Patriot*, then conducted by HEZEKIAH A. SALISBURY Esq., lately deceased. That gentleman gave it but little attention, and it fell into the hands of another, who still retains the manuscript, and guards it with great care. By him—who was also at that time, and has been long since, connected with the press of this city—the ditty was shown to many friends, and one of these caused its publication in Mr. TATTLLOW WEEK'S paper in Rochester. Thence it circulated over the whole country, and became as well

known as 'Hohenlinden' or 'Hail Columbia.' It has been re-published, altered, spoiled, in fact, as nearly as a production so excellent can be; and we now give it, copied *verbatim et literatim* by us from the original manuscript, which is nearly worn out with handling. If its publication is again demanded, it must be lithographed, which, indeed, would be the only method of doing justice to its full beauty, as the chirography is, like the poetry, unique:—

The Three Thaggers.

In England sevrel years ago
the Seen was pleasant fair and gay
JOHN LOVE on bord of a Ship he entred
and Sald in to a merica

LOVE was a man very perceiving
in making trades with all he see
he soon in gaged to be a Sailor
to sail up and down on lake Erie

he then went in to the Southern countries
to trade for furs and other skins
but the cruel French and saveg Indins
come very near of killing him

But God did spare him a little longer
he got his loding and come down the lake
he went into the town of Boston
whare he made the grute mistake

with NELSON THAIR he made his station
thru the sumer for to stay
NELSON had two brothers ISAAC and ISRAEL
LOVE lent them money for thare debts to pay

LOVE lent them quite a sum of money
he did befriend them every way
but the cruel cretres tha couldn be quiet
till tha had taken his sweet life a way

One day as tha ware all three to gether
this dredful murder tha did contrive
tha a greed to kill LOVE and keep it secret
and then to live and spend their lives

On the fifteenth evening of last december
in eighteen hundred and twent four
tha in vited LOVE to go home with them
and they killed and murdered him on thar floor

*First Isaac with his gun he shot him
he left his gun and went away
then Nelson with his ax he chupt him
till he had no life that he could perceive*

After tha had killed and most mortly brused him
tha drawd him out whare tha killd thare hogs
tha then caried him of apease from the house
ann deposited him down by alog

The next day tha ware so very bold
tha had LOVE's horse ariding round
Som askd the reason of Lovs being absent
tha sed he had cleerd and left the town

Tha sed he had forgd in the town of Erie
the sherief was in persuit of him
he left the place and run a way
and left his debts to colect by them

tha went and forgd a pour of turney
to collect Lovs notes when tha ware due
tha tore and stormed to git thare pay
and sevel nabors tha did sue

After tha had run to ahie de gree
in killing Lovs and in forgery
tha soon ware taken and put in prison
Whare tha remaind for thare cruelty

Tha ware bound in irons in the dark dungon
for to remain for a little time
tha ware all condemd by the grand Jury
for this most foul and dredful crime

Then the Judge pronounced thare dreadful Sentenc
with grate caudidness to behold
you must all be hangd untell your ded
and lord have mursey on your Souls.

How afflictingly pathetic! - - - We find in the '*Christian Enquirer*' weekly religious journal, of the twenty-first of June, '*An Address at the Funeral of Joseph Curtis, by Rev. Henry W. Bellows.*' We have already alluded to this eloquent discourse, and are glad of an opportunity to present a few passages from it to our readers :

'But how little of Mr. CURTIS's life have I told, in running thus rapidly over his business and external career? Already you perceive him to have been a good son and brother, an enterprising and honest man. But you have heard nothing of him as a citizen or a philanthropist. From a very early age JOSEPH CURTIS was moved with a passion for usefulness. He evinced it in his noble desire to help his parents, his brothers and sisters, and in short, any and every body having any claim upon him, or presenting an opportunity to him. He had no sooner become established in this city, than he began to use all his leisure time in works of mercy. We must remember, that fifty years ago philanthropy had not become a profession, a fashion, or a custom: nay, that what we call public spirit then exhausted itself in patriotic and political feeling, rather than in humane or prospective and civic usefulness. The ignorant, the wicked, and abandoned, the slave, the prisoner, the deaf and dumb and blind had not then drawn to themselves the attention even of Christians. And when we are estimating the claims on our gratitude of the founders of public-schools, the projectors of asylums and houses of refuge, the starters of emancipation, we are not to forget that the lamp of their charity sprung up in utter darkness, and was trimmed without the notice of men, and fed by none of the sympathy and admiration of society at large.'

'Among the very earliest of the philanthropic movements of New-York, was the establishment of a Society called the *New-York Manumission Society*, of which Mr. CURTIS became a member in 1811. In our State, and especially in our city, a large number of blacks, entitled to their freedom by the laws of the State and of Congress, were still held in bondage; and the Manumission Society was established to accomplish the final extinction of slavery in the State of New-York, and the restoration to liberty of those blacks still held in bondage contrary to law.' Associated with Mr. CURTIS in the Standing Committee, to which his services had promoted him, were such men as PETER A. JAY, WILLIAM SLOSSON, CADWALLADER D. GOLDEN, and ISAAC M. ELY, all eminent counsellors of that day. We have already spoken of the testimonial silver pitchers presented to Mr. CURTIS for his prolonged and

active efforts in furthering the views of this benevolent Society, which secured the support of so many good men, at the South as well as at the North. 'Mr. CURTIS,' says Mr. BELLOW, 'was so strenuous a believer in the sacredness of law, that his sympathies never went along with the abolitionists : ' yet he loved *all* his fellow-men, without distinction of color ; and used sometimes to speak of the seventeenth of February, 1817, when he froze his face in going to the Capitol, as one of the proudest days of his life. He sometimes said : ' I feel I have not lived quite in vain, when I consider the passage of the Manumission Act.' Not many days before he died, but when he was still as well as usual, he said, in answer to some reference to this part of his conduct by a friend : ' In the memory of it, my very dying pillow will be smoothed : '

'THE next important philanthropic movement of JOSEPH CURTIS's life was his establishment, in connection with fifteen other large-hearted and public-spirited men, of the *Society for the Suppression of Crime and Pauperism*. During the whole of the winter of 1815-16, weekly meetings were held at his house for the maturing of plans and the hearing of reports. A vast amount of labor was undergone in the investigation of the sources of crime and poverty ; and finally, as the best result, the House of Refuge — first conceived in his brain — was established, and JOSEPH CURTIS consented to accept the appointment, to which his wisdom and zeal had entitled him, of the first Superintendent. The House of Refuge was designed to take the place of the corrupting Prisons to which young offenders and fatherless children, vagrant and vicious by necessity, had been previously sentenced. It was the very beginning of an effort to substitute kindness, care, good influence, for punishment in the discipline of juvenile offenders — the commencement of a system of preventive measures in the treatment of the exposed and criminal classes. Mr. CURTIS's views were much in advance of those of most of his colleagues, and perhaps were even in advance of what was practicable at that time. He announced himself to the boys thrown into his hands as their father. He treated them as entitled to confidence, and even respect. He endeavored to convince them that the rules of the institution were paternal, established for their good, and administered wholly in love. Thus he would punish no boy until condemned, and his punishment prescribed, by a *jury* of his peers. A regular court was held once a week for the trial of offenders, in which he sat only as Judge, and the finding of the Jury was honored with scrupulous observance. On one occasion a boy ran away, and, after a few days, full of penitence for his ingratitude, returned, confessed his fault, and entreated forgiveness. Satisfied of his sincerity, Mr. CURTIS forgave him. The Directors, doubting this policy of mercy, disapproved his conduct, and instructed him by unanimous vote to give this runaway a certain number of lashes. Mr. CURTIS begged them to re-consider their order. He had from his heart forgiven the boy who had returned to duty, and he had only seen good from his course ; he could not inflict what must now be a pure vengeance upon his back. The Directors, however, reasserted their instructions to lash him. Again he remonstrated, and again they reaffirmed their order, with instructions to the Committee not to leave the premises until they had seen the blows inflicted. Mr. CURTIS seeing no alternative, came forward with the keys of the institution, and said : ' Gentlemen, I cannot whip a boy whom from my heart I have forgiven. I resign the keys of the Refuge ! ' The Directors, moved by his firmness, and respecting his convictions, did not accept his resignation, and remitted the lashes. Some of the poor lads under Mr. CURTIS's care at the Refuge became valuable members of society, and not a few were there who sought his house as that of a parent, for years and years after leaving that asylum of youthful folly and vice. He loved the Refuge with a tender affection ; and it was among the wishes he bequeathed to his children, that his portrait might hang upon the walls which perpetuated the scene of his fond and earnest labors for juvenile offenders. I

might venture to call JOSEPH CURTIS the founder of this institution: certainly no other individual is more entitled to the honor of that ascription.'

The long-continued and most important services rendered by Mr. CURTIS to the great cause of *Public Education*, were set forth in an article from the '*Daily Times*,' in our last number. 'Deep,' observes Mr. BELLOWS:

'DEEP as his interest was in the intellectual discipline of the children in the common schools, their manners and morals concerned him far more deeply; and it was here that he most deplored the deficiency of teachers, and the want of the schools. He could not see a child anywhere without a mental criticism, and commonly an open remark on its behavior. Nothing escaped him; awkward postures, a poor carriage, a drooping head—he had a word of warning or rebuke for each, and still more for whatever savored of falsehood, impurity, vulgarity, or violence.

'Deeply convinced of the connection—in his day almost disowned—between physical and moral education, he was among the earliest to draw attention to the unwholesomeness of crowded rooms, unventilated apartments, long sessions, hard benches, and poor school-furniture. He made a close scientific investigation of the laws of ventilation, and procured them to be applied to the Public-schools. He studied the anatomy of the human form to find out just what kind of support the spine of youth required in its sedentary attitude, and invented school-chairs and other furniture, since universally adopted. The amount of health, comfort, docility, and good temper he has thus alone contributed to the common stock, in the successive generations of a city having a hundred thousand youth at its Public-schools, is enough to constitute him a great public benefactor.

'The encouragement, sympathy, warning, which Mr. CURTIS gave for so many years to his colleagues, to the teachers and the pupils of the common-schools—now in private, and now in public—in wise words, in ingenious suggestions, in serious remonstrance, in benignant smiles of encouragement, made his life a most precious possession and power in this community. I know not who can take away the crown of glory which his patient, long-continued, discreet, and gentle services in the cause of public education have placed upon his head. I dare say a million children and more have known and loved JOSEPH CURTIS—have regarded him as the very benignity of the city that gave them their education—have tasted the sweetness of his face and the gentleness of his lips, and the fervor of his smile, and the earnestness of his warnings. What a crowd of witnesses to the worth of any man! Those clouds of infant heads with which the painters of the middle ages were wont to surround the ascending form of our SAVIOUR, would not unfitly belong to the beatifications of this Friend of Children. He who took children in His arms and blessed them, will reward His faithful disciple, who has sought to perpetuate the SAVIOUR's care and love toward the children of this remote age and distant clime.

'THE personal character of JOSEPH CURTIS was as spotless as his public services were great and admirable. He was a man open to reason, patient in investigation, cautious and jealous of false conclusions, ready to admit his mistakes, and always open to new truth. His moral nature was constitutionally pure and noble. He detested duplicity, and made truth the first article of morals. Nothing could bend him a hair from the line of rectitude. His temper, originally hasty and impetuous, he had schooled to perfect self-control. In the little disputes that arose among the children of the family, or elsewhere, his habit was to bring the combatants into each other's presence, and sit in profound silence for many minutes, and then opening his mouth with a pathetic mildness, the very first words, '*My children*,' trembling on his grieved lips, almost invariably brought the tears of repentance into all eyes, and sent the angry ones into each other's open arms. And yet his government was quite absolute. He governed by love, but he made love very solemn and very awful. He enforced perfect respect and obedience from his children, and even the deference of the younger to the elder ones. In the wanderings of his last day's illness, when his children were compelled to enforce

quietness upon his restless purposes, they found it difficult to overcome the authority that reigned in his mild blue eye and his remonstrating voice. He exhibited, too, in the very ravings of the brain-attack which ended his life, all the sweetness and thoughtfulness, the self-control and candor of his admirable character. The fixtures of the room seemed to him in violent motion; and when told that they did not move, he said: 'Put a pin below one of them, and see if it does not push it down.' The pin was fixed: he watched it curiously; saw that it was not displaced; and said at once: 'I give it up; I see that I am deluded.' This is a wonderful indication of the habitual supremacy of reason in his well-ordered mind.'

'THE interesting and beautiful peculiarity of Mr. CURTIS's *religious* character was, that it was his *whole* character. He had no views which he called his religious views; no duties he called his religious duties; no opinions he called his religious opinions. *All* his views, duties and opinions were religious. His whole character was devout, God-fearing, God loving. He had the profoundest veneration for the divine will and character. He loved much; he spent his life in doing good. He lost no chance to serve a wronged, a suffering, a weak, a fallen brother or sister. He had as disinterested a heart as I have ever known. He loved not the world, nor the things of the world, if by these are meant money, power, repute: but he loved, wholly and devotedly, the things of God, if by these are meant peace, truth, justice, purity, man, CHRIST, immortality. There is not a work of mercy in this community that has not had his good will, his sympathy, his coöperation. There is not a citizen that is not indebted, in his children, in his servants, in his comfort, in his safety, to JOSEPH CURTIS's benevolence. His ingenuity was great, and always employed in the cause of human relief and security. He invented and carried the first torch that lighted firemen on their perilous way to the succor of burning homes. He invented the *trap* that is the plumber's great agent in keeping nauseous fumes from our domestic waste-pipes and public sewers. He was engaged almost to the last hour of his life in devising a method, which bids fair to be successful, for curing the inhuman slipperiness of our RUSS pavement, whose cruelty to beasts had moved his tender heart.

'He was the friend of ROBERT FULTON, and stood by him in the days when his schemes were ridiculed by the world. He was an active member of the Fire Department, and of the Mechanics' Association for many years; and, indeed, it would be impossible to enumerate the various charities with which he was actively and for years associated. But, above all, he was a man of a pure, upright, benevolent, gentle heart. 'Will you love each other?' he said on his death-bed to his children, in the tones of an angel. 'There is no heaven but love.'

'MR. CURTIS,' continues Mr. BELLOW, 'was a modest man. He disliked all show, form, trumpeting. In his most affluent days he never changed the simplicity of his habits or manners. While he was strictly temperate in all things, he adopted no ultra theories, but 'let his moderation be known unto all men.' Such was the character of the good man whose death all who ever knew him deeply deplore. And as we write in the still, early morning hours, we hear through an open door of a pleasant upper apartment of our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' the occasional deep-drawn sigh of one who lived with and loved him for more than half a century! What a world of reminiscence must throb beneath that Quaker cap and silver hair! May the God of the widow, the COMFORTER of the bereaved, sustain her hitherto calm and cheerful spirit in this dark hour of her affliction! Mr. BELLOW's discourse concludes as follows:

'Ah! beloved and revered friend! — what have we to do, but lay thy sacred dust to rest? No more can we welcome thee to these seats of worship. Thy benignant face

can no more turn its sympathetic eyes up to this altar. Thy white locks wave no longer about thy bent shoulders. Thy pleasant voice is hushed: thy friendly hand is cold. But thy heart beats still in the 'better world.' Thou art joined to thy MASTER; to the early companions of thy usefulness; to the children thou hast led in the way of duty and of truth, and who in thousands have gone before thee to welcome thee to thy reward. Farewell! These lips have committed no purer soul than thine to the grave; have told the story of no life more worthy the imitation and respect of men, or whose acceptance in Heaven is more fully secured by HIM who 'went about doing good,' and who said: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!'

A noble tribute, nobly deserved. - - - 'I SEND you,' writes a York (Pennsylvania) correspondent, 'the following 'rare gem,' which may aid in controverting the self-evident axiom of DOGBERRY, that 'reading and writing come by nature.' It is a copy of a remonstrance presented to our County Court a short time since. The 'document will speak for itself.' It is given *verbatim et litteratim*:'

'York County'
'Paradise township

'A Few Lines to the Honorable the Judges of the Court of York County that I seen in the News paper as DANIEL MYERS has potition for a Licon [license] to keep tavern or poplick Hous in Paradise Tp. wich I sink it wood Be Rounf if the Court Wood grand him a Licon I haff nosing A janst MYERS But it is Rite on pichen hill veare he Lifs it is a Bat Plase for young Boys and it will Mak it vorst yed if he gits Lison I, am a Near Naber to MYERS & I Das Not gif My Name, a, Long for fear he wood find it out But I vont you to Require how he is situait for tavern & sea vether you Dunt finit it this way that MYERS Liff Bey himself & has onley one Bad to Sleaeps in & a Little Bit of one storey Hous With one Rum in & A Small kichen keeps A Little Bit of a store that A Man Cut Carrey all the goods on his Back and we Must say that MEYERS is Not sober two Days out of the seven and the way he got His siners [signers] he Liff in Bringham Hous & Rudysil he Cant Rite or Reade and the orthers ar Man that Licks Licker vary well & Dunt kear woth tha Sine if tha onley Can git A Dram Now & then the Cort Can ask SAMIL HAYS Daputy sharf or MART OSTER tha no rear He liffs So I Hope the Cort Will Require A Bout MEYERS carcomstances Be fore tha grand him A Lison N. P. Sor I cut gif you fifty Nams A janst MYERS Potition But if He gits Doxi-catit He, is So safige that Nabors hats him.

yours A Plicht, (obliged.)'

Well, we do candidly admit, with our correspondent, that this specimen of 'Pennsylvania Dutch' out-tops every thing in its kind which we have ever encountered. It out-YELLOWPLUSHES YELLOWPLUSH himself, and throws Orthography upon the parish. - - - THE Right Reverend Archbishop HUGHES, of our city, recently preached at the Catholic Church, Piermont, after having administered the Holy Sacrament and rites of Confirmation to about two hundred persons, children and adults. This service, which we learn was extremely interesting and imposing, we did not arrive in time to witness. Mass was soon after celebrated, in a very impressive manner, by the Rev. Mr. BRADY, of Port-Jervis. The sermon was then preached by the Archbishop, sitting in an arm-chair, in front of the altar. His text was taken from the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, commencing with the thirty-seventh verse. His subject was the nature and design of the Church of CHRIST. The Archbishop is a forcible speaker, with a clear, sonorous voice, and in the choice of his language seems to aim at great simplicity. He was listened to by a crowded auditory, among whom were many of the

most prominent citizens of Rockland county, with the deepest attention. We heard nothing that *any* one, of whatever religious belief, could cavil at. If the old Covenantish beldame of SCOTT, MANSE HEADRIGG herself (who had such a horror of the 'Scarlet Woman' of Rome, sitting on seven Hills 'as if *one* was n't enough for her auld hinder eend') had been present, with CUNNIE, her son, they would have gone uncomplainingly away. Counsels tending to inculcate a pure life, and works of goodness and mercy, formed the entire staple of the discourse. - - - 'H. P. L.' sends us the following '*Short Cut to Fortune*.'

A FORTUNE! The undersigned, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR, will forward to any address a RECIPE, by which any enterprising man may make a speedy FORTUNE. The undersigned makes from fifteen to fifty dollars a week. Address WILLIAM DE VERE, through POTTS' DISPATCH OFFICE. my 12-1t * 475.'

'*THAT* looks kind o' sensible arter all,' said Mr. EPHE GRUNTER, the farmer, as in an interval of rest from purchasers, he leaned against his market-wagon, and read over the above advertisement in one of the morning papers. 'Le'ss see, he aint goin' to charge but a dollar, an' sezs as how he makes fifteen to fifty a week out on it. Le'ss see!' and here Mr. GRUNTER drew out the stump of a lead-pencil from some distant corner of his waistcoat-pocket — the action causing him to writhe round like a bull-terrier with a wasp on his back, and moistening the end of the pencil, he at once proceeded, on one edge of the newspaper, to the following calculations:

52	52
15	50
<hr/>	
260	\$2600
52	
<hr/>	
\$780	

by which he proved that 'any enterprising man' might make either \$780, or \$2600 a year.

'Some differens, by Gosh!' thought he, 'howsomeever, p'raps the feller aint so enterprizin' some weeks as others; guess that wot's makes the eggs run so different like. Now, wot if I should send that feller — wot's his name? Ohyez, DEVERY, a dollir — wall! that's four pounds of butter, but then, agin, I kelkillate on gettin' back a mighty sight more'n I give. How they would stan' rount in TUBTOWN when they seed me with a fortun! Wonder if ole man PRICE's darter would be as snaptious at a feller, 'lowing that he had a big fortun'? I calkelate I'd rather take down that JIM MORRIS, with all his eternal dashed fine store, close, and perliteness, cut his spurs off! and — yes, the p'ison cuss, I'll gin a dollir to this here newspaper feller, ef its only to git a fortun' and spite that ere JIM MORRIS, the stuck-up jackass of a store-keeper!' Here Mr. GRUNTER's meditations were interrupted by the voice of a woman asking: 'How d'ye sell eggs?' To which he answered: 'Two shilling a duzzin, mam!' and in similar converse the morning passed. Lulls, however, took place in the storm of selling, and Mr. GRUNTER improved these in reflecting over the correct wording of a note to 'the feller as was goin' to giv him a fortun' for a dollir.' He thought of commencing it in the orthodox way: 'I now take my pen in hand;' but at once dropped that, 'coz it looked alt'gether too perlite to a feller who wants to sell sumthing!' Then of bursting out: 'Here, ole feller, here's a dollir; send along all you've got ter say 'bout making that ere fortun'.

But this was too familiar, and Mr. GRUNTER could n't afford familiarity with a 'news-paper feller.' It was not, however, till he had 'sold out' in market, and stepped over to the Green-Bull Tavern, and sat down to the table with a sheet of paper, pens, ink and wafers before him that the 'immensity' of writing a letter nearly overcome him. He could n't summon up words; his brains were as destitute of thoughts as a hen is of hair. In the intensity of his perplexity he let his head fall on his breast, rammed his hands into his pantaloons-pockets, and straightened out his legs. His hand suddenly touched his pocket-book, and instantly a spark of intelligence was communicated from the positive contents of that book, to the negative contents of his head, and the electricity escaped on the sheet of paper, to wit:

"SIR: You say you can set a feller to making a fortun for a dollir. Grind on, I'm a lissenin'! You say you can maik from fifteen to fifty dollirs a weak: now I want too maik *fifty* dollirs a week. Rite all the smollest kind ov pertikelars so as how their cannt be no kind o' mistakes, at the Green bull tavern is whair You may send a Answer to whitch i hoap will be right speedily, as i cum to town nex weak i send you inside a dollir note now mind you act phair and skwair with

"Yours till i heer from you,

E. GRUNTER.

"Green-bull tavern, Juin 12 1856."

'The 'dollir noat' inclosed by Mr. GRUNTER was on a wild-cat bank, broken and 'busted up' so high, the crows could n't fly to it! at least so they had told him at the tavern, when he went to pay his bill with it, and Mr. GRUNTER, who did n't relish the idea of being 'stuck' with it, determined 'to stick the newspaper feller' with it. This it was, had occasioned the electric excitement before mentioned.

'Leaving explicit directions at the tavern to carefully keep for him any letter that might be sent him, until he came to town next market-day, Mr. GRUNTER got into his wagon and was soon driving along the road at a brisk rate for his farm. Contrary to his usual custom, he did not lie down in the straw on the bottom of his wagon, and go to sleep, or rather doze, only opening an eye when a louder rattling than usual warned him that some body was coming; but he sat up in his seat whisked the lashless whip, jerked the reins so that his old horse thought his head was coming off, and kept up such a devil of a thinking generally, looking inwards, that his eyes were of no more use to him than corn to a weather-cock.

'Mr. GRUNTER affirms that the interval between the time he wrote that letter and received the answer, was 'just the most jolliest he ever know.' He says during that time 'he bought more 'n fifty farms, big and little; got the greatest kind of a lot of stock; built the switchingest great barn; got elected Senator, went to Congress, had three fights; and 'bout the day he had to go to market again, there was some talk 'bout making of him President!' All this did Mr. GRUNTER go through—in imagination!

'Next market-day Mr. GRUNTER found, on his arrival at the Green-Bull tavern, a letter directed to him, which he nervously opened and read:

"Mr. E. GRUNTER:

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of twelfth of this month is to hand, and, according to promise, as per the newspaper, I send you a RECIPE by which any enterprising man can make a fortune. Only be enterprising, and in this community you will be sure to be prosperous and happy:

"S O A P.

"Go buy a large tin kittle and a long nife, and go nocking round at all the back

alley gaits assiduously. Perhaps some of them will cuss you, but don't be put back. Go ahead!—enterprise is sure to prosper. Byme by you'll get fat—soap-fat! then more fat, and fat, till you get big enough to boil up into soap with lye and other ingredients, as per receipt given in soap-making books. It's rather teagious work in summer, and ain't quite so perfumed like as it might be, still a *enterprising* man don't mind that. Hoping you'll be grattifide, and make your 'fifty dollars a week,'

I am yours,
WILLIAM DEVER.

'P.S. — My pardner being absent to the races, I write the letters in his absence, witch will account for the different handwriting from the word SOAP down to this. The way I maik from \$15 to \$50 a week is by selling of this receipt! Go lit enurgy!

W. D.'

'It was well for Mr. WILLIAM DE VERE's or DEVER's health, that Mr. E. GRUNTER had n't him within arm's reach at the time the latter finished reading this letter; Mr. DEVER would have been severely exercised; as it was, it was some consolation for Mr. GRUNTER that the 'dollar note,' any how, was only a dod-rotted, broken bank thing. But even this peg was broken off by the clerk of the Green-Bull tavern, who told Mr. GRUNTER 'that the dollar note he offered last week was a good one; he had made a mistake in supposing it was one of a bank of similar name, but in a different State, which had failed!'

'Mr. GRUNTER is cured of answering any more such advertisements: his eyes are open to the fallacy of making 'a speedy fortune for one dollar,' *via* soap-fat! He's travelling the long and steady agricultural road, and hereafter intends avoiding SHORT 'CUTS' TO FORTUNE!'

He is a sensible man! - - - '*The Old Church*,' by 'PALUS,' is unequal. It commences well, but its merit is not sustained throughout. We annex a few stanzas, in justice to one who can do better, with a more rigid self-criticism:

'T WAS a lovely Sabbath morning,
In the emerald month of June;
Chiming with the Sabbath's stillness,
NATURE softly breathed in tune,

'As I stood beneath the portal
Of the OLD CHURCH on the green;
Gazing as in days departed
On the old familiar scene.

'While I gazed the Present faded,
With its feverish hopes and fears,
Like the perfume from dead roses,
Came the shades of buried years.

'First in mystic fitful flashes,
Baffling MEMORY's keenest ken;
Faint as dreams recalled in dreaming,
Thoughts of childhood rose again.

'Then the memories of my boyhood
Came fast flocking back to me,
Like a group of eager children
Crowding round their grandsire's knee.

'Each one brought some little story,
To relate, of joy or pain;
And in listening to their prattle,
I felt almost young again.'

This is simple and unpretending; and these are qualities which are always commendable in a 'first attempt.' - - - Our friend Judge W —, of Broome, is not only an American patriot in feeling, who loves his country, but a wag of the first water: and ill betides the man who engages in a badinage-encounter with him: as a certain pompous Englishman, who was a fellow-passenger with him recently on the Central Rail-Road cars, found out somewhat to his cost. He had the bad taste to declaim, in a loud voice, against the beautiful country through which he was passing: to criticise our manners, customs, etc., in a *public* rail-road car. He presently *embroigled* himself with our friend. 'It is most hastonishing, Sir, to a Hinglish gentleman

to find the pronunciation of the Hinglish lengwidg so defective in this kentry. Heven propaw names, as of pur-r-sons, pe-laces, end the like, you invariably pronounce wrong: for example: You mentioned a moment ago to your friend, speaking of the war in the East, the *Cri-me-ah*. Now, it is *not* the *Cri-me-ah*, but the *Crim-eah*. 'Ah! well,' said the Judge, 'after all, the name of a place is variously pronounced. We have just passed through the lovely village of Canandaigua. It is variously called Canandargua, Canandawga, and Can-an-du-gua. And so of Onondaga county, upon which we are about to enter. But it is different with *you*. It is not only the names of *places* which you mispronounce. In this country we call a horse a *horse*, but you call it a '*Norse*;' and you think that a man who do n't know what a *Norse* is, must be a *Hass*!' A laugh 'like the neighing of all TATTERSALL's' at this sally, rang through the cars; and our Hinglishman suddenly 'dried up,' and never opened his lips until the train arrived, late at night, at Albany. - - - To our mind there is something exceedingly touching — touchingly simple — in the following picture of a '*Little Lone Grace*,' encountered in an over-land expedition to California, some four years ago. The incident is narrated in the Placerville (California) '*American*.' There is no true parent who can read it without a 'fruitful river i' the eye.' We derive it from the same kind friend from whom we received the *Epitaph upon the Tomb-Stone of the Wife of General Andrew Jackson*:

'THE over-land emigration to California in 1852, was immense, and attended with much of sickness and death. Hardly a company that was not decimated, and many doubly so. New-made graves that, during the first ten days upon the plains, possessed at least a passing melancholy interest, sufficient to turn the steps of the traveller, if only just to know the name and where from, at length became so numerous as hardly to attract a passing notice, unless in the immediate vicinity of our camping-grounds. We had encamped upon one of the very small streams between the Little Blue and the Platte rivers; we were all joyous and happy: our animals as yet in excellent condition, our company all in good health, and we had not been long enough upon the plains to know or feel fatigue. It was Saturday afternoon, and we had stopped early, where water and grass were abundant, and intended to remain there over Sunday.

'Tents were pitched, our horses quietly grazing, and mirth and gayety resounded throughout the camp. More than one of us had observed a little strip of board no wider than a man's hand, standing upright amid the green grass but a few rods from our wagons. One of our company thinking it would make good kindlings, went out to get it, but returned without it, saying nothing. Another went, and he, too, returned without it; and yet another and another; and as they returned all seemed less iorvous than before. Our own curiosity was excited, and we, too, with a companion, went out to see it, and discover if possible its apparent sacredness. On approaching it, we found ourselves approaching a lone little grave! The puny mound of earth was fresh, and the green grass around it had hardly recovered from its recent trampling; and newly cut, as with a pen-knife, upon the frail monument were these words:

'OUR ONLY CHILD:

'~~DEAR~~ *Little MARY*:

'FOUR YEARS OLD.'

'But we had no means of ascertaining whose '*Little MARY*' it was. As the sun was yet an hour high or more, it was proposed that we should go on a mile or two to other camping-grounds; and without a question being asked, or a reason given, it was unan-

imously approved and carried into effect. But the true and only cause was, the nearness to our camping-ground of that lone little grave and its frail monument.'

Is n't this a 'touching incident?' - - - How much really and truly beautiful fugitive verse appears in the journals of the United States! Take, as a recent instance, '*The Restoration*,' written for the *Tribune* daily journal by LYDIA A. CALDWELL:

More pale than is her coffin-robe,
The lady lies apart;
Her white palms folded close above
The silence in her heart.

'You might suppose her sweet death-smile
Betokened life instead,
If such as she did ever smile
Till after they were dead.

'The same white star whose waning light
Foretells the laggard morn
Rose o'er her mother's dying couch
The night her child was born.'

'Amid her deathly pain she looked
Up through her window-bars,
And sought her baby's horoscope
Among the prophet stars.

'The prophet stars were pitiful —
They hid within the skies;
And kept their secret until DEATH
Had closed the mother's eyes.

'The fatal stars were pitiful,
But not the coming years;
They took the maiden's woman trust,
And left her woman's tears.

'The heavenly stars were merciful,
But not the hearts of men:
They plucked the lilies of her soul,
And gave them not again.

'But DEATH restores her lilies now —
The bloom amid her rest;
To-night the whitest earthly flower
Would stain her marble breast.'

How this may impress others we know not; but we confess that to us it seems to be imbued with true poetic feeling. - - - THE '*Western Christian Advocate*' records the following interesting anecdote of General JACKSON. The scene of it was in the Tennessee Annual Conference held at Nashville, and to which he had been invited by a vote of the brethren, that they might have the pleasure of an introduction to him:

'THE Committee was appointed, and the General fixed the time for nine o'clock on Monday morning. The conference-room being too small to accommodate the hundreds who wished to witness the introduction, one of the churches was substituted, and an hour before the time filled to overflowing. Front seats were reserved for the members of the Conference, which was called to order by the Bishop, seated in a large chair in the front of the altar, just before the pulpit. After prayer, the committee retired, and a minute after entered conducting the man whom all delighted to honor. They led him to the Bishop's chair, which was made vacant for him, the Bishop meanwhile occupying another place within the altar. The Secretary was directed to call the names of the members of Conference, which he did in alphabetical order, each coming forward and receiving from the Bishop a personal introduction to the ex-President, and immediately retiring to give place to the next. The ceremony had nearly been completed. The Secretary read the name of Rev. J. T ——. An elderly gentleman, with a weather-beaten face, clad with a suit of jeans, arose and came forward. Few seemed to know him. He had always been on circuit, on the frontier; and though always at Conference, he never troubled it with long speeches, but kept his seat, and said but little: that little, therefore, was always to the purpose. Mr. T —— came forward, and was introduced to General JACKSON. He turned his face toward the General, who said:

'It seems to me that we have met before.'

'The preacher, apparently embarrassed, said: 'I was with you through the Creek campaign, one of your body-guard at the battle of Horse-Shoe, and fought under your command at New-Orleans.'

'The General arose slowly from his seat, and throwing his long, withered, bony arms around the preacher's neck, exclaimed:

"We'll soon meet where there is no war; where the smoke of battle never rolls up its sulphurous incense."

"Never, before or since, have I seen as many tears shed as then flowed forth from the eyes of that vast assembly. Every eye was moist with weeping. Eleven years have passed away since that day. The old hero has been more than ten in his silent, narrow home. The voice that cheered the drooping fight, and thundered in the rear of routed armies, is silent for ever. The old preacher, too, has fought his last battle, laid his armor by, and gone home to that eternal rest."

And with both, 'it is well.' - - - THERE WAS 'once upon a time' a rather 'hard case' in a town which shall be nameless, in the State of Georgia, who had been 'under discipline' in the Methodist Church, but into whose fold he had again applied for admission. His appeal was argued in the following language by an ardent and forgiving brother: 'Let us try him once more, brethering,' said he: 'I know he has fell from grace once-t or twice: I know he has back-slid-ah more times than he's got fingers and toes-ah: I know that he's been a leetle incontinent-ah; and they *do* say that he has — But it's no use-t to dwell on these p'int's *now-ah*. He has repented, and he wants to come back-ah, and to *be* and to *do* good-ah! Let us *try* him, brethering, *once* more. Sometimes the wust men makes the best Christians. Let us remember the parable of the barren fig-tree-ah: let us spare him one year more: let us dig about him, and dung him, and see if he do n't come out greener than ever-ah!' This last argument settled the 'scape-grace's admission. 'The ayes had it.' - - - OUR CORRESPONDENT 'SMALL PICA' 'has the floor:'

'Lake St. Croix, May 27, 1856.

'DEAR KNICK: Will you, in the exuberance of your good-nature, allow your 'West-ern' proposer of 'Baby-Curs' the poor defence of a sheet of paper against the 'hurricane of hornets about his ears?' As Mr. GURRY sagely remarked, 'There *are* chords in the 'uman 'art,' and, 'not to put too fine a point on it,' I think some of them must have been 'a leetle teched.' While I cannot sufficiently admire the chivalry so unsparingly poured out in defence of women's and babies' rights, I am reluctant to 'give in' or 'give out' without further 'defining my position' before the FANNY FERN of the *La Salle County Journal*.

'I am aware that it is a late day for me to allude to the subject, but that is owing to being so essentially 'Western' as to be almost beyond the reach of mails, (I do not add *females*,) as well as four hundred miles beyond all rail-cars; and it was only when comfortably spread out on the forward guards of the noble *Granite State*, luxuriously steaming down the Mississippi one day last week, that I first opened the April number of the KNICKERBOCKER.

'Could I be favored with a call from the lady writer alluded to, *in propria persona*—who, for all the 'catamountish' way of handling her pen, is no doubt amiable and pretty—at my snug log-cabin on the shore of Lake Wakansica, in the big woods of Minnesota, a hundred miles west of the Mississippi, or at my present abiding-place in the neat, thriving village of Hudson, Wisconsin, we could probably settle our little differences in regard to 'old bachelors,' young maids and babies, in an amicable manner. Yet, as the subject is before the public, 'hear me for my cause.' I am not accustomed to dispute with ladies, or to have such sharp sticks poked at me by them; but please exercise a Christian forbearance toward a 'nervous old bachelor,' and he will try and not be more 'crusty' than usual.

'I fear there is a slight misapprehension of what I intended to suggest. Do n't remember as I recommended 'cooping up babies like little animals'—the darlings; but rather that they should have a whole car fitted up with superior accommodations for

their comfort and felicity. And 'cages!' that's too bad. Just imagine a row of caged innocents feeding through the wires! I could n't harbor such a barbarous idea for a moment. She further adds, that 'every body knows the little cherubs are prettier *without any dressing at all!*' and with the most charming assurance whips 'OLD KNICK' himself upon the witness-stand to testify that 'a child never looks half so 'cunning' as when his face is just a *little smutty!*' Such sweeping logic, advanced by a lady, who of course ought to know, backed up by 'OLD KNICK,' whether he will or no, and the truth of it clinched with an 'every body knows,' is hard to contradict, and I shall not have the ungallantry or temerity to do it positively. I will only suggest, in the eloquent and expressive language of the old saw, that 'there's no accounting for tastes;' and that there might be a diversity of opinion in regard to the 'prettiness' or 'cunning' of 'smutty' babies 'without any dressing,' among all but their lawful owners. Can't say that the specimens of this style of 'little cherubs' I have not unfrequently met with 'in this love-making and marrying region,' especially those among the Sioux and Winnebagoes, were particularly prepossessing in loveliness or personal attractions, but have rather inclined me to favor drapery and occasional hydropathic applications even to these living models of infant statuary. But is it not readily seen that all these minor matters can be easily arranged according to tastes in a roomy, well-appointed *Baby-Car*?

The suggestion of a *Bachelor-Car* — a reasonable modification of the *Smoking-Car* originally proposed — meets my hearty approval; and I promise, as soon as introduced, to make an effort to patronize the institution once at least. Yet if it is to be one 'into which all crusty bachelors shall be thrust,' I will further propose that a committee of three handsome young ladies be appointed to decide upon the *crustiness* of all candidates, and to thrust them into their appropriate seats; and that no single ladies, old, young, or 'uncertain,' except by unanimous consent of the aforesaid clever 'curmudgeons,' 'crusty,' 'nervous old bachelors,' be admitted to enter or occupy this cozy car, divided into commodious, cushioned arm-seats, with high stuffed backs, convenient fixtures for elevating the feet to the most luxurious angle, ventilators to carry off the fragrant incense of the soothing weed, and a news-boy always supplied with the late magazines and newspapers, (*La Salle County Journal* included,) and that 'no sunny-haired,' (molasses-daubed,) 'rosy-cheeked,' (smutty-faced) 'little innocent may ever lighten' (or darken) 'its interior; that no tiny foot-step may ever patter,' (clatter, etc.) 'through its aisle; that no musical (?) little (?) voice may ever echo,' (reëcho and reverberate) 'therein.'

'As before, yours in blessed singleness,

SMALL PICA.'

'Enough said,' *now*. - - - THERE is something very touching in the following story of '*My Dream-Child*.' And let our readers be well assured that it is wholly true. Moreover, it is 'all the WOMAN.'

'How well I remember my fifteenth year! so bright and happy — not entirely so, to be sure, but far happier than all the succeeding ones have ever been.

'As I entered that year, there came to reside in my father's family a gentleman double my age, but whose courtly manners, fine mind, and elegant person soon riveted my attention; for he possessed in an eminent degree an intellectual exterior.

'Of course, as the only daughter, I was at once caressed and chided by all, and bade fair to grow up as my own waywardness dictated. Mr. EVERTON knew me first as a bright, wilful school-girl, too young to be even treated as other than a child; yet when at times he saw flashes of a mind beyond my years, he became possessed with a desire to train and cultivate it in those branches that most suited his own fancy. The succeeding fall, my health failed, and for many weeks I lay very ill. Every morning, as Mr. EVERTON passed my door, he knocked, and inquired of my nurse how I was that day; and there was a world of gentleness in his constant reply: 'Poor child!' I came at last to watch and wait daily for his

voice. My pulse would flutter as I heard his foot descend the stair, and I listened eagerly for the word of sympathy always vouchsafed. Toward winter I was well enough to be carried down into the parlor for the day, but all thought me too frail to see the coming spring. During the month of December Mr. EVERTON was troubled with an attack of inflammation of the throat, that confined him also to the house for a month. All that time we were together, reading often from some brave old poet or some younger and warmer author. Thus was my fancy trained; so my heart taught.

'I had heard rumors, strange and undefined, of a broken engagement, broken some time during his college life, in a city far away, and I seriously, almost jealously, sought to know the truth. He brought me a small and beautiful BIBLE, with the simple words, 'From KATE,' written on the fly-leaf; and told me proudly that what I had heard was true; but why his betrothment had been broken, no one ever knew, nor ever should. I was satisfied; and from that hour the conviction that he loved me grew stronger than any spoken word could have made it. I was too conscious of my plain, thin face and tall, unformed figure to have believed a declaration. There was a shielding tenderness in his manner, a loving interest in his care, that was far more convincing than words.

'Soon after this, I was sent away with an older brother for a change of climate, and thence to school. During my absence, our correspondence, through the influence of this brother, very suddenly terminated, because, from his representations, I saw the propriety of my never replying to Mr. EVERTON's last epistle. Many stories were told me, many misrepresentations made, and I knew that he had left our house. Of this, I own I was glad, for I had heard many things that made it desirable. When I returned, I met him coldly, indifferently, carelessly; for though but sixteen, pride is a finished teacher, and there never was a spoken word of love between us. At this time Mr. EVERTON met a lady whom the following spring he married. It was not a love-match; but grew out of a flirtation so kindly fostered, so tenderly tended, so anxiously watched by a cousin of the lady, and herself, that ere long it blossomed into matrimony. Of this woman I own I was never jealous. She was 'a mark beneath jealousy — too inferior to excite the feeling. She was very showy, but she was not genuine. She had a pretty face, and much cultivation, but her mind was poor, her heart barren, by nature. Nothing bloomed spontaneously on that soil. No unforced fruit delighted by its freshness. She was not good: she was not original. She used to repeat sounding phrases from books: she never offered nor had an opinion of her own. She advocated a high tone of sentiment; but she did not know the sensations of sympathy and pity. Tenderness and truth were not in her.' (JANE EYRE.) I knew she was not beloved as I had been and still was. I cared but little that she was his wife. I was too young to know how strong the laws of God and man make that tie: I was too young to know how long life is. That I suffered, no one knew: that I lived on, proudly calm and quiet, is not to be wondered at: hundreds do the same.

'In time, I found there was a child coming to my old lover, and I began to dream and work busily for the little one, till it became mine. Little clothes, such as a woman loves to fashion, grew beneath my busy fingers. Nothing could be pretty enough for the darling: nothing satisfied me. I longed to see the sweet face of my dream-child. At last it came — a boy: not pretty, but so dear. I held him in my arms before his father's return (for he had left Mrs. EVERTON alone among strangers, and did not return for some time.)

'Oh! how I petted and dreamed of that dear baby! As he grew older, he came

to love me, and kiss me, and there was a heavenly tenderness between us. I went every week to see him; and once, of a winter evening, as he lay in my arms with his little head upon my shoulder, his father entered, and I saw a flash of love unutterable, as his eyes rested upon us both. While my dream-child lived, I was very happy. I thought of him, I loved him; and it made very holy the love I bore his father.

'One night I remember I went to see his aunt, in a very pretty costume, ready to attend a fancy-ball. My dream-child was ill: he had a high fever, and a hard, dry cough. Mrs. EVERTON, too, was dressed for the ball. I wondered at her leaving her child; and after they were gone, I sat down with his grand-mother by his cradle, and silently held the little burning hand, kissed the hot lips, and pitied his poor father, who was many miles away, and little dreaming how ill his baby was or who was tending him. I feared then he would die, but he did not.

'Fonder and yet more fond grew we of each other, my dream-child and I, till the summer of the pitiless cholera. At early dawn it struck my darling, and we went to him, to see him struggle with his disease, not like a baby, but a man. Clinging to the rungs of his little crib, he would raise himself up, and then sink back in agony, uttering no moan, no cry, till death came.

'Oh! how desolate all became then! The little spirit that gave life to that cold, inanimate clay, had flown. All gave way to their grief, and Mr. EVERTON was hopeless; but it was part of my sorrow not to show what was within my heart. We dressed him in his death-clothes, and sat down. All that night I staid with my child. In the morning I smoothed the soft, fair hair and kissed the noble brow of my dream-child that was dead. In the clothes I had wrought for him I laid him in his coffin, strewing flowers white and pure as my dream-child himself around him. I went about preparing for the funeral, and when all was done, awaited quietly the end.

'The minister came. The ceremony was soon over. Mr. EVERTON was fearfully stricken, for to the child he had clung despairingly. He was the father's only comfort on earth.

'I staid and watched until the clods were piled high upon his little breast, and where but a little before had been laid the object of the most unselfish affection of which I was capable, there remained now but a mound of earth, which every passer-by saw to be a child's grave. How much was buried there! How bitterly, yet how unavailingly I wept. After this, the tie was soon severed that bound the EVERTONS and our own family together. That was years ago; and while I am writing, a baby lies upon my breast and pats my cheek. I love him as only a mother can; but the memory of the dream-child who is dead is fresh and green as the sod that covers his grave.

'*Taunton, (Mass.,) October 30th, 1855.*

Only a WOMAN could have written this. - - - Our friend and correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' who is on a trip to the West, sends us, in the following, his first dispatch. We have been in all the places he describes, and would that we could be there again! But for the present at least, 'it may not be.'

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.:

'*Mackinaw, June 10, 1856.*

'DEAR SIR: Off on a tour through the North-West it has come into my head to send you a few 'jottings' of travel just to keep the memory of OLD KNICK 'jolly green' as regards the writer. Looking over the June number I noted a first-rate notice of the Montezale House, Suspension Bridge, near Niagara Falls, and solely

and entirely on the strength of it, stopped a day at that house. I can indorse what you said of it to any amount. The memory of that handsomely-furnished-chamber, and the luxury of the sound sleep on that spring-bed, after an eighteen-hour ride by rail-road; the view from the tower; the well-kept table, and the obliging hosts; the pleasant drive to Niagara and the second sight of it! Well, go there, and see about it. From Niagara I went to Detroit over the Great Western Rail-Road of Canada, and found the city of the Strait (*Detroit*) a place to be commended. If you go there don't neglect to take a drive along the River Road, then cross over in the ferry-boat to Sandwich, on the Canada side, and drive down to the Red House: it will pay. From Detroit to Mackinaw I took the steam-boat 'Planet,' and a model boat any one will find her; in twenty-four hours I landed at Mackinaw and have found a most comfortable hostel in The Mission-House, the principal hotel on the island. As yet the summer travel has not commenced, and the writer, consequently, has plenty of elbow-room. They call Mackinaw the Laughing Island, and a more appropriate name could not have been given it; it is a fit abode for the Good Spirit, especially from June to September! An emerald, three miles long, by three miles wide, set in ultra-marine enamel; it is a gem that Nature must cherish as one of her most beautiful possessions. For miles on miles you can ride or walk through the shady woods, catching here and there beautiful views of the sparkling lake. Leaving the Mission-House, behind which rises the high grass-grown cliff; you can follow the beach for a short distance, and suddenly come to a lofty bluff of limestone formation, the base of which, covered with young trees and fallen rocks, the summit crowned with bright evergreens, the blue lake before you; over it, affording a fine contrast with the sky, the dark-green of the distant island, forms a scene of rare beauty. Now mounting the bluff you follow it through a wild woodland path, till suddenly the Arch Rock is before you, the noble arch of fine proportions descends to the Lake-shore, and the waves bathe the trees at its feet. If you do n't mind a nine-mile walk through the woods, you can make the complete tour of the island by following a wild path winding around the top of the high land, and by making a slight detour, visit Sugar-Loaf Rock, climb up among the clouds to the ruins of old Fort Holmes, the crown of the island, and be repaid by one of the most magnificent views the mind can imagine or eye look upon. If you want change of air, change of scene, a good appetite, sound sleep, and a feeling of peace with all the world and the rest of mankind, come to Mackinaw. It's a splendid place for families; one lady inhabitant of Mackinaw has eighteen or nineteen children. N. C. Fish! Parbleu! If you once taste the fresh yellow trout of the lake, you will keep Lent and never borrow a care the whole time you're on the island. White-fish are good, but the 'yellow boys' have fascinated the writer; so let it be! *Apropos* of fish, I heard a story the other morning which proves the ever-longing, ever-sighing mutability of mankind. The landlady of a hotel in one of the Lake towns, served her boarders so long with fish, that one day as she was bringing in with her own hands, on a large plate, a noble specimen of a boiled trout, one of her fastidious boarders cried out: 'For God's sake, Mrs. G., bring that fish in tail foremost — just for a change!'

'They still point out the buildings of the American Fur Company to you in Mackinaw, but their glory has departed. Like the singed cat who carried off the mackerel, Fish, not Fur, is the order of the day here, commercially. Thousands of barrels are annually shipped from Mackinaw, so that the trout and white-fish afford employment to great numbers of people here and at the adjacent fisheries.

'The Old-School Indians are scarce around Mackinaw, but the New-School or Half-Breeds abound. While sketching this morning at Arch-Rock, a pack of little urchins, with ventilating pantaloons, came out of the woods, and such 'execrable' French as they talked! One more adventurous than the rest climbed out on the rock till he was half-way over the arch, and was at once saluted by his youngest friend, of apparently six summers: '*N'allez pas la Pierre! sacrée bougre d'une biche!*' That 's enough, is n't it? I shut up my sketch-book and came away, for I'm naturally pious.

'INDIAN CURIOSITIES. — This attractive sign is over several stores in Mackinaw, and acts admirably on the Johnny Raws who visit this wild West! Mocoeks o maple sugar, or little birch bark envelopes, worked with porcupine quills and filled with the sugar, are sweet little remembrancers to carry away to the young ones at home; but as for this bead-work and so on — Bashaw! Bosh!

'Good-by, and if you hear from me again, you will!

H. P. L.'

New Publications: Art. Notices, Etc.

CHRISTINE, OR WOMAN'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. By LAURA J. CURTIS. — CHRISTINE is a farmer's daughter, who early shows *unmistakable* signs of genius by a dislike of work of all kinds. She is educated by an aunt, who keeps a fashionable boarding-school. Here she attracts the notice of a young man, PHILIP ARMSTRONG, rich, talented, and slightly dissipated, just enough so to be *interesting*. She is on the point of marrying him, when he proves himself unworthy, and is dismissed; and CHRISTINE, urged on by a friend, becomes a champion of Woman's Rights. By this course her friends become estranged, and her father, MR. ELLIOTT, expels her from his house. She lectures, and is becoming celebrated, when her father and aunt, incensed at her pursuance of a course which they think disgraces their family, determine to force her to retire from public life. By a well-concerted plan they place her in an insane asylum, and she remains there until nearly as insane as they have represented. However, she finally escapes, and establishes a sort of Home for poor women. It flourishes, and she finds herself at the head of a large establishment. All this time not a word has been heard of PHILIP, but now he appears in a dying condition, and as a dying man CHRISTINE marries him. But love, omnipotent as usual, restores him, and together they labor for the good of womankind. CHRISTINE's friends become reconciled to her, and she gives up lecturing, and becomes quite a model-wife. We like the book. It is well-written, the characters finely drawn, and well sustained; but we do not quite agree with the author in her advocacy of Woman's Rights.

DREAMS AND REALITIES OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. — REV. MR. CASTLEREAGH is a teacher who devotes himself to that calling from an ardent desire to do good. The book depicts his trials and discouragements, his strivings against them, and finally his overcoming them for a short time. Slight sketches are given of the characters of teachers and scholars, and of the manner in which the school is conducted. The health of REV. MR. CASTLEREAGH fails, and he is obliged to relinquish his designs. Broken down in mind and body, he retires from his school, and contents himself with thoughts of the good he has done. We do not like this book at all. It is written carelessly and incoherently, and in many places it is difficult to ascertain the author's meaning. Four or five pages are devoted to a discourse on the wickedness of playing marbles, and there is a very evident endeavor to introduce Latin quotations.

'PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES: 'ITALIAN SIGHTS AND PAPAL PRINCIPLES.' By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. — We like both of these books very much. They are written easily and entertainingly, and give, in a familiar way, pictures of French

and Italian home life. There is an interesting description of Pompeii in the 'Italian Sights;' and a dream, which the author has while there, is most excellently told.

'ELEMENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY,' included in a Critical Examination of LOCKE'S Essay on the Human Understanding; translated from the French of COUSIN, by Professor HENRY, D.D., has been issued, in a fourth edition, by Messrs. IVISON AND PHINNEY, of this city. Nearly twenty years ago there appeared in the pages of this magazine an amusing account of a meeting of the Metaphysical Society, on which occasion the question was discussed, '*Whether a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, devoureth second intentions?*' We were forcibly reminded of this while reading the following passage in the work named at the head of this article:

'This theory, which considers universal and necessary truths as abstractions, but as abstractions which have their ground and reason in things, is more true than the exclusive conceptualism which we first indicated and rejected, a conceptualism, which, shutting up truth in the human intelligence, makes the nature of things to be a phantom of the intelligence projecting itself everywhere out of itself, at once triumphant and powerless, since it produces every thing and produces nothing but chimeras. But although the peripatetic theory contains a large portion of truth, it is itself too narrow, too exclusive.'

But to be serious. The work under examination is not presented to the public in that forbidding black, long sacred to theological and metaphysical tomes. Indeed the grace and external beauty of the volume very properly typify that clearness of analysis, and that transparent flow of the style, by which the subject-matter is distinguished. In the whole five hundred and sixty-eight pages we have found but few foggy passages: one of which is given above. The higher class of students, and all earnest and intelligent thinkers everywhere, who do not already possess the work, will hail the opportunity to secure so valuable a contribution to the shadowy subject of modern psychology. It may be regarded as a skillful mapping out of the Ideal, leading one up to the very mountain-tops of Thought: those severe regions of calm contemplation, where all things may be viewed in their eternal relations, and where the true student finds his most exhilarating atmosphere. With this eloquent extract we conclude:

'MATTER is stirred and penetrated by forces which are not material, and it follows laws which attest an intelligence everywhere present. The finest chemical analysis arrives not to a nature dead and inert, but to a nature organized after its manner, which is not destitute of forces and of laws. In the depths of the abyss or in the heights of the heavens, in a grain of sand or a gigantic mountain, an immortal spirit rays forth from the grossest envelopes. Contemplate nature with the eyes of the body, but also with the eyes of the soul. Everywhere a moral impression will strike us, and form will seize upon us as a symbol of thought. We have said that with man and with the animal the figure is beautiful by its expression. And when you are on the summit of the Alps or in sight of the immense ocean, when you are present at the rising or the setting of the sun, at the breaking-out of the light, and at the coming on of night, do these imposing pictures produce in you no moral effect? Do all these great spectacles appear merely for appearance's sake, or do we not regard them as manifestations of an admirable power, intelligence, and wisdom, and is not the face of nature, so to speak, expressive as that of man?'

Our publisher is waxing eloquent — he is even enthusiastic. He says: 'As we step into our publication-office one of these warm June days, after a walk through the dusty streets, how refreshing do we find a draught of cooling ice-water. A small quantum of the pure Rockland Lake ice, the saving of which was so recently described in these pages, with a due proportion of Croton, is, by the ingenuity of some person, preserved in a double vessel of zinc; the space between the inner and outer jar being filled with cork or some mysterious preparation. But this fact we know, that a piece of ice in one of these COOLERS will last for twenty-four hours, and no office or dwelling should be without one. They are to be obtained of various sizes, and quite a variety of tastefully decorated styles, of Messrs. J. & C. BERRIAN, 601 Broadway, whose large and various assortment of house-furnishing goods attracts purchasers from every section of the country.'

PORTER'S RHETORICAL READER.—This far-famed reading-book has passed through a number of editions almost fabulous: and now having been enlarged by the addition of some two hundred pages of new reading matter, selected by J. N. McELLIOTT, LL.D.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 2.

THE SUBTLETIES OF SCOTT'S NAMES.

BY LLWYVEIN.

THERE are certain curious instances of resemblance between the proper names in Sir Walter Scott's writings and the individuals they represent, which may possibly have escaped the attention of some readers. An essay upon the merits of his works, which have been pronounced peerless by the judgment of his age, would fairly be deemed superfluous, and consequently we merely wish to point out certain subtleties of wit, and certain beauties of melody, with which his proper names abound, together with a few striking instances of similarity between names and characters. From Waverly to Castle Dangerous, from Marmion to Sir John De Walton, we have a strain of names, musical as the warbling of an Æolian harp, and whether the subject be lord or peasant, dowager or milk-maid, Cavalier or Puritan, harvest-field or haunted glen, to each is given a designation that impresses it indelibly on the mind of the reader, while fancy suggests the character to be developed. It is true that the tenaciousness with which the mind clings to the beautiful stories, often leads us to connect the character with the name ; but, nevertheless, the association is much aided by the designation selected. Wit, euphony, and fitness, are rivals from beginning to end of these names, each claiming the highest honors. Let the name be harsh at first sight, the apparent roughness disappears, and dissolves into euphony the instant that it is pronounced, and we often find wit lurking among formidable consonants, like a bud among briars.

The field of Bannockburn was not more full of pit-falls than Scott's names are full of puns, direct or indirect ; sometimes plainly expressed, at others only indicated by a resemblance in sound or spelling. If the word he selects be long, some prosy Gabriel Kettledrumle, who reminds us of 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,' and who was in the habit of 'preaching two mortal hours at a breathing,' is made re-

sponsible for it ; if short, some Callum Beg, more ready with his dagger than his tongue, is found to represent it.

The old tower relinquished to the rook, the cave inhabited by the gloomy bat, the glen

‘Where bogles dance o’er dead men’s graves,’

the dungeon of the captive, the cottage of the free, the palace of the rich, the hovel of the poor, all seem to have received from this gifted Caledonian pen their appropriate signification.

But let us stroll through the library at Abbotsford, and while we

DREAM of ‘the grand old masters,’
Dream of ‘the bards sublime ;
Whose distant foot-steps echo
Through the corridors of time,’

let us cull a few buds from this flower-garden of English literature, in support of our proposition.

Can any one imagine that Fitz-James was not a gallant ‘carpet knight,’ bred in the luxury of the lowlands ; or that the wild, free step of Roderick Dhu ever fell on other carpet than the heath of Clan Alpine ?

What visions of loveliness float around us at the mention of the Lady of the Lake : could she be other than

‘The bold and beautiful !’

And does not fancy lend a thousand charms to the little sheet of water, over which the fair Ellen Douglass once guided her skiff ?

Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine is standing at the door of his baronial mansion, quaffing a stirrup cup with some neighboring laird. What a braw name for the brave old baron, descended from a race who had claimed fealty of the yeomen of Bradwardine from the time of the Norman to the Stuart.

Who is that callous, hardy, active, devoted little Highlander, but ‘Callum Beg,’ who wanted to ‘kittle the quarters of ta auld deevil whig carle, wi’ her skene ocle’—in other words, to perform a summary surgical operation with his dagger on some unfortunate individual who happened to differ from him in opinion ?

How different from Jacob Jobson, the honest lowland peasant, who would ‘betray no mon’s bluid,’ whose knife was the sickle, whose sword was the plough. The bare knee, the gaudy hose, the gay tartan plaid, start up, as we pronounce the euphonious name, ‘Vich Jan Vohr,’ and well the Highland euphony hangs about the memory of this high-souled and determined chieftain.

The brightest flower that ever bloomed in Tully Veolan, budded into existence the day Rose Bradwardine first saw the light, and the Craigs of Glennaquoich are still ringing with the wild Celtic strain in which the daughter of Mac Ivor bade

‘THE race of Clan GILLIAN, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee.’

Woodburne sounds like the name of some secluded manor of which a Guy Mannering was lord, and a Julia the mistress, while Ellan-

gowan could never have belonged to a sneaking, glossy, pettifogging fellow like Glossin, when it was claimed by a Henry Bertram.

The traveller who finds himself near the kaim of Derncleugh at mid-night, begins to think of beings that have gone, and if he does not meet a troop of warlochs from the other world, or a troop of smugglers from this, in the wood of Warroch, it will be because he has got the herculean arm and pepper-and-mustard terriers of a Dandie Dinmont to defend him. We involuntarily utter pro-di-gi-ous as we think of the long, lank, absent-minded Dominie who,

‘Marvelling at his sable suit, stalked past;’

and the knife of the smuggler is fairly sticking in our ribs, as the desperate Dirk Hatteraick favors our imagination with a visit.

That old red cloak keeps the winds of Derncleugh from the form of a crazed but commanding woman, who, standing upon yon hill, asserts, with the prophetic force of madness, that

‘DARK shall be light,
And wrong done to right,
When BERTRAM’S right and BERTRAM’S might,
Shall meet on Ellangowan’s height,’

and something whispers it can only be Meg Merrilies. Pertinacious Mr. Oldbuck :

‘T IS said he was a soldier bred,
And one wad rather fa’en than fled.
But now he has quit the spurtle blade
And dog-skin wallet
And ta’en the antiquarian trade,
I think they call it :’

and certainly he was an antiquary, and, like many others of that class, often gave to remnants of antiquity an interest which must have astonished and mortified the musty relics considerably ; for no one could suppose that a buckle or button, fashioned by some honest Glasgow artisan in the eighteenth century could hear itself charged with having invaded Britain with the Cæsar, without a blush of indignation. It really is very hard upon such items, that they never can be accidentally buried, but some confounded ‘Dryasdust’ digs them up and charges them with being invaders of their country, or fossil remains of some antediluvian people, who probably never existed.

But the defence of these relics must be left to the thickness of the dust that hides them, and the brain that seeks them, while we return to our antiquary, of whom history asserts, that he was a fine old buck, and always ready to crack a bottle with the young fellows who sought his society, and that if he did violently remonstrate with Jenny Rintherout for running in and out his study, and for having the temerity to put it to rights, it was under his other appellation of Monkbarns. This latter cognomen, however, is as grateful to the ear as the former, if we consider him merely as the child of the cloister, and consider the cloister to mean his study, but otherwise it is a reflection upon the character of some one of his forefathers, for we believe the Church does not allow to monks the privilege of being ancestors.

Could Lovell have selected a better name for the home to which he was to convey his bride than Glenallan, or could the happy couple have wished for a more pleasant neighbor than the resuscitated Captain McIntire, who was fortunately made entire after a hole had been made through him in a duel ?

Herman Dousterswivel sounds very much like deuced swindler, and if he was not a cheating scoundrel, who emanated from some dike, we hope that he sued the author of his name for libel ; for if an intelligent jury of his countrymen could have been found willing to sit upon the case, they would probably have awarded damages without leaving the box. An old blue coat, and the wooden bench at the inn, remind us of the minstrel of Fairport, and we can almost see the staff bending as ' Ochiltree leans o'er it,'

' And mourns for auld Lang Syne.'

What a yelping of curs proceedeth from Osbaldistone Hall, and how unconcerned Sir Hildebrand sits among the litter of pups in the library, poring over 'Guillim,' and between occasional snores, reading for the hundredth time, the deeds of his ancestors of 'Cub Castle.'

How the old hall rings with the shouts of the revellers, and what a contemptuous smile crosses the face of the Jesuit Vaughan as he listens to the nightly orgies of these 'disciples of Nimrod and Bacchus.' Who can be the beautiful girl that has just dashed over yon five-barred gate on that high-bred steed, and with a tear in her eye, is now telling her lover, 'that her poor falcon Cheviot has spitted himself on a heron's bill at Horsely Moss,' but 'Die Vernon ?' That wily old Scotchman, Andrew Fairservice, need not have troubled himself to tell us 'there were many things ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning, like Rob Roy : ' we suspected it the instant we heard the name. What could be fitter for the prompt, bold, reckless, hardy chieftain of the Mac Gregors than this curt *soubriquet* of Rob Roy ? We imagine a broad, frank face, a strong arm, a bold step, a saucy and undaunted visage, must belong to that name, and that woe betides the man, who feels the weight of his basket-hilted broad-sword. In spite of his faults, true as his steel, and generous as a prince,

' Among the rocks he lived,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow :
The eagle, he was lord above
And Rob was lord below.'

What a bonnie bride for honest Hobbie Elliott was Grace Armstrong, and how his fist bangs down upon the tea-table as he hears the name of Westburnflat, the incendiary and robber.

Elshie, the recluse, may well have been the mis-shapen being who fled from a hated world to bury his sorrow in a hermit's hut ; but the little, old man, who once glided about among the gray stones of Muckle-stane Moor, threw off his elfish name with his disguise, and now stands before us, the gentleman both in heart and name,

' SIR EDWARD LAIRD of Ellieslaw,
The far-renowned Black Dwarf.'

A dream, fearful as Byron's, haunts us as we think of the poultry-boy, Guse Gibbie, and the headless chickens, jumping about him at Tillietudlem, which is only dissipated by the thought of the good ale which the name of the old butler, John Gudyill, suggests.

Drive the ale from our heads and the air smells of damp grass and mouldy tombstones at the mention of Old Mortality.

We remember that

'BENEATH those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

and we listen for the click of a chisel, or the neigh of a pony, as the name of the white-haired sculptor falls upon the ear.

What a cutting appellation is Claverhouse for the merciless commander, whose sword was always reeking with the blood of the Puritans; for him who would have dared

'To wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

How like in character to his name was the stout, unbending, burly Puritan, Balfour of Burley.

Could the fair Edith Bellenden, of Tillietudlem's tower, ever have been much affected by the discourses which that worthy man, Peter Poundtext, hammered into the brains of his hearers? We opine not, unless to sleep. What a stiff stomacher must have been worn by the Dowager Lady Margaret, and is she not precisely the person we can imagine, as living upon the recollection of a breakfast with Royalty?

We think of the palm and the date as we see the wide nostril and glossy coat of Morton's thorough-bred, the gallant Moorkopf, and we shudder at the maniac cries and furious gesticulations that emanate from

'PALE HABAKKUK MUCKLEWEATH,
Who cried God's will be done.'

Could we hope for eloquence from

'DUMBIEDIKES, that silent laird,
With love too deep to smile.'

or could the English language have produced a name more fitting for the simple-hearted, trusting maiden, who trudged so many weary miles to ask for mercy from 'McCallum More,' than Jeannie Deans, or one more suited to the loving, light-headed, once light-hearted sister, than Effie?

There is a sorrow in the name of the Bride of Lammermoor that rings upon the imagination like a death-knell, and our pride instantly arms itself, as we encounter the 'lofty brow and bearing high' of dark Ravenswood.

What Alderman could have angered the noble author so much as to make him name a jester 'Wamba, the son of Witless, the son of Weatherbrain, the son of an Alderman?'

What an appropriate name have we for the devoted, self-sacrificing Israelitish maiden, in

'BEAUTIFUL REBECCA,
Peerless daughter of a Jew.'

But one man in England could be found capable of draining that huge goblet of muscadine at a draught, or of finishing that formidable 'Karum pie' at one sitting, and that was Athelstane — a man of great weight in some respects — and we doubt if a whole herd of swine could have grunted out a more suitable designation for their keeper, than Gurth the son of Beowolf. We see the brawny arm of Friar Tuck as he tucks up his sleeve to do battle with the venison, with which his board groans; and the black bull's head on that huge shield tells plainly enough that it is the symbol of the gigantic *Front-de-Bœuf*.

Alfred could have had no descendant more Saxon than Rowena; chivalry no type more proper than the gallant *Ivanhoe*; and we hear the sylvan name of 'Locksley the Archer,' only to lose it in the sound of Robin Hood's bugle, as the 'King of the Forest' welcomes the glorious *Cœur-de-Lion* to the oaks of Sherwood.

Why is it that the name of Sir Piercie Shafton and a little bodkin are so indissolubly connected in our memory, and that it seems perfectly natural that he should have been the grand-son of that worthy tailor, 'Overstitch of Holderness?'

How musical is the name of 'The Monks of Kennaquhair;' and how like to the ambitious prelate, possessing

'A FIERY soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay,'

is that of Father Eustace.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that Hob Miller wore a white hat, and that he was frequently in the habit of asserting,

'I LIVE by the mill, God bless her!
She's parent, wife, and child.'

notwithstanding he was the progenitor of charming 'Black-eyed Mysie,' the cherry-cheeked 'Maid of the Mill?'

The mysterious 'Lady of the Mist,' who vanished into ether, singing,

'THE knot of faith at length is tied,
The churl is lord, the maid is bride;
Wither, bush, and perish, well,
Fallen is lofty AVENEL.'

was doubtless perfectly correct in this assertion, but Mary Avenel did not injure herself particularly by the fall referred to, for she fell into the arms of Halbert Glendinning, and his name is certainly sufficient to prove what a fine, warlike, and romantic fellow he was.

That sweet name of Mary Avenel, itself, comes wafted to our ear on the soft breezes of Glendearg, and we leave even them without regret, as we think:

'It's no the roar of sea or shore
Wad make me longer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts of war, that's heard afar,
But leaving thee, my bonny MARY.'

What a capital cognomen for a mumbling herald, whose life has been spent in blazoning the virtues of dead bones, is Mumblazen : how excellent a name for an old falconer is Adam Woodcock : or Magdalen for the enthusiastic devotee,

—— ‘THE pilgrim of that shrine,
Whose spirit triumphs o’er the tomb,
And makes its dust divine.’

Little wit is required to discover that our friend, Bryce Snailsfoot, was a trudging peddler, that ‘the generous old Udaller,’ Magnus Troil, was a magnate of some remote corner of the earth, like Zetland, or that

‘THE witch who raised her withered arm
And waved her hand on high,
And muttered many a fearful charm,
While lightning filled her eye,’

was ‘Norna of the Fitful Head,’ the wild Reim-kennar of the North. What a host of melodious names have we in Glenvarloch, Hermione, Red Gauntlet, Wandering Willie, Peveril of the Peak, Fenella, Cr  c  ur, Le Balaf  r  , and Dunois. Who can forget that Hayraddin was the infidel Bohemian, whose last thought on earth was of his fleet horse, Klepper ; and how appropriately the Lady Hameline fulfils the destiny marked out for her by her sponsors, in marrying the Wild Boar of Ardennes.

Ph  be Mayflower reminds us of the dogwood and violets of Woodstock, and down the lofty avenue comes a voice singing :

‘HEX for Cavaliers,
Ho for Cavaliers!’

as we think of that wild, rakish devil, Roger Wildrake.

But we have trespassed too long on these generous columns, and had we the wit, we might conclude as Swaim did his beautiful ‘Dryburgh Abbey,’ by telling you that

‘THE vision and the voice are o’er,
Their influence waned away,
Like music o’er a summer’s lake
At the golden close of day :
The vision and the voice are o’er,
But when will be forgot
The buried Genius of Romance,
The imperishable Scorr?’

Such a poetic flight, however, is somewhat too high for our present mood, and as the fate of ‘Icarus’ is still fresh in our memory, we will merely remark that Master Holdenough’s name is, perhaps, the best of all, since it reminds us that we must stop, and consoles us with the reflection that

‘A good break-down is better than a bad speech.’

ALL our life’s quick-running flight
Is through never-changing twilight :
Past, revealed day crowds on us ever :
Ever rush we toward the future night,
Yet we reach the future never!

A V I S I O N O F M O U N T V E R N O N .

WASHINGTON and his brethren of the Revolution contemplating the efforts of the Daughters of America, now seeking to adorn the spot that holds his ashes.

BY ISAAC MACGILLIAN

METHINKS in yonder spangled skies
'Mid blissful bowers of paradise,
Thy awful spirit I discern;
I see thy mournful glances turn
To Vernon's faded, broken urn!
Then sudden a celestial glow
Brightens thy sad o'erclouded brow,
As thy fair daughters o'er thy mould
Up-build the shaft of gleamy gold,
All garlanded with wreaths of fame,
All radiant with thy shining name.

The war-scarred swordsmen, bronzed and worn,
Who followed long thy flaming spear,
And marched at last, with banners torn
And muffled drum, beside thy bier;
From war-like camp and life's rough roads
Have passed to heavenly calm abodes,
Where wearied veterans drop their loads;
But still their children's children rear
The shaft whose topmost gilded stone
Shall bear the name of WASHINGTON!

Far off in shadowy parade
I seem to see their hosts arrayed,
The well-known Continental troop,
A stern-faced, grand, majestic group,
In antique garb, with ancient blade,
The army of the dead!
And each with pleasure-beaming glance
Surveys his country's broad expanse,
Wide o'er the bleak, black rocks of Maine,
Wide o'er the prairie's flowery plain,
From sea to flashing sea!
Delighted, o'er that rich domain,
They see a countless flower-crowned band,
The lovely daughters of the land,
Each bearing in her rosy hand
Some gift, some jewel of the mine,
To deck her Father's native shrine!

Methinks on each stern warrior's brow
A smile celestial spread its glow
As morning tints the mountain snow,
With bloom so rosy-red;
Methinks the grand old chief doth wear
A softer look, a prouder air,
As if some cloudy shade of care
Had from his visage fled;
Oh! well may transports fire their eyes
Seeing this sacred altar rise!

Seeing their daughters' lovely shapes,
 From forest wilds, from jutting capes,
 From north, from south, from east, from west
 A long procession, flower-drest,
 Fair pilgrims seeking Vernon's grave,
 Where sobs Potomac's mournful wave;
 And there 'mid choral psalms of praise,
 'Mid sweetest, holiest melodies,
 They labor till the shaft they raise
 High soaring to the bending skies!

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

R E A L I T I E S .

'SHE has received a deep wound in her tenderness. I can see how it is. So devotedly as she has loved her father; so many perhaps unheeded sacrifices as she has ever made to his comfort and consolation; the rude indifference to her dearest feelings which he manifested in the manner of this rupture, has wounded her deeply. It is a sore trial to a child so good and dutiful.' — Mr. SORREL.

IN novels we see people compensated for all manner of misfortunes, by the ultimate accomplishment of their wishes; they do at length reach the haven of peace and happiness after having been long tempest-tossed. But in real life the scales are seldom balanced so nicely. It is to the life to come that we must look for the solution of mysteries and the final reward.

I had been crushed and tortured, but I was not dead. I had been thwarted in every path in which I had sought happiness, in every way in which happiness could come to me. I had been in love, had been engaged, had had every fibre of my soul knit to the soul of another, and felt them one by one torn and wrenched from their fastenings. I had wished to die, but I was not dead. What should I do? 'There might indeed be another as good, many a great deal better;' and love, I verily believe, love as strong, as deep, as true, might be inspired by more than one; but in all the wide world of millions I might not meet him, and were he at my feet, most firmly had I resolved that I would not listen to him.

Neither argument nor ridicule had convinced me that love was 'folly and nonsense.' I not only believed now, but knew and felt that it was first in purity and loftiness of all the emotions planted in our souls. But it was a boon denied me, and though there would be no life in the existence, I could exist without it. But henceforth inactivity and monotony must be abjured. I was not obliged to toil for bread. I almost wished I was, that there might be an apology in the eyes of the world for what I was resolved to do, and not entirely eradicated from my heart was the terror of what 'they would say.'

Aunt Ida endeavored to comfort me by reminding me that I was rich, and should have plenty of better offers, and when one presented itself not long afterward in the form of what the world calls an 'eligible match,' a man who was also rich, would make 'so kind a husband' and 'excellent provider,' she was astonished that I would not even 'think of it.' She was sure I should never have a 'better chance,' and perhaps if I did not 'take up with it' I should never have another! She hoped I did not mean to be an 'old maid,' because I had been 'disappointed.'

I did not reveal to her my silent meditations, nor attempt to make her understand that a walking account-book would be no so very desirable accompaniment in my earthly pilgrimage; for none of these things would she have comprehended, and would have cried fudge to my sentimentalism. Neither did I tell her what I say to this paper with about the same probability of being understood, that few women are in danger of dying of sentimentalism. The worst effect of the floods of fiction and romance, is not that of making young ladies too exclusive, or too much in love with heroes ever to be content with ordinary human beings. The sentiment which is an inalienable birth-right, that they must love something; and another, which they imbibe as soon as they can listen, and are formally taught as soon as they can understand, that they must be married to something, leaves very few who have the courage — and it requires a great deal — to wed themselves to imaginary heroes.

I was not dead, and there was a long way before me: how long it seemed then from the cradle to the grave! What should I do?

First, elasticity must be restored. Should I sit down in quiet and trust to the mere force of resolutions to preserve health, I should soon be sunk in hopeless despondency, and not the 'Worm of the Still,' but one far more insidious would fasten itself upon my vitals; one that would for ever gnaw, but alas! would never consume! It is a slow way of dying!

I must live:

'BEAR up, yet still bear up: no bark did e'er
By stooping to the storm of fear, escape the tempest's wrath.'

It is not womanly to be brave; it is far more proper to pine and die; and whether more seemly or not, there are few who have the power to do otherwise.

My childish recollections of the city were not all rose-color, but I could conceive of its having the power to divert, and diversion was my first object; therefore to the city I resolved to go.

My brother had married. I had been the repository of his hopes and fears, his success and ecstasies during all the season of courtship. I had given him sympathy, and had also given him aid. The rough places had more than once required to be made smooth, and the zigzag stream to be forced into a more compliant channel; and when the sky was dark, or the waters troubled, he sadly needed the magnetism of a gentle hand and a loving heart. Strange that it never occurred to him that she who ministered unto him needed also to be ministered unto. He

listened to her sorrowful story, but could not see that it was of 'any great consequence.' He was happy, it was enough for him. It was her duty to be happy, and he could only see that it was troublesome and annoying if she was not. If she was not blithe and gay, and ready at all times to amuse him, why she was moping, and her moods conflicted with his new-found joyousness. Once she was necessary to his happiness; now she could not add to it and she must not permit the clouds which hovered over her to shadow his path.

He was married, and if I wished to go to the city I was welcome to his home; but he was astonished that I was so weak as to need diversion, and my duties were at home, where I ought to be cheerful and contented.

Another dream had ended. Another of life's lessons had been thoroughly learned. 'Woman is made dependent. God has given her natural protectors.' How firmly they support her! How kindly they sustain her!

But I must live, whether sustained and supported or not; with no one else to rely upon, I must be self-relying.

I needed diversion, however weak it might be, or mind and body would soon be utterly prostrate. I could not travel. I had no escort. The city was the only place where propriety allowed me to amuse myself. I went and amused myself. I was in the bustling world, but not of it. In all the gay and endless throngs there were none who knew or cared for me. I dreamed away hours in the dimly-lighted halls of works of art, and threaded the dark alleys of the wretched and poverty-stricken; talked with beggars, and sat upon the marble steps of some princely palace to listen to the wild or plaintive tones of the wending musician, and did at length grow forgetful of self. There opened to me a new world, and awoke within me a new life.

Some good people are in the habit of advising others to be happy, of telling them it is their duty to be happy, as if happiness could come at our call; as if it were a thing to be planted and watered; and with not less complacency we are often admonished how meekly we should bear misfortune; pain, disease, or calumny, by those who would sink under the steady *anticipation* of any one of these evils. We are told to be blind to our parents' faults, while we have it enjoined as a duty to study the faults of all others as the only means of avoiding them, as if this blindness were a matter of the will, as if we could help seeing what is ever before our eyes, or help judging actions that more intimately concern us than any others.

I had been educated to think amusements of all kinds, not only a waste of time but sinful in themselves, and my educated conscience was a long time in discerning the faults of its education. Those who had so degenerated as to need the stimulus of excitement, I had been in the habit of supposing lost to all that was noble and good. Very truly may they congratulate themselves who have never been obliged to resort to it; but if there must be a choice between excitement and morbid inactivity, there can be no hesitation which to choose. There are few people who can understand what they themselves have not experienced; and to my brother, who had been always well, always happy, always

his own master, and always prosperous, the idea of being morbid, of needing medicine for the mind, was only ridiculous. If I had had a fever, he could have understood that I needed pills and powders ; if I had had a wound, that I needed bandages and anodynes ; but that the soul could be sick, or the mind suffer, was an idea to be treated only with contempt. He did not need diversion, and could not waste his time in furnishing it to others. Then came again the consciousness of woman's dependence, her utter inability to take care of herself. How often I sat at the window and looked out upon the park, longing to stroll alone its moon-lit paths, or watched the gay crowds to whom amusement was the end and aim of life, and wished society allowed me also free agency, not the freedom to consecrate life to pleasure, but to diversify it, and thus make it more useful.

But there were many things I was at liberty to observe, and I made the best use I was able of my powers. I was somewhat green. I should be if I had been born in Fifth Avenue and lived there a century. To those who had lived there two years and a half, it was perfectly amazing that I did not know any omnibus line in the city, the name of every church and its pastor, all the people who kept carriages, in which streets it was proper to acknowledge one had acquaintances living, and that no lady would think of wearing a hat made by any but a French milliner. 'Gloves in Sixth Avenue ! who would think of buying gloves in Sixth Avenue !'

'But why are they not just as good ? Do the manufacturers have one quality for Broadway, and another for streets of lesser dignity ?'

'I know it is very easy to tell the difference.'

'I pray you will not keep staring in at the windows,' said a young lady with whom I was walking down Broadway ; 'people will know you have just come from the country.'

'What if they do ? I am from the country, and I came to the city on purpose to stare in at the windows, and with all my staring I think I shall never out-do those who stare at us when they come in the country.'

'Well, that's different.'

It was different I could see, but that it was better I could not see ; and in future I walked alone, and gazed at any thing that promised remuneration for my pains. There was no such thing as modifying and remodelling me, so but what it would be evident that I was not a fashionable lady, though I did consent to go to Madam B.'s, where I passed through an ordeal very much like that to which I had often, in my thoughtless cruelty, subjected Christmas and Thanksgiving turkeys, previous to the last fiery trial. I was stuffed and pinioned, compressed and inflated, pulled this way and that way, and most minutely instructed in 'manners.' I made many friends who expressed great interest in my promotion, and anxiously suggested a thousand things for my improvement. One especially took upon herself the unpleasant but purely benevolent task of enumerating the disagreeable things there were about me, in mind, character, and person, and as often as two or three times a week devoted an hour to comparing me with others, in order to prove my inferiority. It would greatly multiply my attrac-

tions if I dressed like Miss D., and walked like Miss L.; if I sat demure like Miss P., for it is exceedingly ungentle to be guilty of animation. I had never studied to make myself attractive, and conscious that those who are constituted our protectors, think it is only beauty that needs protection, I had never any hope of securing their kind guardianship. I was not indifferent, perhaps was not quite resigned to neglect. I had more than once coveted the charms others possessed, as well as the attention they were sure to receive, though I do not think envy ever took possession of my soul. But if my taste had been consulted, I certainly should not have given an orange tint to my complexion, that would almost prompt the benevolent to offer me free passage to the New Republic : nor adorned my face with a three-cornered protuberance, bearing very little resemblance to a Christian nose. Had the option remained with me, I should have chosen auburn instead of raven hair, and the genuine Anglo-Saxon bloom for my cheeks. I should have preferred the ease and elegance which nature knows how to confer, to the awkwardness I was so painfully conscious of having inherited ; but I was equally well aware that these were things not to be acquired. I fully appreciated the kindness of those who wished to prepare me for the 'only proper sphere of woman,' by increasing my market value, and my friend informed me for my encouragement, that she had actually known homely girls to get married ! Had it not been for my experience, my hopes might have been revived by this assurance ; but very naturally my efforts in this line corresponded with my languishing aspirations, though I reserved this bit of confidence for my readers only.

I shall not bring upon myself the attacks of all the critics for advocating 'woman's rights,' 'woman's education,' or 'woman's progress,' in any respect, not being among those who, in the language of one who considers himself very wise on the subject, 'think it a great wrong or any wrong at all that wifehood and maternity are made the great end of woman's life.' But we do not think with him that the exceptions are rare, so rare as to be entirely without significance, that happy women, those who discharge with satisfaction and completeness all the duties peculiar to womanhood, are entirely satisfied with woman's whole position. They do not consider it quite proved that the majority of women are as well provided for and as happy as the majority of men, if independence and free-agency have any thing to do with happiness. But experience being in many things not the best merely, but the only teacher, it is useless to attempt to instruct in any other way men, who being men, can never appreciate their own peculiar privileges, and not being women, can never understand *their* peculiar wants.

The consciousness became more than ever painful, that to have no duties at all to perform, was a kind of life more oppressive than to be condemned to the veriest drudgery. I could not get so interested and absorbed in dressing as to feel it a sufficient object in life. Amusements, when I could enjoy them, were sufficient for the hour, and then appeared the vacuum more and more appalling.

The little wife with whom I was domiciled was 'so contented and so happy,' and continually congratulating herself that excitement and

change were not necessary to her nature. She not only had a home for her heart, but a house in which to exercise her mind, her taste ; to plan, arrange, construct, and direct, all of which combined, does furnish enough for any true woman's nature, and the more womanly she is the more certain it will prove that without these she will be restless and demand a substitute.

But it is not those who have plenty of wifely and motherly duties to perform, who are always content and happy, as I learned in the little time spent in the family of a notable uncle, who, finding I had come to the city, thought meet to invite me to his house. I had never then seen any thing in the way of grandeur quite so grand as my uncle Gideon's establishment, and was still so green as to suppose happiness must necessarily dwell in the midst of so much luxury.

I had scarcely known of their existence till now, as for some reason there had been a sort of family feud which had interrupted, for many years, all family-visiting, and accepted the invitation as a sort of stepping-stone to peace and good-will.

When the appointed day arrived I was of course expected, but it is very ungentle and countrified for friends to greet friends at the door, and I saw nothing of mine till I had been ushered up three flights of stairs, not into the best chamber, because I am a country friend, and the third-best will do for me, of which I am not disposed to complain, except that it is a long way up, and is a dormitory far more elegant than I have been in the habit of occupying, and not till I had spent there some three or four hours. The furniture is all made to order, and made to correspond, and every article is of rose-wood of the finest polish. Over the fire-place is a Madonna, from the hands of one of the old masters. Over the toilet-table is a mirror which reflects me more beautiful than nature ever dreamed of making me, and this, during all my stay, compensates for many other evils ; for I confess what perhaps few women will, that I like to go away from the mirror with a comfortable feeling, which I am sure is not sin, as it is only a comfortable feeling that is ever allowed me. My bed, could it be down ? no, that would be fifty years behind the age. Yet it is quite as downy in the sensation it produces, as I sink to slumber in its depths. The curtains are lace, of course, but I am almost deluded into the belief that a fancy cloud of morning is hovering over me with its dancing shadows reflected upon the amber-colored satin below. I purify myself in a crystal fountain that flows through silver forests into a marble basin, and walk upon tapestry that would yield to the pressure of the tiniest foot of elfin sprite.

Not till the shadows begin to fall, and I am almost falling from faintness, does the dinner hour arrive, and not till this important occasion, do I meet the family, who have been airing and dressing, and have not before assembled in the parlor.

My uncle, whose name was not Gideon, merely, but Gideon Frisby, was a man who had seen some sixty years, and ought to have been still young, as all men ought to be at this age, but he had withered his soul, and narrowed his mind, by speculating among bonds and mortgages, till there was scarcely any of the immortal part left, and, as is

always the case, the furrows of the heart are stamped upon the face. There is no truer way to read the man than to trace the lines upon his brow. By which I do not mean to imply that the brow may not be all furrows, and age be written upon every feature, and they yet gleam with a beauty surpassing the bloom of the ruddiest youth. But this beauty never gleams from the sordid soul.

My aunt was married in the days of her youth, and was therefore nearly of the same age as her husband, and nearly twice his size. They began life as most Americans do, in a small way, and lived in the same small way till they were able to come suddenly forth and play the part of prince and noble, and suddenly astonish the world, the little world for which they lived, by an establishment which few would hope to rival.

When we meet I am greeted with all the cordiality consistent with decorum, and though it is not expressed, I feel quite confident that they have not objected to my staying, and on the whole rather like the idea. Before dinner there is time for me to look about, and it is evidently expected that I shall open my eyes with wonder, and express the greatest astonishment at what they are permitted to behold. I am somewhat dazzled, to be sure, in these great saloons, which seem like something of which I may have read in eastern fable, but which I did not really suppose existed in modern and especially model Republics ! The chairs actually stood upon golden legs, 'like Miss Kilmansegs,' and were covered with cloth, the warp and woof of which were gold. Statues and statuettes, in a state of nature, stood in every nook and corner, and all manner of saints and angels, winged cherubs and cherubims were in a similar interesting state upon the walls. I was no longer so unsophisticated as to be shocked, for I had learned that this was exhibiting myself in a way to make my friends blush more for me than I did for them ; for of course I could learn nothing of art if I had not learned to look with an artist's eye upon his works. My eyes had become skilled in the unfaltering gaze that proved them to be *habitués* and I had not forgot the lessons which had been so often inculcated, that it is extremely vulgar to appear natural, and while I continually reiterated 'oh !' and 'ah !' I did it according to the most approved methods. I was expected to stare and to admire as if it were the first time I had seen any thing quite so worthy of admiration, and felt very much while I was doing it, as I often had in the Museum, where I had paid two shillings for admittance.

But at length the tinkle of the silver bell announces dinner. The table groans with luxuries, and course after course comes round, till dining seems to you the most wearisome and disgusting of ceremonies. There is no conversation, for this would interrupt the main business, and they have never even learned the meaning of conversation.

My Aunt Dolly was the personification of every thing coarse and vulgar in woman. That she had no education, was not her fault ; that she had neither perception nor discernment, might not be her fault either ; but that she was without principle, though making great professions to piety, a slave to fashion, and in continual trepidation lest those as ignorant and vulgar as herself should suspect her of not being versed in

all the minutiae of fashionable etiquette, it seems to me could not be the fault of HIM who made her. She evidently had the false idea that dress is the most important element in the formation of a lady, and it is very true that the real lady may be known by her dress. But I have seen one who did not spend twenty dollars a year upon her personal apparel, whose dress would indicate to the most superficial glance that it belonged to one who was, in every thought and motion, a lady. How to *seem* a lady had been for several years the study of my Aunt Dolly, and if she had devoted the same time to studying *to be* one, I think she might have learned, at least, to act well her part.

What a scene of genuine enjoyment might have been made of their gilded palace! Before they were ready to inhabit it, their children were all married or dead; so, instead of surrounding themselves with sunny human faces, and creating an atmosphere of love and sympathy, of winning new hearts and binding them by honest and hearty kindness, they chose society made up of statues, whose breath was more chilling than the touch of marble.

'Why may not a few friends come in and enjoy a social evening?' I would inquire of my would-be stately aunt.

'Oh! nobody does it in the city,' was the stereotyped reply to this and every other question that referred to genuine enjoyment. Is there no company to vary the monotony? Oh! yes; at certain hours there are carriages at the door; the bell rings responsive to the touch of liveried servants; doors open to admit these various and sundry statues dressed not in classic but in Parisian fashion, and from their lips fall, in measured cadence, stereotyped phrases; bows are exchanged; *exeunt*; the carriage rolls away, and the mistress of the establishment congratulates herself that she belongs to the first society—that her house and its adornings are the wonder of all eyes—that she is Mrs. Gideon Frisby! They long ago bade adieu to comfort and every thing like happiness, but what matters, now that they are fashionable and genteel? Is it absolutely necessary, thought I, to become a fool as one becomes rich? to give up happiness as one gains gold? I must not go into the street without an array which requires an hour's arrangement, and when there, I must walk as if my muscles were a regularly-constructed machine, some of the complicated springs of which would break if I should move contrary to rule. And who is going to think the worse of me if I venture to be an independent, self-relying, natural being? Why, not ten people in the great city know me at all. In the street I should not, in a whole week, meet one who would recognize me; and if I should, of what consequence is the opinion which depends entirely upon the fashion of my dress? Alas! this is a question nobody can answer. There we are, all mourning that we are slaves; but when we ask, 'Slaves to whom and to what?' the only reply is, 'To one another, and a fashion which we alone make.' Each one hates it, abhors it, and each one bows down to the goddess who commands it.

'It is so expensive staying in the city,' was an expression I had often heard, and I soon found how true it was, and learned also, that one great reason is that there is so much necessary for display there is little left for comfort. There was no provision for the coughs, the colds, the

head-aches or heart-aches of her friends in the store-house of my aunt. There was no medicine-chest, or shelf with row of labelled bottles, and it seemed to me there was not a grain of sympathy in her bosom, and if there had ever been a drop of the milk of human kindness, it had long ago been turned to something worse than bitterness.

'Have you a head-ache, and would you like a little camphor?' You can get the gum at the druggist's and the alcohol at the liquor-store, 'round the corner,' and when it has stood three or four days it will be fit for use, and by that time, very likely you will not again want it.

'Have you a cold, and would you like a little of the nice herb drink that never failed to cure you at home?' The servant can run out and get you a paper for two shillings. A penny's worth is all you need, but there are no such quantities in this great mart.

It is indeed expensive living in the city. How much it costs to dress, so that one is presentable among one's fashionable friends. What a quantity of embroideries are soiled every week, and what a bill the laundress makes out; for to have washing done in the house is not one of the privileges accorded to a guest. Servants do not like it to have extra washing, and to be at extra trouble to entertain people is no part of modern hospitality. In the country it is different. We have all our food and raiment free of expense; we have carriages and horses, but it costs nothing to buy or keep them. The grain grows in the fields 'without money and without price.' We have no servants, so of course we do not have to pay them. We do our own work and waiting, but surely it is no labor, at least our gentility is not affected by it. City friends come and stay days and weeks, and imagine they are doing us a favor, but every thing costs so much in the city that these same friends can scarcely be invited to dine in return for the cordial hospitality that was bestowed without a look or word that reminded them they were either expense or trouble.

Cold, stately, and formal, heartless, vulgar splendor! These were the expressions that escaped my lips as I strolled about the gorgeous apartments at my Uncle Gideon's. Even the very fire seemed to chill one, and the brilliant reflectors to cast upon one cold, dark shadows that lay like clods upon the heart. Every thing was done with the precision of clock work; the breakfast-bell rang, the dinner-bell rang, and the tea-bell rang at an invariable moment, and all was cheerless as a felon's meal. Like my Lady Dedlock's house, 'it was a fairy land to visit, but a desert to live in.'

And was there no thought of higher or better things, with all this pomp and show? Oh! yes. The church had no more meekly-bowing devotees, and no more munificent patrons. Just witness the Sunday morning preparations for the house of God. It is the family only who deserve the Sabbath. The Sabbath, evidently, was not made for servants. They are busy with breakfast; more busy with dinner, which is a genuine Sunday dinner, far more elaborate than any other day, and the dressing is more elaborate than for any other occasion, except a ball. The Sabbath hat and Sabbath cloak are of richer and more costly material. The driver and the footman spend a longer time in furbishing the horses and carriage to stand before the church door, and there is an

appearance all around the house of festivity and celebration. When all things are ready, we move off with something of the grandeur of a cavalcade. Does not every body stare when we walk through the aisle? What a sin it would be to stay away from church! What a wicked thing it is not to support the Gospel! Look around: CHRIST said 'the poor shall have the Gospel preached to them.' I wonder where they are to assemble in order to hear it? and whose office it is to preach it to them? There are certainly none of them here. The minister adapts his sermon to the consciences and especially to the purses of his hearers. Nobody is startled, nobody is offended, nobody is aroused. Can it possibly be a sermon unto edification? Every thing is done with the stateliness and solemnity of a court parade, and when the ceremonies are over we go home. The dinner is ready to refresh us, and there are two or three gentlemen to dine.

'We had a most excellent discourse,' is remarked by one, while his eyes seem to be engrossed by the excellent dinner; and 'The Doctor was himself to-day,' remarks another, and 'The church was well filled, chimes a third, and neither word nor doctrine receives farther comment; but Mrs. B.'s carriage and Mrs. D.'s feathers are thoroughly discussed. The afternoon is spent in sleeping, and the evening at the prayer-meeting; and one Sunday is like every other, and all weeks the same.

What conception had my Aunt Dolly of the 'holy duties of womanhood,' may easily be inferred; but to answer would require a book, at least a chapter, and when it is written, it will be the history of hundreds and thousands on whom the 'holy' duties of womanhood devolve.

THE SAND.

BY H. B. WILDMAN.

How pleasant 't is to wander back
O'er memory's fairy-land,
To days when I a 'bare-foot boy,'
Made 'foot-prints in the sand:'

To days when childhood's guerdon-wreath
By pleasure's gale was fanned;
To days when I, with mimic-plough,
Made furrows in the sand:

To days when I and SEXY met
Upon the sea-girt strand;
And we vowed love, beneath the stars,
And wrote our names in sand.

But oh! the change, to me how sad,
When TIME lifts up his hand,
To see him turn his hour-glass,
And sift the fatal sand!

For such, I know, my fate must be,
That DEATH will burst the band;
And I, too soon, be called to count
My life's last grain of sand!

Then may I study well the text,
To meet the stern demand;
And read with less distrust and fear,
The language of the sand.

Danbury, (Conn.)

Carwallon's Feast.

BY E. N. V.

'LOUD joy in the hall,
There was the sound of the harp,
Sweet sang the bards.' — BEOWULF.

'And there was mounting in hot haste.' — BYRON.

'T WAS night:
In CARWALLON'S royal hall
Were sounds of joyous festival:
From the smitten cord was poured along
The burden of the bard's wild song;
The song that in rude numbers told
The valorous feats of warriors old,
Then happy in the halls of THOR,
Waging there celestial war,
Or quaffing with shouts of skoal! skoal!
The golden mead from the o'erflowing bowl
But hark! amid this joyous din
Another sound breaks sudden in;
'Tis the dull echo of trampling feet,
'Tis a galloping charger's measured beat.
On, on it came, with furious speed;
Down leaped the rider from his steed;
And upward through the festal hall,
He strode amid the revellers all;
Then paused, and, gasping, only cried,
'The Roman comes!' and sunk and died.

Down fell the sounding harp,
And down the half-drained goblet fell;
Wild to the ringing rafters rose,
The loud, reëchoing yell:
'To arms! the foe! they come, they come!
The trirèmes of all-grasping Rome.
Lift the bended bow on high,*
Pour on the winds the wild war-cry;
Roman widows, through long, long years,
Shall re-count with many tears,
How Britons, like an avalanche, rushed
On the glittering ranks of the foe they crushed.'
Flashed from its sheath the gleaming steel;
Loud rose the war-trump's clanging peal;
Steeds were joined to the battle-car;
Armed hands were raised to THOR;
Then, forth to guard Britannia's coasts,
Poured her sons' embattled hosts.

Easton, (Pa.), 1856.

* It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers through the land, each bearing a bended bow.

M Y F I R S T D U E L .

'FATHER, Mr. C — was talking to-day about old college times, when he and you were students together at M — University, in the North, and in the course of his conversation, spoke of a duel which you and a friend of yours fought while there. How was it? What was the cause? Tell me, won't you?'

'Well, my boy, it was one of those affairs of honor, as they are now called, which I thought a brave and chivalrous thing to enter into, and for which I am now heartily ashamed. However, I will relate it to you, and bid you be careful lest you fall into as dire and unnecessary a snare as I, from the impulse of my over-quick temper and revengeful spirit, became entangled. Mother, do you wish to hear it?' This was addressed to my wife, a clear, blue-eyed dame, now looking with eyes of strange alarm on me and her boy, this having been the first time she had ever, during the course of our married life, even dreamed of such an adventure of her husband's.

'Oh! yes. I should like to know something of that myself.'

'Well, then, here it is. Twenty years ago saw me a member of the Freshman class at M — University, a careless, reckless, fearless boy of sixteen. My father, God bless him! presented me, when I left his roof-tree in Florida, in order to amuse myself, in my leisure hours, fearing I might over-work myself if I had no inducement otherwise, with a fine light rifle, a suit of Indian-dressed deer-skin, powder, and bullet-pouch, and, to crown all, a large, magnificently-made dog, which he had brought home with him from Ireland, whither he had been a year or two before. This hound was of a mouse-color, with a fine fox nose, long slim legs, and stood nearly four feet high. His eyes were never still, always watching some object, even at his meals; and as to his general reputation among the fellows, he could out-run, out-scent, out-bay any dog, within a hundred miles of M —. Satan was the name he bore at home, and for old remembrances this diabolical name followed him wherever he went. Among the members of the unacknowledged secret and sporting club, to which I belonged, yecept 'The Provisional Government,' was George E —, a rather fast and unscrupulous sportsman, whose whole time was spent, instead of at his books, as it should have been, coursing the woods, and dealing destruction upon all game, of whatever quality, that crossed his hunting path. To him as a leader, I could have bowed in submissive homage; but as a shot, with rifle or pistol, I acknowledged no superior at that time, for I was then a perfect marksman. Strange feats I could tell you, as to my aim and general prowess, but they have no connection with the present relation.

'One Saturday morning, George came to me and said: 'Well, Jim, there has been a fine fall of snow last evening, and the rabbits and squirrels will be plentiful this morning: shall we try the woods?'

'I gave him no answer for a moment, and he resumed: 'If you do not wish to go, I will take Satan, and go alone.'

'Now Satan had a great difficulty in distinguishing between us, as to who was his master : George assuming as much control over him as I did myself, and the dog would follow him with as little persuasion as he would me.

'Well, George, wait a moment till I dress myself, and I will accompany you.'

'I went to my room, equipped, and started out, rifle on shoulder, for the piney woods.

'I forgot to tell you in my preamble that George's father was one of the Professors in the University, and that in college honor, George outranked me. The house he lived in was situated within the college-grounds, and immediately behind the boundary of the same, the woods commenced thick and uncleared. It was the season when the farmers gathered, in pails and buckets, the sap of the sugar-maple, and boiled the saccharine juice until the consistent sugar was obtained. It was a favorite amusement of ours to go to the sugar-camps far away in the woods, and sit around the big fires, and listen to the jokes of the boilers, and taste the steaming syrup. It had been our custom every day to go at the evening gloaming, and stay till late at night, smoking our short pipes, and drinking our 'Old Rye' out of a leaf noggin ; and we never thought ourselves far from home, until we had left the sugar-boilings four or five miles behind.

'Distant about four miles from our domicile was the largest and most complete sugar-camp in the country. Toward this we now bent our steps. Satan coursed on before, racing here and there, sometimes starting a deer or rabbit, which we endeavored to kill and bag with varied success, while on he went, yelling and scouting, as if all were but play to him. Leisurely we followed, often excited by the break of a deer across our path, but never varying from our accustomed track, save to pick up our game. About noon we reached the camp, and around the fire made in the snow, and composed of combustible substances of every description, we found our old cronies, the sugar-boilers, and were heartily welcomed, as just 'in pudding time.' There in the snow, some half-dozen yards from the fire, they were sitting upon branches and logs, eating their noon-day meal. We were, of course, invited to partake, and quickly disposing of our rifles, accoutrements, and game, fell to work in right hungry and masterly style, and did our duty, with the best among them, our long march having sharpened our already gnawing appetites. Satan received as much of welcome as his masters, and was regaled with his share, never scrupling to take his bit from one more than another. Conversation now turned upon the state of the woods, and the quantity of game, and where it were best found, and in the greatest quantity. This camp was honored with the cognomen of 'The Eagle's Nest,' it being the top-most eyrie in a long range of hills, which stretched toward the eastward from us, far as the eye could reach, and on various occasions the great bald eagles, illustrious emblems of the liberty of our country, had made it a consecrated spot whereon to build their enormous nests. Still on the height in the fissures, betwixt two great rocks, could be found mosses and twigs, remnants of the last resting-place of these gigantic birds. Many

a shot had George and I had at one of these feathered aristocrats, from the very spot on which we now stood, and although marksmen of superior ability, yet neither had been able to oblige one of them to stoop from his high flight. We were told game had been seen that very morning, making a range toward another track of highland, some five miles distant, and that, without doubt, we should find straggling parties of deer between our present stand and the 'Toad Hollow,' another valley between the hills, far away to the east. We soon finished our chat, and started on the trail, Satan as usual leading the way. After a few hundred yards had been passed, and Satan had been lost sight of for some time, we were astonished by hearing far ahead the loud baying of the dog, yelling in such a manner that we were convinced game must have been started, and that of a superior quality to what we had been in the habit of following. On we went, fast as we could clear a track through the under-bush, stealing along stilly and slyly, for fear of rousing some hidden partridge or timid rabbit, before we were near enough to draw the bead upon them. On, however, we went, swiftly and surely, nearing faster and faster the hound's cry, and the yell ringing clearer and shriller through the frozen air, vibrated against the hill-side, and echoed far away. Just as we reached within a few feet of our canine friend, who seemed to be perfectly motionless, save as to baying, we distinctly heard a rustling in the bushes, and saw the fiery eyes, and black shaggy nozzle of a young black bear. Frightened I admit I was, and sprang back a few feet upon the first sight, but the manly firmness of George reassured me, and I retraced my steps. He very coolly raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, as near as I could judge, from the direction of his aim, he pointed directly between the beast's eyes, and pulled the trigger. I at the same moment stilled the dog, and waited to see the effect of the shot, intending to put in my bullet, if his had proved ineffectual or insufficient. But 'man proposes,' etc.; before I could bring my rifle to my shoulder the bear had disappeared, and his tramp, as he crunched the dead branches under the snow, could be distinctly heard fast receding from his former hiding-place, while the baying of the dog, in full chase, reverberated through the gorges as if miles away. Off we started, the dog still leading us, and on we travelled, till night brought us to a halt, wearied, hungry, and unsuccessful. Satan was where we knew not; still ringing at intervals far off to the north, could be heard his yell, growing fainter and fainter as we listened. I put my dog-call in my mouth, and blew the usual blast for him to return, but he came not. Cold, wet, and chilled, we turned us back, resolving in our minds to sleep at the camp all night, and go home in the morning. In an hour we had reached the high ground, and could see plainly the red light of the sugar-fire, looming up clearly and plainly in the frosty air, coloring the fleeting snow-clouds with a yellow glare. Trudging along with as much celerity as possible, we made from the woods, striking a direct track to the clearing, which, after having fallen in the snow a hundred times, and almost barely escaping rolling down the innumerable precipices, which we were obliged to pass, we reached, after the boilers had devoured their supper. No supper! This was a new inducement for

anger, and our feelings at our poor success were not the most gracious and enviable. We concluded to return home, supperless and tired as we were, and waited only for the rising of the moon to start. During our detention here, who should come stalking into our midst, with his ears scratched, his hide barked, his hair discolored and bloody, but our infernal friend, Master Satan? By all appearances he had indiscreetly introduced himself to our other black friend, the bear, and some not over-amicable personal endearments had been exchanged between them, from the effects of which Satan had hurriedly returned to us in the unseemly state he now presented. One ear lopped rather heavily to one side, scratched and bleeding, the flesh almost cut through, while the other still retained the old, fashionably-foppish erectness, customary to his aristocratic lineage. His tail, carried on ordinary occasions stretched out while running to its straightest tension, or curled gracefully over his sleek and shining back, was now drooped to the ground, and hung, as if in shame, between his legs. Various were the speculations of the assembled group, as to the final destination of our wounded but still untamed adversary, and many were the places, notorious for their wildness and difficult approach, named as the final retreat and cover of the foe. These conjectures, although they inspired us with the hope of once again meeting with the brute, and exchanging compliments with him, were little adapted to cool our feverish blood, now aggravated by the taunts of some of the by-standers, and by a raging appetite and depressing weariness. The moon having now attained a height at which it cast her rays over the tree-tops, and lit up the forest with her silvery beams, simultaneously we both arose, determined to make home before we starved to death, or became too fretful to be agreeable.

Tramp, tramp!—crunch, crunch!—we paced it over the now crispy snow, which, during the day, had thawed slightly, and now, since night had set in, had frozen, till a crust covered the whole expanse of ground, breaking creakingly underneath our feet. On we walked, unconscious of the presence of each other, busied only with our own melancholy thoughts, and desiring neither to converse nor to listen to conversation. The moon shone clearly above us, and every object was as distinct to the eye as it would have been had it been noon-day. George was walking a rod or two behind me, and at intervals would increase the distance, as he lagged behind, to five or six. Satan walked silently, majestically, and as if tired, in George's rear, and like a well-bred hound as he was, followed in the steps of his masters. Thus we strode along, until within a hundred rods of the house, and then, by some unaccountable circumstance, Satan intruded his nose, and then a good part of his body, between the legs of the already irritated George, and naturally enough, down came the butt of the rifle upon his devoted head. My attention was attracted toward the now picturesque group, from hearing the long, loud yell of pain which Satan uttered at the rebuke, thereby frightening me, and disturbing the stillness of the night. I turned to see the cause, and heard George curse the dog, threatening at the same time, to shoot him if again so awkward. He was now some distance behind me, and picking up a piece of the frozen crust, I demanded why he struck the hound, and threatened to shoot

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him if he did so again, at the same moment flinging the ice at his head, which unfortunately struck him. He bowed his head when he felt the blow, but the next moment I saw him bring his rifle hurriedly to his shoulder and draw the hammer back. I sprang for a stump near by, but before I reached it, I felt in my right side a sharp, cutting pain, as if a red-hot iron was scorching my vitals. Down I fell, full length on the snow, and for a moment all was dark and bloody before my eyes. I now felt the warm blood oozing gush by gush out of the wound made by the ball. At that moment, no thought of death or dying crossed my mind: all my energies, all my thoughts, all my mind, were bent on the means to revenge myself. I had no faults at that time: all I seemed to remember was the cowardly advantage taken of me by *my friend George*! *Avenge it!* seemed searing my brain: these words seemed burning into my very life-blood, seemed cutting my every nerve and urging me to action. Presently this blinding fit passed off, but the desire for revenge still hung round me with fearful tenaciousness. Satan, nearly wild with excitement, always jumping in advance at the report of the rifles, was flying hither and thither around me, smelling at my side, and rubbing his cold nose against my face, appearing to know and understand the hurt I had sustained, and seemingly endeavoring to evince the most perfect disapproval of the act. I had fallen near the stump, behind which I had at first endeavored to find shelter; and raising myself to my feet, although the effort gave me the most intense pain, I staggered on to an immense decaying log near by, falling upon it as soon as having reached it. Down behind this I lay for a few seconds, in the most feeble state, my whole system racked with the most excruciating anguish; and, with a powerful effort of the will, at length raised myself to my knees, and levelled my rifle across the log. I now looked around for George. For a few moments every object, snow, trees, stumps, and sky, all seemed revolving about me, and I supposed myself drowning, or rather swimming in an ice-ocean. The moon still shone brightly, and the woods were clearer than before to my excited fancies. I looked, after the dizziness had passed, for several seconds for George uselessly, but when I had become more composed, although still in great agony from the effect of my wound, I just saw his shadow on the snow, a hundred yards or so from my position, and there I determined to wait his first motion and then send a bullet through his heart or head. While waiting thus I debated with myself whether to aim for the breast or eyes. My determination was at last formed, and I mentally concluded to direct my rifle at his head and kill him dead, so dead in fact, that he never could explain the cause or manner. Thus I lay deliberately plotting a murder, the fear of God, or what should come after, never once entering my mind. Thus I reasoned: he had shot me in a moment of passion, he should therefore be subjected to all the after-consequences which necessarily follow such an act. That the ball had entered my right side, glanced off against my lowest rib, and cut through my liver, I was convinced, and now, upon reflection, I stood a fair, almost certain chance, of going upon the long, unceasing journey upon which I had now fully resolved he should bear me company, ay, and lead the way, too. God only knows from whom

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I inherited such fiendish passions, such damning hate and bitter animosity toward any who had injured me but these thoughts all coursed through my brain, and instead of stilling the fever which was now fast heating my blood and aggravating my bitter passions, seemed further irritating all the worse feelings more and more. It seemed an age I waited, but firm to death, I neither spoke nor cried, although my sufferings were indescribable. At length I just saw the upper part of George's body bent around the stump, and then I drew back the hammer of the rifle, and drawing the butt to my shoulder as best I could in my uneasy position, I prepared to aim. Up he rose quick and suddenly, and the moment he did so, my finger drew back the trigger and sent the ball whizzing toward his head. This last effort cost me all my strength, and falling back on the snow, my ears, heart, and very soul were pierced through and through by the most horrid scream of pain I ever heard, and then all sense vanished from my mind, all light from my eyes, all feeling from my body, and I seemed as dead. I had fainted.

'ONE morning I awoke, as from a horrid dream, and remembering nothing of the occurrences before narrated, I attempted to raise my hand to my head, which was now aching badly, when I discovered I possessed not the least power of motion and could speak no word above a whisper. I made a slight ejaculation, and before the word was concluded, George was standing beside my bed, tears running down his cheeks, and his eyes almost starting from his head. 'God be thanked, Jim, you are yourself again,' said he as soon as he discovered I was sensible of his presence, which I could only assure him of by a ghastly smile, being too weak to speak a word.

'Do you know how long you have been sick?' he asked.

'I replied with my eyes in the negative, and he continued:

'You have been subjected to all this pain and trouble by my infernal hot temper, and it is now six weeks ago since I drew the bead on you. Your shot struck me on the collar-bone and slivered it as if it had been paper. I fell on the snow, and after lying for a short time, I crawled down to the house and alarmed the inmates by my tale. Satan had been before me; he had yelled, and barked, and scratched at the doors until he gained admission, and then had set up the most dismal howling, running back and forth from the room to the outer door, to the astonishment and surprise of all. They had heard the shots, and supposed them to be the mere annunciators of our near approach, it having been our custom to fire just before reaching the house, you know, and they thought no more of it, until our long delay frightened them, and they were just coming to look for us as I gained the doorway. They immediately sought after you, and when found you were brought here, fainting and perfectly insensible. The doctor was instantly sent for, the bullet extracted, and morning discovered you perfectly prostrated with a violent brain-fever. Do n't touch your head, it has been shaved and now has no hair on it longer than a pin. You must be very quiet and make no exertion to move, the doctor says, and you will soon be up and around. Satan has entirely recovered, and 'Here, Satan, come

and see your master,' he called the dog, who had been lying watching us during the whole conversation, seemingly understanding the whole, and as much interested as either of us. With a leap like a deer he sprang with his fore-paws upon the bed and saluted me with a joyful cry, as he saw I recognized and took notice of him, and then, in fond submission, commenced to lick my face and hands. He seemed almost crazy with delight, and George was obliged to drag him forcibly away from me, in order to keep him from smothering me, in his joy.

'Can you ever, will you forgive my hasty act of hateful passion?' said George, the tears streaming from his eyes afresh and falling upon my hand, which he had now imprisoned between his own; 'God knows I did not know what I was doing when I pulled the trigger of my rifle, and I have repented in bitterness of the act night and day, and prayed and cursed myself for this devil's work. Jim, I will watch you, stay near you, be your friend, any thing for you, if you will but say you forgive me.'

'I could not speak, the big tears of pity and affection for him who had always been my friend, were filling my eyes and wetting my pillow, and my feelings of remorse for the part I had enacted in this nearly fatal drama, were choking me, and the thoughts of all the kind and loving instances of friendship George had always shown me were exciting my brain and heart in such a manner that it was providential I did not relapse, nearly driven, as I was, raving mad again, and no word could I have spoken to soothe his anguish had his life been at stake. I tried to say, 'Yes, George, I do forgive you, indeed I do,' but the words stuck in my throat, and my only reply was a faint pressure of his hands, of which he easily interpreted the meaning. Just then the doctor entered the room, and to my enfeebled ideas at the time, rather rudely reproached George for so exciting me, as weak as I at the time was and just sane. This was the last time we ever spoke of the matter, by mutual agreement. Six months I lay, however, between life and death, George my only attendant, (for he would permit no one to wait upon me but himself, and I desired no better nurse,) always near me. Gradually my strength returned, and then he strove to entertain me by reading to me from my favorite authors, or else communicating to me the news, gathered purposely, of all the village. Slowly but surely I progressed toward health, and at last was permitted to leave my room. My first essay was by riding with George, who drove me with care and anxiety far over to the 'Eagle's-Nest.' We were better friends than ever, adversity had drawn a band around our hearts which no misfortune could sever; and at this late day George C — is the most esteemed and dearest, nearest, and most confidential friend your father possesses, as you well know. I learned from others part of what I have told you, (for he never spoke of his attention,) that George, as soon as his broken bone had been re-set, immediately commenced to nurse me, and had absolutely watched at my bed-side day and night, until my final recovery. I have often laughed and joked with him upon our many old tramps together, but we never have adverted, or even hinted, to the bear-hunt at the 'Eagle's-Nest,' or our unfortunate return. He begged me to give him Satan when I left M —, and

I could do no less than comply with his wish ; and long the old dog, for he is now dead, although but a short time since, lived with him, tracking the deer till they were all exterminated, and then degrading himself and canine family by hunting the timid rabbits from the woods and precipices. The 'Eagle's-Nest' is now a cleared farm, and the spot is sown yearly with wheat or other grain, in which we foolish boys disgraced our humanity and indicated our precocious sense of honor, by fighting our 'first duel.'

B.

T H E P A R T I N G .

BY GURNEY KEENE.

THOUGH all the golden promise of a heart,
 Flushed with quick-budding joys, has fallen off
 In withered hopes, as sere as autumn-leaves :
 Though memory, like an ever-shifting cloud
 Floating before me, darkens all my life ;
 Shall I then coldly say, 'Joy cannot live
 Within this work-day world of toil and sin ?'
 Because my heart is dark, is there no sun ?
 — It beams upon me still : that summer night,
 A glittering moonlight on a sea of leaves,
 Beneath whose restless, rippling tide I stood
 And waited, till a light elastic tread,
 A silken rustle, and the languid thrill
 Stirring my heart, and creeping through my frame,
 Should tell me that my heart's beloved was near.
 A stately house, amid those sentinel trees,
 With windows opened wide, poured waves of light,
 That floated out upon the terrace-lawns,
 And died away upon the surging dark.
 A soft wind, fluttering on uncertain wings,
 Freighted with silvery-cadenced laughter, swept
 Through all the leafy alleys of the park ;
 Thrilling the aspens through their vibrant stems,
 And fainting on a sward all violet-sweet.
 But in my soul a mighty sorrow strove
 And struggled with an iron will, to vent
 Its pathos through expression, that my heart
 Might thus grow lighter of its weight of wo.
 For strange weird voices whispered in my ear :
 'Were it not better far to cast away
 This sin-stained, blighted thing that men call life ;
 Were it not rapture now to lay aside
 The weary weight that burdens heart and brain,
 And sink from anguished toil to rapturous rest ?
 What though within the cup of life some drops
 Are tintured honey-sweet — the bitter lees
 Are surely there — the gall must come at last.'

Then mocking echoes seemed to form themselves
 Into articulate sounds, and cry, 'At last!
 O sad refrain! the burden of my grief,
 This lovely, trysting hour, was the last.
 Her parents willed it so, nor knew the while
 She yielded sweet obedience, how sharp
 A crown of thorns they pressed upon her brow.

At length she came, so silently, she seemed
 A spirit standing in that pallid light;
 With fair, pale face, unfathomable eyes,
 Clouded by strange experiences of pain,
 And small, sweet mouth, so resolute to endure,
 That all the wild rebellion of my heart
 Grew dumb with love before her as she stood.
 But soon the anguish of those bitter words,
 That sounded ever to my aching sense,
 That deadly arrow, poisoned with 'the last,'
 Killed my repose, and madly then I cried:
 'Shall iron-handed Duty interpose
 To snatch the treasure of our love away?
 Oh! let us fly where speculating wills
 And mammon-loving hearts shall have no power!
 To some fair land that poesy has crowned
 With an unfading chaplet of romance.
 In opal hues of beauty, blissful days
 Shall dawn in dewy morns of wakening joy,
 And die in sunsets gorgeous as a dream.'
 'Oh! not for me such visions,' soft she said;
 'Better a sorrow rightly borne and quelled,
 Than dearest joys plucked like forbidden fruit.
 Oh! weave no more Arcadian dreams, but strive
 To bend the will to meet the present need,
 And conquer fate by nobly bearing all.'
 Then from a rose-bush near she sadly plucked
 A fair, half-opened bud, in whose warm heart
 A dewy splendor glittered, and a flush
 Of hovering crimson lingered, waiting time
 To blush and deepen to the perfect rose.
 And clasping hand and flower with frenzied clasp,
 I felt the sting of thorns; and whispered low:
 'A dreary doom is thine, O passionate heart!
 The rose shall wither, but the thorns endure!'
 'So let it be,' she said, 'that they may stir
 Our slumbering souls from pleasure's rosy dream
 To struggle and aspire — to strive to reach,
 Though we may ne'er attain, those heights divine,
 Whose radiant tops are bathed in heavenly light.'
 And so she glided from me, and I stood,
 A rushing dark around me, and a sound
 Of low winds wailing through the shivering trees;
 I saw the pale moon die behind a cloud,
 And felt hope die within my desolate breast;
 While the low noise of distant revelry,
 Throbbing through all the pulses of the night,
 Stirred in my aching heart an angry pain.

T H E W I N G E D T H I E F .

Not Mercury, but one as subtle, as crafty, as impossible to catch as the wily god himself. The especial patron of merchants and thieves must have sometimes felt even jealousy, if that ignoble passion creeps in among gods as among men, at the way he was once out-done by a certain winged thief, of whom more anon.

We have an event in Summerfield about once in twenty years. Some enthusiastic friends of that important town insist that the event comes once in a decade, but I think that is simply an imagination of the poetic mind. From the careful observation of a long life, assisted by a retentive memory, I think the event comes only in the twentieth instead of the tenth wave of Summerfield existence.

Now an 'event' is perhaps a very diffusive, unsatisfactory, and unmeaning term. To make it more plain, I will say that we mean a romantic occurrence, something beyond pigs and chickens, something greater than common marrying and given in marriage, (though, to the shame of mankind be it spoken, that is infrequent enough to almost become an event,) something more mysterious than the death of the oldest inhabitant; something more inexplicable, vast, and strange than the arrival of the lawyers who come to attend the courts held in Summerfield twice a year, and whose attentions to our ladies, whose conduct at our tea-parties, whose forensic efforts, as they are reported to us by our own legal lights, furnish us with an amount of high and literary communion and lofty meditation, which is almost beyond the power of words to define.

Were it not for the 'event,' I think we should talk almost wholly of our lawyers, and a few other distinguished visitors whom we have in the summer; but the event comes in to relieve the pressure, and every one's memory brings some new particular, until we have a long and always romantic history of the event, a little longer and more romantic than the last recital.

It is more than twenty years ago, that Summerfield was shaken to its foundation by an event which was an event indeed. None other than a basket at Mrs. Wilmot's door, and in that basket, not a turkey, as you will immediately suppose, and as *she* supposed, (for it was about Thanksgiving time,) but a rosy posy of a young lady, who had evidently not long since entered upon this troublous scene known as life, and who, in spite of many blankets and a warm brick carefully placed near her tender and well-covered feet, was evidently cold, and possibly hungry.

Mrs. Wilmot, excellent woman, took her in, warmed her and fed her, and wondered afterward. She was wise, for although she did not know it then, she was to have twenty years' time to wonder in, and twenty minutes consumed in that natural employment might at that moment have decided the young lady's temporal if not spiritual welfare.

The young lady having breakfasted and gone to sleep, Mrs. Wilmot permitted herself to indulge in a few not unnatural speculations.

First, *who* was she?

That, with the secret of the Iron Mask and Caspar Hauser, was not to be speedily revealed.

Secondly, how came she at Mrs. Wilmot's door ?

This was more easily answered. It was the palmy days of the stage-coach. Every one knew in Summerfield at what hour the stage-coach would arrive. Every one was on most friendly and intimate terms with that perfect gentleman and man of the world, the driver ; and every one's arrival was a duly-heralded and chronicled event. None of your impetuous and irresponsible trains of cars whisking through four times or fourteen times a day, carrying nobody knows how many governors and judges, and nobody a bit the wiser for it ; but a slow and dignified conveyance, stopping over night, and giving an opportunity to our community to see society as it travelled, and ask it to dinner next day if it chose. At any rate, to keep ourselves '*au courant*' with the world, and to know precisely how many times 'Squire Tompkins slaked his thirst with brandy-and-water, between Summerfield and Boston, and thus be able to look pityingly on Mrs. Tompkins as she came to temperance lecture, and whispered, 'Poor woman !—how unconscious !'

Now, 'Squire Tompkins may or may not tipple on the road. I should like to know who is to ascertain on that noisy, confused, distracting railway !

But as I say, then matters were different, and through the stage-driver, and the landlord, and the hostler, and the chamber-maid at the hotel, it was ascertained that a lady and gentleman had come in the stage from Boston the day before and had brought with them a large covered basket, of which they took great care. That they had gone into a private room at the hotel at which the stage dined, taking the basket with them ; had dined by themselves, and had been generally exclusive. That no one suspected what the basket contained, because in that part of the world people carried children in their arms, and not in baskets. Until, seeing the basket at Mrs. Wilmot's, they all identified it.

The guilty father and mother, if indeed these were parents, had been gone seven or eight hours when this discovery was made. The last trace of them was at a large town beyond Summerfield, where they had taken a private conveyance and gone beyond all finding. News was not transmitted then with the rapidity of lightning as now. No rogue had any fear that a better traveller than a horse would arrive before him at his journey's end and tell his secret. So if he had a few hours start he was comparatively safe. So escaped the owners of the basket, and their little innocent victim was left to take her chance.

Providence smoothed the way for the deserted lamb. There sprung up in every heart a great growth of charity for the poor foundling, and she was sheltered as are few of even the fortunate and cared-for children of the house. Mrs. Wilmot was in the happy medium of well-to-do. She had two or three children now almost grown and off her hands, and a good husband, whose hand was open and whose heart was large. She took the little girl into her maternal arms, and refused to give her up. Heaven had sent her, she said, as surely as it had sent her own boy and girls, and she would receive it as a sacred gift. Every

one was glad to contribute a mite toward the little thing's comfort, and she became the child of the village.

Then, what should she be called? Romance, in the person of Mrs. Haines, demanded 'Basketina' as the only appropriate title. Piety suggested some such name as Faith, Providence, Grace, Hope; and one fell woman even suggested Resignation; but was clamorously put down, with the assurance that every one would call her Reesy: when Mrs. Wilmot, whose claim to be heard was certainly great, said with her usual sense, that she thought it would be unkind to call her any thing which would ever remind her of her cruel desertion, and she begged that she might be called simply Annie Wilmot.

So Annie Wilmot was she called, and every eye overflowed as she was carried into church to be baptized, and the godfathers and godmothers pledged themselves to remember how 'great was the vow, promise, and profession, which she here made by them;' and they did not need to hear read, although it filled every heart, the beautiful history of the little children who were to symbolize for ever to a Christian world, the 'kingdom of heaven;' but gladly each hearer resolved to follow that divine example, and take the little child and cherish it.

Annie Wilmot grew in beauty and sweetness all the days of her youth. Hers was one of the characters which diffuses around itself an atmosphere so pure and uncontaminated that no evil thing can grow in it. Envy, that weed so poisonous in all its developments, sprang not up near Annie. Anger could not exist in her serene atmosphere. Above all a sweet self-respect kept from her the disagreeable fungus *patronage*. In her defenceless position, a less well-balanced and lovely character might have suffered much from impertinent condescension; but Annie never, amiable, almost pliant as she was. She was courageous because irreproachable, and she gradually walked into life, taking her anomalous position, dating only from a basket, with as much modest dignity as if she wore a coronet on her fair brow, and were the daughter of a hundred earls.

If you did not know it before, know it now, O enlightened reader! that Summerfield was aristocratic, and Mrs. Wilmot was *not* in the upper circles! Know also, that the 'event' gave Mrs. Wilmot a push up the ladder of distinction, and she was permitted within the sacred precincts! It came about thus: Curiosity, which levels high mountains and fills lowly valleys, prompted Mrs. Pendleton to go and see the baby. Mrs. Pendleton went, was pleased, and returning called on Miss Letitia Dobbs, a full-blooded aristocrat, and Miss Letitia was interested only in aristocracy, in patch-work, in knitting, and in news. So she was prompted to go and see the baby and Mrs. Wilmot, 'principally,' as she afterward said, 'to see the child's socks, which she heard were of a singular pattern and a new stitch.' So from the socks, Miss Letitia proceeded to the little feet, and from the little feet began to admire the little face, and finally the woman overcoming aristocracy, and patch-work, and socks, she took the little thing in her arms, cried over it, and became its friend for ever.

Thus did the 'event' begin to do good, for it brought neighbors together, and it developed that germ of generosity which lives in every

heart, however it may be hidden and dwarfed by outward circumstances.

To the confusion, mortification, and disgust of all us who were old enough to remember her arrival in Summerfield, Annie concluded one day to get married. Heaven defend the foolish ! A child, an infant in a basket be married ! Then we looked in the glass, and saw that seventeen years had flown off with the natural curls which erst clustered around our brows, that the frissette reigned instead, that the cheek had fallen in, and the teeth were made by man. Time had gone by and we had not heard him. So with a sigh we gave up youth, and beauty, and Annie, and knew that we were no longer young.

Our young friend and townsman, Walter Harding, had pushed off from the dear old New-England homestead, and first to Boston, thence as supercargo to India, and finally to Australia, had concluded to pitch his tent in that golden land, and after getting well established had returned to claim his old school-fellow and friend for his wife, and Annie had consented, and was to sail for Australia the week after she married.

Annie had no reminiscence of her parents : no locket, no ring, no mysterious documents were found about the child. The clothes in which she was wrapped were of the most unmarked kind, evidently bought at an establishment where such things were made by hundreds ; they had no individuality to mark them. But she had one mysterious friend.

Sally Rice was the Meg Merrilies of Summerfield. She it was who waited upon the owners of the basket during their brief stay. She had acquired an importance from this fact in the village which we could hardly describe. She was presumed to have treasured up some memorial, some scrap of information, which would ultimately lead to the detection of Annie's real parents. We regarded her as holding the thread of Annie's destiny in her hand.

She was a strange, high-tempered, black-eyed woman, who had been married two or three times, and separating from one, and being released from a second by his death, had finally married an itinerant preacher, who proved even worse than all the others, which was saying a great deal, and Sally found him more difficult to shake off than the others, so at the time of Annie's marriage she was living miserably on the outskirts of the village, gaining a scanty living by doing odd jobs for the villagers, and looking and acting very much like a witch.

She had read some of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances when she was young, and had been gifted by nature with a tremendous imagination, so that her conversation was wild and curious to an astonishing degree. The mysterious couple of the basket had been described by her so often, and her imagination so powerfully excited over them, that every year the gentleman's eyes grew larger and fiercer, and the poor lady more pale and tearful ; their clothes were of a richer and more foreign fashion at every recital. But still we looked upon Sally's account with some respect, for she was the only eye-witness of the two, as they dined together at the little tavern previous to their flitting.

She had always manifested a great interest in Annie, but the sensible Mrs. Wilmot had not allowed much intercourse ; for Sally's wild style, and passionate declamation, though very attractive was not con-

sidered very proper by the sober New-England matron, for a model for her young charge ; so Annie had never been allowed much intercourse with her weird friend, but had occasionally ministered to her wants, and paid her a visit at her miserable little house.

One lovely Sunday evening, just before she was to leave us, she walked down to Sally's cottage to bid her farewell, and take her some little present. A grove of pines stretched out either side of the road, and the whip-poor-wills were singing bravely as she walked alone. Sally was sitting at her door enjoying the freshness of evening, decked out in her Sunday finery, which was a study of the picturesque. An old black satin gown, too short and scant, was pieced down with various-colored ribbons, and on her head was a cap of perfectly original construction, surmounted by a flaming red bow. Sally was Michael-Angelesque in her style, delighting in huge forms and strong contrasts. Her house, like herself, was fantastic and crazy enough for any witch.

She received Annie with much cordiality and some mystery. After a short conversation she enjoined profound secrecy upon Annie, and proceeded to untie an immense bundle. Rag after rag was unwound ; immense patch-work bed-quilts succeeded ; finally an old flannel bag was untied, and an antiquated pocket-book revealed itself. This Sally opened with reverential care, and taking from it a piece of yellow paper, handed it to Annie.

'There, my dear, is a leaf which I tore from a book your poor mother had in her bag when she was about to desert her offspring and leave it to the mercies of a merciless world.'

Sally paused to witness the effect of this grandiloquent sentence, but poor Annie was eagerly examining the paper.

It was the fly-leaf of a Bible, apparently, on which was written, in a woman's hand : '*Married*, at Boston, November first, 1826. *Recorded*, E. D., H. R.' Then, as if by an after-thought, was added : 'Rev. John Worthing.'

'O Sally !' said Annie, 'why have you kept this so long ?'

'Because your old suspicious Mrs. Wilmot would never let me come near you, and I would n't give it to any one but you. Then I knew if I gave it up the poor lady might get caught, and I did n't want her to be found out ; but I meant to keep it till you had a husband and let him and you find out what you could. I tore it out while the poor lady was a crying, and her bad, wicked betrayer (that's your father) was a paying the bill.'

Annie did not attempt to correct Sally's morality. That I fear was past mending ; but she clasped the paper tightly and her eyes overflowed with the pent-up feeling of years. The poor, unknown, unhappy, guilty mother ! How grateful she was to read '*married*' in that feeble pencil-mark. She thought perhaps that one word had soothed and calmed her mother's heart as it did now her own. It might have been a late reparation, but it was something. It showed that her betrayer was not wholly lost ; that they both recognized and respected the laws which they had broken. Then the delightful hope of finding them !

At this moment a little bird from the wood flew in at the wide-
VOL. XLVIII. 10

opened window of Sally's cottage. He beat his little wings against the walls, but finally found his way out at the door and flew gladly away.

Sally started up very much excited. 'That's a sign, Miss Annie, an omen. That bird is a sign; you'll find your parents; I know what it means; I have told fortunes before now that have come to pass. You'll find it by means of a bird, too.'

Annie found it growing late, and she had still a long walk home through the wood. She was very much excited and very anxious to see Walter, to tell him all that happened. She bade Sally farewell, and taking her precious paper, started for home.

How gladly did she perceive through the gathering twilight the figure of Walter advancing rapidly toward her! Impatient and alarmed at her long absence, he had come to find her. She immediately told him of her discovery. He did not seem to think it of much importance. He told her that they might find the record of the marriage, but that with such reasons for secrecy as the parties had shown themselves to possess, there could be little doubt that the names given to the Register were assumed ones. That they might possibly find the clergyman who married them, but he would not be apt to remember more than that they were two young people who came and went away again, and that he begged of her not to hope too strongly.

Still Walter looked long and fixedly at the paper, and adjured her not to lose it. He said over and over to himself: 'E. D.,' 'E. D.,' 'strange are the ways of Providence; yes, Annie, you *may* see your parents, or one of them.'

More than this he refused to say. Annie felt, although she scarcely knew why, a strange belief that Walter knew something more than he chose to tell on this mysterious subject; but he said nothing, and the week before them was too full of emotion, of leave-takings, and of packing trunks, for them to say any thing more.

It was a long and dreary time to us who loved her, before we heard from Annie. Then came long letters, describing the weary sea-voyage, then the glowing accounts of the beauty of the tropics, the flowers, the sun-sets, the gorgeous birds.

The strange society she found was also dwelt upon. She had gone to Port Philip, that strange place, filled with convict aristocracy. Men who had gone out as criminals, perhaps judges who had falsified their oaths; bankers who had disregarded their trusts; and too often younger sons of noble families who had written a name once too often. Here, having expiated their crimes, they had won back fortune and some amount of self-respect, and with talent and education, and gentlemanly habits, they began a new life. Here, too, were the adventurers of all nations. It is a great, a curious, an instructive spectacle, this new sphere which heaven opens to the unfortunate, the 'crowded-out' of the more populous countries, placing gold, as it were, a magnet, far away from crowded centres to draw men to the antipodes.

Annie met with much kindness. Walter had a business connection with one of the wealthy men of the country, a Mr. Montgomery, who invited them often to his country-place, situated some miles from Port

Philip, 'in the bush.' Here during the day Annie would often stay quite alone, excepting the servants, while the gentlemen went to town. It was a never-ending amusement to her to go into the woods to see the new and wonderful flowers, to watch the curious birds. One day while occupied in this pastime, she saw a beautiful black bird walking leisurely down an alley of the forest with a bright red ribbon in his beak. To her great astonishment she recognized the ribbon as one of her own, and remembered that she had left it on her dressing-table near the window. Presuming that this strange bird was one of the raven tribe, and that he might, like them, be a 'winged thief,' she followed him as he marched majestically and fearlessly along with his scarlet trophy. What was her astonishment and delight when she saw him enter an arched walk, built with architectural nicety of twigs and sticks, ornamented with flowers, feathers, shells, bits of glass, and bright and various-colored rags! Three miles from civilization was a curious and calculated pleasure-house. Two or three birds like her guide were walking up and down arranging here a rag and there a feather, giving a more gallant and gay appearance to the whole place, while our friend of the red ribbon walked to the centre of the arch and adroitly fastened his trophy to the roof.

Nowise disturbed by her presence, Annie watched these feathered upholsterers as they adorned their play-house. She then remembered that they were probably the 'Satin bower-bird' * of which Mr. Montgomery had spoken, and of which she had read in some book on Australian birds. For a long time she watched this fairy bower. Bits of paper, bright plumage of other birds adorned this saracenic arch. She recognized many things which she knew must have come from Mr. Montgomery's place, shells from the garden-walks and fragments of chintz from the servants' clothes; above all she laughed as she recognized her own red ribbon brought three quarters round the globe to minister to the pleasure of a bird!

Suddenly a whimsical idea struck her; how much, after all, this place looked like Sally's cottage; how much the prinking birds inside, with their black satin gowns and love of finery, resembled Sally as she sat at her door on that last evening! Sally was always tying up her bed-curtain, a shabby rag, with bright-colored ribbons, and adorning her broken looking-glass with flowers. The idea first making her laugh, finally made her sorrowful, and she walked slowly home, thinking of her distant home, her undiscovered parents. It had been as Walter suggested, the record contained no 'E. D.,' 'H. K.,' and the Rev. John Worthing was dead. So she had left New-England with no further trace of her parents than that bit of yellow paper.

On reaching her room she opened her pocket-book and looked at her precious paper. It induced a long and melancholy fit of musing, which was broken by a disturbance in the lower part of the house, and the announcement that Mr. Montgomery had been brought home very ill.

To rush to his side, to suggest, to execute promptly all that could be done, was her womanly instinct. He was suffering from *'coup de*

* *Ptilonorhynchus Holosericens.*

soleil, that not uncommon affection under the tropical sun. Annie and the servants worked vigorously and well to restore him. Mustard-plasters applied to the hands and feet, cold water poured over the head finally restored animation. When Walter came home at evening he found his host conscious, but very weak and wandering.

Mr. Montgomery was an elderly man, reserved and sorrowful. Like many of his neighbors, he never referred to the past, and Walter, content with the fact that he was a man of excellent standing now, asked no questions. His kindness to him and his wife had been very great, and they watched by his bed-side with genuine interest and affection.

Mr. Montgomery was on his death-bed. His physician, after some powerful applications had failed, told him that he must settle his worldly affairs and prepare for another stage of existence.

Annie and Walter were by his side when this announcement was made. Mr. Montgomery looked from one to the other with evident uneasiness. Walter came to his assistance, and spoke to Annie: 'My dear, our friend here may possibly wish to tell you something of your parents. It is a subject he does not like to speak of, but he knows something of them: go and get your mysterious paper.'

Annie left the room trembling and tearful. She went for the paper, and it was gone!

For a moment the room swam about her. There was the pocket-book and its usual contents, but that which she most prized was not there.

She endeavored to recall her scattered faculties, and remembered that the morning Mr. Montgomery was taken ill she had left her pocket-book on the dressing table, and the papers lying about; that she had come up at evening after he was better and had put them into their places without looking them over. There was no doubt the precious paper was gone, whither she could not guess.

A loud call outside the window attracted her attention. The note of a bird, loud, clear, sonorous, like the blast of a trumpet. On the branch of an eucalyptus, scattering the golden dust of its splendid flower, stood a 'satin bower-bird,' uttering his liquid and powerful note.

A thrill of delight ran through Annie's frame. Possibly the 'winged thief' was before her. She was certain she could find the nest; but, after all, there were thousands of bower-birds and many nests. The chances were very small, but she would try.

At this moment Walter came into the room. Mr. Montgomery was failing rapidly, and they were waiting impatiently for her return. She told him of her loss, of her suspicions. He thought the probability of finding the paper very slight, but her conviction was so strong that she determined to pursue it.

Shall we confess it? Annie was slightly superstitious, and the memory of Sally's prophecy, and the bird coincidence struck her as so marvellous that she started for the nest with perfect reliance.

The birds were very busy, very shy, and very desirous to get rid of her. They flew, screeched, hopped, shook the blossoms of the eucalyptus, but all to no purpose. Annie resolutely approached the bower; she saw at the end of the arch a heap of paper, the only thing which pro-

mised success. There was but one thing to do, and that was to crawl in on her hands and knees. In spite of bower-birds and all other terrors she went bravely in and found amid the rubbish her precious relic uninjured.

When she arrived home Walter was waiting for her with a sad face. Mr. Montgomery was again insensible, and they feared might never revive.

Walter then told her that on his arrival in Australia Mr. Montgomery had ascertained that he came from Summerfield, and had finally, after he had known him some time, asked if he knew aught of a foundling child, who had been left there many years before. That on learning that he did, he told him that he had known the father, whose name was Edward Durant, and that he had left to him the charge, if possible, to find out something about her. But he charged Walter to keep it a profound secret, and when he found that Walter was affianced to the very girl who had been so abandoned, he charged him especially not to reveal to her what he had told him.

Mr. Montgomery insinuated that Mr. Durant still lived, but on that point had not certainly informed Walter, who had taken the name, and who was impressed with the mysterious Providence which brought to Annie the initials 'E. D.'

Mr. Montgomery revived and asked for Annie. She gave him the paper and told him of its abstraction and subsequent concealment by Sally. He was powerfully affected.

'Yes, yes, it is Helen's hand-writing, it is true; would that she had lived longer to witness her husband's penitence! Doctor, can I live long?'

'No, my dear sir, you will hardly survive the night.'

'Then come to my arms, my daughter! Let me embrace you, you whom I have long known as such, whom but for this paper I should never have acknowledged, save by my will; but the sight of your dead mother's hand-writing has touched a chord, which long ago, I thought, ceased to vibrate. I have not strength to tell you my story, nor could I tell you all the misery of a misguided life. It is written out and lies in yonder desk. There you will learn all that you wish of your ancestry. There is your mother's picture. Heaven, too kind to a wretch like me, has vouchsafed me a knowledge of you, whom I deserted; happily married, and now the heiress of all I leave behind me.'

In a few hours Annie closed the eyes of her so lately-found father. The desk revealed to her a history full of incident, of sorrow, and of life-long remorse. We all know the story in Summerfield, and some fine day mean to copy it off for the KNICKERBOCKER.

ANNIE and Walter came home from Australia just twenty years after the basket was left at Mrs. Wilmot's door, bringing a handsome fortune and this story of the bower-bird and Mr. Montgomery. So do you not agree with me that we have an 'event' once, at least, in twenty years?

L I N E S

BY CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

'OLD WOOD, OLD BOOKS, OLD FRIENDS, OLD WINE.'

I.

OLD wood, that has stood 'mid the tempests rude,
 Whose fibres the years have woven;
 Brought by sturdy arm from some ancient farm,
 And in faggots deftly cloven :
 In the forest dim each stalwart limb
 On the tough old tree has thickened ;
 And now, by its heat, won from wind and sleet,
 My shivering frame is quickened.
 At this gladsome hearth, I can guess the worth
 Of the blasts it has grimly weathered,
 As with crackle and roar it yields the store
 Of warmth it has slowly gathered :
 While the embers glow, my fancies go,
 By the cheering flame up-kindled :
 Now, with sudden leap the dogs I heap ; *
 In my musing the blaze had dwindled.

II.

Old books from their nooks, with searching looks,
 I bear to the lighted table ;
 As I gaze within, I try to win
 The fact in their cunning fable.
 Now the worlds of old their lore unfold,
 As converse I hold with the ages ;
 And I hoard their dowers through the waxing hours,
 While scanning the painted pages.
 Then the Christian seers of the middle years,
 When the Church had might and glory,
 Wield weapons dense, in the Faith's defence,
 Or chant some martyr's story.
 Oh ! the earnest word is for ever heard,
 From the open page that speaketh ;
 And the souls of men sound it back again,
 And in deathless echoes it breaketh.

III.

Old friends HEAVEN sends, and my study ends ;
 Right joyous is our greeting ;
 In gay discourse we prove the force
 Of the love in our bosoms beating :
 Now the merry shout rings cheerily out,
 As the lively jest is started ;
 Now wells the tear as we sadly hear
 Of some kind soul departed.
 In an alien land, still a friendly hand
 To his last dark slumber laid him ;

* ——— ' *Ligna super foco
 Large reponena.*'—HOR. Lib. I., Carmen IX.

And the honors due to a heart so true,
 In prayerful sorrow paid him.
 Oh ! friendship pure will aye endure,
 When this masque below is ended,
 And in union dear in a better sphere,
 We meet with the dead ascended.

IV.

Old wine, divine, born of Gallia's vine,
 From its cellared covert bringing,
 We quaff its wealth of mirth and heath,
 As its genial beams 't is flinging.
 Now we tread the realm where falls the film
 That dulls this mortal vision,
 And our mounting dreams are bright with gleams
 From the blissful fields Elysian.
 While beats the storm our souls grow warm,
 Our spirits its shrieks embolden ;
 And the song we raise in the glad God's praise,
 Who brought us this blessing golden.
 PROMETHEUS gave flame, but till BACCHUS came,
 Men knew not the truth of feeling,
 The swift-winged thought and the wisdom caught
 From the ruddy bowl's revealing.

PISCATORY REFLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES.

BY J. G. B., OF TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

'GRIM reader, did you ever see a ghost?' — DON JUAN, CANTO XV.

ALONG with this simple inquiry, the bard of Newstead Abbey conveys a world of meaning not visible to those who run. Aside from its obvious signification, it admits as many and variant shades of interpretation as there are words composing it. GHOST ! did you ever see a *ghost* ! either a 'spirit of health or goblin damned, 'wicked or charitable,' of any variety or complexion, in the 'glimpses of the moon,' or in the 'pitchy night,' near charnel-house or church, perfumed of redolency or offensive of sulphureous odors, man or beast, or 'questionable shape,' a disembodied spirit, once hearsed in death ? Not 'did you ever see *the* ghost ?' the common property of the neighborhood, the ghastly fixture of any spot or locality, seen by every body and to the manor born, as it were ; but *a* ghost, *any* ghost, in common or in severalty, the village spectre, or your own private apparition, haunting you and appearing not to others ? Then, exhibiting another meaning, 'did you ever SEE a ghost ?' not hear, or smell, or feel or taste ; neither 'syllabbling men's names,' or echoing musical notes ; neither sweet-scented as from a 'bank of violets,' nor sulphureous, as suggestive of

inflammatory regions ; neither ponderous, as remindful of Lambeth nor imponderable as ether ; neither escharotic nor esculent, hemlock nor nectar ; but that which appalleth more, *seeing*, beholding with the bodily eyes ? And then again, changing emphasis 'GRIM reader ! did *you* ever see a ghost ?' not good, or gentle, or youthful reader, attractive of blessed and healthful spirits, bringing 'airs from heaven,' solicitous for man's happiness ; but grim, sullen, hideous, ghastly, *grially* reader, drawing 'goblins damned' 'with blasts from hell,' prompting, as Sir Thomas Browne saith, and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy. And such a phantom — a phantom verily such as grim readers only see — the inquiry impliedly admits, had appeared unto the querist. The author of *Don Juan* had been troubled with a ghost, and whose ghost was it ? Be ours the task to solve the mystery and give the apparition 'local habitation and a name.'

It is our confident belief that the world is indebted for the startling interrogatory above quoted, put, as it is, with uncommon nervousness, abruptness, and directness, to the emotions, thrilling the heart and quickening the pulse of the noble poet, caused by the indignant apparition of venerable Isaac Walton, disturbed in its blissful repose, by the fiendish outburst in the Thirteenth Canto of that '*Odyssey of immorality*,' which runneth

'AND angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever ISAAC WALTON says or sings,
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it !'

In a ghostly way, and according to the ancient customs of spirit-land, there cannot be a reasonable doubt, that the 'quaint, old, cruel coxcomb,' made the poet to see sights and smell brimstone. And richly deserved, too, was the unearthly visitation, the last and fearful resort of outraged spectres ! Nor would it have been a lick amiss, had the shade of the venerable Piscator dropped in, *sans ceremonie*, during his mid-night wanderings, on another post of the same kidney, one Wordsworth, who manifestly was striking at the gentle practices of preparing live bait for use, when he utters, after his abstract, metaphysical fashion, the following admonition :

'NEVER to bend our pleasures or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives.'

The easy chair at Rydal Mount, imparadised amid lakes and mountains, never gave forth any thing more reeking with pseudo-sentimentality and lackadaisical affectation of tenderness, or more subversive of field sports in general, the luxuries and amusements of life, and advancement in science and civilization. Luckily, however, the need for such a visit to last-mentioned sublimated sentimentalist was, to some extent, removed by the useful ministrations of a couple of caricaturists, who, concocting the Rejected Addresses, prepared a healing draught for him and all other persons afflicted with an insurmountable tenderness for flies, grass-hoppers, and other live bait, warranted to cure squeamishness and reinstate the most disordered nerves, in these *dicta* :

'——— WHEN I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, or a magpie on a worm,

Or view a butcher, with horn-handled knife,
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed I am very, very sick!!'

Quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, quotha ! Would that Brougham or Gifford, or whoever wrote the famous review that administered such a warming flagellation to the nether parts of his lordship's youthful fancy, had not so burnt his fingers in the operation, as to have precluded him from undertaking to bestow a little more of the same sort on the more matured genius who shocks our nerves with these opprobrious and unseemly epithets ! Epithets used toward one of the purest, most simple-minded, benevolent, and unworldly of God's creatures, gentle, loving, venerable Isaac Walton ! the author of a work, himself transferred to paper, which posterity, summing up its merits, pronounces to be a 'rich store-house of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolical purity and benevolence.'

And to stigmatize as a solitary vice, 'that recreation of recreations,' that calling in which four out of the twelve Apostles, were engaged, and whom for their employment our SAVIOUR never reproved, as HE did the scribes and money-changers ; that life which the genial old Izaak, illustrating and defending, hath so truthfully and tastefully portrayed in these glowing words : 'No life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us.' Indeed, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries : 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so, (if I may judge,) God did never make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

How sad it is to think that, in these our modern days, a man's fondness for this genial pastime should be made to expose him to pain, mortification, and torture, through the instrumentality of unsympathizing and mischief-loving companions ! God help thee, Ned Gladman, thou hast much to answer for ! If the ghastly spectre of thy early friend, Job Heartwell, haunt thee not, in the stillness of night, while thou art courting slumber to relax, refresh, and unbend thee from the harassments which the stern duties of the legal profession impose upon thee, it will be because thy spirit, sooner than his, hast winged its flight to the realms of immortality !

Job Heartwell — pure, honest, simple-hearted Job ! — just arrived at man's estate, was a fisherman after old Izaak Walton's own heart, if indeed he was not 'bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh ;' meditative and mild, though not destitute of enthusiasm ; unsuspecting and without guile ; straight-forward and common-place in his modes of thought and action, in his daily intercourse with the work-day world he never showed the latent poetry within him, save when, pitching aside the entertaining pages of Coke and Chitty, with which he was delving, with a view to future sustenance and distinction, he betook himself armed with 'reel and rod,' to the neighboring banks of the Black War-

rior river, and there, away from the noises and sultriness of the *quasi-city* of Tuskaloosa, surrendered himself to the full enjoyment of his favorite pastime. Then it was his 'sable cloud turned forth her silver lining ;' then the man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, and to walk with his head in the clouds. Then, regardless of shower or sunshine, mud or water, armor-proof against fatigue or hunger, 'through brake and through briar,' reckless of scratched face or torn garments, whether successful or untrophied of fish, he would apply himself to the work before him with a zeal and enthusiasm scarcely expected in one of his usually calm and sedate bearing ; rapt in this 'Cyntha *not* of a minute,' abstracted from every thing else, whole days slipped by unconsciously, and it was only as the shades of evening began to descend, that he would perhaps recall an engagement to pay a visit after tea, in company with his fellow-student and co-delver in the mazy mysteries of the law, Ned Gladman, to the Misses Mary and Eugenie Wycherley, daughters of the distinguished jurist who had undertaken the arduous task of superintending the progress of the embryo Mansfields in their legal studies.

In an essentially different mould Ned Gladman was cast ; frank, light-headed, and frolicsome, care, that troubles all the world, was left out in his composition ; social and communicative in his feelings, boisterous beyond gayety in his temperament, mischievous and fun-loving in his disposition, keen relish for a practical joke, always ready to bear a hand in carrying one out, not unskilful in originating them, and little recking whether it was friend or foe he 'put through the mill.' Averse to the quiet amusement of angling, on principle as well as by disposition, he nevertheless not unfrequently accompanied his friend Job, in his piscatory excursions, to watch the motions of 'the animal,' and peradventure play off a joke upon him ; and returning, laden with a rich discovery, the groundwork for a brilliant story, which he poured into the willing ears of the accomplished young ladies above mentioned, who, while they seemed to entertain an exalted opinion of the general intelligence, strict morality, and gentlemanly deportment, and in their presence, reverential bearing — of Job, were far from being loath to join in a laugh at his expense, through the intervention of the ready-witted Ned, whose powers of humorous description added much to the drollery of the incident related. Though neither of these young men were that contemptible object, dangles after women, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, they were nevertheless constant visitors in the family circle of Judge Wycherly's household, where they were welcomed by the young ladies, in consequence of paternal directions possibly, on a footing of greater intimacy than other acquaintance.

Mary and Eugenie Wycherley were two as noble specimens of womanhood as ever Southern sun shone upon ; and yet how like and how unlike in appearance, manners, and temperament.

Mary, high-souled and imperious, thoughtful, and with a shade, just a shade of romance in her character ; tall, queen-like and commanding, with more of majesty than winning grace in her movements ; light auburn hair, not given to curls, full blue eyes, brilliant complexion, a mouth inclining a trifle too much to irony to render its ex-

pression entirely sweet, and a neck that Praxiteles would have admired, supporting a well, evenly-shaped head, on a magnificent pair of shoulders. Conquering and subduing by the fascination of her person, and the sparkling brilliancy of her conversation, she made very thralls of the beaux in her neighborhood, not among the least abject of which was the gay, rollicking, mischief-loving Ned Gladman of that ilk.

While Eugenie, smaller and more sylph-like, with black eyes and brunette complexion, raven-tresses disporting in wild curls on a neck of alabaster whiteness, her face, 'so lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,' hilarious but not provoking in disposition, working on hearts by a spell not seen until it enchained, less brilliant but more touching, less witty but more humorous, less striking at first sight than her sister, she left an impression perhaps more pleasant to recal and more enduring : in fact, once beheld and conversed with, she 'became a part of sight,'

'And morning star of memory.'

Such as Eugenie was, she had made considerable impression — and strange that it was so, too — on the quiet, shy, and reflective Job ; at least, a female conger — these female congers are searching souls — made that unsuspecting individual acknowledge to a partiality and kind feeling for her, which, by a species of feminine ratiocination, was quickly interpreted to mean a downright *tendre* ; though to say sooth, and never to go any further, reader, Job, one night, with brain slightly muddled by potations, in reply to inquiries propounded by boon companions, having for their object to draw him out on the point of his preferences between the sisters, actually sung with maudlin emphasis and amid rapturous applause, the famous song of Macheath, which declares that he might be *happy with either* !

One evening, somewhere about the 'heart of June,' many years lang syne, as the hour for departure arrived which was to terminate the pleasantest of the many pleasant evenings passed in gay converse by Messrs. Hartwell and Gladman, in company with the fair daughters of Judge Wycherley, at that distinguished gentleman's residence, Mr. Job Heartwell, intending it as a signal mark of his good-will and desire to please, invited the company to participate in a piscatory excursion the next day, near the beautiful 'Island,' in the river. After the various insurmountable objections usually put forth by ladies on such occasions, particularly where they have set their dear hearts upon going, had been promptly met and removed, as that it was but a short distance and so it made no difference if Madame W. should want the carriage to make calls with ; that if it should come on to rain, there was a comfortable hut on the bank of the river, hard by the island, in which secure shelter might be had from the peltings of the most pitiless of storms, and so forth ; all these points being satisfactorily settled, and preliminaries discussed and arranged, it was agreed that the frolic, as Eugenie and Ned undignifiedly insisted on calling it, should take place on the ensuing morning, after an early breakfast. Bidding adieu to the ladies and wishing them 'rosy dreams and slumbers light,' the friends bent their steps homeward and were soon locked in the embrace of

sleep. Poor Job, in his dreams that night proved no exception to the general truth embraced by Dryden in the apt couplet :

‘AND many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
Which neither were, nor are, nor e’er can be.’

For he consumed the greater part of that night in drawing from the river fish of the most anomalous character, of every known and unknown variety, every species of animal common to the travelling menageries, with a rod whose very size and weight almost crushed him, until at length, hanging a mermaid and drawing her all dripping to the shore, he found, as he was thrusting the hook from her mouth, that it was the charming Eugenie Wycherley, whose head he was pressing to the earth while performing that rough operation ! Awakening with a start of horror, he enjoyed no more that night ‘the honey-heavy dew of slumber.’

Morning came and with it every indication of an unpropitious day. Sultry, cloudy, and muttering thunder and wind from the rain quarter ; a postponement of the excursion was inevitable ; our piscator and friend called upon the ladies, and after indulging in strains of most withering invective against the weather, suggested a postponement to a future day, when, wind and weather permitting, they might carry out their angling intentions. The suggestion being concurred in, our disappointed fisherman announced, as he was retiring from the ladies’ presence, in a reckless spirit of bravado, that individually he was not to be deterred by any such obstacles, and begged the ladies to accept from him a string of perch, trout, *et cetera*, to be delivered that afternoon. Laughingly thanking him for his proffered gift, Eugenie, scarcely supposing such a thing probable, remarked to him that if the weather became less threatening during the day, he need not be surprised, provided they could get the services of Mr. Gladman as an escort, to have the trio come upon him in the midst of his sport.

Our enterprising fisherman retired, in high heart, to the scene of his labors, while Ned Gladman betook himself towards his quarters, ostensibly to study, but in reality to procure the services of a couple of young men, imps of mischief, to assist him in the execution of a plot, hatched out in his prolific brain, the moment Eugenie expressed the probability, in the event the day became more propitious, that herself and sister, accompanied by him, might interrupt the fisherman at his pastime.

Heartwell had reached the hut opposite the island when the rain began to descend with great violence : nothing daunted, he proceeded, after arranging his fishing-tackle, to divest himself of his garments — an old custom of his in similar situations — and stowing them securely away in the shanty, waded at a shallow point to the island and began, *in puris naturalibus*, the day’s labors.

Wholly absorbed in his delightful occupation and entirely unaware of the flight of time or change in the weather, our enthusiastic devotee was succeeding in his sport beyond expectation, when startled into consciousness by a merry laugh on the shore, he perceived for the first time that the clouds had vanished from the heavens and the sun was pouring down his rays in unobscured brilliancy. Following with his

eyes the direction of the sound that had fallen upon his ear, he beheld a scene that thrilled his very soul with horror and paralyzed his muscles for an instant beyond the power of motion. Mary and Eugenie Wycherley, with Ned Gladman at their side, not fifty yards away, with angling-rods in hand, seemingly engaged in fishing! What must have been the horrifying and appalling sentiments and emotions of a man like Job, imbued with the profoundest reverence for the sex in general, to be detected by the paragons of that sex in his primitive plight, can be better imagined than described. The angle dropped from his trembling hand, as, with a whispered prayer that he had not been observed, he sunk to the earth and commenced noiselessly rolling over and over in the hot sand, away from the water's edge, and fortunately for him, in the direction of a large log, the only ambush in that part of the island, behind which concealment might be had, where at full length he lay, shivering with apprehension, notwithstanding the scorching rays of a vertical sun were blistering his skin, and murmuring little fragments of religious songs. Ends of deliverance-hymns, not remembered since childhood, but coming to mind now in the hour of adversity, were repeated with a fervor and pathos not surpassed by charm-believing devotee in the days of old superstition, when scraps of poetry were used to avert misfortune and drive away unclean spirits. For two dreadful hours, enduring mental torture of the most agonizing description, to say nothing of the physical suffering occasioned by the burning sand and the blistering sun's rays, he lay concealed (he fondly hoped) behind the log — the longest and most painful hours he had ever consumed in life — never raising his head above his ambush, for fear of recognition, and sometimes imagining the enormous trunk behind which he was ensconced to be diminished to the size of a mere sapling, but which really hid his person entirely from the sight of the party on the shore. At length, pondering the matter over as well as his half-distracted faculties would permit, he drew some slight solace in his misery from the faint hope that possibly he had not been observed. Scarcely had this slender consolation taken root in his mind ere he was plunged into a misfortune that for ever dispelled all illusions of that character. He beheld a huge snake of the water-moccasin species — a reptile he feared and detested above all others — emerging from his native element, and directing his course, in slow and serpentine windings, toward the log, evidently with a view of sunning himself thereon, a juxtaposition frightful to contemplate, aside from the necessity, which it implied, of crawling over his body. Nearer and nearer it came, shortening at each successive serpentine convolution the distance between it and the now clammy-cold body of the suffering Job, until *Job's patience* could endure it no longer. Springing to his feet and uttering a cry of horror, he cleared at a bound the intervening space to the water's edge, and plunged headlong into the protecting waves of the river, not heeding the spectacle he presented, until feeling himself safe from the poisonous fangs of the reptile and cooled into a degree of semi-consciousness by the genial water, as he mechanically parted it in swimming; then observing the young ladies, escaping as if in affright in a homeward direction, the catastrophe burst upon him in all its frightfulness, remov-

ing the last vestige of the faint hope that had given him a morsel of comfort in the painful and deeply-mortifying situation in which he had innocently been placed.

Attaining the shore without much effort — for it is very probable, had it required much effort, this voracious history would have here ended — and hastily donning his apparel, he trudged heavily homeward, laden down with feelings of gloom and mortification, not relieved by a single ray of deliverance presenting itself to his confused and wandering faculties.

Quickly seeking out his friend Gladman, he unreservedly poured the tale of his sorrows into that gentleman's bosom, who, sympathizing in his distresses, kindly advised the sufferer to call, without delay, upon Judge Wycherley at his office, and make a clean breast of the whole disaster, accompanied by such apology as the occasion required.

The old Judge was seated in his easy office-chair, deep in the mazes of a knotty legal investigation, when Job, without announcement, countenance expressing blended humility, penitence, and remorse, and without accepting the proffered chair, entered and, unregardful of the common salutation, began, hurriedly and almost incoherently, to utter the words :

'Judge Wycherley, I have called this morning — evening, I should have said, to see you this morning — evening it is — I have called and ——'

'I insist on your being seated,' interrupted the Judge, wholly at a loss to account for the stammering and blundering introduction, and amazed at the wo-begone countenance of his pupil. 'Compose yourself. What is the matter?'

'I called,' confusedly continued the perturbed Job, 'Miss Wycherley — that is, Miss Mary — Miss Eugenie — did not go a-fishing — rain — Gladman ——'

'Pray quiet yourself, my dear young friend,' soothingly persuaded the Judge; 'your mind seems to be wandering; take time; collect your thoughts: I trust nothing unpleasant has befallen you.'

'O Judge!' hesitatingly and unintelligibly proceeded the painfully agitated Job, 'I never was so unhappy — Miss Eugenie — Miss Mary — never dreamed of it — Gladman never told me — the snake was as large as your body — and ——'

'Mr. Heartwell,' again interrupted the Judge, in vain striving to solve the mystery, 'what is the meaning of all this nonsense? Rain — Gladman — snake — my daughters — fishing. I am unable to understand you; you had better retire to your room and compose yourself; you will never make yourself understood at this rate.'

'O Sir!' imploringly begged the sufferer, 'will you grant me your pardon; I would lay down my life before I would insult you or your family.'

'This passes all comprehension,' said the Judge, more puzzled and annoyed than ever; 'I am not aware that you have offered insult to myself, nor do I believe you capable of insulting any member of my family. If you ever had any such intention, I freely forgive you;

doubtless my daughters will do likewise : when you become more calm and collected you had better see them yourself.'

'Thank you, from my heart I thank you, Sir,' overflowing with gratitude, Job replied ; 'you do me but justice ; nothing was further from my intention. Have I your permission to see the ladies and make them my most heart-felt apology in person ?'

'Certainly, my dear young friend,' responded the old lawyer ; 'but would it not be well to wait until to-morrow, when ——'

The conclusion of this sentence was lost on Job, who bolted from the office, and darted along the street with a rapid step until he arrived at the gate of the inclosure around the family mansion of the old lawyer ; here pausing he seemed buried in reflection.

Before the Judge returned to his seat from the door, whence he had followed Heartwell as he made his precipitate retreat, Mr. Gladman hove accidentally in sight, to whom the Judge made a signal that he desired to speak with him.

'Mr. Gladman,' said the lawyer, as that young gentleman came within ear-shot, 'have you seen Mr. Heartwell this afternoon ? Can you give any explanation of his perturbation of mind ? He has been asking my pardon for some imaginary insult, and has now gone for the same purpose to my daughters. Heretofore he has ever seemed to me to be a young man of sober habits and exemplary behavior.'

'Yes, Sir,' said the innocent-looking individual addressed, 'I always so regarded him too, and his present insanity is a problem. He went a-fishing this morning and returned some half-an-hour ago, and commenced telling me something about a snake he saw, mingling his narration with asseverations of his innocence of intention to insult Miss Mary or Miss Eugenie. Feeling alarmed lest some accident had happened to the young ladies, I came this way to inquire.'

'No accident that I am aware of,' thoughtfully pursued the Judge. 'I left home scarce a half-hour ago, my family were all well then. Will you have the kindness to step up to my residence and ascertain what all this excitement means ? Surely Heartwell is too strong-minded to lose his senses at the sight of a snake !'

As Gladman approached the residence of Judge Wycherley he caught a glimpse of Job as he entered the door, and without stopping passed on.

The pause at the gate enabled Job partially to recover his self-possession. Perplexing embarrassment as to the manner of wording his apology to the ladies, was the cause of his detention there. His high-strung feelings of delicacy and reverential regard for the female character alike forbade him, he conceived, to use that directness and pointedness on the present occasion, in which his frank nature was wont to express itself. Unaccustomed to ornateness in apprelling his ideas, and, least of all, to circumlocution, he was sorely troubled and harassed, in addition to his many other causes for chagrin and mortification, as to the manner in which, with the least offence to modesty and strict decorum, he could accomplish his purpose. Having conned over in his mind the beginning of his speech, he entered the dwelling, trusting to the inspiration of the moment or some lucky turn in the chapter of accidents, to wind it up gracefully.

'Ladies,' said he, bowing humbly and reverentially as he spoke, to the Misses Wycherley, who were evidently unprepared for the solemn tone of his salutation and the still more gloomy expression of his countenance; 'Ladies, circumstances sometimes occur, originating in misunderstandings, to which any thing more than a mere allusion would be the grossest indelicacy, leading to consequences alike mortifying and unexpected. Such is the very painful situation in which I have the misfortune to find myself placed at present, in regard to two young ladies, whose good opinion I value above all earthly treasure, and to whom my heart is as incapable of offering rudeness or insult as — as — as —'

At this interesting point his mind ceased to work, his eyes became riveted on the carpet, and blushing with shame, stammering, he ceased to speak, presenting as he stood, a perfect picture of distress. Astounded beyond measure, and wholly ignorant of his drift or meaning, Mary and Eugenie would have been disposed, but for the sad traces of suffering depicted in his face, to give way to the risible emotions rising in their bosoms. So incomprehensible was his exordium, that it was only after several moments had elapsed, that either of the ladies could find words to come to his relief. And then, innocently misconceiving his meaning as Eugenie did, and thinking it was barely possible he might be alluding to their expected disappointment in not receiving the string of perch and trout he had so vauntingly promised in the morning, she ventured to say :

'Oh! do not trouble yourself a moment about your bad luck, Mr. Heartwell,' and then archly but innocently continued, 'you know accidents will happen in the best of families, and why not to the best of fishermen?'

'Yes, Miss Eugenie,' resumed Job, in an impassioned manner, catching the word but wholly misapplying the allusion. 'On my honor as a gentleman, it was an accident; I never dreamed of the consequences; it was raining, and being in the hut, it was wholly impossible for me to go to the island without — with — pardon me! pardon me! The snake was very near me or I should not have —'

'O Mr. Heartwell,' nervously exclaimed Mary, 'do not talk about snakes; I am sure if I had seen a snake and had been near the river, I should have jumped in, would n't you?'

'Have mercy on me!' fervently petitioned Job, still wide of the mark, 'that's just what I did, or I should never have been guilty of — of —'

'Upon my word, Mr. Hartwell,' exclaimed Eugenie, 'you make very serious of a very trivial affair; pity that some stalwart damsel like myself had not been at hand when you took the plunge, to have lent you succor in your dire extremity! How romantic it would have been! Won't you, that's a kind, good soul, take another dive, some pleasant evening, for our especial delectation?'

Putting a construction upon this playful and innocent speech, in accordance with the train of thought with which he came burthened — a construction utterly unwarranted — poor Job gave the finishing-stroke to his own perfect bewilderment.

Aghast and confounded, doubting his own identity as well as that of the ladies with whom he was conversing, muttering incoherently, 'I — thought — it — was — very — improper —' without finishing the sentence, he abruptly took his departure.

This last shot of Job, coupled with the horror of his looks and the unceremoniousness of his departure, rather opened the eyes of the ladies, and placed them in that delectable predicament, denominated in feminine parlance *a stew*.

Meanwhile, Judge Wycherly, tired of waiting in his office for the return of Mr. Edward Gladman, proceeded in person to seek out that interesting young gentlemen, and extorted from him a full solution of the whole mystery, reprimanding him severely at the same time for procuring the unwarrantable representation, by two imps of boys, on the river bank, of his unoffending daughters, which had occasioned such sore distress to poor Heartwell.

The next morning after these occurrences, retributive justice awaited on Ned Gladman. Ned really adored and in return was loved by Mary Wycherley. His situation will be duly appreciated by the mus-tached reader who has been along there, when it is stated that he received a nondescript package, containing a variety of articles, an inventory of which we append as follows: 'One daguerreotype, (male;) two finger-rings, (gold alloy;) one lady's hair-bracelet, (male and female hair intermixed;) one Book of Common Prayer, (much worn about the marriage-service ceremony;) one album, (filled with selections from the standard poets, above all sorts of signatures;) and one MS. poem, (delivered on a fourth-of-July celebration by E. G.)

Hastily re-packing these priceless treasures, the recipient thereof might have been seen, in a fit of deeper despondency and depression than whilom weighed down poor Heartwell, gloomily wending his way in the direction of a certain mansion, which shall be nameless, where, on bended knees, and with suppliant hands, he implored forgiveness for his mad-cap prank and unthoughtedness, from the justly-offended Mary Wycherley, who, withstanding his entreaties until her heart was ready to burst, finally granted it, and restored to the cured practical joker 'that peace which passeth all understanding.'

'And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges!'

EVERY thing was forgiven, time passing by merry as a marriage-bell; but not forgotten. For, though many a year has come and gone, adding dignity and gravity to Ned's character, and developing the matronly beauty of the charming Mary, the partner of his bosom; still sometimes when that now-distinguished gentleman becomes a little unmanageable and shows signs of ancient proclivities returning upon him, he is expeditiously 'sent about his business,' by a word-picture ravishingly drawn by Mary, exhibiting a run-mad lover on 'bended knees, with suppliant hands.'

And whenever the still lovely Eugenie desires, in the social circle, to curb the heated imagination of that successful lawyer and popular poli-

tician, Job Heartwell, Esq., or to throw a doubt upon the accuracy of some statement made by that rather dogmatic individual, she fully accomplishes her ends, when, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, and with archest and most insinuating manner conceivable, she asked 'Was that snake *really* as large as a man's body?'

SPRING-TIME ON THE PRAIRIES.

ALVIN ROBINSON.

I.

'T is spring-time on the prairies,
And their stretching miles of bloom
Throw on the wildly-wandering winds
The riches of perfume.
And while the wild cock blows his shell,
The brown lark flings his staves,
The broad savannas clap their hands
And roll their wealth of waves.

II.

There 's a white cliff, like a tower,
Looking down upon a stream,
Where the black fox sees his image,
Half-awake and half in dream.
And northward pass two pilgrim birds,
Well pouched and very slow,
They bring along the hint of palms
And the shores of Mexico.

III.

As my faithful Indian pony
Gallops lightly o'er the plain,
The startled fawn leaps up in fear,
And stalks away the crane;
The sward-snipe circles through the air,
And screams his dismal tune,
And the red wolf sits by his earthen den
And howls to the setting moon.

IV.

I lay me down a moment
While my pony crops the flowers,
And I dream of my native mountains
And their babbling brooks and bowers;
I hear their dark pine forests
Respond to the wild winds' moan,
But I wake on the lonesome prairies,
And feel, indeed, alone.

THE MID-NIGHT CHIME.

BY MASTER JOHANN

I.

Now while mid-night's chimes are ringing,
 Bell-tones on earth's stillness flinging,
 Such as fairy throats are singing,
 Busy thought is wildly bringing
 Rare visions to the eye of Fancy :
 Joy when the heart is wrapt in sorrow,
 Hope lighting up the dark to-morrow ;
 Thus from those bells gay Thought doth borrow
 Bliss amid pain, and peace 'mid sorrow,
 As by some spell of necromancy.

II.

Soft the notes are o'er us creeping,
 Wounded hearts in life-balm steeping :
 Forms who 've long in death been sleeping,
 Over whom we've long been weeping,
 Seem to be standing all around us !
 While voices loved of yore, awaking,
 The vividness of life are taking ;
 And now, in songs of youth are breaking
 Upon the air, once more awaking
 The joys we knew ere grief had found us.

III.

Tempting serpents, grim and sooty,
 Hurry hence without their booty ;
 Faith smiles forth in radiant beauty,
 And the heart grows strong in duty,
 While sweet the mid-night chime is pealing :
 Virtue seems wedded now to Gladness !
 High vows, which erst had been but madness,
 Are now renewed ; while driving Sadness
 Far, far away, the fairy Gladness
 Thrills every nerve with joyous feeling.

IV.

Thus in meditation nightly
 When the stars are shining brightly,
 And those bells are ringing lightly,
 While aerial forms so sprightly
 Come tripping round gay, busy Fancy :
 Forgetting all of care and sorrow,
 And caring nothing for the morrow,
 Doth Thought from mid-night's bell-chime borrow,
 E'en in the darkling night of sorrow
 Unnumbered spells of necromancy.

C O N S T A N T I N O P L E .

BY DR. J. O. NOYES, LATE SURGEON IN THE OTTOMAN ARMY.

MORE historical than all else at Stamboul are the walls which surround the city. They occupy nearly the place of the old fortifications erected by the Consul Cyrus Constantine, by order of Theodosius II., and demolished by Septimius Severus. Although 'after the Parthenon and Balbec, they are the most magnificent ruins which attest a seat of empire,' it is too evident that Constantine the Great built them in haste. Segments of broken columns and pieces of sculptured marble are strangely intermingled with brick-work and rough blocks of granite. The walls of Constantinople are twelve miles in extent, and provided with more than five hundred towers. Most of the twenty-eight gates have been celebrated in history. Constantinople has been besieged twenty-nine times, and eight times taken and pillaged. Old Byzance saw before her walls Athenians, Macedonians, Romans, Thracians, Bithynians, Celts, and Persians. The city of Constantine has trembled before Goths, Huns, Arabs, Persians, Saracens, Russians, Bulgarians, Hungarians, and Turks. During these various vicissitudes of fortune there have been encamped before her gates old Greek commanders and old Roman emperors, new Greek autocrats and new Roman Cæsars, Arabian caliphs and Bulgarian kral, Slavonian kings and Ottoman sultans.

On a pleasant afternoon we rounded the point of the Seraglio and oared leisurely along the wall which skirts the Sea of Marmora, reading the inscriptions on its gates, and tracing here and there its wave-worn foundations far down in the crystal water. Arriving at the south-west angle of triangular Stamboul, we disembarked at the Chateau of Seven Towers, the *Irde-Koule* of the Turks. This Mussulman Bastile, which has witnessed the *denouement* of so many tragedies begun in the Seraglio, was founded by Zeno, finished by Alexander Comnenus, and rebuilt by Mohammed the Conqueror. But four of the Seven Towers have been standing since the earthquake of 1768. They served alike as a fortress, treasury, and prison for the ambassadors of powers at war with the Turks. Hither the dethroned Sultans were dragged by an enraged populace. Here six or seven imperial heads have rolled to the earth, and these gloomy walls have often been crowned with hideous wreaths of grinning skulls. But this ancient castle, in which the Athenians are said to have kept their treasures, is now merely a monument of the past. No stranger is admitted within its gates. Its dungeons, its whispering halls and rooms of torture are deserted. The laughing waves of the Marmora which break against its foundations, no longer blush with human blood or mingle their melancholy dirge with battle-cries, while the jasmine and the ivy have kindly woven a green mantle over the crumbling towers like a veil of forgetfulness.

Turning away from this tableau, grandiose alike in its majesty of ruins and in the souvenirs of history, we mount the horses provided for us, to ride along the walls which defend Stamboul on the Thracian or land side. Beginning at the Seven Towers they sweep over the steep and rugged hills to the suburb of Eyoub, or the Golden Horn, four miles distant from the Marmora. The rays of the declining sun give a golden tinge to the distant mountains of Thrace, and impart a serene and indescribable beauty to these crumbling towers and bastions. Beyond them is Stamboul, low and compact, merely the minarets and domes of the mosques rising to view above the lofty walls, while on the outside vast cemeteries occupy most of the space in the direction of Eyoub. The barren hills gradually lose themselves in the Thracian plain on which the squadrons of the Nizam occasionally go through their evolutions. Here and there a shepherd may be seen guarding his little flock. Dreadful solitude to be experienced beneath the walls of a great city! The very genius of decay broods over the monuments of power and military valor before us. But one can hardly conceive of nobler or more picturesque ruins than these triple lines of fortifications; wall rising above wall, and ditch sinking behind ditch. Vines have clambered far up the crumbling towers, and the thousand plants and shrubs of a luxuriant vegetation line the silent walls, from which once looked down serried hosts, glittering with shield and spear. The moat, said to have been more than a hundred feet in depth, is nearly filled with rubbish, and the soil, enriched with the blood of so many battles, bears flowers, and shrubs, and cresses. The mouldering battlements, the unfilled breaches, the melancholy views inspire painful emotions. Behind these ramparts, which the wretched Greeks foolishly believed impregnable, crumbled away the last wreck of the great Roman empire. Yet under the protection of these ruins the empire of the Cæsars survived long centuries until the formation of new societies, prolonging antiquity down to the middle ages, and forming a grand connecting link between the world of Rome and the world of the present. As I ride by the gates, rendered memorable by great historical events, my imagination pictures the scenes enacted there centuries ago. Before the *Aurea*, or Golden Gate, now walled up like many others around Stamboul, I behold the triumphal processions of the Emperors, which entered the city at this point from the time of Theodosius the younger. By the gate of Adrianople loom up before me the wild hosts of the Avars repulsed by Heraclius and his brave Greeks. Still further on I pause for a moment where Alexius Comnenus entered the city to usurp the throne, and where the imagination, busy with the historical past, represents Justinian the Great making his triumphal entry, met here by the prefect of the city and the entire Senate — a scene worthy of the historical painter. Before the gate of St. Romanus I conjure up the grand events of the last siege of Constantinople, the fatal assault on the thirty-ninth of May, 1453, and the death of Constantine, who, however he may have lived, fell like a Cæsar. Years had been spent by the Ottomans in making preparations for this remarkable siege. On the sixth of April Mohammed appeared before the city and encamped behind the hill which faces the gate of Caligaria. A hundred thousand cavalry with curveting steeds

and all the equestrian finery of standards and trappings in which the Turks delight, formed the confines of the camp on yonder plain. A hundred thousand active besiegers composed the right wing toward the Seven Towers, and fifty thousand the left wing, extending as far as the palace of the Blachernes, in the direction of the Golden Horn. A monstrous cannon, cast at Adrianople by a Hungarian renegade from the service of Constantine, was dragged before the gate of St. Romanus, also called the Cannon Gate, or *Top-Kapousi* since the siege. This piece, unquestionably the most enormous mentioned in the history of siege artillery, required for its conveyance fifty yoke of oxen. Two hundred men marched on each side of the frame of thirty wagons on which it was supported to maintain the equilibrium of the rolling weight. The bore is declared to have been twelve palms in diameter, and in the first trial, which veiled Adrianople with smoke, and was heard the distance of several leagues, a stone ball, weighing nearly a thousand pounds, is said to have been projected a mile, and then buried itself a fathom deep in the earth. Seven hundred men were appointed to serve this enormous engine of war. A Hungarian envoy from Hunyod, then in the Ottoman camp, gave directions for its proper use, but with all their eager haste it could be discharged but seven times a day. After a few trials the brazen-mouthed monster burst, killing the founder and many workmen beside. Flanking this enormous cannon were two others of nearly the same calibre, while in all, fourteen batteries were opened against the wall of Constantinople on the Thracian side. In this remarkable siege both ancient and modern instruments of warfare were employed. Volleys of musketry attended clouds of spears and arrows, and parks of awkward artillery aided the slow work of balistas, catapults, and movable turrets. By means of the latter the tower of St. Romanus was at last overturned. The Turks, however, were driven from the breach and their enormous wooden turret set on fire. The next morning when Mohammed saw the ditch cleared and the tower of St. Romanus built up as strong as before, he swore by the hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets that he never believed the Greeks able to accomplish so great a work in a single night. Day followed day and effort succeeded effort, but without success to the Ottomans. Mohammed at last hit upon a bold project to gain possession of the Golden Horn. During a single night he caused seventy galleys and brigantines of from two to five banks of oars to be conveyed by land from Bexhiktasch, on the Bosphorus, across to the termination of the harbor, the mouth of which was closed with a chain. The distance was between five and six miles, and the way led across high hills and deep valleys. The planks over which the vessels were drawn were anointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Upon the prow of each vessel stood the captain, and at the stern of each the pilot. The sails were spread, the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and at the return of day the besieged saw with equal surprise and terror the seventy Turkish vessels cast anchor in the Golden Horn, and ranged themselves before their walls. 'At the sight of this spectacle they understood,' says a Turkish historian, 'that their ruin was about to be accomplished. Words escaped not from their mouths : the dark gloom of despair settled

upon their hearts.' A prediction long before spread abroad among the people, announced that Constantinople would fall when they should see *ships sailing upon the land*. Seven weeks had passed. The Greeks still mounted the ramparts and repelled every attack ; but four of their towers had been demolished, a large breach was open at the gate of St. Romanus, and the Ottoman army occupied the *fosse*, half-filled with the ruins of the fortifications.

Mohammed, either to obey the law of the Koran, which enjoins that peace be offered to an enemy before extermination, or to learn whether the city would be able to hold out many days longer, sent a last message to Constantine. Arrived before the Emperor, who was surrounded by his court, Esendiar-Oghlon, the envoy of Mohammed, exhorted him to disarm the wrath of the Sultan by a prompt and complete surrender, and thereby spare the inhabitants all the miseries of slavery. But in the council which the Emperor immediately convoked, the voice of honor and of courage reduced to despair was alone heard.

'If the Sultan will grant peace, and in respecting it, imitate the example of his predecessors,' responded Constantine to the Envoy of Mohammed, 'I give thanks to God. Moreover, no one of those who have besieged Constantinople has either lived or reigned a long time. Mohammed can impose a tribute upon me, but never will I surrender the city which I have sworn to defend.'

The general assault was to take place on the twenty-ninth of May, the fatal day to Constantinople, as predicted by the astrologers in the camp of the Sultan. On the evening of the twenty-seventh Mohammed assembled the chiefs of the Ottoman army. To them and his soldiers, he promised the entire booty, reserving to himself only the houses, and the land upon which the city stood. To those who should most distinguish themselves he would give *timars* and even *Sandjacks* ; and to the soldier who should first scale the walls, the government of his richest province. Seated upon horseback and holding in the right hand his golden sceptre, the Sultan swore by the prophet of Mecca, by the soul of his father, by his children and by his cimeter, that the Koran should prevail. This harangue was received with acclamation, and shout after shout rolled along the long lines of the soldiers of Islam. Dervishes ran through the camp promising an eternal youth amid the fresh rivers and streams of paradise to such as should fall with arms in their hands. The day preceding the assault each one was enjoined to fast and make seven ablutions. At night-fall the trumpet gave the signal for a general illumination. Then all the tents along the Bosphorus and on the heights of Galata became resplendent with light ; then the greater part of the Golden Horn and the bivouacs extending away in long lines to the Sea of Marmora blazed with innumerable lamps and torches. The besieged mounted the walls to behold the amazing spectacle, and half surrounded by seas of fire, believed at first that a terrific conflagration was sweeping away the camps and fleets of the Ottomans. But the chants and dances of the dervishes, and the wild Moslem shouts of *Allah illah Allah* passing from squadron to squadron and echoing from hill to hill, soon announced to them

that the Turks were celebrating their victory in advance. Then despair settled upon the Greeks. They ran wildly in the streets and thronged the churches. Gloom and confusion and darkness reigned everywhere, and above the lamentations and prayers of the people swelled the *Keyrie eleison*, mingling its solemn strains with the Bacchic frenzy of the Turks. The last assault, the carnage, have they not all been described, O reader! by the eloquent pen of Gibbon? The walls remain in nearly the same condition they were in after the siege of Constantinople more than four hundred years ago. But little has been taken away and nothing has been added save the ivy and the verdure. The indolent Turks have not even closed the breach by which a great part of Mohammed's army entered the city, and behind which the last of the Constantines fell covered with wounds and with glory. This is the strongest portion of the wall, and yet such was the disparity between the Greeks and Turks that I wonder the latter did not sooner burst through there. Near by, on the most elevated ground within the walls of Stamboul, is the ruin of the palace of Belisarius, the residence of the last Emperor. The old palace of the Cæsars is likewise an inextricable labyrinth of ruins.

About mid-way from the Seven Towers and the Golden Horn, the road deviates from the wall and leads to the church of Balukli, a place much frequented by the Greeks. Here no Turks are to be seen, the women are unveiled, and there is often a hurrying to-and-fro of eager groups. The convent-like church is surrounded by a gloomy wall. In the immediate vicinity is a Greek cemetery, which, from the absence of trees and the careless manner in which the monuments are arranged, is by no means so interesting as the burial-places of the Turks. Several of the Greek patriarchs have been buried in the court-yard of the church. The Greek emperors were wont to repair to Balukli on Ascension-day in great pomp, and here also important marriages were formerly celebrated.

Our dragoman conducts us down several steps to the body of the church, which is cleaner and prettier than the generality of Greek churches. A few priests are celebrating mass in their usual monotonous manner, and with the nasal twang peculiar to eastern worship. '*Thos psari effendis*, (see the fishes, gentlemen)?' says one of them, and he leads us down to the fountain of Nicetas, the healing virtues of whose cool and refreshing waters were sung by Nicephorus, and extolled by Philo in Greek iambics. The fountain is of crystal clearness, and in it are swimming a few streaked fishes roasted, as the legend tells us, on one side.

A monk sat here frying fishes, when Mohammed entered the city. As some one announced to him the triumph of the Turks, he exclaimed: 'What! I shall believe you when I see these fishes come to life and leap from the pan in which I am cooking them.' And forthwith, to the amazement of the incredulous Canabite, they did leap from the frying-pan into the fountain before us. The church built to commemorate this miracle, was destroyed at the breaking out of the Greek revolution, but it is declared that the fishes were again miraculously preserved.

Descending to the Golden Horn we reach Eyoub, one of the fifteen suburbs of Constantinople. It is a delicious sylvan retreat, where no Christian is allowed to reside, and whose holy mosque, built by Mohammed II., no Christian is permitted to enter. The latter is an airy and elegant structure of white marble, in which the Turkish Sultans are inaugurated.

When the new padishah has girded on the sword of Osman, the illustrious founder of the Ottoman dynasty, turning to one of his ministers, he exclaims: '*Keyzyl-elmada giorus chelem!*' (May we see each other in Rome!) Though now a mere formality, this ceremony shows how the haughty Sultan once meditated supplanting the tiara by the turban. It carries our thoughts back to the time when the taking of Otranto in Apulia by Achmet Geduk Pacha, caused as much terror in Rome as the appearance of Attila on the Mincio, when there was trembling in the Vatican, and the Papal power almost determined again to remove its seat to Avignon.

Times change. We have beheld the throne of the Osmanlis, before which the representatives of mighty kings once bowed the neck and held the voice subdued, threatened to be submerged by the returning waves of invasion, and the hand which formerly issued the bulletins of victorious armies and the recitals of conquest, stretched forth supplicatingly to the powers whose subjects were a few years ago termed dogs of infidels.

'Let him that gives aid to the Turks be excommunicated,' stands written in the canons of Rome. But in the war which is now terminating we have seen the Gallic defender of the Catholic faith the firm ally of the Sultan. The *Keyrie eleison* and *Allah illah Allah*; while the followers of CHRIST and the followers of Mohammed have gone into combat shoulder to shoulder, bearing side by side the crescent and the cross. Yet in this crusade of Louis Napoleon the Occident and the Orient have been brought together on a magnificent scale. Thus are made acquainted men who hitherto have met only on fields of carnage and seen each other through the smoke of battles. Thus also the ancient enmity of races is made to fall beneath the rough tread of Mars.

The mosque derives its name from Eyoub, the standard-bearer and companion-in-arms of Mohammed, who was killed at the siege of Constantinople by the Saracens, 668 A.D., and buried here. The spot having been revealed to Mohammed II. in a vision, he erected a mosque and mausoleum in honor of the glorious Eyoub. There are many other mausolea of persons distinguished in the annals of Islam under these dark cypresses.

I notice many gilded monuments which exhibit great taste, and do not think there can be a sweeter resting-place for the dead than quiet, beautiful Eyoub. Slight elevations of mason-work or stones chiseled at the top to the shape of turbans, mark the grave of the faithful, the size and the inscriptions also sometimes indicating their character and profession. A flower or some simple device is inscribed in the case of females. The Moslems press the earth with no ponderous marble slabs, in order that on the day of judgment the bodies of the dead may spring up without impediment. They scrupulously avoid burying two

persons in the same place, and have the beautiful custom of planting a cypress over the grave of a relative or friend, circumstances which account for the size of Turkish cemeteries and their being converted into the parks and pleasure-grounds of Ottoman cities. The Mussulmans bury their dead upon the day of their death, and hurry them to the tomb, for the Prophet says : ' If the departed one is blessed, hasten with him to the place of destination : is he accursed, get rid of him as soon as possible.' The nearest relatives assist in supporting the bier. For that pious office the Koran promises a great blessing, and the only time that a Turk moves swiftly is when he is carrying a brother to the grave. They run out and assist each other, believing that the body of the departed is uneasy until consigned to the dust from which it sprung. The Imaum or priest interrogates the dead upon the articles of faith contained in the Koran, and the silence of the latter is ingeniously construed into affirmative answers. A few handfuls of earth are thrown into the grave, the assistants respond *Amen*, and the soul is left alone with eternity. Instead of a coffin they employ two planks so placed as to leave an open space where, as they say, the examining angels can sit down and converse with the departed. For a like reason the shroud is seamless and left open at both ends. A stone is placed at the head of the corpse for the convenience of the two angels, under the supposition that this act of civility will make them more indulgent.

When the latter visit the sepulchre in order to institute an examination, the soul of the defunct is supposed to return for a time to the body. One of the angels seizes the queue of hair, which every true Mussulman allows to grow for that purpose, and raises the dead to a sitting posture. This preliminary examination consists of four questions relating to the cardinal points of religion and the direction in which the dead has said his prayers. For several days in succession after the funeral the relatives and friends of the deceased repair to his grave to pray, beseeching God to deliver him from the torments inflicted by the black angel in case the examination be not satisfactory. Calling him by name, they encourage him to 'fear not, but answer bravely.' On the Friday following the interment, refreshments of various kinds are carried to the grave, of which the passer-by may partake freely. The souls of the faithful are thought to linger around the graves in blissful beatitude, not unmindful of the attentions of their surviving friends.

This mode of sepulture is not without good in a country where the plague is common and premature burials occasionally take place. It occasionally happens that persons buried in this clumsy manner recover and are able to force the barrier separating them from the outward world. It is related that a Turkish blacksmith, who had been buried in the morning, returned home during the day, enveloped in his shroud. Being somewhat taciturn, he directed his footsteps at once to his shop to the great terror of his assistants, and without saying a word to any one resumed the work of the previous day.

Refreshing ourselves with a cup of coffee at the Kiosk, whose foundations are bathed by the limpid waves of the Golden Horn, let us take a four-oared *Caique* to visit the Sweet Waters of Europe. The

picturesque *Caidjis* handle their frail but elegant barks with admirable address. Shooting up the little river which flows into the Golden Horn, we reach in a few minutes one of the most frequented places near the Turkish capital. It is an oasis in the desert which extends down to the very walls of Stamboul, for if one ascends the hills on either side, nothing meets the eye but a wide desolate waste. The delightful retreat is named the Sweet Waters by the Franks, and Heavenly Waters by the Turks, but the water of the Lycus is not fit to drink. Here, where

—‘In shadiest covert hid
The tuneful bird sings darkling.’

the Sultan has a summerpalace, half-Occidental in style and furniture, and half-Oriental. Except the harem, which we were not permitted to visit, and the sumptuous marble baths it would suffer in comparison with many of the villas along the Hudson. An artificial water-fall is near, and on the green plots feed the stately coursers of the Sultan, rivalling in beauty the fleet coursers of Heftar and Nedjid.

On sunny afternoons and balmy evenings Turkish ladies do love to congregate on the sylvan banks of the Lycus. Then the cool sherbet is drunk in the shady kiosk, and the Ottoman lays off that dignity which he wears in all other places, to become a playful child. Then and there only upon European soil do you behold an *apotheoists* of the life of the soft Asiatics. The Turk loves nature from the fact that he is a stranger to art, and at the Sweet Waters of Europe he enjoys her blessings without restraint. Its solitude induces the *far niente*, and the delicious *far niente*, is it not, O reader, the secret of the life Oriental? The silvery laugh of sportive girls mingles with the music of running waters, the rustling of leaves and the notes of the bulbul.

Armenian maidens let fall the veil in the eagerness of sport, and groups of dark-eyed Greeks as beautiful as Thalia and Melpomene dance upon the green velvet to music, Orphean only in the graceful movements it accompanies. Here the Circassian forgets she is a slave, and the Nubian joins her mistress in the merry laugh.

On one of the hills which overlook the promenade of the Sweet Waters there is an immense kiosk, untenanted and uncared for. No one visits the fountains in the lonely gardens. Rank weeds have grown up in the shady walks, and lifeless trees show their squalid branches in the midst of luxurious vegetation. With all this solitude and decay is connected a story of spiritualized affliction rare among the Turks. Mahmoud converted the kiosk into a dwelling-place for the favorite of the imperial harem. Here the Sultan was wont to repair to forget the chagrins of the sovereign in the tenderness of love. The beautiful Circassian died. The brave-hearted Sultan could find no solace for his grief. He ordered that no hand should desecrate the asylum of his lost happiness. In his saddest hours he would often come here to weep alone. Abdel Medjid, when he ascended the throne, respected his father's wish, and no one now approaches the solitary pavilion still wearing the emblems of mourning.

The shades of evening gather around us. As we glide down the

Lycus and the Golden Horn, the full-orbed moon rises from behind the Bithynian Olympus and bathes in liquid ethereal light the mosques and towers of the Seven-Hilled City. Caiques filled with grave Osmanlis and their silken-eye-lashed treasures flit by us on the Golden Horn, whose depths are no longer vexed by a thousand moving keels. The dimpling and silvery waves wear their crisped moonlit smiles around the motionless hulls, and break against them with the low murmur of the far-sounding sea. A balmy influence seems to descend from the turquoise sky through an atmosphere of opaline transparency. The sensations and perceptions become exquisite beyond description, and the current of my thoughts flows into dreamy imaginations. The very pulses of my being throb with a new and delicious life — a life known only in the sunny Orient.

L O S T !

BY MARY W. STANLEY HINSON.

As strong of heart and lithe of limb,
 As quick to do and dare and be,
 And yet with soul and senses dim,
 Through solving of life's mystery I
 How long my better self has slept!
 How far my feet have gone astray!
 I smile where I should once have wept,
 And scoff where I should kneel to pray!

Thine eyes are closed; but I look out
 Through tears, upon my fellow-men,
 And, stepping o'er thy daisied grave,
 Come 'back to busy life again!' —
 For thee the silence of the tomb,
 The silence none may dare to break!
 For me the deep, perpetual gloom —
 The soul in mourning for thy sake!

Thine eyes are closed, the summer wind
 Will breathe around our trysting-tree,
 And search and seek, but never find
 An answering glimpse or glance of thee!
 And strangers, lingering here at eve,
 Will pluck the daisy leaves apart,
 And talk of those for whom they grieve,
 Nor dream they tread upon my heart!

Thine eyes are closed: the passionate tears,
 The dull despair and heavy pain,
 My soul has felt through all these years,
 Can never move thy heart again!
 While I, if love again with me,
 Another shape and form should know,
 'T would be no stranger sight to see
 Red roses blooming in the snow!

H O M E :

'WHETHER IT BE THAT OF HIS BIRTH, OR THAT OTHER THOUGH NOT LESS DEAR ONE, WHERE HE HAS GATHERED HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.'

WHEN the bloom is on the orchards
And the grass begins to spring,
When the birds all wake in gladness
And make the welkin ring;
When the old house-dog lies in the sun
And winks and blinks his eyes,
Waving his long white tail about
To drive away the flies;

When the children, wet with rain-drops,
Come trooping from the farm,
Each hand is full of violets
And the thorn-buds in their arm;
Then! then! the first home welcomes them,
Then do they all first learn
Home lessons that are ne'er forgot,
Then do their hearts all yearn.

For mamma will kiss her darlings
And take the flowers they bring,
Then feed her precious birdies,
Ah! that is in the spring.

In a half-score year the sister sits
Beside another hearth,
And the brothers all are married,
They have left their place of birth.
Still the new homes all grow merry
With the glorious Christmas cheer,
Though the hearts they wander back sometimes
To the spring of the year.

And little rosy faces
Come peeping in betimes,
And Mother Goose now takes the place
Of BYRON'S warmer rhymes;
And little children frolic
With none but childhood's glees,
Where half-a-dozen years ago
Were only you and me.

Grand-father and grand-mother come
And make our cherubs bold,
Teaching us that we really are
Becoming rather old.
We scarcely heed the lesson,
'Till the still, strong hand of Death
Has clasped the dearest of the fold
And kissed away his breath.

The snow-flakes eddy round the grave,
Fall on the sable bier
Pointing us all how soon we come
To the winter of the year.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART NINE.

I SEE a good deal of the softer sex in the routine of my daily duties. I watch their movements when they little suspect it. I am their companion and guide in the business hours of the day, when husbands, fathers, and brothers are safely boxed up in counting-rooms, offices, and stores, and when butterflies instinctively spread their gaudy wings in mid-day sunshine. I claim to have a boundless fondness for the whole sex, and if what they sometimes compel me to think of them seems to have a dash of bitterness, I beg the 'dear creatures' will believe I say it more in sorrow than in anger.

I have of late been musing much upon '*woman's rights*,' and I desire the privilege in these flying leaves to jot down, in a loose way, a few hints and suggestions for the benefit of whom it may concern. I desire to talk a little while and say (fancying I have a good listener) a few words bluntly and without affected gallantry. I have the immense satisfaction of knowing that my sentiments are very unpalatable to one and very unpopular with both sexes. I know I shall write myself *down* — something not very complimentary — in the estimation of one sex at least, and very likely of both. I shall of course be esteemed deficient in that chivalrous regard for every thing that bears the name of woman, which is the peculiar boast of the native American. I don't mean the aboriginal American. His ideas, I am told, were rather different. I shall be accused of want of gallantry, and perhaps considered destitute of common humanity. Still I shall shield myself behind my insignificance and let fly my arrows from my hiding-place, trusting solely to the merits of my shot to find its own appreciation, if it deserves it.

Still I shall endeavor to tell, in my humble way, (if a poor car-conductor may be heard upon such a mighty theme,) how I fancy, nay apprehend too great a zeal for woman's rights, may overlook *men's wrongs*. I wish I could call attention to what I believe to be one of the greatest social errors of our time. I refer to what I conceive to be the great *INEQUALITY OF THE SEXES*, with respect to the relative share and proportion they bear of the cares and duties of life in large cities. To my thinking, woman, by assuming or accepting the position of the ornamental part of creation, if she has impaired her freedom, (as she now complains,) has become the pampered slave of indulgence rather than the victim of oppression.

My observations are limited to American women, or rather women in America, for I know but little of any others. I am serious, if I know

how to be so, when I avow my apprehension, the human race is depreciating. Indeed I have looked at this matter until I am in danger of becoming possessed of this one idea as of a devil. I am in fear it will be a hobby with me. I hate a hobby. I never before could hold an idea long enough to be in danger of its becoming a hobby. But the best way to break a hobby into a steady, useful roadster, is to ride him often in public. Now I do think, and will say it, woman is not 'fulfilling her destiny,' in our day — I do not mean to utter these commonplace words in the Broadway-Tabernacle sense of the expression — I say more, woman is not doing her duty.

To strike at once at the root of the tree, without further tiresome preliminary, I suspect the great mischief is, that, as a general rule, women here terminate their intellectual life at the very period they ought seriously to begin it. To illustrate, ask any intellectually-cultivated man what proportion of his acquirements he has learned after he left college or attained majority, and he will doubtless tell you '*every thing*.' Ask almost any woman you chance to meet, what the solid acquirement she possesses which is the fruit of cultivation after leaving her school, and an hundred to one she will be forced to say, '*nothing*.' The human mind is so constituted that it cannot remain stationary. Like the body it must have food or it languishes. Like that, too, when it ceases to grow and mature, it begins to decline toward decay. Now the difference between men and women starting from their days of early tuition, results in just this : while one advances the other retrogrades. The man by cultivation grows to full stature, and perhaps carves his name, high or low, deep or shallow, as the case may be, upon the tablets of time. The woman sinks into the insignificance and whimsicality, or merges her individuality in that of her husband, and becomes his diluted shadow.

This should not be. I advocate human nature. If woman has a soul, (as is generally believed,) she should claim a recognition of it, and it must be allowed, if she has no soul, and is not a separate individual being, with duties and accountabilities, (as might fairly be inferred from her mode of self-treatment,) then there is an end of my chapter, and the less said on this ticklish subject the better. But I repudiate Mohammed. I beseech the sex to ostracise him. I claim to be woman's friend. Perhaps my advocacy is an unsavory tonic, and perhaps I had better mind my own business, and 'stick to my last.' Still I dare stand forth as the uncalled champion of woman, and claim for her a share of that priceless heritage, the *new right*, added by the last French Revolution to the catalogue of human rights, that 'right' which is the characteristic of our day and generation, I mean THE RIGHT TO WORK.

There : the murder is out, and I breathe more freely. I have done it. Strike, but hear me. *I would set woman to work*. I would have a wife — a help-meet unto her husband — a veritable co-worker in the garden of life. I would elevate the gentler sex from the equivocal and unequivocal position of play-thing and toy, up to the level of coëqual and companion in deed as well as in name. Not only companion in pleasure and hours of idleness, but companion in sympathies intellectual,

and companion and yoke-fellow in toil and care. I would reduce this inequality of the sexes and set them upon a level, as in joy and sadness so in earnestness and reality of purpose, in burthens to bear as well as in songs to sing.

There, now, is the charming Mrs. Plympton, who often rides in my car, could tell us something of this matter if she would. I dare say she has thought of it. She has an honest heart, I believe, or she could not have so sweet a face. Still she lacks energy and invention to break through routine, and so she flutters her way through life as happily and as unconcerned about the great wrong she daily inflicts upon her husband as if he were born her natural slave and inherited bondman.

Mr. Plympton is head-clerk of the 'heavy' mercantile firm of 'Starbuck, Marray & Co., importers of laces, embroideries and British goods,' in Day-street. He is a very good-looking fellow, about five-and-thirty. He is a little worn and languid, and gives you the impression of being a man who has seen service, and perhaps sown wild oats in early days, extra territorially. You see, too, he has gotten a few premature crow-feet in the corners of his eyes from hard work, etc. He is rather plain in his dress, but has a half-studied neatness in it that is betrayed chiefly in the freshness of his linen and gloves. He is comely and quiet in his manner, but there is a resoluteness there that tells you he is a worker.

You meet him in the street, and you might be half-inclined to suspect him of being an educated man of fortune, so collected and well-gathered is he; but you would be quite sure, that though a gentleman he was not an idle one. He impresses you unmistakably with the notion that he leads an active life, and that duty, and not pleasure, is his mistress. I have half a mind to step into the counting-room and see how cheerily and yet how steadily and laboriously he travels around in the mill of his daily occupation.

But while Mr. Plympton is hard at work at his daily task, let us avail ourselves of this bright noon and peep in, Asmodeus-like, and see Mrs. Plympton. I know her in a moment. She is often my guest on the rails. She is now boarding at one of our large family-hotels in Broadway. I'll not say whether it be St. Nicholas or Metropolitan, lest I might offend by drawing attention to her. Well, we look into her parlor. The nurse has gone out with her children, and thus early in the day she is free as a bird. The cares of maternity are borne by deputy. She is a small and pretty woman, you see, with a very dainty air. Her dress is very lady-like and *comme il faut*, except, perhaps, too costly for any but a princess. You cannot fail to perceive she conceives herself to be a woman of taste, and so indeed she is—in dress. Her air and manner are graceful and easy, with a very copious dash of the *dolce far niente*. I beg pardon for travelling so far for the terminology of the type about which I am so querulous; but it is an unnatural product of American soil, and I am compelled to seek an exotic from a worn-out civilization for a parallel. To return to the 'fayre ladye.' Her bonnet (perhaps I should say head-dress, were it not a self-contradiction) is on, and she is gloved and shawled for a walk or a call. Thus she is every day. In the evening she coaxes poor Plympton to

accompany her to a ball, or a party, or some public place of amusement.

She 'sings, plays, and dances well.' She is a fond, loving, and trusting wife, and she and Plympton are, I dare say, very happy. But is this her destiny? Plympton works each day 'from morn to dewy eve,' and never murmurs. She, 'like the lily, neither toils nor spins.' Is this fair? Is this equality? All his earnings are freely, not grudgingly, surrendered to her, that she may live in beautiful idleness. His thoughts are full of care. And she flatters herself that her 'chiefest good' consists in squandering his money, and making herself a beautiful toy to soothe his tired spirit, and to wheedle him into temporary forgetfulness of the calls of time and circumstance upon his exertions! Does this woman bear her share of the yoke? If her husband is fated to be a shop-keeper, what right has she to set up herself for any thing better? If labor is too vulgar for her, why not for him; and why should not they 'twain that are one flesh' both abjure it and starve in harmony? Is there not a radical unsoundness here? Does not this savor of the harem? Is not this rank Mohammedanism after all?

Was the 'other half' of this man meant to be a mere play-thing? Does Christianity suffer woman (in every sphere of life where she can extort the sacrifice) to be the petted darling of indulgence?

While it recognizes the possibility of rights, does it not, too, point with unerring certainty to the absoluteness of obligations? Is there any thing compatible with good sense in the idea of a manacled slave of toil and a gilded puppet of indolence being made yoke-fellows in the race of life? Is it God's purpose that *he* should coin his nerves and heart-strings into 'money,' and that *she* should spend it in millinery and manteau-making, ribbons and laces, fringes and flowers, and waste her time in idleness? Has he no old age to provide for, no quiet to anticipate, no time of contemplation to be allotted him? Can she not by task-work lighten his toil, or by cultivation learn to share his higher sympathies? Before HEAVEN it seems to me a sorry destiny for this woman (who plumes herself upon being such a 'glorious creature') that the partner of her life should be a pack-horse or beast of burthen, while she idly flaunts in the sunshine and outvies the butterfly in ephemeral gauds or purposeless existence?

But my theme is expanding before me into an immense territory where I have no time now to follow it. Let this single scrap and illustration suffice for the time. More anon.

A F R A G M E N T .

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

HERE will we sit upon this verdant bank
And drink the balmy air exhaling from the meadows:
The nectareous breath that EARTH sends upward
When her lord, the SUN, kisses her cheek at parting.

O U T O N T H E B A T T L E M E N T S .

BY JENNY MARSH.

It is dark and the cold north-wind is blowing,
 And I stand here all alone,
 Out on the battlements gloomy and high,
 That hold me up to the frightful sky
 As if to tell me how poor a thing,
 How like a bird with a broken wing
 I am — how weak and small.

On my upturned face I feel the snowing.
 I did send up a prayer;
 I wrung my soul of all its power
 To grant me earnest faith that hour;
 But only the snow comes down,
 And gives me a spotless pall.
 How wildly now the wind is blowing!
 I wonder if my God is knowing
 How my heart is turning to stone?

Yes, stone that can neither melt nor break,
 That can meet the storm and sun,
 As the gray old rocks of this tower have done,
 For years and years that have gone to the past.
 They have braved out many a night like this,
 And 't is in their mighty strength to last
 Through fiercer storms that yet may come.

Oh! were it not better like them to be,
 Cold, passionless, and strong,
 Than to drift with the flood of misery,
 To cringe 'neath the stroke of cruelty,
 Or to chafe 'neath galling wrong?
 I press my cheek to the battlements cold.
 Speak, rocks! give me a word,
 I stand in the cold and dark alone;
 I have prayed to God and He has not heard:
 Oh! how wild the blast is blowing;
 I wonder if my CHRIST is knowing
 How this heart is turning to stone?

There is something burning upon my cheek,
 'T is a tear — let it freeze where it fell;
 Sometimes there are springs of sweet waters locked up
 In rocks, and only a mystical spell
 Can open the lips of the hidden well.
 I'll seal up my tears in a casket of stone,
 That must break to let them forth.
 Oh! see, how the clouds are clearing away,
 And the wind dying down in the north.

The morning is breaking, she'll come in with smiles,
 But these iron-strong rocks will be cold,
 And shake off her kisses, and frowning will cast
 Their shadow across the white wold.
 And I will go forth with no pain in my breast,
 O God! how blest that will be!

And sorrow may come, and sorrow may stay,
 Or gladness and hope may stop in my way,
 But it will be little to me;
 For my heart will be like these turrets so gray,
 Stone, stone, passionless stone,
 Shouting no mirth, nor giving a moan.
 I wonder if GOD sees me here all alone,
 And if HE is knowing
 How my heart is turning to stone?

Rochester, (N. Y.)

B A C H E L O R S .

BY D. J. SPRAGUE.

'O PLATO! PLATO! you have paved the way,
 With your confounded fantasies, to more
 Immoral conduct, by the fancied way
 Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
 Of human hearts, than all the long array
 Of poets and romancers.'—BYRON.

PERHAPS Lord Byron is right; Plato and myself in error. Perhaps we have espoused a false philosophy, and as disciples of one great leader, are destined soon to see it universally rejected. But as yet its fallacy has been nowhere satisfactorily exhibited, neither have sufficient inducements been found to tempt us to renounce the doctrine in which, as it were, we have been born and bred. I speak in behalf of the entire sect of our philosophers throughout the world, and affirm that thus we choose to live and spend our days. Our ethics has become so interwoven with our habits and manner of living, that it has become part and parcel of our very being, and as soon should we think to relinquish life itself as the theories we have thus fondly embraced.

Some boldly declare our creed entirely false, and its advocates insincere; but I know not one who would not gladly defend his faith, and prove, if words and arguments can prove, the firmness of his belief. Others pronounce the whole a whim and a delusion: if a whim, how delightful! and if a delusion, how sweet!

Shall I give a few of the many reasons for our belief, and some of the admirable characteristics of our sect?

Our happiness, in the first place, depends immeasurably on our faith, and therefore we are led to the practice. The prime elements of earthly joy consist not so much in the great results, as the little causes. The little things are they that mar our pleasure and dampen all our aspirations. The little repeated annoyances injure the disposition and crush the spirits far more than the great strokes which surround one with a throng of sympathizing friends. In the loss of property others may share our regrets and minister to our wants, but in home troubles it is only given to endure with quiet meekness, a meekness that ill becomes the spirit of a man, and testifies that much which is manly has been already lost.

Poets are wont to sing of the sweets of connubial bliss, and to win us with their gliding measures. Misery loves company, and methinks ere this, they find all is not poetry that rhymes.

How pleasant, when the toils of day are over, to retire to one's own room to enjoy the companionship of those immortal minds which inlay his walls, each with its silent title beckoning him to search its pages for knowledge. How pure, how elevating the society! With the opening door, no long list of wants, ever prefaced by 'my dear' — no tale of faithless and insulting servants, or reproofs for unfulfilled requests, greet his ears — no half-dozen little progenies to mount his knees and rack his weary frame; but he finds in his own domicile a quiet and repose from all the cares of this noisy, bustling world.

Each of our sect is lord of his own body, soul, and domains. No other half who holds a mortgage on all these, inquires, 'Why do ye so?' Believe me, man is happier when he has his own way — when he can give himself to his own thoughts, reflections, and dispositions. No feminine intruder then disturbs his meditations, or boisterous children dissipate the half-wrought idea. Of what I have, however small it be, I'll hold an undisputed sway. My books and papers, what and how many I may please, surround me. There is no one whom we fear will molest them; no little urchins from whose fingers we must preserve our leaves and inkstand; no one who, 'for looks' sake,' delights to hide our razors, boots, and brushes: all, as we left, are handy. We are our own and not another's; we eat as we please, drink as we please, sit as we please, smoke as we please, read as we please, and sleep and wake as we please. Now tell us, all ye lords of woman-kind, is it not much more agreeable thus to be lord of one's self, untrammelled by the apron-strings?

'Connubial sweets' is but another name for Tantalus. Great pleasure is the tempting draught it proffers, but as you extend the hand the nectarine cup recedes, and grating teeth, not words, tell of the bitter disappointment. Man may for ever rue the day he sought those joys, but in vain. He speaks it not and finds no kindred mind to share his afflictions, save in our sect, to whom he is too proud to go. Who ever heard a man sing 'Sweet, sweet home' after a marriage of half-a-dozen years?

By the doctrines of our sect, man preserves his birth-right, freedom and independence.

'I do n't choose to say much upon this head;
I'm a plain man and in a single station;
But O ye lords of ladies intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?'

Perhaps now and then one has yoked himself to so fair and fascinating a damsel that he chooses to sacrifice to her all independence and to be ruled by one whom he styles 'the best of wives.' 'T is possible there may be *one* such, but it would be easier to find *scores* who would most gladly free themselves from the galling yoke.

It is alarming to look about and see how universally the fair sex reign. You can hardly find one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their dominion. Men think, and talk, and dress to please them. And what do they receive? Perchance a pretty look, a fawning smile,

a kiss, a hand, *perhaps* a heart. And then *what* has he got? — a fret, a scold, a —, call her what you will; she looks like —, not very nice. Each sex would please the other till the nuptial knot is tied, and then they care not for their persons. It is proverbially true that woman seeks, by dress, far more to tickle the fancy and delight the taste of her lover than her husband. How often do we see the neat and tidy maid become the slovenly mother. The theory of Plato would prevent these evils and make life but a 'wooing honey-moon,' as lovers say.

'Have they not hen-pecked you all?' Woman rules us now. Let her not then seek a more despotic sceptre, lest in taking that she cannot hold, she drops what she already has. How strange a creature is woman? How pretty she can be if pleased; but cross her and she is forward, ill-natured, assuming; sometimes whines, at others rails; now swoons away — now comes to life; sometimes is dumb, at others has a most oily tongue and powers of speech enough to drive one mad. To argue with her, all men are like Don Alfonso.

'He gained no points except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigor
Had poured upon him for the last half-hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy as a thunder-shower.'

How oft she makes us sin! She asks so many questions — who could help it? 'My dear, where shall I say you're gone?' 'Well, *tell* them so-and-so.' He did not lie? 'But why so late to-night, my dear?' 'Oh! business detained me, love.' All true (?) no doubt. She needed not to ask, however.

Think of this, O ye bachelors! — of giving an account of all your deeds, your words and ways — think of it and weep; weep not for yourselves, but for the thralldom of your fellow-men; but rejoice the more that your lot is a freedom from babies and broomsticks, and your portion the joys of 'single blessedness.'

The expounders and advocates of the Platonic philosophy are wantonly accused of lack of gallantry and esteem for the opposite sex. We knew, however, no cause for this accusation, except it be that they pledge themselves to endure the tongues of *many* instead of *one* woman, and to be the gossiping theme for many rather than for that *one* eventful year; except it be that they suffer not themselves to be ensnared by the sly looks, round arms, and plump neck of some giddy school-girl. They look beyond the external; yet no one better than they appreciate the beauty of female character, form, and loveliness. No one experiences more pleasure in the society of ladies, or esteems it more highly than do they. Their influences are reckoned by them among those accomplishments, without which one's education would be incomplete. We have seen professional men, of good mind and talents, made the butt of ridicule, because of the lack of this one essential.

Beside the characteristics of our sect above mentioned, we make some boast of our antiquity. Years before the Christian era saw our existence, and the present beholds us prosperous as the past. As formerly, so to-day you'll find us all *true men*. Each holds an open hand to all earth's needy sons. Each has a jovial soul, free as the mountain-air, and within each bosom beats a noble heart, large as benevolence and love to mankind can swell it.

L O V E ' S W A R N I N G .

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

LOVE him not over-much, young mother!
 For the strange beauty of thy boy!
 Press not the golden curls too fondly,
 Which cluster round his brow of joy!
 Though laughing lip, and cheeks like rose-leaves,
 Mirror their glory on thy heart,
 Love him not over-much, young mother!
 Say not, my boy! my all thou art!

Gladly and strong, through hall and parlor,
 Rings out the music of his glee;
 Fresher than morning's dewiest breathings
 The waking kiss he has for thee;
 Murmuring in dreams thy name he whispers,
 Asleep, awake, his star of life:
 Love him not over-much, young mother!
 Trust not fond hope, my gentle wife!

Beauty's high gift, and the wild freedom
 Of his rich garniture of health;
 Voice like the lark's clear morning carol,
 Waking the day to summer's wealth;
 Step like a monarch in his boasting,
 Yet willing to thy soft-toned voice.
 All, all may pass away, young mother!
 Be fearful, though thou still rejoice!

Lonely and lost, in yon sad church-yard,
 Lies the first-born that blessed thy heart!
 Once fair like him *this* proud young brother,
 Who knows not yet the words '*to part*;
 Never, though life be long or fleeting,
 Can *he* recall the perished one,
 Torn from thy arms, O sad young mother!
 Ere day of summer on him shone.

Flowers of the plain, and willows weeping,
 Bend over that small grave of ours;
 Deep in our hearts a sorrow sleepeth,
 Weeping with willows, sad with flowers:
 Fear still in thy soul's gushing fondness,
 Its love, its glory, and its pride.
 The cloud that may darken, young mother!
 The twin-grave that may swell by its side.

Hark! down the stair-way small feet patter!
 We know that *he* comes, by our hearts;
 All fear of the wo of the future,
 All thought of the lost one departs.
 Ours still, for our glory and blessing!
 Ours ever, though torn from our sight.
 Then press him still closer, young mother!
 Thy sun-light by day, dream-love by night!

Not all in the haze of the future
 Is cloud-like, and hopeless, and dark;
 Through the drift of the mist and the shadow,
 See beacon-lights beckon life's bark!
 Hope on! let us hope that *his* manhood
 Will glad the old age of our years:
 Smile, then, through thy sadness, young mother!
 Hope's rain-bow *may* brighten thy tears.

Chicago, July, 1856.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER SEVEN.

SLOPER'S SUMMER EXPERIENCES.

'MACE, my boy,' remarked my friend Hiram Twine, as the last rope was cast off from the steam-boat at the Philadelphia wharf, and we 'swoped' away down the river, bound for Cape May — 'Mace, my boy, what was it you said to me this time a year ago about *blue* fish?'

I thought for a minute or two, and answered:

'I reckon we was talking about what a good catch Hon. Mrs. Diderbunk made that way last summer.'

'Where did she fish?' asked Hiram.

'On a good many grounds, beginning with Boston and Nahant, going down along to Cohasset, Stonington, Narrygansett, and Newport. She caught in one season five hundred and forty-eight blue-fish, seven gold bracelets, and a Malakoff pin, eighty-four sherry-cobblers, four hundred and twenty-three ten strikes, seven game-suppers, a young shark, and a husband. That's so!'

'Throw the last two items into one, Mace,' answered Hiram, very slow. 'The widow was ve-ry fast, and rolled ten pins amazing, but she had a hundred thousand gold shad-scales sticking to her pretty back, and so got hooked herself, and the hook was n't baited with any thing but sass and brass either, That's the way to catch the fast fishes, after all.'

Here Hiram took half-a-dozen pulls at his segar, and then propelled again.

'It's just a year ago since your remark about blue-fish was snapped off short as a goat's tail, and when I come to think of it, seems to me that from that day to this I have n't had a half-minute's time to hear it out. I remember once that Governor Phineas Barnum came into the office and sat down, saying that he'd got something he had n't had for ten years. I asked him what it was, and he said, 'Half-an-hour's leisure.' And as he only got about two hours and a half work into those thirty minutes, perhaps he was n't so far out, after all. My

leisure comes round oftener — say once a year — when I go watering placing. We twist up business and pleasure, dollars and devilment so in New-York, that a feller can't half the time tell tother from which. Even a note to a lady seems to be a sort of note-of-hand. Let 'er rip !'

'Precisely so,' said I, 'and so let's take it easy. There are our trunks with a nigger sittin' on 'em to keep 'em from running away ; here are we with a cool breeze, and over there is the town a sailing out of sight like a perambulating picture in a movable diorama. Wherefore not be peaceable ? I an't one of your 'cute sort, but it seems to me that there's a special providence plainly to be seen even in the easy way we're being let down from the worry and flurry of town-life, into our summer take-it-easiness. You've heard of the man, have n't you, that had to be a week going from a Broadway restaurant to a Shaker-farm ?'

'What for ?'

'On account of the *milk*. He was very fond of patent Orange County, and used to demolish it by the quart. His doctor knew this, and told him to be very gradual in his milks, or he would n't answer for the consequences. So he went about ten miles into the country the first day, and there he got it about half Orange County and half skim-milk. This was considerable richer than any thing he'd ever tasted before ; but he got used to it, and kept on till he came to another port, where he got the pure skim. After a day or two on skim, he advanced a few miles, and for the first time in his life, was promoted to real milk. By the time he got among the Shakers he could go the genuine cream.'

'I see what you're driving at, Mace,' said Hiram. 'From New-York the man who is hunting in this quarter for peace and happiness advances to the skim-mix of Jersey-City, and so on over the road to Philadelphia. There he finds solemn peace of mind, and the pure milk of serenity. But, Mace, if you expect to find the cream of perfect repose in a richer condition than you've got it there — you're *out* !' You made your last quiet set at the Lapierre Hotel in Broad-street where the only sound ever heard is that of scrubbing, sweeping, and changing bed-linen, or perhaps the coming and going of silent, well-bred travellers — like you and me.'

'Exactly the sort. Well, you touched the cream, or the cheese, of the cream-cheese, if you like it better — just *thar*. Cape May is of another color, and as far off from tranquillity as the fourth of July is from Jerusalem. Down there you'll find Newport with the rocks rolled out flat, so as to make it easy travelling for those who like to go at the rate of four gallons an hour, and a jug of beer to the ammychure who gets done first. *Hey ?*'

'That's it ?'

'That, Sir, is *it*. The principle of the whole business being, that people on whose souls the inky record of last winter's dissipation is still shining wet, fly to get sprinkled with the sand of New-Jersey, instead of staying quietly at home and getting dry in a natural way.'

And here Hiram, who had got out of eloquence, dried up himself and elegantly simmered down on a long puff of his segar. And I looked at the horses stamping and whinnying forrards, the young men who

sat reading papers in the wagons behind them, the people in the shade on deck, every once in a while reclaiming children who were stampeding out of bounds, the pretty girl of the morning flirting with a conquest, and a half and a fraction, the fast man who, without any lady, sat reading a fast novel in the ladies' cabin, the quadroon chambermaid who was bustling about with tickets and small change for unprotected females, and at the darkies who, with nigger simplicity, kept up a straight-along yell of laughter as they talked with an old 'aunty' who was shelling peas, never remembering that wite folks in 'siety never dream of such a thing as having a jolly talk with elderly ladies. And so, what with looking at people, and smoking, and studying out the Chicago route in Bradshaw, and getting by heart Dick Stoddard's last love-poem, so as to astonish Mrs. Twiggles up to the nines, and otherwise affect her affections, I permitted the morning to slide on.

It had slode perhaps as far as the saw-buck and two sticks, when Hiram, who had been out of the way for half-an-hour, suddenly reappeared, followed by a very solemn-looking person, whose clean-shaved face, white cravat, and general theology of aspect, showed that he was a divinity student. Stepping aside, so as to give his friend a fair chance, Hiram introduced him to me as Meister Karl, and before either could get out a word, proceeded to say that

'When folks are travelling they ought to take care of themselves. I have here, gentlemen, a curious flask filled with something permanent. 'Spouse we propel?'

Our new friend did not seem to quite understand the nature of the permanent object in the flask, and asked 'if it *was* permanent, how could we get it out?' Whereupon Hiram divulged to the effect that he meant brandy, and that the way to extract it was by the caterpillary process of suction.

The face of Meister Karl grew still graver as he proceeded to explain that he was a *colporteur* engaged in disseminating the celebrated sky-rocket temperance tracts, warranted to convert the heathen at sixty rods' distance, and that he consequently could n't drink. Having recently read in several worldly-minded and profane, but apparently reliable publications, such as the *Yankee Doodle*, the *Pica-yune*, and *New-York Sunday Despatch*, and *Times*, statements to the effect that New-Jersey was sunk in the grossest barbarism and heathenism, he had resolved to convert it, beginning with Cape May, and soon gradually spread himself over the whole State. He had also met with a tax-gatherer, who informed him that there were whole counties in Jersey where the entire vocabulary of the natives consisted of only six words, namely: 'Go to h — l,' and 'Nary a red,' and where they subsisted entirely on what is termed 'apple-jack,' a preparation which the worthy missionary presumed to resemble apple-butter. Having concluded his explanation, the good man asked leave to present me with a 'Dairyman's Daughter.'

'Certainly, Sir,' I replied. 'I will take the Dairyman's Daughter to my bosom.'

'You are very kind Sir,' he answered; 'many persons, unlike you, are wont to answer with levity to my tractarian offers. There is an

ungodly youth named Boker, a writer of profane plays, residing in Philadelphia, who recently refused, Sir, to take my tracts, on the ground that he knew them all by heart. While rejoiced, Mr. Sloper, to think that he had learned them so thoroughly, I could not but regret to think that he should evade an opportunity to aid me in distributing them. He might have slipped a tract, you know, Sir, into each of his plays before giving it out to be acted ?

'That,' observed Hiram, '*ar a fact!*'

'I was much gratified, Mr. Sloper,' resumed Meister Karl, 'to read your last sketch about the English damsels, whose father adopted such a nice plan to recognize his trunks by having little lobsters and little cheeses painted on them. I at once adopted the plan, Mr. Sloper. That small black pine-wood box with the two rope handles, Sir, is *my* trunk. Remembering that *vigilance* is the best preservative, I had an eye painted on it to remind me that I must watch it carefully.'

'I see,' remarked Hiram, drily, 'you were determined to go one eye on it ?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied Meister Karl, delighted that his little device had secured approbation ; 'I would go *two* eyes on it with all my heart, rather than lose the sight of that trunk.'

'Come, come ! Meister Karl,' remonstrated Hiram, 'from the trunk you are going to extremities.'

'I hope not,' replied our friend with amiable simplicity and earnestness ; 'all my tracts are in that trunk, and if it were lost I should be *collapsed*, indeed, as you gentlemen say when talking of steam-boat boilers.'

And with a complacent nod of the head, which showed pretty plain that Meister Karl thought that by talking about a collapsed boiler he had shown himself rather well up on worldly-mindedness, he took his departure, while Hiram and I took turns at the mouth of the 'patent invigorator.'

'R - R - R !' gurgled Hiram, completely 'set up' ; 'that beats the Rumbunctious Ready Reviver. By the way, talking of tracts, what a mild posegay that Meister Karl is !'

'It was mighty queer,' said I, how he seemed to believe all that story of mine in the KNICKERBOCKER, about the English girls and cheeses and things.'

'Was n't it true then ?' asked Hiram.

'Not the cheese,' I answered, 'not *all* of it, that is.'

'Well !' quoth Hiram, 'if you were to write out an account of this morning, I dare say that some folks would say it was all made up, so that you 'd come out about square. I wish if you were making it all up you 'd make this infernal old tea-kettle of a steamer arrive at the Cape right-away, immediately, or sooner, if not before !'

'Hiram,' quoth I, solemnly, 'give me that bottle ! Now then ! — presto — AGRAMENTO — CHANGE !'

CAPE MAY.

WHEN we lift up our eyes from a great way off we behold Cape May in the form of a great landing, architecturalized out of pole-logs 'with the

hair' on and surmounted with boards. On the white beach we also behold a quantity of what look like insects, or other bugs, of great and small specie, which, as we draw nigh or nearer approach, turn out to be of four sorts — Jersey wagons and horses, Jerseymen and Christians.

In old times the road from the landing to the hotels, (which goes for two or three miles through the scrubbiest woods in the world,) was made entirely of hay, since nothing could go through the bare sand. There was some economy in this, since the natives always calculated on driving their sand-horses (which nothing could kill) all the time day and night during the season, and as the 'creeters' never go beyond a certain pace, they could eat as well as go. By the end of the season the road was always eaten up or stolen. But after the telegraph-poles were put up and the natives were enabled, says a Philadelphia paper, to find their way to town by following them, they were astonished to find that their town was not 'improved 'bout enough,' as they used to think, and they have really got so far as to make a pretty decent road. 'Things is workin.'

As we got near the town we were amazed by three things, all of which worked us considerably. One was the bumping of the wagon, another the Mount-Vernon Hotel, intended to accommodate one hundred thousand guests with beds and brandy-smashes, and thirdly, millions of what at first squint seemed to be rags of every size and color, in all sorts of places. As we got up I saw that they were clothes, red, yellow, blue, and the contrary, embracing in the cut as many kinds as complexions. Not to be too particular, I may specify that I saw among them shimmies, breeches, and drawers. The *tout en scramble* resembled the Chatham and Greenwich-street slop-shops broke loose. They hung on clothes-lines, dangled over fences and drawled out of windows in the rowdiest sorts of ways, and I really began to believe that Hiram told the truth when he explained that Jersey, being as it was the head-quarters of all the crows in creation, these were the scare-crows intended to keep them away. But the driver settled the business by saying :

'Them's bathing-clothes.'

'Now, Mace, old fellow,' remarked Hiram as he jumped up to the door of our hotel, 'let 'er slide! Ha — a — y there, Jim, you old rascal — they've got you here — hey?' he cried to a cullud pusson whom he had known of old. 'Well, Perry,' to another, 'look out for my trunks when they come along, Commodore! Colonel Baskhandle, glad to see you! Mr. Blitters, glad to find you cutting around among the capers. All night.'

We had engaged rooms a week before, and by some mysterious dispensation of Providence, got them as soon as we arrived without delay. Not a minute was lost in going to them with the carpet-bags which we had prudently advanced from our baggage, and a short 'twilight' was soon done up in the crispest style possible. In less than no time I was in the parlor — out of it — round about on the balconies — and down at the 'arbor' overlooking the sea; and there, in the last fading rays of sunset, enjoying the ocean breeze, gazing on the glorious ocean, rosier than the sunset, fresher than the breeze, more glorious than the sea, I

welcomed, shook hands with, and all *but* embraced the immortal Amelia Twiggles.

Reader, I rather got you *thar*! Admit now, like a good fellow, that I was n't *adzackly* going it blind when I left New-York and the Astor, and took up my line of march for Cape-Island. May-be — but I hope not — you never saw one of the finest surf-beaches in the world? May-be — but I hope not — you never enjoyed the prospect of bathing in its waters? May-be — but I hope not — you never saw a red sunset-sky over a blue horizon. May-be — but I hope not — you never got away from town and all its speculations? May-be — and there I condole with you — you never were regularly smitten all of a blaze with a merry, spirited, beautiful, educated, sensible woman like Amelia. But if you ever *had* gone through this course of sprouts — mind, I say *if* you had — and had also experienced all of a lump, altogether, in one blessed, blissful, overpowering, high-pressure moment, then you may realize what my sensations were, under the circumstances and the dead leaf-roof of the arbor.

T H E S T A R S .

BY C. C. VAN CANT.

In the azure arch of heaven
 Stars are keeping watch to-night;
 Fleecy clouds by light winds driven,
 Sailing in their silvery light;
 And I think as far in ether
 I behold the moon's great shield,
 They are flowers the angel's wreathes her,
 Culled from earth's deserted field;
 Flowers that once have loved to linger,
 In a world of human love,
 Touched by Death's decaying finger,
 For a better land above.
 O ye stars! ye rays of glory!
 Gem-lights in yon glittering dome;
 Could ye not relate a story
 Of the wanderers gathered home?
 Ye have seen Life's weary sailor
 Sink beneath the storm-tossed main,
 Do yon beams grow never paler,
 Are not dewdrops the tears ye rain?
 When my dearest hopes are broken,
 And my world in darkness lies,
 Still shine o'er me as a token
 Of the world beyond the skies.

Newport, (R. I.)

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, from CHAUCER to SAXE. With Notes, Explanatory and Critical. By J. PARTON. In one volume: pp. 689. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

THIS is almost 'a book and a half,' so portly are its dimensions: yet large as it is, it is variously and judiciously filled; for here we have narratives, satires, enigmas, burlesques, parodies, travesties, epigrams, epitaphs, translations, including the most celebrated comic poems of 'The Anti-Jacobin,' 'Rejected Addresses,' the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, BENTLEY'S Miscellany, and Punch, with more than two hundred epigrams, and the choicest humorous poetry of the elder and more modern English and American bards. Perhaps we could not better indicate the scope and character of the book, than by giving the compiler's brief and comprehensive preface:

'THE design of the projector of this volume was, that it should contain the Best of the shorter humorous poems in the literatures of England and the United States, except:

'Poems so local or cotemporary in subject or allusion, as not to be readily understood by the modern American reader:

'Poems which, from the freedom of expression allowed in the healthy ages, cannot now be read aloud in a company of men and women:

'Poems that have become perfectly familiar to every body, from their incessant reproduction in school-books and newspapers; and

'Poems by living American authors, who have collected their humorous pieces from the periodicals in which most of them originally appeared, and given them to the world in their own names.

'HOLMES, SAXE, and LOWELL are, therefore, only *represented* in this collection. To have done more than fairly represent them, had been to infringe rights which are doubly sacred, because they are not protected by law. To have done less would have deprived the reader of a most convenient means of observing that, in a kind of composition confessed to be among the most difficult, our native wits are not excelled by foreign.

'The editor expected to be embarrassed with a profusion of material for his purpose. But, on a survey of the poetical literature of the two countries, it was discovered that, of really excellent humorous poetry, of the kinds universally interesting, untainted by obscenity, not marred by coarseness of language, nor obscured by remote allusion, the quantity in existence is not great. It is thought that this volume contains a very large proportion of the best pieces that have appeared.

'An unexpected feature of the book is, that there is not a line in it by a female hand. The alleged foibles of the Fair have given occasion to libraries of comic verse; yet, with diligent search, no humorous poems by women have been found which are of merit sufficient to give them claim to a place in a collection like this. That lively wit,

and graceful gayety, that quick perception of the absurd, which ladies are continually displaying in their conversation and correspondence, never, it seems, suggest the successful epigram, or inspire happy satirical verse.

'There is, certainly, nothing more delightful than the fun of a man of genius. Humor, as Mr. THACKERAY observes, is charming, and poetry is charming, but the blending of the two in the same composition is irresistible. There is much nonsense in this book, and some folly, and a little ill-nature; but there is more wisdom than either. They who possess it may congratulate themselves upon having the largest collection ever made of the sportive effusions of genius.'

We do not remember ever to have heard before of 'R. HARRIS BARHAM,' a modern English comic poet; but he is 'clew-aw' rhythmically off-handish; as witness the commencement of *'The Bagman's Dog':*

'It was a litter, a litter of five,
Four are drowned, and one left alive,
He was thought worthy alone to survive;
And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up,
To eat of his bread, and to drink of his cup,
He was such a dear little cock-tailed pup!
The Bagman taught him many a trick;
He would carry, and fetch, and run after a stick,
He could well understand
The word of command,
And appear to doze
With a crust on his nose
Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand:
Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,
As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.'

Three verses of the subjoined, by CANNING, we have before encountered; the remainder is as new to us as we hope it will be to our readers:

'WHENE'ER with baggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

'Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! MATILDA *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

'Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore MATILDA from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.—

'This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

'There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet MATILDA POTTINGEN!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
—tor, law-professor at the U—
—niversity at Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

'Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.'

The annexed, from PUNCH, capitally illustrates the difference between an actor on the mimic and on the real stage :

'He wore a brace of pistols the night when first we met,
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet;
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow tone,
Of a bandit-chief, who feels remorse, and tears his hair alone:
I saw him but at half-price, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

'A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met, he wore;
His salary, he told me, was lower than before;
And standing at the O. P. wing he strove, and not in vain,
To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.
I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—
As he buttoned up his pocket with a condescending bow.

'And once again we met; but no bandit chief was there:
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once luxuriant hair:
He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the public near,
He cannot liquidate his 'chalk,' or wipe away his beer.
I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.'

The volume is excellently printed, and conveniently arranged for reference.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Volume Third, pp. 523. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY. CHARLES T. EVANS, Agent, 321 Broadway.

We have seldom experienced a greater literary pleasure than in reading the announcement at the commencement of the present volume, that, contrary to the author's expectation, his work has so expanded under his pen that his task yet remains uncompleted. He modestly 'hopes that this may not cause unpleasant disappointment.' He may rest assured that the very reverse of this will be the fact. Those who have followed him through the first two volumes will need no additional incentive to the perusal of this, and surely no reader can close the one before us without welcoming another from the same elegant and accomplished writer. The leading article in the July number of the 'North American Review' is upon '*The Character of Washington*,' as set forth in these volumes of Mr. IRVING, and an admirable article it is, in all respects. It is understood to be from the pen of Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN. It pays the following just tribute to the labors of our best-beloved of authors and historians :

'When a new Life of WASHINGTON was announced as forthcoming from the graceful and endeared pen of IRVING, we imagined that our literary pioneer was induced to give the ripe years of his honorable career to this labor of love, by the fortunate possession of fresh memorabilia, chiefly relating to the domestic and personal character of his great

subject; and we enjoyed, in anticipation, a fund of new anecdotes and a series of genial pictures of home-life in the Old Dominion, with WASHINGTON as the central figure. This expectation was a natural inference from our author's previous writings, wherein the humorous and the picturesque alternate so agreeably with legend and sentiment. What we already possessed, also, in the shape of biography, suggested the need of a somewhat more detailed and elaborate portrait, one which might represent the man as well as the soldier and the statesman. Recalling the numerous traditional incidents of his early life and the vivid glimpses of his later years, recorded by those who enjoyed the hospitalities of Mount Vernon, it was not difficult to conjure up a delightful sketch, like that which embalms a visit to Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, and has made us so well acquainted with Roscoe and Bracebridge Hall. Local associations and amenities of private life are so native to IRVING's genius, that we thus instinctively prefigured his Life of WASHINGTON as less didactic and political than MARSHALL's, less historical and official than that of SPARKS, and more familiar and minute than either. These anticipations have been, in a measure, realized by the vividly-narrated details of WASHINGTON's youthful days, the picture of colonial life in Virginia, the personal anecdotes occasionally introduced in the subsequent narrative, and, now and then, by a phrase of quiet humor or an expressive outbreak of sentiment; but, as a whole, the aim of IRVING proves higher, more complete, and of a profounder intent, than our truant fancy prophesied. He dwells, indeed, with characteristic zest, upon a juvenile episode of the tender passion, and fondly exhibits the claims of ancestral distinction, and the nurture of those instincts which come only from gentle blood; he shows that, if his youthful hero is no classical scholar, his copy-books are models of neatness; he does not permit a single element of refinement and natural beauty which influenced the first development of the future leader to escape him; but it soon becomes apparent that literary display and mere entertainment are far beneath the scope of his self-imposed task. He curbs his imagination and simplifies his language, like a man conscious of working in the service of truth. Before the simple majesty of the life he describes, rhetoric shrinks. No metaphor is required to illustrate what is in itself luminous throughout. Words have no value here but to represent things as they are. The facts require no embellishment. The man needs only to be unveiled; to deck him out with eulogy would be impertinent; the biographer's office is to report faithfully, and truth itself becomes eloquence. His aim has been, therefore, in the quaint language of old HERBERT, to 'copy fair what Time hath blurred,' and thus 'redeem truth from his jaws.'

'Accordingly, it is in a thoroughly conscientious spirit that this work is written; a striking evidence of which is in the candid statement of the Tory intrigues in the author's native and beloved State at the commencement of the war. The art manifested is constructive, not rhetorical; and no one but a practised writer can estimate the difficulty of weaving into a consecutive and harmonious whole events so broken up by time and space, and interfused with such a variety of local and social agencies. With a calm and patient research and arrangement, a fluent and pure diction, a judicious in-weaving of correspondence and contemporary testimony, the story of WASHINGTON's life is narrated without exaggeration or artifice. So unambitious is the style, so quiet the strain, that, to some readers, it may appear to want spirit, to lack sympathy with the heroic side of WASHINGTON's character, and to flow on in too tranquil and undramatic a vein. And yet this very calmness, this avoidance of rhetorical display and philosophic comment, this reliance on the facts of character for the interest and value of the work, is, in our view, the highest conceivable tribute to the unequalled grandeur of the subject, and the noblest compliment to the national heart. It shows perfect confidence in the power of the sublime lineaments which are reflected from the lucid page, and of the vital import of the events recorded, to win profound attention. Its value is characteristic, not adventitious; and to place such occurrences and a personage like this in the open light of truth has obviously been the single and heart-felt desire of the author. Herein he proves himself adequate to the grateful duty, which he has fulfilled in a manner that makes every true American his debtor.'

No one can read this history of the career of the PATER PATRIÆ, even to

its present point, without seeing how forcibly true are the subjoined remarks of our able reviewer :

‘THE difficulties which military leadership involves are, to a certain extent, similar in all cases, and inevitable. All great commanders have found the risks of battle often the least of their trials. Disaffection among the soldiers, inadequate food and equipment, lack of experience in the officers and of discipline in the troops, jealousy, treason, cowardice, opposing counsels, and other nameless dangers and perplexities, more or less complicate the solicitude of every brave and loyal general. But in the case of WASHINGTON, at the opening of the American war, these obstacles to success were increased by his own conscientiousness ; and circumstances without a parallel in previous history added to the vicissitudes incident to all warfare the hazards of a new and vast political experiment. That his practical knowledge of military affairs was too limited for him to cope auspiciously with veteran officers — that his camp was destitute of engineers, his men of sufficient clothing and ammunition — that the majority of them were honest but inexperienced yeomen — that Tory spies and lukewarm adherents were thickly interspersed among them — that zeal for liberty was, for the most part, a spasmodic motive, not yet firmly coexistent with national sentiment — that he was obliged, month after month, to keep these incongruous and discontented materials together, inactive, mistrustful, and vaguely apprehensive — all this constitutes a crisis like that through which many have passed ; but the immense extent of the country in behalf of which this intrepid leader drew his sword, the diversity of occupations and character which it was indispensable to reconcile with the order and discipline of an army, the habits of absolute independence which marked the American colonists of every rank, the freedom of opinion, the local jealousies, the brief period of enlistment, the obligation, ridiculed by foreign officers but profoundly respected by WASHINGTON, to refer and defer to Congress in every emergency — this loose and undefined power over others in the field, this dependence for authority on a distant assembly, for aid on a local legislature, and for coöperation on patriotic feeling alone, so thwarted the aims, perplexed the action, and neutralized the personal efficiency of WASHINGTON, that a man less impressed with the greatness of the object in view, less sustained by solemn earnestness of purpose and trust in God, would have abandoned in despair the post of duty, so isolated, ungracious, desperate, and forlorn.

‘Imagine how, in his pauses from active oversight, his few and casual hours of repose and solitude, the full consciousness of his position — of the facts of the moment, so clear to his practical eye — must have weighed upon his soul. The man in whose professional skill he could best rely during the first months of the war, he knew to be inspired by the reckless ambition of the adventurer, rather than the wise ardor of the patriot. Among the Eastern citizens the spirit of trade, with its conservative policy and evasive action, quenched the glow of public spirit. Where one merchant, like HANCOCK, risked his all for the good cause, and committed himself with a bold and emphatic signature to the bond, and one trader, like KNOX, closed his shop and journeyed in the depth of winter to a far-distant fort, to bring, through incredible obstacles, ammunition and cannon to the American camp, hundreds passively guarded their boards, and awaited cautiously the tide of affairs. While WASHINGTON anxiously watched the enemy’s ships in the harbor of Boston, his ear no less anxiously listened for tidings from Canada and the South. To-day, the cowardice of the militia ; to-morrow, the death of the gallant MONTGOMERY ; now the capture of LEE, and again a foul calumny ; at one moment a threat of resignation from SCHUYLER, and at another an Indian alliance of Sir GUY JOHNSON ; the cruelty of his adversaries to a prisoner ; the delay of Congress to pass an order for supplies or relief ; desertions, insubordination, famine ; a trading Yankee’s stratagem or a New-York Tory’s intrigue ; the insulting bugle-note which proclaimed his fugitives a hunted pack, and the more bitter whisper of distrust in his capacity or impatience at his quiescence ; these, and such as these, were the discouragements which thickened around his gloomy path, and shrouded the dawn of the Revolution in dismay. He was thus, by the force of circumstances, a pioneer ; he was obliged to create precedents, and has been justly commended as the master of ‘a higher art than making war, the art to control and direct it,’ and as a proficient in those victories of ‘peace no less renowned than war,’ which, as FISHER AMES declared, ‘changed mankind’s ideas of political greatness.’

But we propose few extracts from a work whose fair pages, in large clear type, will be in the hands of thousands of our readers before this number of the KNICKERBOCKER will have reached them. Internally and externally, its attractions are such, that it has jumped at one bound to a wide popularity. A superb engraving, from the original picture of WASHINGTON, by STUART, in the Boston Athenæum, fronts the title-page.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By E. S. CREASY. In one volume: pp. 489. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

To those wishing to understand the English Constitution, this work really supplies an important *desideratum*. Its author, a barrister of high standing, and a great admirer of the Constitution of his country, has given to the student of constitutional history, to the lawyer and the statesman, an exposition of the foundation, rise, and progress of the Constitution of England, which throws more light upon the subject, within the compass of a single volume, than any other work we can now call to mind. Originally appearing in pamphlet form, it now appears in a third edition, a handsome volume of over three hundred pages, accompanied by a copious index, a feature so very desirable and yet so often omitted in works of this character.

Unlike the United States, England has no written Constitution, in which the rights of King, Lords, and Commons, are succinctly laid down; she has no compact record of the rights of the people, to which reference can be had in case of dispute; her Constitution cannot be found within a small compass, but spreads over her whole history, from the first inroad into Britain of the Germanic hordes in the fifth and sixth centuries, down to the abdication of JAMES the Second, and the bill of rights passed by Parliament after the accession of WILLIAM and MARY to the throne. In these eleven centuries fruitful of invasions, civil wars, massacres, turmoils, and revolutions, the British Constitution was founded and reared. At one time tottering to ruin and trampled upon by the mailed-foot of some haughty despot, and at another raised again by the watchful patriot and guardian of his country's freedom, it has advanced from feeble and indefinite beginnings until the proud Englishman now boasts that the safeguard of his liberties is second to none in strength and security, and assures to him the great privileges of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' in their grandest and fullest extent. There have been men who denied that there was any such thing as the British Constitution, that inasmuch as there was no complete written monument of it in existence, it could not be said that there was a Constitution. But the author of the work now before us eloquently differs from these doubters, and traces the building of the edifice he so triumphantly describes, step by step from the first corner-stone of the structure to its final completion by the Act of Settlement in 1689. He depicts the high-handed despotism of WILLIAM the Norman and his feudal barons, the jealousy of the great lords both as to each other and the king, and the sufferings of the middle and lower classes, the victims of the rapacity of both. He traces the various causes through the several reigns, until we get to that of JOHN, when the nobles and clergy, led by STEPHEN LANGTON, Archbishop of Canterbury, compelled the false king to assent to the Great Charter, the broad foundation upon which rests the liberties of England, and to which we also refer as the exemplar of the grand truths upon which our own government is founded. Very few in these days of what is so flippantly called 'progress' take time to think of the fearful cost at which the declaration and recognition of the principles of our government, was obtained. Every petty orator,

full of his own conceit, repeats the declarations of *Magna Charta* under the impression that he himself is the origin of those great principles; even those of higher pretensions who aspire to act as legislators in the land, scarce know that such a thing as the Charter exists, and content themselves with a grand flourish of the Constitution — the Constitution — never seeking the history and development of the great bulwarks of our rights, which in time of need, have defended the people as well against a tyrant king as against tyrannical and fanatical legislation. Events within a few years show how important it is for even citizens, without speaking of lawyers and legislators, to be acquainted with the great principles of civil and constitutional liberty. When fanaticism reigned triumphant and men were by accident sent to our Legislature, and there passed an Act trenching upon the rights of the citizen, what was the authority invoked to decide the matter? Why, the solemn declaration forced by the bold barons of England from King JOHN at Runnymede, that no free man could be judged

‘*Nisi per legale iudicium pariam suorum,
Vel per legem terræ:*’

‘unless by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.’

Yes, *Magna Charta*, rolled out from the dust of over six centuries, taught the neophytes at Albany, that the rights of the people were not to be trampled upon by fledglings floating on the surface of fanaticism as ideas of to-day or yesterday, but that the foundations of those rights were far back in the days when the PLANTAGENETS and TUDORS swayed the sceptre of England.

This volume traces, step by step, as we have said, the erection of the noble structure, and we do not know a work which in so small a space can give so clear an understanding of the long struggle between kingly power and the people, which resulted finally in the explosion for ever of the doctrine of the ‘divine right of kings’ and acknowledged the people as the primary source of all power and authority. And as this principle is the foundation and land-mark of our rights and liberties in this Republic, the student who will not content himself with a superficial knowledge of the foundation of the claim, but will rather dive deeper to the origin and source thereof, will find in Mr. CREASY’S work an introduction which will greatly aid him in his researches and furnish him with a key to this important subject. The want of a work of this kind has long been felt in this country. It brings the knowledge of the great principles of civil liberty home to the doors of the people, who are so deeply interested in their preservation. The works of writers on constitutional law are generally so voluminous as to be out of the reach of the masses who have to take their contents second-hand, mixed with the rabid productions of political hacks, or Fourth-of-July orators, who, almost entirely ignorant of the matter themselves, can scarcely be considered safe instructors of the people. But here we have the pith and marrow of the whole: in the original Latin for the scholar who wishes to criticise the compact and laconic language of the Churchmen and feudal lords of the thirteenth century; and then done into English for the unlearned millions, who always bear the brunt and burthen of the conflict.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our 'Up-River' Correspondent at Niagara.

Niagara Falls, August : Monday.

DEAR KNICK : My last epistle to you broke off in the midst, or rather with respect to that which was intended to be the theme of it, at the beginning. I must notice one sentiment of satisfaction which creeps over the mind of nearly every one on approaching the great cataract: it is that of being a travelled man, as if every thing most worthy to be seen on earth were concentrated in this wonder, and as if the end of all travel were about to be attained. In museums of art, or in galleries of historical paintings, you frequently find some niche unappropriated, and some frame waiting to be filled up with a particular subject. So in the minds of those who have treasured up many gems of landscape, and picturesque memories of foreign lands, there must always be a vacant space until empietured with Niagara.

'One who is possessed with the true spirit and genius of travelling, like Lady MONTAGUE, or Madame PFEIFFER, or BAYARD TAYLOR, (the Chevalier BAYARD of modern tourists,) would feel as if nothing had been done without having visited the great cataract. Yet there is scarce any thing curious in the world which, when once seen, people seem less disposed or perhaps less able to talk of or to write about. I have never met with any description of it in words, approaching the graphic power which has been expended on natural scenes of much less grandeur, nor has Poetry wreaked upon it its highest expression. No ode has been dedicated to it so sublime as that of COLERIDGE, written in the Valley of Chamouni. Many have written effectively about the vale of Arno, the falls of Terni, or the cataracts of the Nile. From the tour of EUSTACE, and from the numbers of ROGERS, you may obtain a lively impression of delicious Italy, and from many others a good idea of the gaunt solemnity of Egypt.

'But here the writer's vocation appears to be gone, while genius, poetry, and eloquence subside. All is silent, except the cataract. Those who imbibe the spirit of the scene most deeply, say nothing: those who are disappointed turn away; but others after they have taken the pains to buy a feather from a gray eagle's wing, in order to deal justly with their magnanimous thoughts, pare it and cut it to the stump, but can write nothing suitable, either in poetry or prose. One closes up a drawn-out book in these words, and with nothing more: 'O God! I saw Niagara.'

'Pictures and daguerotypes also when taken are of little value. It is impossible to paint motion. What is Niagara without it?

'As to the guide-books, they are meagre in the extreme, and inform you of little

except of the spot where Miss MARTHA RUGG fell over a precipice as she was reaching out to pluck a flower. Where Niagara speaks, the cicerone's occupation is also gone. Walk along the banks of the river from Whirlpool to Suspension-Bridge, from Suspension-Bridge to Horse-Shoe, or American Fall, or Goat-Island. You will meet with individuals in various picturesque or even dangerous positions, seated at the end of some projecting rock, gazing intently down from some point where a startling touch would hurl them into some terrible abyss. Even if securely seated far back upon the ledge of rocks, they are incommunicative, and will scarce give a recognizing glance. I heard one virtuoso making an attempt to instil a realizing sense of the great Horse-Shoe cataract, and equalize it to the conceptions of his friend who was on his way to the West to purchase flour. He computed the amount of water by the hogshead and gallon, and that it would grind up all the corn which could be supplied by the granaries of a world. 'And you will please to observe,' he added, 'that it is like a *chameleon* — that is to say, that it is always different. Look at it as often as you will. There is a black man who has lived here many years, and he will confirm what I say. FRANK, how long have you resided here?'

'Born here, sir.'

'Well, you have looked at that cataract every day of your life, or nearly so, (he was Scottishly accurate.) Do n't it always present a different phase — I mean do n't it look a little different every time?'

'No, massa, always look like pretty much the same old t'ing.'

'This raised a good laugh at the expense of the virtuoso, who was vexed to be without such strong confirmation of his remark, and although he put his question in various ways, he could in vain raise the conceptions of his witness to any nice discrimination in the affairs of the 'sublime and beautiful.' To his colored idea Horse-shoe was Horse-shoe. If the examiner was a matter-of-fact man, or '*practical*, as DICKENS has it, so was he. In fact, I thought that neither the trotter-out-of-Nature's grandest work, nor sable Africa himself were deep as Niagara river just below the Falls. They were each a little shallow, although FRANK was, in one sense, a *deep black*. It is true that all things vary, and especially the scenes of Nature seem to shift with kaleidoscopical changes, as they are presented in new lights, or under deeper shadows. Even that which is most fixed varies to us as our changeable feelings become more quiescent and tranquil; or as we become more qualified to contemplate it as it really is. But to my own mind, an essential element in the sublime of Niagara, is the fact that it is so unchanging, and that it has been, partially, so unchanged. I do not mean that there is no abrasion in such an elemental strife. The adamant shelf is slowly worn. The scene recedes. Inch by inch the cataract retires, kissing away, by its great lip, the mighty ledge. *Basia, et mille, mille basia!* as the loving JOHANNES SECUNDUS would say. Most imperceptibly the spectacle is altered. Pebble after pebble is washed down; the boulder is upheaved, the rocks tumble. A fresh flood continually rolls over the ledge.

'But from the creation until now the like smoke and incense have been perpetually going up. The voice in which it speaks is the utterance of the past prolonged until now, having no echo, for there is no echo of a voice which is unceasing, and a repetition of one implies that it is itself gone. The words of men die away, the tones of the sweet singer and the cadences of the orator, domestic words in which affection murmurs to the ear and heart, are temporary as the summer-birds. But this, like the deep, broad sea, keeps on sounding, and though continual and present,

it seems to come from afar off. It identifies us with an antiquity which is *always* sublime and solemn, and merges the ages which are past into the brief existence which we are enjoying now. Thus it makes us as old as itself.

'NAPOLEON, as his army was encamped on the sands of the desert, once stretched forth his arm, and said: 'Forty centuries look down upon you from the heights of yon pyramids.'

'But this is the identical voice which sounded long before the Pyramids were built'

'When I listened to it each night upon my pillow, it seemed like the deepest base note of creation. It never varies, and let the wind blow high or low, is never lost to the ear a second. The rock on which the house was builded was profoundly jarred, as if an earthquake shook it, not violently, but perpetually. From deep and far below there came up still that massive, most magnificent base. Its effect is described by one who, in a single suggestive sentence, has concentrated nearly all which he would record of Niagara: 'It is loud enough to annul the sound of a thousand cannon, yet it would not drown the chirping of a bird.'

'TUESDAY. — It is like putting your hand on the lion's mane, to stand on Table-Rock, within a few feet of the terrible brink. Above the Falls it looks like a tumultuous sea, for the outlet is broad, and the descent is so great that the horizon soon comes down and bounds the prospect. The water on the edge of the precipice, just before the plunge, is smooth as an unruffled lake. By its projectile force it is carried far over the ledge in a broad curve, thence falls in massive columns, or its great volume is twisted and braided by opposing rocks, and as the sun shines upon it, its colors are gorgeous beyond description, sea-green and emerald; but at the bottom of the cauldron white as milk. Innumerable swallows glance up and down in their angular flight, catching, momentarily, on their sleek wings, the hues of the rain-bows, disporting in the fine spray, which ever ascends in a cloudy column, and sometimes appearing to snatch a sip from the lip of the cataract.

'In winter the wild duck comes and rests upon the smooth surface, goes half-way down the curve, rises up on wing, and wheeling round, repeats again and again the defiant feat. I sat for hours on the summit of the Indian Pagoda, overlooking the whole scene and striving so to impress it on the mind that it would never be forgotten, glancing by turns down the Niagara River, then over at the American shore, where, in a thinner sheet and divided in the midst, but a thousand feet in width, the fall descends; then at Goat-Island and its adjacent tower, the Rapids and great Horse-Shoe Cataract.

'During the intervals of gazing, some moments may be passed profitably in looking at the museum of natural curiosities on Table-Rock. There you will see things suitable to a place where nature is so grand; superb eagles, solemn owls, bones of the mastodon who fed upon the foliage which in primeval times shrouded the cataract in its gloomy shadow, vast relics of monsters of the deep, skeletons of birds of prey, an array of bright-plumed, yet mute birds upon the perch, and many other things.

'Four wolves were chained to so many stakes in a neighboring inclosure, part of a pack who had strayed away and been captured on a western prairie. They were lean and yellow, resembling a group of saucy, filthy Constantinopolitan dogs. I much desired to hear them bark. A boy kindly consented to give them the key-note for a shilling. He placed the hollow of his hand before his mouth and produced a cur-like yelp. In an instant they became excited, pulled violently at their chains, then pointed their noses skyward, stretched out their lean necks and joined together in a most lamentable and lugubrious wail, enough to make the day hideous.

'From Clifton House a carriage-road winds easily and gradually to the base of the

precipitous banks and to the brink of the river. Some years ago a tall Highlander in his picturesque costume stood sentry at the ferry, but his regiment has been removed, perhaps his bones grow white in the Crimea and he has gone on long fur lough to the eternal land. He struck my eyes at the time as comporting grandly with the place, standing with his bare legs fixed and motionless upon the rock, while scenes from *ROB ROY* came back as depicted by the vivid imagination of *SCOTT*. Pressingly importuned to ride down this hill by the proprietors of carriages, who are as lively and vociferous as any at *NIBLO'S Garden* when the pantomime is over, I always begged the privilege of going on foot. There are some places in the descent where an accidental tip-over might result in an aerial fall, something like that of *VULCAN*, as described in *HOMER'S Iliad*. The 'Maid of the Mist' just touched at the wharf as I made my excursion to-day, but I took a small boat in preference to embarking on the steamer. The boatman pulled with lusty sinews against the boiling current. It is a short but most exhilarating excursion, bringing you into full presence of both falls, and as you near the American shore you get a refreshing bath in their fine spray.

'Spent an hour or two this morning in repeating these trips, in going to-and-fro. What river in the world, with so grand a spectacle in view, gashing its way through such superb cliffs, narrow indeed, and yet so full, so deep, so pure, its waves so solemnly excited from their recent fall. I could not pass it merely for the sake of getting to the opposite shore as if it were the Brooklyn ferry. I would sooner go to the other shore for the sake of crossing the river.

'On landing after one of these excursions, I saw an immense cat-fish. He must have weighed twenty pounds, and was caught in sixty or seventy feet of water on a hook baited at night. Coming from such a cool and deep grotto at the base of the cliffs his flesh was exceedingly consistent and substantial, and although the inferior members of the cat-fish family, educated in ordinary streams, are nothing to brag of, this one must have been as toothsome when served up as fine salmon. Two men carried his fishship on a pole, as they would a large bunch of Palestine grapes. I think, on reflection, that he must have weighed full forty pounds, and he was worthy of the great cataract near which he was 'brought up.'

'WEDNESDAY. — Devoted to a long walk on the banks of the river as far as Whirlpool, in spite of many earnest protestations from 'gentlemen of the whip,' and repeated offers to be taken up at the road-side. But there are a hundred points where it is desirable to pause and look down at the boiling current, some so steep and sheer as to make the head giddy, and you think you could drop a plummet two hundred feet below into the wave. In other spots the tops of lofty trees far, far beneath, out-jutting shrubs and tangled vegetation appear as if they might intercept you in a fall, but there are few places so gradual in descent that you could venture to scramble down with ease. It was a walk upon a river's brink, but high up in the realm of the eagle and the swallow. You pass beyond Suspension Bridge into a path on the forest's edge, and then all below is a scene of turmoil and yeasty confusion, as if a hundred sea-monsters were pent up in the rocks, and wagged their powerful tails, lashing the waves into a perfect syllabub, and then you come to Whirlpool, which receives inevitably into its suction the waifs of every kind, *swanets in gurgite*; a horse repeats his tread-mill round in death, and *SAMUEL PATCH'S* brethren (in his melancholy fall) revolve perpetual.

'Few rural feelings are excited about the spot, for your eyes are riveted upon *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, and upon the waves which are tumultuous as the sea in a storm. Dry furs and cedars cast their dark shadows over the rock-bound coast.

'**THURSDAY.** — Rode over to Lundy's Lane, Boiling Spring, and other places of note in the vicinity, with a lively Irishman, who professed himself full of legendary lore, and that by his talents and information he could illustrate every step of the way; a promise which he redeemed pretty well, ever and anon turning his sandy head about, as he sat on his coach-box, and pointing merrily with his whip here and there. The atmosphere was deliciously cool, and the ride charming.

'The city of the Falls is not yet built, although it was designed and mapped out many years ago. To men of wealth, who can indulge in landscape gardening, what place more desirable for a summer residence than the neighborhood of Niagara, where, from many choice positions on the heights, a full view, or at least a valuable glimpse can be had of the whole fresh and glorious scene.

'**FRIDAY.** — 'The Maid of the Mist,' as seen from the high bank, has a cunning and lilliputian look, in accordance with yonder pigmies assembled on the wharf, who are just preparing to go on board. How pertly and with what easy assurance she peeps into the various coves, and keeps her flippant wheels a-going, now and then emits a shrill scream as she bounces like a duck upon the boiling waves, plunges with her bows almost into the fall, when, just as you would think that she was about to be submerged, she shys off with a coquetting air and glides down the stream in triumph.

'One does not like to go away without a voyage in this steamer, and I accordingly embarked. You cannot set foot on her deck without an excitement and anticipation almost like that of crossing the Atlantic. There is a slight bustle, a gay and pleasurable interchange of glances among the small group who are to be companions in this unique adventure. It is a bond of fellowship which, if they have keen perceptions, may make them remember each other for the rest of their lives. The plank is withdrawn, there is no time to be lost, you are about to plunge at once *in medias res*. You repair to the dressing-room, put on the water-proof garments, and with your head hooded, huddle together with the ungainly throng upon the upper deck. In a few moments you are almost blinded with the mist, you are at the foot of the cataract, a semi-circular wall of waters, one hundred and fifty feet in height, rises immediately before you, the little boat is strongly agitated. You stand in very front of the majestic presence, clouds of incense roll around your brow, and then the sound of many waters, the thundering and detonations, the rainbows and fragment of rainbows which are seen all about in the air, the violent whizzing of the spray which dashes against and rolls down your armor, and the great breeze which is generated before the mighty curtain of the Fall; these and many other indescribable apparitions which confound the senses in the course of a few brief seconds, make you feel as if you were in the midst of a wild dream, or confronting some spectacle in a grander planet. Would that more time could be allowed to gaze. Open your eyes if you can. Look before you and around. It is impossible to anchor in this vortex: already your *PALINURUS* has put his hand to the helm: your back is upon the scene: you are gliding forth into a wild river which seems as smooth as a stream in a meadow compared with the tumult which you have just left. The fairy architecture of a bridge swung high in air, and seemingly as light as spider's web from the effect of distance, yet strong as adamant and most gigantic, fascinates your eye. It must be from the inspiration of the scene that one of the noblest of man's inventions has been thus built up before the noblest work of God in all the natural world. This little voyage is enough adventure for a day.

'**SATURDAY.** — Sat for two hours gazing at the rock where *EVERY* clung for a night and a day on the verge of death, while the shores and bridges, heights and

house-tops were black with spectators. What long-protracted, tantalizing hours! Not death, but dying! The monumental stone on which the poor man was cruciated retains its firm position still among the breakers, and fancy chisels the victim's epitaph upon its jagged surface. Through a long summer's day it seemed like a little islet on the dividing line betwixt eternity and time. The crowds upon the shore appeared to him like ministering angels; clouds of witnesses to uphold him in brave desire, and sending many a mute token over the troubled wave; but he was just beyond the reach of salvation. The unavoidable abyss on which he trembled, surrounded as it was with splendors and with horrors, was a physical portrayal of that which we must all pass over as spiritual beings; and when the sun sank low and no more rainbow colors gleamed upon the mist, when fate relaxed his desperate grasp, and when he neared the smooth, calm brink, and rose breast-high in the air, and flung his arms aloft before the plunge, the silent multitudes subsided with a sad relief. They went and laid their heads upon their pillows, and like those who had been dreaming all the day, 'as it were they awoke into sleep to find the vision true.'

'SUNDAY. — Went to church in the morning. The piety of the lovers of nature resident at the Clifton, was not of the highest order, for, although there was a goodly crowd at breakfast, and they ate with a zest, not over a dozen of them got into the omnibus, which drew up before the door at ten o'clock, to convey those who wished to go to a church two miles off. These were mostly English, who set a good example to the rest by punctually worshipping and by poking their heads in their hats during prayers. The curate, a young man, preached an excellent sermon, but the whole aspect of the church, within and without, was enough to chill even a sanguine heart. Although the population round about was by no means sparse and the day was beautiful, there were not over thirty 'beloved brethren' assembled in a building ill-situated, uninviting, and altogether rude.

'In the afternoon crossed the river to walk once more upon Goat-Island. Whoever should build his own castle there and cut off its connection with the main, would monopolize a great deal of the outward manifestations of God to himself. As you approach by an intervening islet, you hear the sound of mill-wheels and the clatter of machinery, as if enterprise hardly knew how to keep its hands off; but if we except the association of ideas, the mill is so placed as to occasion no damage to the prospect, and encroach on no point of observation. The owner permits his great gift, which was not intended for him alone, to be enjoyed by others, and has probably left the island in a state of nature. Oh! how solemnly grand it is! Its ancient woods have been untouched by the axe; as the tree falls so it lies, and its gigantic trunk retains its old proportions still, as it is stretched out in the sepulchral shade like a mummy embalmed in the sublimity of the place. To-day the venders of nick-nacks are swept from the vestibule, but there were not a dozen worshippers assembled in the cathedral. I looked down through the majestic aisles of trees; beneath the leafy dome there was perceptible a sweet perfume, and afar off I saw the white smoke, as of incense going up. A lulling murmur first stole upon my ear, followed by the deep base of the grand organ, and then the everlasting cataract discoursed as it has done from the creation on the magnificent attributes of God.

'If there are many intelligent persons who express a genuine disappointment with Niagara, it must be accounted for from the fact that it contains many elements of the sublime which must be analyzed before it can be realized in its full and perfect majesty; that its first effect is to stun and paralyze, or perhaps from the grand

scale and equal proportion of surrounding objects, or rather the greatest of God's works, like those of men, lack something by which they can be immediately and truly revealed to obtuse and imperfect perceptions.

R. W. A.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — The subjoined is the original draft of a letter from our friend and correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' which was written at St. Paul, Minnesota, the latter part of June. In the course of a private note to the Editor, the writer says: 'It strikes me that your *DIE VERNON* must be something of a 'Brick-ess.' Is n't that the 'lady' for 'Brick?' She ought to have been at the Fall of Minnehaha! *That* is the spot! If Niagara is the mother, Minnehaha is the daughter of waters — a belle as lovely as ever laughed away the rosy hours.'

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.: Steamboated it from Mackinaw down Lake Michigan to Chicago, had a savage head-wind the entire voyage of thirty-six hours, and half the passengers 'lake'-sick. Passed and stopped at SUEBOYGAN, *à propos* of which town I heard a very sedate, grave-looking old gentleman state, *as a fact*, that it derived its name thus: An Indian chief, whose favorite squaw 'kept on' presenting him with female infants, on being informed that he was again a father, grunted out — 'Ugh! s'pose SHE BOY 'GAIN!' from which arose the name of this town! Chicago, with its rush, whirl, dust, and commotion, always reminds me of a locomotive stopped for an instant at a station, but ready at a moment's warning to move on with lightning speed. Three houses on rollers, travelling through its streets, only confirmed this impression; and anxious to get the start of this grand move, I hurried through, took the cars for Dunleith, and in a dozen hours was snugly domiciled in the Argyle House, a hotel, new, large, well kept, and ahead of any thing in the opposite city of Dubuque. Taking the 'Ocean Wave,' a very comfortable boat, at night I commenced my voyage of nearly four hundred miles to St. Paul. The scenery of the Upper Mississippi will perhaps never be sung to death, like the Danube or Nile, but it will be spoken of and thought of as long as it retains one single feature of its primitive wildness and natural beauty. Such sky-scraping hills, covered to their summits with waving grass and oak-trees, such bright green prairies, such noble old forests marching down to the water's edge; and then the sunsets! The idea of American artists going to Italy for scenery! *Parbleu*, shall this thing be? Part of a regiment of U. S. soldiers, bound from Governor's Island, N. Y., to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, were on board the boat. They were in right good spirits, and all on fire for an 'Injun skrimitch.' Some distance below St. Paul some of the soldiers espied along the river bank three or four Indians paddling along in a canoe. 'At once there rose so loud a yell,' with cheers, that the 'Injuns' stopped paddling, and as our boat shot up-stream, one of the boys, with Gotham still thick upon him, jumped for an elevated stand, and with his left-hand thumb in real 'bus-driver style, yelled out to them, 'Up Broadway! Ride up!' The ludicrousness of the thing owed its whole force to the entirely opposite ideas called up by the scene before us and the associations connected with the words, and seemed one of the most piquant little bits of humor I ever witnessed.

'Reaching St. Paul I was fortunate enough to find a room in the WINSLOW House,

a hotel of a better description than I had expected to find a thousand miles from the Monteaale of Niagara. But so we go. There is no WEST this side of the Rocky Mountains. The situation of St. Paul, on a high bluff commanding a beautiful view of the Mississippi and of the country for miles on miles in every direction, is admirable. The cool weather spoken of in books as 'abounding' in Minnesota during the summer season has its exceptions, the past few days being intolerably hot, with the thermometer making love to 90° and upwards.

'St. Anthony's Falls! If you want to see what water *can* do, how it can make a jump over some thousands on thousands of logs, ditto sticks and stones, turn saw-mills, grist-mills, and sundry and divers other manufactories, after all looking like a sewer pitching over the top of a lime-box, buy a ticket through to St. Anthony. I am down on these Falls, because they are not such as represented. The engravings of them that I have seen show wild and natural scenery around them, instead of which they are hedged in by the towns of St. Anthony, Minneapolis, etc., and you can hardly see the Falls, for the mills and logs mentioned above.

'St. Paul has gone wild on the subject of land speculation. The last case of this mania on record is that of a young speculator, TERENCE O'CRACKBRAIN, who was seen out in a hard rain-storm lately, no hat on his head, stamping furiously, on a small lot he owns in the centre of the town.

'Hallow, CRACK,' shouted some one to him from under an umbrella. 'What are you doing there?'

'By —!' roared CRACK, 'this land of mine is *rising* so fast I've got to stand on it to keep it from going up *too high*!'

'The Fall of Minnehaha! You should see this at sunset. You should close your eyes, or at least cast them groundward, till you have clambered down the ravine, and then, reaching the dancing water below, look up suddenly and see — the Fall of Minnehaha, the leap of Laughing Waters! Their memory will cling to you in after-days, as the realization of some fountain of waters painted by Fancy in life's early hours, while reading an Eastern tale — a bright little bit from BOC-CACIO, or a dainty description of Fairy Land. The sunset-tints of the sky, reflected on the very edge of the Fall, the black water breaking into the crystal veil of drops, the misty, dreamy view, as walking behind the Fall you look through the waters at the deep pool below, the brown earth-banks, the vivid hue of tree and grass, the rising spray. You will learn how good a thing is a merry heart after a visit to Minnehaha.

H. P. L.'

We must visit that musical spot. - - - SELDOM have we been so intensely interested, as in the perusal of a small pamphlet, which we received from a friend and correspondent in Zanesville, Ohio, (published by Messrs. GILLMORE AND BENNETT, printers and publishers in that pleasant town,) entitled, '*The Thrilling Narrative of Edgall, Pearson, Gatwood, and Savage, who were Rescued after having been Buried Alive Seven Hundred Feet under Ground, for Fourteen Days and Thirteen Hours, without Food, in the Blue Rock Coal-Mines.*'

This title, long as it is, could not be made less short, nor more expressive than it is. It tells the whole story in brief; yet the wonderful *details* almost weaken the bare record of the facts. Mr. ROBERT H. GILLMORE, of the above-named publishers, is the writer of the exciting narrative before us, which is scrupulously correct in all its particulars. In reporting it, the writer confined himself exactly to the statements given to him by the men

themselves, and as far as possible, using their specific language. During two entire days, he heard the accounts of each, and as each one told his story, his recollection was assisted by that of his companions; and thus were obtained not only the minute facts, but *all* the facts. Much of it was written upon the very ground where the calamity occurred, and while the excited multitude were laboring for the rescue of the poor sufferers. Before quoting from the pamphlet before us, it should be premised that the *Blue Rock Coal-Mines* are situated on the west bank of the Muskingum river, in an angle formed by the confluence of a small stream known as the 'Blue-Rock Run,' with that river, in Harrison township, Muskingum county, Ohio. The mine which fell in, it is stated, had been conducted in an unusually reckless manner. There was directly over it a hill, two hundred and twenty feet high; but with all this immense pressure, many of the rooms in the mine were *forty feet square*, with very few and very small supporting pillars. When the mine fell in, at eleven o'clock in the morning, on the twenty-fifth of April last, twenty persons, some of whom were lads, were employed in it. Some were standing at the mouth of the platform, at the mouth of the entry: others, on the inside, saved themselves by a precipitate flight. Thus, save the four persons named as above, sixteen escaped. An attempt was at once made for the rescue of the imprisoned men. The water was drawn off from the entrance to the mine, and the excavation commenced. 'The labor and danger involved in this,' says Mr. GILLMORE, 'can scarcely be appreciated by one who was not on the ground. It was necessary to combine the greatest possible speed with the utmost caution. A single false step would have brought a terrible destruction upon the excavators; for during their labors, the crumbling hill hung with tens of thousands of tons of pressure, imminent and threatening above their heads! Within six hours after the men were rescued, more than fifty feet of the mine fell in. If operations had been delayed that length of time, the workmen would have been inevitably killed, and the imprisoned miners would, beyond doubt, have perished by a lingering death in their terrible prison.' The writer goes on to say:

'CAN history point us to an example of heroism more deserving honor, than that of the brave men who labored night and day, although every moment in danger of a sudden and terrible death, to rescue these four persons, who were bound to them only by the ties of a common humanity?

'The advance was made step by step. Three men only could work at a time. Indeed it may be said that every foot gained, was the work of a *single individual*, for there was room for but one workman in front; the others, behind him, received the fragments as he passed them back. Posts and caps were used to support the falling roof. The material encountered was principally rock, sometimes in small fragments, at others in immense masses, lying in every conceivable position. In one direction, the rock would split with the freedom of a chestnut log; in the other it was almost as tough and stubborn as iron.

'The work was continued in this mode, night and day, with varying success, for fourteen days. An immense concourse was, most of the time, on the ground. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining workmen. Miners flocked to the rescue of their brethren from miles around. Merchants and farmers clothed themselves in miner's costume, and joined in the common labor. Brave hearts and stout arms at last gained the victory.'

'*The Fourteenth and Last Day at the Mine,*' records the long suspense and final rescue:

'The miners are getting along slowly. A large rock has fallen slantingly into the entry, and there is no way but to block it up and excavate under it; they are afraid the rock will give them trouble. It is possible that it may slip, and if so, a large amount of loose rock and earth will follow. It is dangerous working at best. The whole hill above is crumbling, and the props are very insecure against such an immense pressure. The foul air is also very troublesome. The workmen do not experience any difficulty in breathing; but their lights will not burn. The 'damp' seems to be lodged in *nests*: sometimes a lamp will go out one foot distant from the spot where it will burn freely. Sometimes it will burn best at the top of the mine, and sometimes it will go out there, but will burn very well at the bottom. It has been necessary to weather-board the passage on the sides and over-head, and stop all the cracks with clay, to prevent the ingress of foul air.

'Conversed with a miner who was at work yesterday when the discovery was first made that the men were alive: says their attention was arrested by a smothered 'humming,' like that of men holding subdued conversation. Listening attentively, they then heard them talking about over the track. Having given a halloo, it was responded to. Then called to them, asking if all were well; reply, 'All are well; but our lights are out.' They next inquired if any had been killed by the accident. GARWOOD was anxious to know if his wife and friends were near him. None of them seemed to have any idea of time.

'At one o'clock P.M. — Bad news. The men are not progressing in their work, in consequence of foul air. Their lamps cannot be kept burning. They are compelled to work with the light fifteen or twenty feet distant. A workman has just come out who says that they have not been excavating for an hour. A new experiment is being tried. Mirrors have been taken in to reflect the light. A man has been sent off post-haste, for a globe lamp, with the hope that they may succeed in making it burn. Things look gloomy. Some are predicting that the men will never be got out alive. A workman just from the inside, says that the poor fellows are complaining of being very hungry. They are anxious to know why the noise of digging has ceased; they say they cannot stand it much longer. It is supposed that only about five feet of earth yet remain to be taken out. EDGELL seems to be in low spirits. Seems to think he will not get out alive; has sent messages to his friends, telling them not to grieve for him, that if he dies he will die happy. The mirror experiment is a failure. It has been abandoned. The globe lamp has also had to be thrown aside. It will not burn.'

At this time, not less than a thousand persons are on the ground, a great proportion of whom are females. Listen to a portion of the painful bulletin at this period:

'Good news! A car has just come out loaded with earth and rock. The men are at work again, and working bravely. The police have great difficulty in keeping people outside the rope.

'A report is current that the men have been reached, but is directly contradicted. Another workman just from within. A hundred voices in different directions are calling out, 'PETE come here!' 'Come here, PETE,' 'Get on the platform and tell us all about it.' We get his attention for a moment. He says they are getting along finely, that they have got to a place where they can see eight or nine feet over the rubbish. The roof of the mine is becoming very good and safe. Does not know any thing about EDGELL and his companions; has n't heard them for some time. Cars are coming out frequently, loaded with pieces of stone, and each one makes an excitement in the crowd as it appears. A rush ensues, so that it is not possible to keep the way clear.

'The workmen inform us that they have greatly reduced the size of the excavation, it being the object now to make an entrance just sufficient to admit of the passage of a man. The last time a conversation was had with the poor fellows buried within, they seemed to have lost all courage, and as they left the place where their conversations take place, to retire to a safer position, they declared that they were going back to lie down and die.'

Reader, try to conceive the horror of all this! But suffice it to say, at last—and it was a long time before it was accomplished—they were all rescued alive; blacker than negroes, pinched in their features, with great white eyes, wild and prominent; and white furrows down their cheeks, from the tears shed in awful darkness and silence! The only food they had had for fourteen days was the dinner prepared for two brother miners! Physicians were in waiting for them, to treat them medically, and to prevent excess from satisfied hunger. But we must draw our synopsis of this most

thrilling narrative to a close; contenting ourselves with a passage which embraces a fragment of the community-account of the experience of the sufferers:

'At one time, as he was frequently in the habit of doing, ENGELL went with NED SAVAGE to the break-down. Arriving at it, he crept as far forward in the crevice as was possible, and stopped to listen. Immediately he heard the dull sound of a pick, evidently at work in the entry. The sound seemed to be communicated by the wooden rail or run which occupied the middle of the entry. 'Then,' he says, 'I commenced pounding upon the run with a piece of sulphur-stone or 'nigger-head,' in the hope that I might be able to make myself heard. I also hallooed two or three times, but was not able to get any reply. I remained some time, and then went back to the room and said, 'Boys, I hear them digging.' They would not believe me. After this, I made my visits more frequently, intending to go down every hour, but I suppose that the intervals were longer than this. Two days, I presume, must have elapsed before I was able to make them hear me. When this occurred, GATWOOD was with me. I had called out as usual and this time heard an answer. What it was, I could not understand, but I knew it to be the voice of a man. I said, 'JIM, I hear them halloo;' he answered, 'It is only your imagination, BILL.' Then I waited awhile and called again; we both heard the reply this time. We then went back to the room and told PEARSON, but could not convince him but that we were mistaken. In about half-an-hour, as we thought, I went back again, taking NED SAVAGE with me. This time I heard them at work plainly, and when I called to them, some one replied, 'Is that you BILL, for God's sake?' 'It is I,' I said; 'who is it that speaks to me?' 'You do n't know me,' the voice replied. I then asked him if all the miners had got out alive. He said they had, and inquired if we were all alive; I replied we were, and mentioned the names of those who were with me. I inquired for my father, and received for reply that he had just gone out with a car load of dirt. He told me to go back and keep out of danger; that they would have us out before long. The next time I went down, Gatwood was with me. Before we left, PEARSON told me to ask what day it was, and accordingly when I got down I made the inquiry and was told that it was Thursday. I supposed from this, that we had been in only to the Thursday following the accident, making six days, instead of thirteen as I discovered after we were rescued. We were all of the same opinion, and were rather surprised to find that it had been even that long. After this, our visits were frequent, but the conversation was very much the same. We were at all times anxious to know what time it was, and how they were getting along. We heard the last falling-in, which occurred about seven hours before we were rescued, but as it did not make much noise on our end of the entry, we were not alarmed by it. After this the diggers did not seem to work with the same spirit, until we called to them not to be discouraged as but little had fallen. We told them we could stand it two days longer. ENGELL says: 'I then commenced digging myself, throwing the pieces of rock behind me; GATWOOD assisted, and, I think, we advanced in this way about four feet toward our rescuers. We were told to go back and keep quiet; we did so for a while. The next time I returned I saw a light, and immediately ran back to the boys and told them, I wanted them to go back with me; 'for,' said I, 'we can get out now.' They did not follow me for some minutes. I returned by myself, and in making my way toward the light, which shone through a crevice, I placed my hand on GEORGE LYONS' knee. He had crawled through to our side. He threw his arms around me and said, 'Is that you BILL?' I replied, 'It is that; where's the hole?' He told me to stay where I was, and inquired for the other boys. Having told him where they were, he started back; and while he was gone, JOHN ALTERS, Jr., from Zanesville, came through the hole and helped me out. SAVAGE soon followed me, then PEARSON; and GATWOOD, who had stopped to take a drink of copperas-water, came out last. PHILIP McLAUGHLIN took off his coat and threw it over me. I walked to within twenty feet of the mouth of the entry. The others having had clothing thrown over them were wheeled out in the cars. We were placed in rocking-chairs, and carried to our respective homes. It was a few minutes after one o'clock when we were rescued. We had been entombed in the mountain *fourteen days and thirteen hours*. When we went in, there was not a bud open upon the trees; *the morning after we were rescued, we looked from our windows and beheld the forest clothed in green*. We never before knew what a beautiful earth it was!'

Poor fellows! no wonder the outer world looked pleasant to them! And now, was there ever a more horrible situation? — a more miraculous escape?

—
Any thing better than the subjoined illustration of *Categorical Courtship*,

we can safely assume, no reader of the Drama, for many a day, has encountered:

'I SAT one night beside a blue-eyed girl —
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in each other:
'T was nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November:
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

'Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
' And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammered, coughed, and stuttered;
But some how, nothing to the point had uttered.

'I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I crossed,
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her feet upon the floor was drumming.

'I did n't know how to begin, or where —
I could n't speak — the words were always choking;
I scarce could move — I seemed tied to the chair —
I hardly breathed — 't was awfully provoking!
The perspiration from each pore came oozing,
My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seemed losing.

'At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like, at that;
My doubts, like summer-clouds, began to scatter;
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said: 'Come, Puss, ask MARY if she'll have me.'

'T was done at once — the murder now was out.
The thing was all explained in half-a-minute;
She blushed, and turning pussy-cat about,
Said: 'Pussy, tell him 'yes;' her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here 's the catastrophe of my story.'

'Little RHODY' turns out this through the well-conducted columns of the Providence *Daily Journal*. - - - WHEN DOW, JR., used to contribute his '*Short Patent Sermons*' to the '*Sunday Mercury*,' of this city, we used often to quote from them. Mr. Dow is now in California, and is preaching in the golden columns of the '*Golden Era*,' whence we extract, from one of its latest discourses, the following passage:

'In a poem called '*The Deserted Village*,' by OLIVER GOLDSMITH, page — according to the size of the print, my text may be found:

'AND still they gazed, and still the wonder grew.
That one small head could carry all he knew!'

'MY HEARERS: Our text, as you may know, has reference to the diminutive caput of of a country school-master, which became the admirable wonder and astonishment of all the little popinjays by whom he was surrounded. It was, indeed, a marvel to them how so small a knowledge-box could possibly contain such an astounding amount of verbs, adjectives, nouns, and figures, and not burst, like an over-charged field-piece. As the great solar light of a miniature world, he no doubt considered his own head as

a prize pumpkin — himself as a fortunate wonder — an emperor by decree of Providence. With a nob worthy of being ranked as one of the 'seven wonders of the world,' and with a hand remarkable for the execution of summary justice, he might well exclaim :

'From the centre all round to the wall,
I'm lord of the fool and the brute !'

'My brethren: it is indeed remarkable what an enormous quantity a human noddle not bigger than a summer-squash can sometimes be made to hold. A case in point: There was once a man who pitched his tent upon the other side of Jordan. He was the proprietor of a small head, *geographically* speaking, but full of elephantine ideas. Retired from the busy hum and bustle of city life, he communed with Thought and thought-breeding books. Being addicted to few words, and those not of the fattest species, many of his country-folk guessed that his mental meat-shop was but scantily supplied, since so little escaped through his oral orifice; while others, more closely inspecting that little, observed that it had the 'color,' as you miners say up in the mountains. Well, my friends, an accident happened to this mortal on a day: he shed his mortality — as you and I, and the immortal author of 'Hiawatha' will be likely to do in process of time. To satisfy an idle curiosity, his soulless cranium underwent a thorough exploration; and what do you think, brethren, was found crammed into this little skull? To wit: a copy of WEBSTER'S Quarto Dictionary, complete; MALTE BRUN'S Universal Geography; ROLLIN'S Ancient History, in twelve volumes; PALEY'S Moral Philosophy, 1mo, bound in sheep; JOSEPHUS, entire, hog-hide binding; BRYAN'S Pilgrim's Progress, half-digested; BURKE on the Sublime and Beautiful; RICE on the Ridiculous and Homely; DANOLL'S Arithmetic, in perfect order — figures being too stubborn facts for digestion; several ponderous works upon Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Law, Political Economy, and the Occult Sciences. Yes, and among the rest were discovered the 'obliterations' of a New-York edition of your presumptuous preacher's Sermons. The conclusion arrived at by the jury of inquest was, that said mortal came to his death by congestion of several tons of facts, figures, philosophy, clammy literature and patent sermons.

'I knew another man, who dwelt upon the opposite side of Jordan to the human with the little wonderful head. He lived in a pompous city; he went to his daily work in fine broad-cloth; he wore diamonds upon his shirt and fingers; he carried in his hand a golden-headed cane, and upon his shoulders a monstrous globular protuberance, possessing the property of brass. The latter had a hole in front, from whence issued such an everlasting stream of general information, that many a simple one looked upon him as rich in wisdom, even beyond his own unbounded conceit. Upon a certain day, my brethren, the stream from that mammoth reservoir of knowledge suddenly ceased to flow: it had dried up for ever. The bulky, and apparently ponderous concern was opened; and *what* do you imagine, my dear friends, was found within? Nothing at all, but the yellow cover to a copy of NED BURLINGAME'S 'Mysteries and Miseries,' and the shrivelled-up skin of a solitary defunct idea, that had evidently died of starvation in its meridian prime!

'O brethren! there is no telling how much may be stowed into a diminutive head, nor how little into many a big one. But, in packing heads with wisdom and useful knowledge, a particular order and system must be observed. If properly packed, you will be as much astonished at the quantity they are capable of containing, as you would in stuffing a gum-elastic travelling-bag with socks and shirt-collars. Children's heads, especially, should never be crowded with miscellaneous duds. Let knowledge, in small parcels, be carefully placed therein, and the quantity increased by slow degrees, as Honesty gets to Heaven. Their little tender capsules, if prematurely crowded, are too apt to turn out but leaky vessels for ever after. At the best, endeavoring to stuff them for any particular future purpose, is only knocking, as my printer would say, every thing into *pi*.

'No particular advantage, my friends, is ever derived by excessive taxation of the youthful mind. I remember once, when about knee-high to a milking-stool, my

maternal guardian sending me across lots to a neighbor's some half-a-mile distant, with a painfully formal message. It ran thus: 'Mother sends her compliments to Mrs. WARNER, and would be happy of her company at tea, this afternoon.' Before starting, I was made to rehearse and re-rehearse it, till it was thought firmly glued to my memory. It was a load to carry, but I started with it upon a run, for fear it might grow cold and become too stiff for ready use. After having cleared a dozen stone-fences, and finding a chip-squirrel in about every third one to distract my thoughts, I had completely forgotten the precise arrangement of the verbal document. Nothing daunted, however, I paddled boldly into the presence of her ladyship, and pulled it out, thuswise: 'Muvver wants — muv says, Mrs. WARNER would be happy to send her 'complishments, and must bring some company to tea to-morrow afternoon.' Your humble servant can hardly refrain from smiling when he now looks back and considers with what innocent authority he ordered Mrs. WARNER to the performance of a social duty — and that upon the wrong day! But, my brethren, we are no longer children, and can manage our original and borrowed ideas better than once; yet I imagine it would be no great loss, if most of us were to forget two-thirds of all we ever knew, and find serious difficulty in expressing the remainder. So mote it be!'

'FAUSTA,' who says she has had the 'type-us fever for a year,' sends us '*Night in the City*.' The paroxysms of the malady were very strong, she writes, but she felt much better after the delivery of the lines which ensue; and which, let us assure her, are of no mean order of merit. *Macte virtute!* Mademoiselle 'FAUSTA.'

'The solemn pall of the mid-night
Droops slowly, silently down,
And the tireless heart of the city
More quietly throbberh on.

'Through the cold damp air there cometh
The tramp of benighted feet,
And an unchecked sigh from a heavy heart
Reechoes adown the street.

'There are many sad hearts and aching
Within this moon-lit town,
Where the heedless heart of the city
Is drowsily beating on.

'There be aching hearts full many
In many a secret room;
There be sleepless eyes who weep, still
weep
Through the silence and the gloom.

'There be those, too, light and joyous,
Not many steps apart;
Ah! me, how little can separate
A blithe from a broken heart!

'There be some who slumber softly
Where the drooping willow waves;
Some hearts that know nor joy nor woe
In their cold, narrow graves.

'*Philadelphia, May, 1856.*'

'In the low homes, and the grassy,
They sleep their dreamless sleep;
If the pale lips never smile again,
The eyes no more shall weep.

'There be breaking hearts and glad ones,
There be weary hearts at rest;
There be songs of joy upon the air,
And moans of those distressed.

'But the great heart of the city
Feeleth for none of these,
Throbbing through mid-night's solemn hush
And voiceless mysteries.

'A little while and the turmoil
Will begin afresh again,
And the dreamer be aroused to act,
The mourner soothed from pain.

'But those grassy mounds will cover
Each cold and pulseless form,
While the current of life around them
swells,
The current strong and warm.

'In turmoil and in silence
They sleep there, every one,
While the tireless heart of the city
For ever throbberh on.

WE have spoken heretofore of the two kinds of witnesses that are often encountered in courts of justice — the *Un-willing* Witness, and the *Too-willing* Witness. Here is one who does n't seem to come under *either* category. He is not unwilling, but he does n't seem to *know* any thing as to the meaning of the questions which are put to him:

The Prosecuting Attorney thus addresses him :

'Mr. PARKS, state, if you please, whether the defendant, to your knowledge, has ever followed any profession.'

'He has been a professor ever since I have known him.'

'Ah ? A professor of *what* ?'

'A professor of religion.'

'You do n't understand me, Mr. PARKS. What does he *do* ?'

'Well, generally what he pleases.'

'Tell the jury, Mr. PARKS, what the defendant follows.'

'Gentlemen of the Jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go to drink.'

'Mr. PARKS, this kind of prevarication will not *do* here. Now, state, Sir, how the defendant supports himself.'

'I saw him last night supporting himself against a lamp-post.'

'May it please your Honor, this witness shows an evident disposition to trifle with this honorable court.'

THE COURT : Mr. PARKS, state, if you know any thing about it, what the defendant's occupation is. The court, let me say, has no idea that you mean to be disingenuous.'

'Occupation, did you say, Sir ?'

'Occupation,' answered the Judge.

'Yes,' echoed the counsel. 'What is his *occupation* ?'

'If I am not mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town.'

'That's all, Mr. PARKS. I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion.'

'He is.'

'Does his *practice* correspond with his *profession* ?'

'I never heard of any correspondence, or letters of any kind.'

'You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard ?'

'No, Sir ! I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw.'

'One *more* question, Mr. PARKS : You have known this defendant a long time. What are his habits ? Loose or otherwise ?'

'The one he has got on *now*, I think, is rather tight under the arms ; it is certainly too short-waisted for the fashion.'

'You can take your seat, Mr. PARKS.' 'Not a great deal of information,' as Mr. MEDDLE says, in the play, 'elicited from *that* witness !'

Do you remember, reader, the first pair of *boots* that ever encased your boyish legs ? Is there any acquisition of after-life that *quite* comes up to it ?

'How many boots,' asked a little boy of his father, (who had a friend with him at the time who had just called upon him) do three 'folks' wear ?'

'Why, *sir*, my son.'

'Then,' said the little fellow, with conscious pride, 'there are six boots in this room !'

Simple arithmetic, surely ; but it was the only way in which he could adroitly call the stranger's attention to the fact — with him a great fact — that for the first time in his life he had on a pair of little boots.

After all, *men* are not of much account without boots. 'Boots are self-reliant — they stand alone. What a wretched creature, slipshod and discordant, is a human being without boots! In that forlorn condition he can undertake nothing. All enterprise is impossible. He is without motion — a thing fit only to have his toes trodden on. But if the thought flashes through his brain that he must be up and doing, what are the first words that rush to his lips?

'*My Boots!!*'

A WRITER in '*Hall's Journal of Health*,' published monthly in our city, in a paper entitled '*Care of the Feet*,' introduces the subjoined monitory suggestions and 'serio-ludicro' illustration:

'A LONG time ago, 'when you and I were boys,' reader, when dead people were brought in and thrown down upon the floor of the dissecting-room, just as indifferently as a brawny butcher throws down a great big pig to dissect into sausage-meat, ham and spare-rib, and just as nude, except the face, which alone tells in the recent subject, that the man is dead, we used as a pastime, while the lecturer was calling over long Latin and Greek names, as dry as a fence-rail, and as hard, to be cogitating in our own minds, what was the position of that body when in life, what its relative standing in society. Some how or other we fell on the feet, as the most reliable indicator, especially if the appearance of the body as to plumpness indicated sudden death. Now and then, the well-trimmed toe-nail, its freedom from collections under it, and in every other spot from toe-nail to ankle, scrupulously clean; these showed full well, that the poor body so ruthlessly treated now, was tenanted but a few hours before, by a spirit of purity, refinement, and elevation, or had friends around it in the last sad hours of life, who merited such a character; and it was impossible to withhold our sympathy and respect for that lump of lifeless clay. At other times, the feet would be found in such a condition as to excite within us sentiments of the most irrestrainable disgust, and we felt as if the spirit which had so recently left that tenement was as foul and low as bestiality could make it.

'On a beautiful November afternoon, away back yonder in the Forties, we had just stepped ashore on the Levee at New-Orleans after a ten days' journey from Louisville, and hurrying along down the water's edge, a few yards from the shore, in the direction of the Post-Office, thinking of how many letters we would find there from absent friends, and kindred, and patients, we were aroused from our reverie by a tremendous concussion and noise; the first glance was upward at the sky, filled with innumerable objects of every size and description; they had scarcely got high enough to take their turn downward, and the first thought, that miracle of instinct was, could we by any rate of locomotion put ourselves beyond the point at which the falling articles would strike the earth; we looked again, and thought we could; if any individual ever '*heeled it*' in double-quick time, it was the writer of this article; every hair of the head and body seemed to stand on end, a chill thrilled through the whole frame at every successive step, we felt an expectation of an instantaneous crush to the earth! Oh! how long that race for life seemed! for we were not forty yards from the *Louisiana*, at the moment of explosion. Not a single thing touched us, although we heard many pattering around us, apparently as thick as hail-stones. In an instant we stood still, why, we cannot say, it was instinctive, not rational, and as soon as the sound of falling ceased, we turned to the scene of disaster; just as we turned, a poor young fellow passed us, scarcely able to limp along, and the next instant, was a full grown man, flat on his back, without one atom of injury except he had no head; the back-bone just protruded a little above the line of the shoulder. In that instant of time, some eighty-one persons, if we remember well, were hurried into eternity. Some lingered a moment and died, others lay a long time and no aid came to them. The whole surface of the levee was covered with bits of human bones, and joints, and flesh, and hair, and parts of clothing: a piece of boiler weighing perhaps a thousand pounds, struck a bale of cotton, cutting a mule in two, and shivered a cast-iron awning-post, some four hundred feet from the ill-fated steamer. As litter after litter passed by us toward the hospital and town, bearing its blackened, mutilated, groaning, dying occupants, a resolution suddenly formed itself in our mind, as apparently foreign to scenes like these, as it was possible to be — that as long as we lived, we never would, if alone, put our foot on a steamer or rail-car, except in our best clothing, and the whole body in as unexceptionable condition as razor, and soap, and water could make it. Now, why? The argument ran itself out in our mind as follows: 'If in that terrible hour, I had been bereft of all sense, the attention shown me, and the place assigned me in a private house, or public hotel, or large hospital

would have depended, to a considerable extent, on the character of personal belongings."

The moral of all this is: 'If you desire to be killed upon a railroad, or drowned decently, pay due attention to the cleanliness of your feet!' *Apropos* of this theme is a circumstance which we once heard narrated, and which it may not be inapposite to mention in this place. In a metropolitan auction-room, on a certain occasion, a little German Jew, who was slowly and shrewdly making his bid, was addressed by a near-by-stander with: 'There is a very disagreeable odor about here: what *can* it be?' 'Yaäs,' he replied, unhesitatingly, 'dat ish my veet!' 'Your feet! — then why do n't you retire from the room, and not mingle with gentlemen? The odor your feet exhale is very offensive.' 'Ah!' responded the little Hebrew, 'you ought to zmall 'em in a zmall room in de zummer-time!' Pride in *such* an accomplishment, as Baron POMPOLINO would say, 'is a virtue somewhat rare!' - - - 'Parson Gray, a pastor-at' will remind the reader of 'Old GRIMES,' that good old man. It is moreover a poem so full of incontrovertible facts, that it could scarcely have failed to please even that eminent *fictician*, 'Mr. GRADGRIND' himself:

'A QUIET home had Parson GRAY,
Secluded in a vale;
His daughters all were feminine,
And all his sons were male.

'How faithfully did Parson GRAY
The bread of life dispense —
Well 'posted' in theology,
And post and rail his fence.

'Gainst all the vices of the age
He manfully did battle;
His chickens were a biped breed,
And quadruped his cattle.

'No clock more punctually went,
He ne'er delayed a minute —
' *Queensville, (Ohio), June 2d, 1856.*

Nor ever empty was his purse,
When it had money in it.

'His piety was ne'er denied;
His truths hit saint and sinner;
At morn he always breakfasted;
He always dined at dinner.

'He ne'er by any luck was grieved,
By any care perplexed —
No filcher he, though when he preached,
He always 'took' a text.

'As faithful characters he drew
As mortal ever saw;
But ah! poor parson! when he died,
His breath he could not draw!

O. S. N.

Is n't that 'Old GRIMES?' - - - Our sparkling friend and correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' in a gossiping note to the Editor, has the following, which, in justice to Mr. THOMPSON, (who is one among our most rising and talented artists, and who was accidentally omitted from the list of his New-York brethren in our last number,) we take leave to print, without offence, let us hope, to the fair writer:

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK: I am so glad you like my portrait: I am sure THOMPSON will be pleased with your complimentary notice of it, for he laid great stress on your judgment, and was very anxious to secure your approbation. I shan't scold you for the compliment paid to me, for I must confess I do n't object to a little flattery when it is so delicately bestowed! I have been exceedingly amused by the different criticisms of my portrait. One young gentleman suggested the other day, that he thought it a good likeness, but that it had rather *too much animation*; I thought that was complimenting the picture at the expense of the original, and

flattering the artist instead of the sitter, by making out that his production was more life-like than the real flesh and blood from which he copied. And so I think that THOMPSON has achieved a triumph, for every one declares the likeness capital, and even aside from that, think the picture valuable for its easy and beautiful coloring. By-the-by don't fail to go up to his studio the very next time you come to town, and see his last picture, 'The Watering-Trough.' I think it a capital thing, and so do all whom I have heard speak of it. I watched the growth of the willow-tree, which hangs over the spring, very anxiously, for it was such a scraggy, crooked old thing, that no body else but THOMPSON would ever have been able to make it look picturesque; but he has brought it in with great effect, and made its very ugliness an attraction; on the same principle that he made my portrait so good-looking. . . . That book which you sent me the other day, '*Legion, or Feigned Excuses*,' is rather a singular production; but I was quite pleased with it, and think it calculated to do much good. I found many of the remarks *strike home*, and I doubt not they will have the same effect upon others. Speaking of the weather being such a frequent excuse with many for not attending church, and that people always say, 'It was too warm or too cold, it rained, or it looked like rain,' he suggests that some body ought to invent a 'Sunday umbrella;' and in the end of the book he gives what he calls his Sunday Umbrella, and states thirty-four good reasons why we ought to go to church, whether rainy, or snowy, or dusty, or hot, and very reasonable they are, too.

'Mr. HUESTON gave me a book the other day that I was very much pleased with, '*January and June*.' It is a little in the style of the '*Reveries of a Bachelor*,' although the matter is quite fresh and original, and its perusal has excited a desire to know the author, which is very rare with me, for experience has taught me that most of them are more agreeable in print than in broad-cloth. But there is a love of Nature and a keen appreciation of all that is true and beautiful, which pervades every page of this book, which convinces me that the author has a highly-cultivated mind, and a heart full of kindness and sympathy for his fellow-men.'

Three tributes well bestowed. - - - We were sitting, late the other afternoon, in a shady angle of the roof of our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' when our letters from town reached us by our faithfulest of express-men, 'JAKE SARVENT.' Chief among them was one bearing the California post-mark. Under the postage-stamp, a head of WASHINGTON, in green ink, and joined to it with great skill, was a *body* of the 'FATHER of his Country,' which was so irresistibly comic, that for half-an-hour before we opened the epistle, we awoke all the surrounding echoes by laughing at it: a short, squab, fat figure, in top-boots, with the straps out, a broad-skirted, old-fashioned coat, pantaloons with the ancient 'fall' in front, over one side of which dangled an unique watch-chain and keys: the left hand thrust almost to the elbow into the capacious trowsers-pocket, and the other resting upon the top of a 'sa-woard' of uncouth shape and dimensions; while the corners of the mouth (the California post-stamp portrait is full-face) were turned up with a laughing smirk, which imparted an expression so utterly ludicrous in a picture of WASHINGTON, that the transformation was complete! The whole thing was explained, however, when we opened the letter. It was from that rare humorous satirist, and distinguished United States' officer, 'JOHN PHOENIX,' *alias* 'SQUIBOB,' *alias* 'AMOS BUTTERFIELD,' *alias* 'Lieut. GEO. H.

DERBY,' United States' Topographical Engineer. We cannot resist — that is to say, we *shall* not resist — the inclination to quote a few passages from this characteristic letter; which, by the way, (exactly! — 'by the way,') has just reached us, although it is dated at San-Francisco on the twenty-eighth of last January! Good 'mail-time' that! But 'as per quotations:' (On the whole, *wait* for PHŒNIX until *next* month, and listen to Mr. BUTTERFIELD:)

'I was sitting in my counting-room a few days since, in an amiable frame of mind, thinking of that butter which I had sold to a manufacturer to grease the wheels of his manufactory, and wondering whether its strength increased the power of the machinery, when PONGERS, of GAWK AND PONGERS, Battery-street, dropped in. 'BUTTERFIELD,' said he, 'do n't you want to go to a ball?' A vision of Mrs. BUTTERFIELD repentant in her new dress, which, though of late importation, she calls '*more antique*,' passed before my mind. I thought of the balance at DOOLITTLE'S, and in my usual prompt and decided manner replied, 'Well, I do n't know.' 'It's a complimentary ball,' said PONGERS, 'given for the benefit of the officers of the Army and Navy, and comes off at Madame PIKE'S on Friday.' (The name is PIQUE, and is pronounced *Pi-que*, but PONGERS do n't understand French.) Now I always liked the officers, poor fellows; they looked so prettily in their brass-mounted clothes, and walk around with such a melancholy air, as though they were wondering how they managed to support existence on their pay and allowances — and how the deuce they do puzzles me. So after a few words more with PONGERS, we started off to purchase the necessary pasteboard. I suppose it was because the ball was a national affair that we went to the United States Mint, for that purpose. Here we were introduced to a singularly handsome young fellow, who gazed rather dubiously on PONGERS and myself when we preferred our request. 'The ball is to be very select,' said he. 'Ah!' replied I, 'that's exactly the reason we wish to patronize it.' The young gentleman could not withstand the smile with which these words were accompanied. 'What name?' said he. 'BUTTERFIELD,' I replied. 'Flour and Pork,' said he, with a kindly expression. 'Corner of Battery and Front,' I answered, and the thing was done. PONGERS got his ticket also, and we left the Mint arm-in-arm, wondering if the lovely design for a head on the new three-dollar piece was intended for a likeness of the U. S. Treasurer, of whose agreeable countenance we caught a glance as we retired. Mrs. BUTTERFIELD was delighted; so was ARSTIX, I fancy; he sent me a note a day or two after, very prettily conceived, with Honiton, Valenciennes, point-edging, and other hard words in it, which must have given him great gratification to compose. I purchased of KEYS (not that KEYS, but the other firm) a new blue dress-coat with brazen buttons, military, you know; a pair of cinnamon-colored leg-scarbards, and a very tasty thing in the way of a vest, garnet-colored velvet with green plush cross-bars, in which I fancied I should create something of a sensation. I also dropped in at TRUCKER'S, and seeing a pretty breast-pin in the form of a figure 2, which he said was a tasteful conceit for married men, showing that there were two in the family, I bought that also, and hereby acknowledge that it has given me great satisfaction. Friday evening at last arrived. PONGERS was to come for us in a carriage at eight o'clock, and we commenced dressing at three, immediately after dinner. My friends have sometimes flattered me by remarking something in my air and personal appearance resembling the late eloquent DANIEL WEBSTER, (formerly Secretary of State under TYLER'S administration.) After dressing, and going through the operation which Mrs. BUTTERFIELD unpleasantly terms prinking, I walked into the room of our next neighbor, (we board at the corner of Stockton and Powell) under the pretence of borrowing a candle. He was sitting by the fire smoking a segar and reading TENNYSON'S poems, which I take this opportunity of declaring are the silliest trash I ever had the misfortune to get hold of.

'Mr. BRUMMELL,' said I complacently, 'do you think I look at all like the great DANIEL?' BRUMMELL gazed on me with evident admiration. 'Yes,' he replied, 'but you are not near as heavy as he was.' 'No,' said I. 'Why, DANIEL WEBSTER was not a *very* large man.' 'Oh!' replied he, 'I thought you alluded to DANIEL LAMBERT.' This was a damper.

'We worked for three mortal hours getting little AXOS to sleep. That child is two years of age, possesses a wakefulness of disposition perfectly astonishing in one so young, and has a pleasing peculiarity of howling terrifically in the night at intervals of about twenty-five minutes. Paregoric and taffy were too much for him this time, however; he succumbed at last, and dropped peacefully to repose at half-past seven, to a second. At eight, PONGERS and the carriage arrived. Mrs. PONGERS came up in Mrs. BUTTERFIELD'S room to show herself. She was tastefully and magnificently attired. She wore a white crape illusion with eighteen flounces, over a profusely embroi-

dered tulle skirt, looped up on the one side with a bouquet of Swiss meringues. Her bodice was of sea-green tabinet, with an elegant pin-cushion of orange-colored *moire antique* over the berth. Her head-dress was composed of cut-velvet cabbage-leaves, with turnip *au naturel*, and a small boned-turkey secured by a golden wire, '*à la maitre d'hôtel*,' crowned the structure. Podgeers gazed upon her with complacent and pardonable pride. We descended to the carriage, but finding it impossible for all of us to ride within, Mrs. Podgeers stood up on the seat with the driver, Mrs. B. and I got inside, and Podgeers walked. [By the way, on this account, he subsequently, in an unjustifiable manner, objected to paying his proportion of the expenses of transportation, as had been agreed upon between us.] On arriving at Mrs. Pique's, I regret to say, an unpleasant altercation took place between myself and our driver on the subject of the fare. I was finally compelled to close the discussion by disbursing ten dollars, which that disagreeable individual unnecessarily remarked, 'was only about a dollar a hundred after all.' On entering the hall, which was brilliantly illuminated, we were struck with its size and elaborate ornaments, and also with the unpleasant fact that nobody was there. The fact is, we had arrived a little too early. However, we amused ourselves walking about, and Podgeers got into the supper-room, where he broke a sugar-chicken off the top of a large cake, to carry home to his little ANNA MARIA, and being detected therein was summarily ejected, and had the chicken taken from him, at which Mrs. B. and I secretly rejoiced. At ten o'clock, the company began to arrive, and in half-an-hour the large hall was crowded with the beauty, fashion, and extravagance of the city. It really brought tears of delight to my eyes to see the number of lovely women that San-Francisco can produce, and to think what immense sums of money their beautiful dresses must cost their husbands and fathers. Sets of quadrilles were formed, then followed the fancy dances, polkas, redowas, and that funny dance where the gentleman grabs the lady about the waist with one hand, and pumps her arm up and down with the other, while hopping violently from side to side, after the manner of that early and estimable Christian — St. VITUS. I cannot pretend to enumerate the ladies whose charms particularly impressed me. Moreover, if I could, it would be of little service to the public, for it is in the fashion to do this sort of thing by initials, and who would recognize lovely Mrs. A., with her ugly daughter, in white cottenet, and magnificent Mrs. B., the cynosure of all eyes in a *peignoir* of three-ply carpeting, with a *corsage de guinny-bag* and a *point applique robe de nuit*, or the sweet Misses C. in elaborate Swiss ginghams, with gimp cord and tassels and a *fautail de cabriolet*. Suffice it to say that the loveliest ladies of San-Francisco were there, and the belle of the evening was unquestionably Miss —, though many preferred the mature charms of the radiant Mrs. —. [You perceive that these blanks are left for the convenience of those who wish to send this description to the Eastern States, who hereby have my express permission to insert any names they may think appropriate.] One lady, I observed, whose dress, though no great judge of dry-goods, I should imagine to have cost in the neighborhood of fifty barrels of mess-pork. Every thing went off admirably. WOBBLER, of WOBBLER and STRYCEM, who was present with his daughter, a young lady of nine years, with a violent propensity to long curls, dressed in crimson silk with orange-colored pantalets; WOBBLER, who has a very pretty way of saying poetical things, remarked, with great originality, that 'soft eyes spoke love to eyes that spoke again, and all went merry as the marriage-bell,' and I agreed with him.

'The officers were all there, moreover, radiant in brass coats and blue buttons — I mean blue buttons and brass coats — and looking divinely. One of them accidentally trod on my toe, but before I could utter the exclamation of anguish that I was about to give vent to, he said so sweetly, 'Do n't apologize,' that the pain left me in a moment. The officers of the Vincennes, though sufficiently handsome, are not tall men. This, Podgeers remarked, was a dispensation of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, as the Vincennes is only four feet six between decks, and they would be constantly bumping their heads if they were taller.

'At two o'clock we sat down to supper. Magnificent indeed — turkeys, chickens, salads, champagne — every body gobbling and guzzling every thing; presenting to my mind a far finer spectacle than the vaunted Falls of Niagara, which I think have been much over-rated.

'Podgeers, who is always doing something unpleasant, emptied a plate of oyster-soup on my head, merely saying, 'Beg pardon, BUTTERFIELD,' in consequence of which I found a large stewed oyster in my right whisker on returning to the ball-room, and was made exceedingly uncomfortable during the rest of the morning.

'The ball was delightful. I heard the Consul of New-Zealand say it was *ravissant*, and though with but a dim idea of his meaning, I am sure it was. We returned home at half-past three A.M. The street around our residence was lighted up as if for a celebration; people stood around the door-steps, and an old gentleman with a watchman's rattle in his hand, both slightly sprung, was leaning out of an upper window at No. 3 below. A loud shout hailed us as we approached, but high above that shout, loud above the whirr of the rattle, shrill above the rolling of our carriage, sounded an alarm

that we recognized but too well. It was the voice of our little Amos. The dear child had woke up the whole street, and it is a marvel that he had not awakened the sleepers in JOHN JONES of PETER's cemetery, 'just beyond.' For — the name of BUTTERFIELD, as you well know, is synonymous with that of Truth — but if that boy had n't shattered every pane of glass in our front-windows, and loosened all the top-bricks of the chimney by the concussion of the air produced by his screaming, I wish I may never sell another lot of Extra Clear Bacon. The paper was loosened from the walls, the plaster falling from the ceiling, the wash-basin and ———, every thing was broken, and there lay Amos black in the face, gurgling in his throat, and his small blue legs kicking up toward Heaven. We did not get asleep until rather late that morning, and what with damages, repairs, hack, drivers, dresses and tickets, the little balance at DOOLITTLE, WALKER AND LEGGETT's is nearly exhausted.

'Perhaps we shall go to another ball at Madame PIQUE's, soon; if so, I will send you an account of it.'

'More anon' from this rare wag. - - - For a very long time has the following 'Sermon' lain in our drawer. It was first published over sixty years ago in the London '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' edited for about an hundred years, by that most excellent person, 'SYLVANUS URBAN, Gent.'

The sermon was an extempore one, and was preached at the request of two scholars, by a lover of 'good ale and old,' out of a pulpit which was formed of a hollow tree. He thus began:

'BELOVED: Let me crave your attention; for I am a little man, come at a short warning, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit.

'And now, my beloved, my text is

M A L T.

'M., my beloved, is MORAL. But let me, in the first place premise:

'I cannot divide my text into sentences, because it *has* none; nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, because it is but a monosyllable. Therefore, as I have said, I must divide it into letters.'

M. A. L. T.

'To repeat:

'M. is MORAL:

'A. is ALLEGORICAL:

'L. is LITERAL: and

'T. is THEOLOGICAL.

'The MORAL is set forth to teach Drunkards their duty; wherefore my first shall be exhortation:

'M: my Masters:

'A: All of you:

'L: Leave off:

'T: Tippling.

'The ALLEGORICAL is when one thing is spoken of, and another thing is meant.

'Now the THING SPOKEN OF is simply

M A L T.

'M: My Masters:

'A: All of you:

'L: Listen:

'T: To my Text.

'But the thing MEANT is *Strong Beer*, which you make:

'M: Meat:

'A: Apparel:

'L: Liberty:

'T: Treasure.

'The LITERAL is according to the Letters:

'M: Much:

'A: Ale:

'L: Little:

'T: Thrift.

'The THEOLOGICAL is according to the effects it works: First, in this world; Secondly, in the world to come.

'Its effects in this world are in some:

'M: Murder:

'A: Anguish:

'L: Languishing:

'T: Torment.'

If any of our readers can give us a better Temperance Sermon than that, we should like to see it.

—

It is truly wonderful, and we cannot help hinking that it is a matter well worthy the attention of musical professors and composers, the popularity of the *Negro Melodies* of our time. You hear them in *all* our streets—you hear them at every party—they are danced after a thousand times a week in every city in the Union; and they are sung by scores upon scores of new-beginners upon the piano-forte. Who has not listened to the really charming melody of '*Gitt Along Home, my Yellow Gals*,' '*Juliana Johnson*,' '*Eberlinah*,' and the like. Here is a new one, by the author of all these, who has been for some time absent in California. He contributes it to the '*GOLDEN ERA*' weekly newspaper. It will attain instant popularity:

'DARK, dark de night, and wus de moon,
No star but one am peeping;
De hoot-owl sings de same ole toon,
As troo de woods I 'm creeping.
'Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!'—who car' for dat,
You good-for-nott'n feddered cat?
Dis nigger keep on singing:
He sing, and on de banjo play,
To charm the goblum ghosts away,
While skunk he sweets am flinging.
Troo de woods—push along,
'Nebber fear de boog-a-boo;
Troo de woods—dat's de song,
Gallus son ob Ginger Blue!

'De whip-um-will, squat on the stone,
T'rows music from his fiddle;
De dancing frogs all *swash-a* down
Outside and up de middle.
What dat! what dat, dis nigger's eyes
Displore, wid mighty big susprise,
Upon the gum-tree swinging?
'T am massa possum ut be ease,
Rocked in de cradle ob de breeze,
And listening to de singing.

Troo de woods — push along,
 Nebber mind de possum, too;
 Troo de woods — dat's de song,
 Fearless son ob Ginger Blue!

'De moon 's gwoine down — pitch dark de night,
 Cold, cold de dew am falling;
 I fear dis darkey see a sight
 Dat sat him wool a-crawling!
 Who dar'! who dar'! — a goblum cuss't?
 'Peak! or dis minstrum's banjo bu'st!
 'Peak, and dyse'f unrabb'l!
 'Peak, goblum, 'peak! — but whe'r'r or no,
 Dis minstrum drap his ole ban-jo,
 And try a *little trabb'l*!
 Troo de woods — cut along —
 Furder back! you boog a-boo!
 Troo de woods — drap de song,
 Nimble child ob Ginger Blue!

Highly 'colored' poetry that! - - - WHAT a difference there is, even in kingly countries, between the customs, styles of living, etc., in '*The Old Times and the New!*' If Queen VICTORIA gives a 'drawing-room' or a dinner, the London and provincial papers are full to repletion with accounts of the affair; the noble and 'royal' personages who were present; the splendor of the apartments; the richness of the gold and silver service, and the like.

Observe, from the following single historic verse, how all this was — or rather was *not* — in the 'good olden time:'

'THE King and Queen sat down to dine,
 And many more beside:
*And what they did n't eat that night,
 Next morning it was fried!*'

Now here was true economy, even in a monarch's household: and if this course had been pursued up to the present time, does any body suppose that the English *National Debt* would be what it is *now*? — for be it understood, that it costs something to reigning monarchs (and their *families* — pretty numerous, generally) to live, as well as to make war.

By-the-by, speaking of the *National Debt* of Great Britain, the late honored and lamented Statesman, HENRY CLAY, used to tell a capital story of an opponent of his making a stump-speech in the midst of the most unsettled parts of the then farthest Western States. He was a small pettifogger — 'wordy, windy, and wandering,' in all that he said, and with the utmost confusion as to what he was talking; only he knew that he was accusing Mr. CLAY of wanting to introduce the 'cussed *Feudal System*' into this country. Some demagogue had told him that that was the nature of Mr. CLAY's Protective system:

'Look o' here, now, my friends,' said he; 'jest look at it, I want to know if any of you who hear my voice *wants* this Feudal System? What has it done for England, and Europe, and France, and Scotland, and other foreign countries? Look at 'em! Half of 'em are no better than slaves, and some of 'em not half as well off. What has done this? The blasted Feudal System, that they want to fasten on to *this* country, same as they did onto Greece!

'And then just look at the expense. What do you think England owes, this minute, for wars, and high living, under this Feudal System? Why, more than *nine thousand dollars, and the interest runnin' on all the while!* Do we want any system like that h'isted onto this country? Do you want it, my fellow-citizens?'

Well — they did n't, and so made manifest at the polls. In a sparse settlement, in the wilderness, where, as the orator said, 'the sile am rich, but money are scurse,' when a silver dollar is supposed to be of the size of a cart-wheel, *nine thousand dollars*, as the National Debt of Great Britain, seemed an unaccountable, and a 'most numerous amount' of money.

Mr. CLAY used to tell this story with great good humor and effect; and many a laugh did his friends have over the idea, how glad the English Government would be to strike a bargain with some Yankee financier who would *pay* their National Debt with the terrific *Nine Thousand Dollars!* What a tremendous national burthen! - - - An exquisitely tender and beautiful little poem is the following 'fugitive from *justice*,' which has just appeared. It is from the pen of a very young writer, T. B. ALDRICH, who is destined, or we greatly mistake, to make his mark hereafter:

'Little Charlie.

'O SUNSHINE! making golden spots
Upon the carpet at my feet,
The shadows of the coming flowers!
The phantoms of forget-me-nots
And roses red and sweet!
How can ye seem so full of joy,
And we so sad at heart, and sore?
Angel of DEATH! again thy wings
Are folded at our door!

'We can but yearn, through length of days,
For something lost we fancied ours:
We'll miss thee, darling, when the Spring
Has touched the world to flowers!
For thou wast like that dainty month,
Which streams the violets at its feet;
Thy life was slips of golden sun,
And silver tear-drops braided sweet.
And thou wast light and thou wast shade,
And thine were sweet capricious ways;
Now lost in purple languors, now
No bird in ripe-red Summer days
Were half as wild as thou!

'O little PRESENCE! — everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee:
A pencil-mark upon the wall
That 'naughty hands' made thoughtlessly;
And broken toys around the house:
*Where he has left them, they have lain,
Waiting for little busy hands*

*That will not come again —
Will never come again!*

'Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold: and yet we know
It is *not* CHARLIE there:
It is not CHARLIE, cold and white,
It is the *robe* that in his flight
He gently cast aside.
Our darling hath not died!
O rare pale lips! — O clouded eyes!
O violet-eyes grown dim!
Ah! well! this little lock of hair
Is all of him!
Is all of him that we can keep,
For loving kisses, and the thought
Of him and DEATH may teach us more
Than all our life hath taught!

'God, walking over starry spheres,
Doth clasp his tiny hand,
And leads him, through a fall of tears,
Into the Mystic Land!
Angel of DEATH! we question not:
Who asks of HEAVEN, 'Why doth it rain?'
Angel! we bless thee, for thy kiss
Hath hushed the lips of Pain!
No, 'Wherefore?' or 'To what good end?'
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thought: We bow our heads:
'He giveth his Beloved sleep!'

It was our genial American humorist, SANDS — was it not? — who gave a description of an enraged husband, who had caught his better-half in *flagrante derelictu* with another man. An attempt was made to 'hush the matter up,' by the payment of the sum of two hundred dollars.

'Two hundred dollars!' exclaimed the abused husband: '*two hundred dollars*, for blighted affections, ruined hopes, a dishonored name, disgraced offspring — life itself a burthen! Two hundred dollars for all *this*! I can never consent — *never*, NEVER! I must have more than that. *Make it two hundred and fifty dollars!*' That 'figure' suited, and the injured man's lacerated feelings were healed. - - - THERE seems to be something in the ensuing lines a little selfish. 'True affection,' as we understand it, holds little converse with one's wardrobe. The sentiment of the piece reminds us of a very affecting poem in an English journal or magazine, wherein a 'hard-up' swain, at the urgent request of his inamorata, returns a *gag d'amour*, in the following manner:

'That brooch which in my breast I wore,
(You said you had it from your mother,)
Which, when you gave to me, you swore
For life I'd wear it, and no other.
Canst thou forget the cheerful morn,
When in my breast thou first didst stick it?
I *can't* restore it — it's in pawn —
But — base deceiver! — there 's the ticket!'

But we are keeping the reader from the affecting rhymes which it was our purpose to introduce without a word of comment, as they abundantly 'speak for themselves':

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>'Why still, sweet HELEN, thus severe:
Abate at length those cruel rigors,
Thou knowest how I love thee, dear,
Thou knowest how I love thy 'niggers.'</p> <p>'Oh! lift me from this dark abyss
Of anguish, dear bewitching railer!
I have no other coat but this,
I have no credit with my tailor.</p> <p>'My brains, at times, wild visions seize,
Chill fears around my heart are flocking,
My pants grow white about the knees,
My hat is absolutely shocking.</p> <p>'This feeble frame is wasting fast,
For love is strong and hunger stronger;
The bracelet that I sent thee last
Was bought on tick — they trust no longer.</p> <p>'Why tell me that my words are wild?
Why my mad feelings bid me tutor?
The man that wins thy father's child,
Thou knowest, HELEN, wins the <i>pentec</i>.</p> <p>'Tis vain to talk to Love of rule,
The heart is no such docile scholar:
I love thee, HELEN, like a fool,
For thou hast the almighty dollar.</p> <p>'I love thy pouting, cherry lips,
Dearer than ever bee loved honey;
I love thy rosy finger-tips,
Thy laughing eyes, thy ready money.</p> <p>'I love thy little fairy feet,
So small the merest child could span 'em,</p> | <p>Thy cheeks like peaches fit to eat,
Thy thousand cotton-bales per annum.</p> <p>'I love thy glorious golden curls
That grace thy neck of alabaster;
Thy little 'nigger' boys and girls;
I long to hear them call me master.</p> <p>'Ah! yes, to sum my love for thee
Would baffle all the power of figures;
My heart were flint indeed to see,
Unmoved, that splendid lot of 'niggers.'</p> <p>'I love the air that plays around
Thy brow, thy form, thy habitation;
I worship e'en the very ground
Thy footsteps press — 't is thy plantation.</p> <p>'E'en when in slumber's arms I rest,
My spirit still thine image follows;
I clasp thee to my throbbing breast,
And find thee — joy! — a sack of dollars.</p> <p>'The vision changes: now I kneel
Before thee, and a speech beginning,
I see thee — rapture! — head to heel
Turned to a score of 'niggers' grinning.</p> <p>'Can dreams so blissful, so divine,
Prove cheating fancies of a minute!
Oh! no: that lily hand is mine;
That hand and all the tin that's in it.</p> <p>'Then, then, of what delights untold
Shall we, sweet HELEN, be partakers,
When bound in one bright chain of gold,
We settle on thy father's acres.</p> |
|--|--|

'ALADIE.'

What disinterested affection! - - - 'OLD DOCTOR RUSH,' of Philadelphia, used to relate a singular instance of monomania in a patient in the Pennsylvania Hospital. He took it into his head that he was a painter, and resolutely refused, for a long time, though possessing fine organs of speech, to utter a word. The Doctor one day entered his apartment, and found him sketching on a slip of paper, a really very beautiful rose; for he had by long practice acquired much skill in the art-pictorial, and was very proud of the accomplishment.

One day a thought struck Dr. RUSH that he would surprise him into voice by dispraising his labors, and he resolved to try.

'You are painting a very handsome *cabbage* there, my friend,' he observed to the maniac.

'CABBAGE!!—good *gracious*, old gentleman!—does that look like a cabbage? Why, Sir, you are a fool! That's a *rose*, and it is a *good* one, too!'

It was not long before the patient was well. His train of silent thought was broken, and he returned home.

But a much more amusing story is told of another patient who had been for some months in the same hospital, without any peculiar disease, either of mind or body, discernible in his habits or situation. He was a man of wealth, and went voluntarily to the institution, paying the whole fee of admission required of the competent, and established himself as a regular inmate.

By degrees, however, his particular hallucination began to appear. He fancied himself of the other sex, and that he was in that condition in which 'ladies love to be who love their lords.' No persuasion could induce a contrary belief. He sent for a physician, and commenced a consultation with several elderly ladies, whose professional services he imagined he should soon require. Taking to his bed, he awaited with fear and trembling the 'pains and perils' he anticipated!

Being a thin attenuated man, his delusion was the more ridiculous. He offered ten thousand dollars to the physician for his safe recovery! By favoring his fancy, he was at last convinced that he had passed the ordeal, and was getting well!

The man recovered entirely, and a few years ago was living, and laughed as heartily as any body else over his laughable infatuation—the broadest possible specimen of burlesque, or rather grotesque insanity.

This is wholly authentic. - - - PRENTICE, the witty editor of the *Louisville Journal* had recently in his journal a sharply satirical paragraph upon the new and increasingly extravagant style of *Hooped Petticoats*, so much in vogue among our female 'fellow-citizens' at the present time: but it strikes us that JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, the celebrated colored lecturer, rather beats him on this topic. 'Hear him for his cause,' for a single moment:

'Does not de ladies wear umbrella petticoats? For sartin dey do. What's de consequence? Whalebone 's up, and I sometimes trimble for de sisters' safety when I see a gust of wind comin, for fear some ob dem will go up like a balloon and come down like a pankake. De ladies' petticoats hab got to rich a spread dat a gemmon can't git widin ten foot ob dem, and it takes a putty nimble feller to make his way trew Broadway ob an arternoon widout skinning his shins on de projectin hoops. He

has to pick his way like a kitten over a slippery fence, or a crab on a grabbed beach. It's all vanity, my frens, but I didnt know how much vanity dar wus in a modern petticoat till brodder IKE SOMERDIKE axidently broke sister FLORINDA'S bones las lectur nite as she tried to squeeze past his long knees to her seat, and it seemed to me dat she collapsed and slunked down like an old dry umbrella wid de sticks broke, and she, dat a minit before, come sailin in as grand as a man ob war, set down as meek as a drenched tom-cat — one puff and de vanity was gone.

'Why do you wear dem? Do you spose dat us he fellows am so green as to belebe dat you am made as much like a wasp as your hooped petticoats would infer? If you do, you may as well rip out de bones at once. Do you spose dat mankind don't noe dat human natur nebber formed a woman wid a head like an apple, a bust like two potecary globes, a waiste like de shank ob an urn, and a body like a molasses hogshead? If you ebber find a case where natur cut up sich shines wid de 'human form divine,' jis let me noe it and I 'le Barnumize de kentry at once wid her. Some ob you ladies, I understand, am not content wid de simple whalebone, but hab absolutely sowed barrel hoops in your skirts, and some look as if dey had a young hogs-head under deir dresses dey stick out so in all directions. In fact, 'Hoopiania' rages so 'larningly at de present time, dat de omnibus folks am contemplatin a rise in de fare in consequence ob de dubble room dey ockepy and de luniber each lady brings in de omnibus wid her. It was rumored in de Sewing Sirkle lass week, dat young sister JOHNSON had actually bound herseff in iron-hoops, and I 'spect to hear soon dat de bucks will hoop de tails ob deir shanghie coats. Dis fashion wood take, bekase it will enable people of slender means to make a greater *spread* dan ebber.'

Wholesome satire this. - - - READER! — *pray* pardon our 'short-comings' for the present month. Was there *ever* such weather? Mr. MERRIAM, the sage of Brooklyn-Heights, in revenge for a playful remark that we made in our last number, has poured upon us a succession of such hot days that even to breathe became a toilsome necessity. To-day, at Cedar-Hill Cottage there is not a leaf or spray that moves or even trembles in the air. The perspiration rolls from our freckled, sun-burnt hand as we write, and drops upon the paper. Don't care whether the number is a good one or not. Don't care for *any* thing! DENNIS, bring a pitcher of ice-water. *Ph-e-e-w!!* Wish we could step out of our flesh, sit in our skeleton, and let the wind blow through our ribs! *Gosh!* how *awful* hot it is! The thermometer in our printing-office to-day stood at *one hundred and two!* - - - We should like a 'private view' of 'E. Smith's Steam Wool-Carding Machine, on Four-Mile Creek,' wherever that may be. Some body has sent us a large hand-bill of the same, which is pellucid and unique. *Voila:*

'THE Subscriber has purchased a Portable Steam Engine, for which he is running the same, and is prepared to dispatch his Patrons at the shortest notice, at the rate of 20 lbs. per hour, for which he is doing the best work in the country. He refers you to those whom he is, and has carded for. Take notice to be careful before you wash your wool, to take all of the cockle burrs, Sticks, Straws, Bark, &c., then wash clean, roll the fleece up, send it to his Steam Carding Machine on Four Mile Creek. one lb. of Greece to seven lbs. of wool, will be all that is necessary.'

What base ingratitude! running a Steam-Engine to dispatch his patrons, at the rate of twenty pounds an hour! What a lingering death for *fat* 'patrons!' Why, Mr. SMITH!! - - - We have many friends, among authors and publishers, to whom our apologies for neglect or delay are due, but we decline to make them. It is too hot. By-and-by.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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E L L A S - L A N D .

NUMBER TEN.

A FEW days after the removal of James and his broken leg from the residence of General Clioever to that of Nathan, there was a repetition of the ride on horse-back by the same young persons who were out at the time of the accident. The avowed object was to pay their respects to your mother and to Ellas-land. I am sure it is not my fault, if, having eyes to see, I guess at motives for myself somewhat independently of avowals.

It was picturesque and pleasant to see the young folks dodging among the walks and shrubbery, calling each other to admire particular parts of the general arrangements, and bandying nosegays. Pleasant was it, also, to behold the movements of the cavalcade, the spirited animals, the costume of the riders, the caparison of steeds, all contrived for effect, with colors and decorations too decisive to express any thing but the courage and ardor of young persons not yet chastened by hopes decayed. Pleasant was it, indeed, to hear the silvery ring of voices mingled with the voice of birds; and not least pleasant was it to observe the flow of sentiment, the involvement in blooms and fragrance, of Mr. Phil Fire-Proof, who has been young and fresh any time these ten years. His manners and appearance were in excellent contrast with those of Uncas Heminway. Phil knew the names of a great many shrubs and flowers, good long, botanical names, and freely used such names as he knew; sometimes, that is to say once or twice in the course of his visit, used a name correctly. He was ready at any moment to venture on the construction of a bouquet, or to criticise a bouquet composed by any other; in which proceedings it was more apparent than he suspected that his memory, rather than any other faculty, was consulted: feeling of the beauty of flowers, or perception of dainty associations of qualities among them, he had none. Apt and ready was he, also, at poetical quotations, not, to be sure, of the rarest and choicest flavor, but, like his bouquets and himself, such as had been in use. A more useful

and agreeable man than Phil, in the society of young people, need not be desired. For at least ten mortal years he has been vigilant of reigning beauties and heiresses. When one of these, like Miss Adeline, rises above the horizon, not already from her friends and position assured, Mr. Phil familiarizes him with the ring of her door-bell. He gallants her to public places, and leads her into all centres of admiration. Of every young beau he is the envy ; but there comes to be, on acquaintance, a certain sense of insufficiency in him ; a faculty, so to speak, of never amounting to much ; a genius of not reaching a higher order of development ; a special providence of having no outcome.

On the contrary, Uncas is singularly awkward, ridiculous, and full of meaning. He is Miss Nell Blodget's shadow. Her slender and fragile figure, her nervous temperament, her artificial manners, her abundance of light conversation, are in full contrast to the stout and staunch untutored ways of Uncas. Very considerably inclined to dignity, to *hauteur*, to reserve, is Uncas. He flatters himself that he is a man of society, destined to win favor with the other sex, but saving only a certain quality of heartiness and of clumsy sincerity, he is as far from chances of favor as any man you could see of a summer's morning. A fine horse wakes up his faculties, and he is seen to advantage in the fields. Miss Nell peeps through her long, fair ringlets, and sees him always ardent in pursuit of her frail little self ; she feels kindly and grateful for the admiration which follows her like a special providence ; now and then bestows upon him a glance, which seems to enlarge and animate him like a glance of the sun upon a fog-bank ; perhaps her thoughts wander up and down her delicate brain, seeking poetical and uncommon words for expression ; but presently her little army of kind intentions is thrown into confusion and put to rout. She is to him what an infant might be in the presence of an elephant. She plays tricks upon him, and covers him with embarrassments and confusion, and that is her sport. I think if he were to meet her no more she would miss him as one annoyance departed ; which, nevertheless, when present, had its compensating qualities : as if one should miss a hill from the landscape, a rough, high-towering, uncongenial peak, from the top of which one had, nevertheless, beheld glorious views. I have my guess about Miss Nell. She would probably say, with entire truth, that Uncas is a bore ; that he is an annoyance, and almost intolerable ; that she thinks of him as an untamed giant, not suited to be fed in the presence of the audience. But she seldom refuses to ride when he is of the company. She seldom quite forgets his presence. My guess is, that she unconsciously goes up into the top of that mountain, as it were, in a somnambule state, and there enriches her dreams with the prospect of deep, running rivers of true love, of great forests, of mingled fancies of the future, turning their bright leaves to the sun, of waving fields of plenty, and with consciousness of nestling, unharmed, during the storms of life, under shelter of its huge protection. Yet, if these visions were distinctly presented to her mind in its conscious and waking state, I doubt not she would flee from them as from Gorgons and chimeras dire.

While remaining at Ellas-land, Uncas was kept pretty much to him-

self. Your mother made some efforts to save him from a feeling of being neglected, but he saw very little to interest him, except a flock of Shanghai chickens. In regard to these, he exhibited an unaffected interest. Miss Nell managed to catch one of the largest and most ill-looking, a young rooster that stretched upwards almost without feathers, and presented, all in all, a very unfinished and sterile appearance, as it were an undeveloped hope of a rooster, the transfiguration from a dream to the night-mare of a rooster, in which relations proportions and colors are lost, and the thing, without dropping its identity, becomes painfully exaggerated and untrue.

With this unfinished specimen of hencraft, in which each limb and member seemed not acquainted with nor intended for the others, but only submitting to companionship, in a state of mutual dissatisfaction and an ever-present sense of unfitness, for some penitential and temporary purpose, Miss Nell, in frolic mood, and with unwonted kindness of manner, approached Uncas and handed the rooster to him.

‘Do you know,’ said she, ‘what the Queen of Denmark said when she strewed Ophelia’s grave with flowers?’

Uncas did n’t like to acknowledge ignorance, and replied :

‘Not exactly the words, Miss Nell, but the sentiment was, she was sorry Ophelia was dead.’

‘Exactly the idea!’ said Miss Nell, shaking her curls with a merry laugh. The words were these : ‘Sweets to the sweet.’

Uncas did not see the force of this quotation on that particular occasion, but he had no doubt it was just right. Miss Nell had said it, and said it to him. Why should she quote poetry to him? Why should she give him a Shanghai rooster? There might be a great deal of hidden meaning in it. The Shanghai was the king of barn-fowls.

‘What shall I do with it?’ he inquired. ‘Miss Nell, what shall I do with this — this bird?’

‘If it were mine to give,’ said Miss Nell, ‘I would beg you to keep it as an emblem of my respect; but as the *bird* is not mine, please look at him, admire him, and let him run. What a beautiful thing he is! Oh! how exquisite! Mr. Moore could never have seen a Shanghai when he wrote that line:

‘Oh! I’d have something more exquisite still!’

‘I reckon he had n’t,’ said Uncas. ‘When this fellow gets his feathers he’ll be A Number One.’

Here Miss Adeline, with excellent tact, turned the conversation. After a short walk over the grounds again, the visit to Ellas-land was ended. The ladies proposed to stop at Nathan’s and see Emily’s flowers. Mr. Phil was not greatly pleased with this proposition, but my own surmise was this : but for the intended stop to see Emily’s flowers, neither of the young ladies would have come to Ellas-land. What could be more praiseworthy and humane than a desire on their part to know how the broken leg was healing?

Arrived at Nathan’s, Miss Nell and Miss Adeline made no inquiry; but Mr. Phil and Uncas could do no less than inquire for James, and show him attentions. Phil, when passing through her grounds, re-

requested Emily to select for him the prettiest bouquet possible. He presented it with great affability and self-possession to Miss Adeline. Uncas sought the privilege of selecting for himself, and marched up to Miss Nell with a magnificent piony in full bloom. He was entirely conscious on that occasion of acquitting himself with credit.

'Be-u-tiful!' exclaimed Miss Nell. 'If we only had a sun-flower to put with it, would n't it be perfect?'

'The sun-flowers, I reckon, have n't just blowed out yet!' said Uncas.

Miss Nell tripped briskly to the back part of the yard and pulled a large blossom from an alanthus tree.

'Allow me,' said she, suiting the action to the word, and inserting the stem through one of the button-holes of Uncas's vest, 'to put this in your button-hole.'

'Yes'm,' said Uncas. 'I'll keep it till it dries up. It smells considerable, do n't it?'

'My dear fellow,' said Phil, a few moments after, and a little apart. 'I would n't carry that dev'lish thing. The smell is enough to make a man sick at the stomach, or to knock him down — faugh!'

About the time the last word of the sentence was pronounced, Phil himself lay sprawling between two rows of cabbages.

'Did I hit you?' inquired Uncas, with apparent concern. 'I hope it did n't hurt much.'

Uncas helped Phil up, and as he did so, he explained to the ladies that just as he was turning suddenly, his hand hit Mr. Asbestos in the face, and sort of swayed him over.

'A very extraordinary circumstance,' said Phil. 'I was making an observation on the singularity of his taste in carrying an alanthus blossom. You can smell it as far as you could hear the sound of a cannon. Very odd, indeed! I should have thought he hit me with his fist. It was like the blow of a trip-hammer. A very extraordinary thing, that a gentleman should carry such a cursed smell in his button-hole, and at the same time whirl so roughly —'

'It was not done at all with my fist,' interrupted Uncas. 'It was a mere accident. I was standing this way, and turned — this way. By thunder! He's fell down again.'

Uncas seized Phil and placed him on his feet, as he would a child. saying:

'I never was so confounded awkward and unfortunate. I owe you an apology, Mr. Asbestos, a thousand apologies; but I'm never quite myself in the presence of ladies. Perhaps if you'll say no more about the pōsey I shall have better luck hereafter. Let us be going.'

Emily pleasantly took the young people to James's room, where opportunities were furnished for a rambling conversation among all parties. Miss Nell sought an opportunity to lay her finger on the arm of Uncas, and say to him:

'You were rude to Phil. I do n't like it. Make it up with him.'

'All right,' said Uncas, 'I'll fix it.'

'No, Mr. Heminway,' replied Miss Nell, with quiet determination. 'it is *not* all right. Such rudeness cannot be submitted to by a *gentleman*, nor inflicted by one.'

Probably you have noticed the rising of the moon upon a hot, smoky atmosphere, how uncommonly large and red she looked, how apparently uncertain what to do with herself. No better similitude offers by which to describe to you the redness and perplexity to be seen at this stage of the excursion, in the face of Mr. U. Heminway. It did n't occur to him that if Miss Nell had not felt at least an habitual friendship for him, perhaps a degree of unconscious identification with him, she would, or at least might, have turned from him in silence. But it were hardly an exaggeration to say that Uncas habitually bowed to the utterances of Miss Nell with a timidity and deference like those which we may suppose overawed Moses in presence of the burning bush. A few words of attempted extenuation, clung to the walls of his throat, and, driven forward by a halting purpose, mingled together in confusion before reaching his lips. Miss Nell said :

'Some other time, if you wish, Uncas, but say no more about it now.'

You can very well imagine that after this, Mr. U. Heminway's manners, always awkward to a degree, were, so to speak, brilliant with untimely acts and misapplied words. Few opportunities escaped him unimproved, for saying things which ought not to be said, and doing acts that ought not to be done. There appeared almost a necessity that Miss Nell should refuse his company home, and appeal to Miss Adeline and Phil for their protection from so many well-meant but intolerable blunders. This, however, turned out not to be the remedy which she thought his case required.

Meanwhile, Emily and Miss Adeline, and Mr. Phil and James, had become immensely involved in wise talk about the weather, about flowers, about grapes, about music, about weddings, about love affairs. The atmosphere of their conversation was murky with sultry commonplaces, only now and then electrified and driven into currents by a thunder-clap of a blunder by Uncas. Among other things, Miss Adeline inquired of James if he were fond of flowers, and if her bouquet, handing it to him, were not beautiful. James said he had but little knowledge of flowers. At which Emily rolled up her eyes, as if no body could be more astonished to hear such a whopper.

'There is not,' said she to Adeline, 'there positively is not the least reliance to be placed in one word that men say. They seem to make it a part of their religion, when talking to us, to deal only in fiction.'

'It is,' said James, 'because we are, then, not in the region of dry fact, but of fancy.'

'Miss Adeline may be young enough,' said Emily, archly, 'to think that very well said, but I am old enough to know that nothing is beautiful which is not true. I tell you, Miss Adeline, James does not know so much of flowers as some do, as I do, for instance ; but he knows so much, that I know where and how he must have obtained his knowledge. It makes me anxious to be acquainted with his mother.'

Meanwhile, James had inspected the bouquet with an obvious delicacy of appreciation, and had inhaled its fragrance.

'You are indebted for this,' said he to Miss Adeline, 'to the good taste of Mr. Asbestos, I presume. I had supposed there were but two persons in the world capable of such an exquisite combination of selections, Mr. Nathan and my mother.'

As he alluded to his mother, he kissed the bouquet and returned it to Miss Adeline. The kiss was certainly allowable, as a tender tribute to the name of his mother, but it had been lodged, perhaps, without thinking, in Miss Adeline's bouquet. Perhaps it was a little piece of playful audacity on his part. Who can decide that question?

Mr. Phil was not an indifferent spectator of whatever took place. Presently it occurred to him that Miss Nell had no bouquet. He requested leave to pluck one for her, and borrowed Miss Adeline's to take with him. He soon returned with two, intended to be alike, presenting the one first given to Miss Adeline, to Miss Nell, and giving to Miss Adeline the new one plucked by himself.

'I think,' said Emily, 'you have made a mistake; you have given Miss Nell the wrong bouquet.'

'No, not at all,' replied Miss Adeline, 'he intended this for me. You thought, Phil, did you not, that the freshest was good enough for me? How can one fail to be grateful to a beau who watches to give her the best of every thing?'

If James did intend any audacity when he planted a kiss in Miss Adeline's bouquet, one might wish to know, after seeing how diffly she had helped to exchange it for another, how much he thought he had gained by his temerity.

Seeing that Miss Nell was slightly perplexed between her bouquet and her piony, Phil suggested to her, with a tone of sarcasm, not intended for her, that 'the large blow' was inconvenient to be carried, and if she would trust him with it, he would be happy to relieve her.

Miss Nell replied:

'You are very kind, and I thank you. But you already carry two large blows, and a third would be one too many.'

Whether Miss Nell had felt cheapened by his giving her a second hand bouquet, or whether she chose not to see Uncas ridiculed by any but herself, or what was the cause of this reply, is not certain. Possibly it was not pleasing to her to contrast the rough and blundering manner of her beau, for the time being, with the flowing, easy, and successful politeness of Miss Adeline's beau. I am not bound to find the motive. I relate the fact. She said it trippingly and archly, and the precise shade of meaning intended was as open to doubt as the kiss lodged in Miss Adeline's bouquet. Mr. Phil appeared to think the reply not complimentary, and his face became red. It was, then, Miss Nell's turn to be conscious that her little tongue had made haste to mischief. Mr. Phil said:

'In the presence of ladies, gentlemen are frequently honored with packages, sacks, bundles, and other burdens, which they know how to get rid of, in any other company. It was so pleasant and desirable to see Miss Nell, that the necessity of encountering other company at the same time was hardly an objection; and Miss Nell must be aware that a blow, a piony for instance, was one of the most delicate and pleasant attentions to be expected from some kinds of company. For himself he would always be glad to compromise on two blows, if he could bespared the cultivated words and manners of the person giving them.'

'Speaking of sacks,' said Miss Nell, 'I have understood that gentle-

men *are* sometimes honored with them in the presence of ladies. How many sacks can one man conveniently carry ?

‘That is a great problem,’ Emily said, interrupting them, and seeking to divert the conversation to another channel, ‘I suppose it to be substantially the old problem over again. I see no difference. A gentleman was going to St. Ives and met seven wives, every wife had seven sacks, every sack had seven cats, every cat had seven kits : kits, cats, sacks, and wives, how many were going to St. Ives ?’

‘Must have been a devil of a lot of ‘em,’ said Uncas.

‘Do you know,’ said James to Miss Nell, coming quickly to the aid of Emily, ‘how I solve that problem about going to St. Ives ? I deny the fact. There were no such seven wives, no such seven sacks for each wife, no such seven cats for each sack, nor any such seven kits for each cat. I deny it altogether. Just reflect a moment. Seven wives is rather an uncommon lot, but such a thing might happen. Go a step further ; each wife had seven sacks full of cats and kittens. How could she carry them ? It is absurd. That is to say, if the story is true, there were forty-nine sacks full of cats, carried by seven wives. That would be a load of cats and kittens as large as those large loads of sacks of wool and cotton one sometimes sees. A person can ride on a load of cotton or wool ; how could he ride on a sack of live cats and kittens ? Well, then, proceed a step farther. Each sack had seven cats. How large must a sack be to hold seven live cats ? Then, each cat had seven kittens, so that besides the seven cats, each sack had forty-nine live kittens ; making, in all, fifty-six cats and kittens in each sack. You will perceive that the sacks must have been very large. Moreover, they had, according to the story, in all, over two thousand seven hundred cats and kittens. If they had had so many, they never would have been so foolish as to take them all at once to market. It would produce a glut. Suppose each cat to measure one foot and a half from the tip of her nose to the end of her tail, and each kitten to measure six inches, and all these cats and kittens walking in procession ; or suppose these cats, part arranged in a square on the ground, and others standing on the backs of these, until all were arranged in a pyramid with a single kitten at the top ; then, suppose the top kitten should be hungry and whine, the mother at the bottom would of course respond, and the whole pyramid would go to whisking their tails and mewling. Take any view you please of this proposition and it is incredible. I do not believe a word of it.’

‘You have made one mistake,’ said Emily. ‘You state the cats to be alive. The problem does not say whether they were alive or dead.’

‘Very true,’ replied James ; ‘but I consider them to have been alive : such was the probable intention of the story. What would be the use of carrying dead cats ? Besides, how would the person going to St. Ives have known they were cats ? They were in sacks. He could not see them. He could know only by the sound. The inference is that each cat and kitten was alive, scratching and squawling to get out of the sack : each woman sat upon an enormous stock of large sacks, and the sacks full of cats and kittens, scratching, biting, squawling, cater-

vauling; in a word, feeling it to be the crisis of their lives, each cat and each kitten feeling, but unable to say :

‘A DAY, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.’

Yes, ma’am, the cats were alive. And this shows again the falsity of the story. But one single person saw or heard this extraordinary performance. We have only the statement of the person who was going to St. Ives, and no other. Is it not certain that such an extraordinary performance would have attracted crowds? I conclude there was no body going to St. Ives — no cats, no kittens.’

Emily and James had succeeded in their effort to divert the conversation into a channel more pleasant and less personal than it had been, and to interpose a topic of merriment.

Miss Nell said that this was a new view of that troublesome problem, and it really did seem to her to settle the cat question.

Emily admitted the force of the argument, but she thought if it were not true, that there were so many cats there might be a figurative and allegorical meaning attached to it. Since a sack might contain so many uncomfortable things, it was a warning to young ladies to be very cautious not to give the sack to young gentlemen.

At this stage of that very instructive and useful visit, there came in a group of bright-eyed little folks, bearing a small salver with cake and fruit.

‘This’ said Emily, ‘is my oldest: Mr. Nathan pretended to think one Emily in the family not enough. This is Fred, the second in order. This is my little Lucy: and this is Master George.’

‘Putting them all together,’ said Uncas, ‘I’ll be d — d if it ain’t the prettiest bouquet ever raised about this establishment.’

After this thunder-clap, of course, there ensued silence, and the little folks had time to offer their refreshments. Presently there commenced a great game of kissing between Miss Nell, Miss Adeline, Emily, and the little folks; but who shuffled, who dealt, who held trumps, who turned up Jack, or who took the honors, is more than I know. The horses and riders were soon in lively motion towards home. Before mounting, however, the awkward abruptness of Uncas became so formidable that Miss Nell must either subdue it or escape from it. There was a fine chance for an explosion of indignation, and of throwing Mr. U. Heminway into great darkness of spirit, so that ladies might not be again troubled with the well-meant rudeness of one so little adapted to their society. Mr. Phil was not indisposed to witness such a result. He very kindly offered to help Miss Nell upon her horse, but not choosing to hear him, she called to Uncas as one having authority :

‘You will please lead my horse to yonder fence; I will get on from the fence.’

‘I can put you on in a giffy,’ said Uncas, ‘fence or no fence.’

Miss Nell made no reply, but walked to the fence and climbed upon it, while Uncas tamely led her horse to it, and she seated herself on the saddle. They were not within ear-shot of the rest. Miss Nell ad-

dressed to Uncas a few words in a very low voice. It was her opportunity for rebuking him. What do you think she said ?

'Uncas ! you behave very roughly and very badly. You must be more quiet. What's the use ? Am not I your friend ? Behave yourself, and let us be sociable !'

I cannot transfer the manner and the tone to paper. The words were quietly uttered. But if she had given Mr. U. Heminway half a tumbler full of paregoric, or applied to his nostrils a sponge laden with chloroform, his subjugation of manner could not have been more complete. Yet the effect of paregoric or chloroform would have been different. He said little, but he sat his horse like a king. That fine animal, trained to his master's moods, lifted his expanding nostrils, curved his glossy neck, elated himself, as to the sound of music, and skimmed gently along the road. The ride promised to leave the company pleased with themselves and with each other, save only Mr. Asbestos, the most considerate and pains-taking of them, who, nevertheless, was riding home under a sense of injury and insult from Uncas. I am afraid that merit is not always rewarded with happiness. Miss Adeline, in the course of the ride, requested Miss Nell to exchange bouquets, which thus placed her in possession of the one originally given her by Mr. Phil, with James's kiss in it. There is reason to fear that Miss Adeline is a wicked girl. In the presence of James she parted with the bouquet, which, possibly, he would have wished her keep. In the presence of Phil she takes back the flowers, which possibly he would wish her to forget. As for Uncas, he still carried the alanthus in his button-hole. How he and Phil settled their difficulty I do not know, but a few days after the newspapers contained a paragraph with nouns in blank, which, I suspect, refers to those two young gentlemen. I cut it out and append it hereto with a wafer :

'AFFAIR OF HONOR. — A personal meeting of a hostile character took place yesterday morning at sun-rise in the Licking valley just back of Newport barracks, between two young gentlemen of our city. Mr. A — s was the challenging party, Mr. H — y the respondent. Pistols the weapon ; twenty paces the distance. Dr. J — d — kus was on the ground as surgeon, with a large box of surgical instruments, which, in order to have them in readiness, were displayed on a log. There was also a basket of lint and bandages. At the tossing of the copper, Mr. H — y's friend won the choice of ground, and placed his principal with his back to the sun, whose piercing rays almost blinded Mr. A — s. While arranging the signals, the friend of Mr. A — s accidentally discharged Mr. A — s' pistol, the ball taking off the lower joint of his little finger and lodging in the calf of the surgeon's leg. This accident resulted in a proposition for a compromise from the injured parties, and the challenge was withdrawn temporarily for that purpose. Mr. H — y then explained that he had not intended the slapping in the face, which was the alleged cause of challenge, as an insult, but only as a mode of repelling an insult offered him. If Mr. A — s had not intended to insult him, then he had not intended to knock down Mr. A — s. He would withdraw the blow to give Mr. A — s a chance to explain. Mr. A — s explained that he had no personal

reference whatever in his remarks about the alanthus, but referred to all alanthus blossoms. Mr. H — y said he was satisfied, and so the difficulty was adjusted consistently with the honor of all parties. Both the assistant's finger and the surgeon's leg are doing well; the latter proves to be merely a flesh-wound.

L O U I S I - A L L A .

FINE Block Island Girl,
With the scoop-net in your hand,
How the bright waves flash and whirl
Where I see you stand:
On that sandy wave-washed shore,
By the green and silent lane,
In this hut can such a floor
Yield to uglier dame?

Tramping through the grass,
Up on rocks with naked feet,
You shall hear the great pulse beat
Of Ocean, as you pass;
Your great eyes shall wildly look
For the dim and shadowy sail
Of your daddy, who has shook
His white wings to the gale.

Shouting as you go,
Mind you not the clouds that lower,
Or the thunder deep and loud,
Signal of the storm-king's power:
On fresh Nature's canvas you
Often gaze on such a scene:
Let the sky be bright or blue,
You'll be always green!

I wonder if your breast
Ever heaves a sigh,
When you sit with thought opprest
Of what will come 'bime-by':
More than of the cakes 'dono brown',
Waiting for the Island-lad,
And that spanking bright new gown,
Wedding-gift from ugly Dad.

FINE Block Island Girl,
My song is almost sung,
Give your black hair a salt-sea curl,
And 'go it while you 're young.'
For whole hosts of fisher-boys
Who will go out to play,
Shall course the blood that stains the cheek
Of her I sing to-day!

In a 'Noth-Easter,' May 8, 1856.

U N L I K E , Y E T L I K E .

BY M. E. W. T.

I.

THERE is a blue which paints the sea at morning,
 When skies are bright and treacherous breezes fair:
 There sea-gulls sail, the snowy wavelet scouring,
 And cut with tireless wing the fragrant air:
 A darker hue in solemn distance warning,
 Where gallant lives have grappled with despair.

II.

How like the eye of Woman, sad and tender,
 Revealing, hiding all her heart profound;
 Telling of storms from which no walls defend her,
 Or of some trust the tempest has not found;
 Flashing in Love's bright morn with burning splendor,
 Or darkening where some mighty hope went down.

III.

There is a blue the distant mountain folding,
 When autumn sun-sets linger on the height;
 The craggy outline all to beauty moulding,
 As slowly robing for the coming night:
 A solemn court the giant monarch holding
 Above the world, in lone, majestic night.

IV.

So looks the eye of him whose patient seeking
 Beholds how all things in their order stand:
 No idle vengeance on the sinful wreaking,
 He strives to find what mighty Love has planned:
 To him the earth, in myriad voices speaking,
 Tells of a glorious thought in structure grand.

V.

But looking upward from the waters glancing,
 And from the mountain, solemn and at rest,
 Above the clouds in golden radiance dancing,
 Behold a blue, the beauteous and the best!
 A sapphire path o'er which the coursers prancing,
 Bear PUEBUS onward to the glowing West.

VI.

O Eyes of Childhood! with thy blue supernal,
 Fair, countless worlds are in thine azure deeps:
 As spring hides summer 'neath her vesture vernal,
 As skies hold stars and suns while nature sleeps:
 What promise fair, what gleams of hope eternal
 The gazer finds, and choice the vision keeps.

O N C H A M P A G N E W I N E

BY J. N. SANDERSON.

READ IN 'CENTURY' JOURNAL, MAY 5, 1856

AN ardent admirer, from my earliest hobbledihoyhood, of that sparkling cup which cheers, and, I regret to add, sometimes inebriates, it was with more than ordinary gratification and pleasure I received and accepted an invitation from the principal of a well-known firm in the Champagne wine trade, to visit the city of Rheims, and post myself up in the secrets of this my favorite tippie. Accordingly, one fine day early in the month of June, in the year of grace 1855, I bestowed myself and my wardrobe on the cars of the 'Chemin de fer de Strasbourg,' and in due course reached my destination, was welcomed by my friend, and comfortably installed in my lodgings. After devoting the usual time to a proper and respectful examination of the town, its cathedral, its promenades, its monuments, and its inhabitants, I turned my attention to the principal object of my trip, and after a careful investigation, obtained the information herein set forth, which I trust may be as interesting to you in the hearing, as it was agreeable to me in the collecting.

Champagne wine, although indubitably a factitious article, holds in the estimation of wine-drinkers, physicians, and connoisseurs, a high place in the catalogue of beverages, its sparkling qualities and agreeable sweetness attracting the first, its diuretic and tonic properties rendering it valuable to the second, and its delicate flavor, delightful aroma, and refreshing bouquet endearing it to the third. But from the fact of its being a manufactured wine, there has been an attempt to throw around it a mantle of mystery which I have never, in my mind, been able to penetrate satisfactorily, either by reading the numerous books written on the subject, or by conversing with intelligent persons from the immediate locality. This mystery has been carefully fostered by persons interested in the manufacture or sale of the article, who, fearing the truth might possibly lessen the demand, when asked as to the *modus operandi*, have generally either flatly denied the addition of sugar and brandy, or if admitting it, asserted that it was only done occasionally, when, in consequence of a cold or wet season, the produce of any particular vintage did not possess sufficient saccharine matter or body, but on no account would they acknowledge this addition to be a matter of rule, and in fact necessity. This version has been handed down from one author to the other until finally it has grown into a belief, and as every other detail of the mode of manufacturing this wine has been clearly described by almost every writer on the subject, the only originality I can claim for my paper is the dissipation, in some degree, of this mystery, and the verification of another point, which, until this moment, has been denied, in some cases most em-

phatically, namely : that the produce of different localities are intermixed. To enable me, however, to do this understandingly, it will be necessary to travel lightly over the same ground as my predecessors, trusting, also, that among my hearers there may be some not as 'learned in the lore' of wine-making as others.

The vineyards of Champagne cover an expanse of territory of about thirty miles in length and two miles in breadth, thickly interspersed with gentle elevations and shallow streams, the river Marne, which passes through its entire length, being the exception. The vine generally employed is called the 'Pineau,' of which there are two varieties, the black and the white, the former, however, being the favorite. The grapes known as the 'Burgundy Grape' are of a rich, deep purple color, and in size resemble our chicken grapes. The soil in which they are planted is formed of a calcareous loam strongly impregnated with lime, and thickly incrustated with small stones. The location most sought after is the side of a hill, having a southern or southwestern exposure, of which the midway portion is preferred, the top and bottom being most liable to frosts and dampness. The vines are planted quite close together, and are but sparingly manured. After every vintage they are cut down close to the ground, leaving but three or four inches so as to preserve the eyes ; the stump is then buried, and on the following year makes its appearance three or four inches higher up the hill ; and on the new wood, which springs up, is produced the grape ; some roots are known to be forty feet in length, and a few have reached the respectable age of two hundred years. The plant must be four years old before it will yield fruit ; at six years it has attained its maturity ; and at one hundred years will still produce good merchantable grapes. Every third year new vines are planted at the bottom of the hill, to replace those promoted by time and growth. A French vineyard possesses but slender claims to the picturesque. At the period of my visit the vines were about eighteen inches high, and consequently nothing met the eye but the thin sticks planted near each root, to which they are attached by bands of straw as soon as they are sufficiently high to cause the heads to droop. These sticks, having acquired, by long exposure to wind and weather, a hue somewhat between whitey-brown and sky-blue, give to the hill side a dingy, furzy appearance, not at all calculated to call forth on the part of the observer either an eloquent or a poetic description. Late in the season, however, when the grapes have ripened, and the tops of the vines have covered their cerulean-hued supporters, the vast expanse of green foliage is at least refreshing to the eye, if nothing else. If the season has been favorable, each vine will produce from two to five small bunches, but when the reverse is the case, as was the vintage of 1855, a single bunch is with difficulty discovered. Many, on the contrary, yield no fruit ; still the labor and attention can by no means be spared or relaxed, an unproductive vine requiring as much of both as its more richly-freighted neighbor, in hopes that on the following year it may make amends. The latter part of September and the beginning of October is generally the period chosen for gathering the grapes, an operation requiring the assistance not only of all the inhabitants of the district,

but affording also ample means of employment for an immense number of stragglers who rush in from every quarter. This event is by no means the pleasant, romantic, and picturesque affair we have been taught to think it, being, on the contrary, regular hard days' work and plenty of it. It must be done in a hurry, too, as a heavy rain or frost would be a great damage to the ripe grapes; therefore when the gathering commences, no delay is permitted in bringing it to a final close, and from all I can learn, and I state it for the benefit of my bachelor friends, the season of the vintage is not conducive to love-making, other authors to the contrary notwithstanding, the young females engaged therein being generally so fatigued after the labors of the day, and, I blush to add, *so dirty*, that the soft side of a plank is much preferred to the blandishments of Cupid, or worshipping at the shrine of his naughty mamma. After being picked, the bunches are carefully culled over by the old women of the establishment, and the choice ones being placed in casks containing one hundred litres—a litre being a fraction more than a quart—are sold to the buyers from the different houses, although in many instances a large proprietor will have his own *pressoir* or wine-press, through which, for a consideration, his poorer neighbors are permitted to pass the produce of their little patch. This system, however, is fast falling into disuse, as the better and heavier houses in the trade invariably object to purchasing in that shape, preferring much to buy the fruit in bunches, and make the pressings themselves. The press most generally used is the old-fashioned perpendicular affair, but of late years, among other improvements, the lateral press has been introduced, and when once used is invariably preferred.

When the grapes have been delivered to the purchaser, great care being taken to avoid any unnecessary motion, they are heaped up on the platform of the press, through the bottom of which openings are left for the rapid escape of the juice to the vats below, and that portion of it which is first produced without artificial pressure, and denominated 'the first droppings of the grape' is placed aside and reserved for the highest grades of wine, the quantity of which, of course, is very limited. The lever is then applied with moderate force so as not to discolor the wine by bruising and mashing the skins. This pressing furnishes wine of the first quality, known here as the Cabinet and Imperial brands; another turn of the screw produces material for the second quality wines, sold here at from twelve to fourteen dollars, and rejoices under an infinity of names and brands, whilst still another yields the lower quality, and finally, some white grapes being added, the screws are put on to their utmost tension, producing a strong, piquante, red wine, which is reserved for the use of the workmen of the establishment. The various pressings are then put into casks, properly marked, and stowed away until the first fermentation (which takes place almost immediately) is over, after which it is sacked and fined twice, and oftener if required, and, if the summer has been wet and cold, or the season backward, so that the wines are deficient of the required amount of the saccharine matter, a knowledge of which is arrived at not only by tasting, but also by the rise of an instrument

known as the 'Sacchometer,' the deficiency is made up by the addition of pure sugar candy. This, however, does not often happen, and is only resorted to when the juice gives unmistakable evidence of its necessity; and it is at this point, when Nature apparently languishes in a measure in her operations, that Art is called in to her assistance, both by the addition of foreign substances, and the intermixing of the produce of different localities. Redding, in his 'History of Modern Wines,' says: 'Mixtures are not often made of the effervescing wines. They generally remain the pure production of the spots the names of which they bear.' So far from this being true, exactly the reverse is the case, for no Champagne wine would be considered even second quality that did not possess delicacy of flavor, a well-defined bouquet, and a certain degree of body. To obtain these requisites it has been found absolutely necessary to commingle the produce of various vineyards, each of them possessing in an eminent degree one of these characteristics, and by this means infuse qualities into the wine artificially which cannot be acquired naturally. To achieve this satisfactorily, the taster of the establishment, who must, of course, possess a fine taste and approved palate, prepares a mixture by taking a certain portion of the juice from the Verzinay district as a basis, to which he adds a portion from the Aij or Bonzy vineyards, and another from those of Mareuil, Avizes, or possibly Epernay, carefully noting the proportion from each. This mixture is then tested and discussed, and if, in his judgment, it lacks delicacy, bouquet, or body, the quality lacking is furnished by the addition of so much of the product of that district possessing the required characteristic necessary to remedy the defect. It will thus be seen that a most important element in a good house is the possession of an accurate and experienced taster, for on his judgment and taste depends the character of an establishment and its brand of wine. The details of the mixture once arranged, a large vat or tun, holding from seventy-five to one hundred casks, is then filled, the same combinations being closely observed in the enlarged proportions, and the contents are thoroughly blended and amalgamated, so that every bottle of that *cuvée* or lot may be exactly alike. Formerly, and in some large establishments the practice holds good to this day, it was the custom, after ascertaining the proportions of the mixture, to effect the combination in casks containing one hundred and sixty litres, rendering it impossible to get more than two hundred bottles of uniform quality. To remedy this evil the huge tuns used in the Rheingau for equalizing the German wines were introduced, (by the old house of Mumm, Geisler & Co.) which not only removed the defect, but also, by rendering the other operations more perfect, materially improved the character of the wine. After a proper interval, the wine is drawn from this vat into hogsheads, and thence immediately put into bottles, which are placed away in deep cold cellars, constructed with great care and at heavy expense, expressly to receive them. Early in the spring they undergo the secondary fermentation, which produces the *mousse*, or sparkling qualities of the wine, and it is at this period that the carbonic acid gas, sometimes proving too powerful, causes the immense destruction of bottles and loss of wine, so large an item in the sum of expenses. Of

late years the average has been from twelve to fifteen per cent. ; in 1842 it reached the incredible amount of fifty per cent. Having been carefully corked, twined and wired, the bottles are stowed away on their sides, in lots of from one to twenty thousand, for the period of eighteen months, during which time a thick, muddy deposit is precipitated to the lower side of the bottle ; they are then placed in horizontal racks, perforated with holes so shaped that, place them in whatever inclination you may desire, they are always secure and firm ; and every day a workman, especially charged with that duty, shakes them gently, and at the same moment raises them slightly, until by slow degrees they obtain a perpendicular position, and the sediment finds its way to the neck of the bottle, accumulating on the end of the cork, leaving the wine as clear and as bright as crystal. In this position they can, and sometimes do, remain for years ; in fact, they are never removed from it, although such removal would entail no injury to the contents, until it is wanted for export or sale, as the wine will keep without deterioration, if unmixed with sugar, for at least twenty years, but after the sugar has been added it will depreciate sensibly in five or six years. The next operation is that of the *dégorgement*, or cleansing out of the sediment, which is the most difficult and delicate, as it is the most curious, requiring great skill and precision in the handling, for by this time the wine has become so highly effervescent, that in the hands of the unskillful and uninitiated it would either be made cloudy or every drop would suddenly quit the bottle. The practised *dégorgneur*, however, takes it carefully from its perpendicular position, and inclining it slightly, with its mouth towards the ground, divests it of the wire and twine, and, with an instrument resembling a brad-awl, quickly displaces the cork, which flies from its resting-place with a sharp report, carrying with it all the deposit, and a small portion of the wine ; seldom as much, however, as is necessary to give place for the liquor which is immediately afterwards added. Up to this moment, the wine generally, with the exception of such assistance as has already been mentioned, remains free from any artificial mixture, but on leaving the table of the *dégorgneur*, it passes at once into the hands of the mixer, who adds to each bottle, according to the country it is to be sent to, from eight to twenty-two per cent of a liquor composed of crystallized sugar candy of the finest quality, dissolved in wine of a character especially intended for this use, and a certain per centage of very fine old Champagne brandy, for which a fabulous price is paid. For America the allowance of brandy is never over one per cent, whilst for England three and sometimes four is added. For the Parisian consumption one per cent is also the quota, but for Russia and Germany a very spirituous wine is employed instead. As the addition of the liquor is greater than the escape of wine and deposit, the necessary quantity is generally poured out into bottles which are slightly fortified, and sold to the Parisian restaurateurs, who readily retail it, under the name of ' *Tisanne*,' at four francs the bottle.

In defense of this addition of sugar and spirits, it is alleged that it is employed not only to give sweetness and body to the wine, but also that it is absolutely necessary for the purpose of destroying certain dele-

terious qualities appertaining to it in its natural state, which, unchanged, would render it both disagreeable and unhealthy ; in other words, that a certain quantity of sugar is required to correct the *malic acid* which forms a constituent element of the wine, which, if drank pure, would inevitably cause in the stomach of the imbibor thereof, a sensation painfully reminding him of the 'belly-ache' of his boyhood. From the mixer the bottle passes to the corker, who, with the aid of a powerful lever, reduces the cork, which is previously soaked in wine, to about half its original size, and forces it into its place ; it is then secured by twine and wire, which gives it the knobby-looking head it possesses when released from its prison by the consumer ; and finally, after being tin-foiled or leaded, as the case may be, and labelled, it is packed away in cases or baskets to await orders for shipment. The average day's work of a large establishment is one thousand bottles. The report of the Minister of the Interior states that the annual export of genuine Champagne wine is about thirteen millions of bottles, which are distributed as follows : To Germany, which includes Austria, Prussia, and all the States belonging to the Germanic Confederation, between four and five millions. To America the exportation amounts to very nearly three millions, and to Russia about two millions. In France and Belgium the consumption averages about two millions, while in England the demand is very limited, seldom exceeding half-a-million, leaving about a million and a half for the rest of mankind. The class of wines sent to Russia and Germany, as a general rule, are of the first quality, possessing delicacy of flavor, light body, and highly effervescing, with from eighteen to twenty-two per cent of sugar. In America, which offers no fixed standard of taste, every grade and quality, from the Heidsieck, with its eighteen per cent of sweetened liquor, to the 'Grand Vin' of Moët, with its two per cent of brandy *à l'Anglaise*, are exported, and find admirers and advocates. The general standard of the first-class houses, however, is from fourteen to sixteen per cent, (and an experiment is now being made by the well-known firm of G. H. Mumm & Co., to introduce into this market an article with but a moiety of the usual addition of sugar, approaching, as near as possible, to the French standard, which ranges from eight to twelve per cent.) To England, however, is sent the driest, strongest, and poorest quality of wine, for although an English wine-merchant will assure you that he receives none but wine of the first quality, it is a notorious fact, in the Champagne district, that an order for any thing above the third quality rarely finds its way from London, and as no labels are permitted on wine intended for that market, the manufacturer has no means of designating the true quality to the consumer, who is thus left to the mercy of the dealers, who are, beyond contradiction, as a class, the greatest rogues in Christendom.

Of late years it has been the fashion, on the part of would-be wine oracles and pseudo-connoisseurs to talk learnedly and inveigh bitterly against what they are pleased to term 'the extraordinary depreciation in the quality of Champagne wine,' some of them even going so far as to assert they do n't believe 'there is a single bottle of genuine wine ever reaches our shores,' quoting, in substantiation of their dictum, their recollections of

the 'celebrated I. C. Champagne,' the 'famed Cornet brand,' and a host of fancy names 'long since dead and passed away,' any of which could be had for fourteen dollars or less. In the 'dollar sense' of the case, these gentlemen are very nearly right, but they forget that during that same period of time, flour, 'the staff of life,' to quote that elegant remark of the classic Baggs, 'is n't what it use to was,' and it is vividly within the recollection of many suffering house-keepers, that a shilling loaf of bread, twenty years ago, was esteemed food enough for a growing family, while now it barely suffices to stay the stomach of a sturdy stripling. But that feeling fact certainly does not prove that the Genesee of to-day is inferior to the common brands of other and cheaper times, nor is it a convincing argument that the bakers of yore had more conscience than the modern dough-faces, or still less that Young America is a better feeder than his father; it simply demonstrates that the demand is greater than the supply, and, as an inevitable consequence, prices go up or quality goes down, just as naturally as water finds its level, or that two and two make four. Now, apply the same rule to Champagne wine, and you have the same result, for how is it possible that, with a limited and frequently a diminished supply of the raw material, and a constantly increasing demand for the manufactured article, prices and quality should remain stationary. It certainly can not be supposed that gentlemen engaged in the wine trade are going to invest from one to five hundred thousand dollars of capital, merely for the fun of hearing the corks pop, and as it is impossible for them to export *profitably* the same article which cost them in 1846 (the most famous vintage on record) at the rate of *four sous the bottle*, for which they now pay *forty sous*, and sell it at the same price, it will readily be understood why first-quality wine has appreciated in price, and why fourteen dollars now will not buy the same wine as it did years ago. If gentlemen must have the best article, they have got to pay for it, and, comparing it with every other article of trade or consumption, subject to the same vicissitudes, at eighteen or twenty dollars the dozen, it does not yield as liberal a profit as when sold at the minimum price so pathetically lamented for by the old fogies in question. Ten years ago the connoisseur placed before his cherished gastronomical chums, claret of the *premiere cue* at fifteen dollars the dozen, brandy of a fabulous age and undoubted purity, at five dollars the gallon, and segars of the choicest brands and most delicious fragrance, at fifty dollars the thousand. Why, then, should he object to pay twenty-five dollars a case for the best Champagne, which the great De Thou so appropriately termed 'Vinum Dei.'

But, at the same time, I would not be understood to say that a very fair wine, good enough for any man's drinking, cannot be had at the stereotyped price of fourteen dollars. On the contrary, there are several brands sent to this market, and held at that price, which have puzzled many excellent judges, even when placed in competition with higher grades; but I do maintain that, under that price, the thing is impossible, and as Champagne is somewhat

'LIKE JEREMIAH'S figs,
The good are very good, the bad too bad to give the pigs,'

the consumer had better err on the right side by buying the very best, as he may rest well assured that neither his friends nor his stomach ever find fault with a wine for being too good. Much more could be said and written on this genial topic, but although the subject is not exhausted, the audience probably are, so we will rest here for the present.

C O M M O D O R E S T E W A R T .

BY L. J. BATES.

THE gale, with fierce wild laughter, sweeps the ocean and the wood,
And the rain comes pouring after, in a rude and rushing flood :
The elements are sounding their war-cry on the main,
But the glory of the tempest may never come again.

What joy it was to battle with the armies of the storm,
To hear the cannon-rattle of the lightnings red and warm :
Still the victor frigate flying in her triumph o'er the main,
But the glory of the tempest may never come again.

Ah ! beneath her streaming pennon, with its star-lit field of blue,
And around her black-mouthed cannon, many a spirit brave and true
Long shall mourn the ancient leader and his kindly smile in vain,
For the glory of the tempest may never come again.

How they gloried in his bearing in the days of long ago,
When the terror of his daring blanched the faces of the foe :
When the world stood still to listen as his cannon shook the main,
But the glory of the tempest may never come again.

Ah ! thou brave old heart of iron ! Time hath touched thy cords with rust,
And the years thy fame environ with forgetfulness and dust :
Brave old Ironsides no longer is the monarch of the main,
And the glory of the tempest may never come again.

Like a dream of many summers, like a tale too often told,
In the past your glory slumbers and your fame is growing old ;
Hide thy gray hairs from the present, for the past appeals in vain,
And the glory of the tempest may never come again.

To the lives that are immortal with the bravest and the best,
Enter through the open portal, write your deeds among the rest :
One more name on Fame's dread records, Death shall strike the golden chain,
And the glory of the tempest thrill the world's great heart again !

S P R I N G , A U T U M N , A N D E T E R N I T Y .

‘He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.’ — ECCLESIASTES 3 : 11.

THERE are two things I dearly love,
 In nature's circling year,
 Which lift my spirit far above
 The weight of earthly care :
 They bring before my eager view
 The brightness of a home,
 Where all their loveliness is true,
 Nor change can ever come.

The early times of Spring's first hours.
 Bring freshness to the heart ;
 They rouse the wearied spirit's powers,
 And sweeter life impart :
 Her dancing breezes gently woo
 The blossoms of the rose,
 All wet with sparkling morning dew,
 Their petals to inclose.

The weary sufferer of pain,
 The bowed with care or grief,
 Hail her returning once again,
 With hopes of sweet relief :
 Spring hours cannot fail to bring
 Calm and consoling thought,
 Her many voices ever sing
 Of joy to mortals brought.

But how, O Autumn ! shall I dare
 To paint thy gorgeous hues ;
 The softness of thy morning air,
 Thine evening's pearly dews :
 The solemn grandeur of thy night,
 Whose starry crown is set
 With gems more radiantly bright,
 Than earthly coronet ?

The glory of thy sunset hour,
 When all is calm and still,
 Brings full conviction of the POWER
 That heaven and earth doth fill ;
 Oh ! who can gaze upon thy skies,
 As twilight shades them o'er,
 And not from earthly dreamings rise,
 Their MAKER to adore ?

The wreath of fading Summer flowers
 Is yet upon thy brow,
 But all the mirth of Summer hours
 Is changed to sadness now.

And yet, upon thy dying head,
 A solemn beauty lies,
 More glorious than the riches spread
 'Neath Summer's glowing skies.

Ever, O Autumn! shalt thou be
 To us, an emblem meet
 Of spirits sinking peacefully
 To slumber calm and sweet;
 Though *thy* delights not long may last,
 Yet *ours* shall still increase:
Thy reign be soon for ever past,
 But *ours* shall never cease.

Ah! not like thee shall pass away,
 The Christian's hope and joy:
 We look for an eternal day,
 And bliss without alloy—
 For glories hid from mortal sight,
 Revealed in realms above—
 For fadeless crowns of heavenly light,
 And perfectness of love.

Charleston, S. C., May, 1856.

OAKFIELDS: MY LAST PILGRIMAGE THERETO.

'THERE are some heart-entwining hours in life,
 With sweet, seraphic inspiration rife;
 Then mellowing thoughts, like music on the ear,
 Melt through the soul and revel in a tear;
 And such are they, when, tranquil and alone,
 We sit and ponder on long periods flown;
 And, charmed by fancy's retrospective gaze,
 Live in an atmosphere of other days:
 Till friends and faces flashing on the mind,
 Conceal the havoc time has left behind.'

THE whistle blew, the train slackened its speed, and I was once again in Oakfields—the scene of my boarding-school days. I was just twenty-three; I had finished what the worthy Mrs. Partington would call 'book-studies'; I had yet to learn many pungent lessons, not taught in books; and was all impatience to engage in the conflicts of 'real life.' I had visited Oakfields but once since I had ceased to be a member of Mr. Lawson's family, and, as I stood on the platform of the depot, and cast my eyes over the village, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'How changed!'

On the May morning, in the year 18—, when I first beheld this little village, nestled cosily at the foot of the — Mountains, no screeching car-whistles or factory-bells disturbed its sweet peacefulness.

The rickety old stage that was dragged twice a week over a rough turnpike to a neighboring city, thus forming the only connection with the rest of the world the denizens of Oakfields enjoyed, was supplanted

by an impatient, bustling engine that now almost hourly dashes up before a neat little depot, as if perfectly conscious of the fact that he is an intimate friend of YOUNG AMERICA, and the son of that worthy sire—PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION. The old store, whereat we boys were used to congregate on Saturday afternoons to lay in a stock of candies and sugar-cakes for the approaching Sabbath, was replaced by a large, city-fied-looking building, which I did not like at all. Its windows contained no glass jars filled with sweet temptations for a straggling school-boy who might chance to pass by; and I saw no group assembled on the stoop to survey the coveted contents of the show-case, and deplore the physicked condition of their purses. In the stead of fish-hooks, Jews-harps and candies, were now exhibited calicoes, delaines, silks and gaudy ribbons, which serve as powerful magnets to draw together daily the shopping sisterhood of Oakfields. Sad degeneracy!

I walked on slowly up the street, but recognized no familiar face. I stepped into the old white-haired shoe-maker's; he was not in his low, backless seat by the window. They told me he was dead. I left, wondering how he had got along with his huge budget of broken promises!

The tailor's shop was a little farther on, but the one-legged tailor, who once sold me an old coat for a new one, was not there. He had followed in the wake of his pious neighbor, the shoe-maker!

I met several, but their faces were all new.

Here, where but a few years ago all were familiar, now all were strangers. A feeling of sadness took possession of me, and almost unconsciously I repeated those beautiful lines of Scott:

'TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.'

But yes! there was one thing that looked as of old. Yes! there it stood—the old brown-stone church! The same block of marble was over the door, with 1796 roughly chiselled upon it, and there, sloping gently from the great door, was the long village-green, as fresh and verdant as when we boys of a Saturday afternoon were wont to play at wicket on the velvet green-sward. And there, too, just across the green, was the neat little parsonage, and a short way from it the Female Seminary. Allow me, *en passant*, to remark that this same Female Seminary was a most worthy institution! and at its upper windows used to sit strong attractions for the 'Institute boys,' who much delighted in promenading up and down the green before them. And it is quite natural to suppose that a fluttering of handkerchiefs from the windows was not greatly calculated to lessen the power of these attractions, or prevent as vehement a fluttering of hearts.

Night was fast approaching, and I walked on rapidly past the Semi-

nary, past the church, past the grave-yard, and there looming up through the thickly foliated trees to my sight was Oakfields Institute. I stopped short as the old building came in full sight. For an instant the wheels of time seemed to cease their onward course and roll back from past to present ! I was once more a boy of seventeen and a scholar within those walls. Old friends and familiar faces came rushing back upon me, and I lived in 'an atmosphere of other days.' Lizzie's came too. I could not be mistaken ; those sweet blue eyes were hers, and so that sunny hair ; there was the same slight bending forward of the head, the same modest falling of the eyes ; she had the same bewitching air of melancholy about her every movement, the same tell-tale blush of maiden modesty flushed her cheek, and for all the world she looked as when we sat those summer evenings by her father's cabinet window, and our souls, hand in hand, crossed the boundaries of Now, and built on the vast plains of the FUTURE airy castles for us to revel in ! But those meetings were few. Mr. Lawson was a stern, unimpassioned man, and would have *raved terribly*, as Lizzie used to say, had he known that, while he was in bed and in sweet slavery to Morpheus, noiseless conferences were being held almost directly under his head. But he did n't know any such thing ; and conferences were held after the identical Know-Nothing style ! And what a happy, heedless Know-Nothing I was ! The morrow — I never thought of it only in so much as it was to bring me with my idol ! Trouble — the word never entered my brainless head ! I saw nothing, thought of nothing, dreamt of nothing, but LOVE, and the happiness which I imagined invariably kept it company ! Books were lain aside, study hours were spent in covering a half-dozen sheets of foolscap with a *name* ; the bell for meals was disregarded, — eat ! why should I eat ? The hour for retiring was forgotten, or disregarded, and so that for rising. It could hardly be said of me that I 'lived, moved and had my being.' I was too happy to live, and was in a fair way of hanging myself out of sheer happiness !

Somebody loaned me a novel — I forgot its title or author, but, at any rate, it overflowed with *agony*, and a deal of it run into me ! I was absolutely drunk with passion. No impossibilities were recognized at my court. I could do any thing and every thing at *her* slightest nod. I could circumnavigate the globe in a hen-coop, scale Mont Blanc in mid-winter, and, throwing 'full defiance' in the face of avalanches, brave their mightiest tumblings ! All — all would I do for her sake !

'I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling-cub from the she-bear ;
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey !'

I felt that language was too lean to express my devotion, and I longed for an opportunity to demonstrate it by deeds. Oh ! thought I, if Oakfield Institute would but blaze and burn on some dark, terrific night ; if winds would howl, thunders roll, and lightnings flash, and, as timber after timber fell crashing through the ruins, the escaped family would shout, and cry, and wail, and a terror-stricken mother would faint

moaning the name of the fair daughter who slept in the burning building, how I would spring forward 'to the rescue!' how I would combat with flame and smoke, and, with burning clothes and hair on fire, fight my way through falling timbers to her bed-chamber, and grasping the dying girl descend the tottering stairs, shielding her from a falling timber with my own strong head; and as the crowd, heart-sick, cried out, 'They are lost!' I would leap forth from the burning mass, and laying my precious burden at the feet of her despairing parents, sink down upon the ground—not dead, but near it! Then for months I would toss on a 'feverish couch,' with the lovely being I had snatched from 'the jaws of death' as my only nurse! and then health would be restored, and then, why, of course, what else but a marriage! Oh! it was a woeful disappointment when, like ambitious Icarus, I flew too high on the strength of wax wings and came down again in as summary manner as did that personage, to find all this, instead of being a joyous reality, but the phantasma of a school-boy in love! But I devoured the contents of another yellow-covered novel, and I was up again as high as before. In this happy lunacy did I luxuriate for two years! We met seldom, to be sure—but those meetings! Even now, with twenty years intervening, the remembrance of them rekindles the ardor, and reanimates the happiness, of those stolen moments. In that remembrance I re-live the happiest days of my life. But the last of those days came, and I took my departure from Oakfields. In a month I was in quasi possession of half a corner in the law office of Judge N —, in the city of New-York, and enjoying the use of an old, worn-out copy of Chitty's Blackstone.

Time passed rapidly enough. I met occasionally in the street some straggling denizen of Oakfields, and learned therefrom the state of the crops, the death or marriage of some villager, or the good dominie's health. But what cared I for the dominie's health, or the crops, or any thing, or any body, save — well, you know?

Months had now passed, and I longed to visit the dear old Institute. I took advantage of an opportunity which presented itself, and left the city to spend a night beneath her old roof. We sat again heart to heart and hand in hand by the cabinet window — (*that window!*) The evening was befitting the occasion. The full-orbed moon rode in a cloudless sky, and her soft rays stole through the thick foliage of the great apple-tree which shaded the window, and filled the apartment with that soft, bewitching light so productive of loving thoughts and chivalrous deeds. A gentle breeze was frisking among the flowers of the garden, and the leaves of the great tree by the window shooting ever and anon through the half-opened shutters, and scattering the ringlets which lay upon my breast. That was a happy, holy hour! Not a word was spoken, not a glance exchanged. Her head reclining on my shoulder, she gazed fixedly on the broad, star-gemmed heavens, and I drank years of delight in looking upon her sweet face — my only heaven. But clouds seemed to hover over it, and as they grew blacker, and threatened to burst with their load of sorrow, I drew her closer to my heart, and eagerly sought the cause. Those dark eyes slowly fell,

and I saw a tear steal down her pale cheek. My heart was too full for utterance. Again I pressed her closer to my heart, and eagerly asked the cause of this sudden sorrow. She raised her tearful eyes, and gazed full in mine.

'Frank,' — a pause — 'Frank — Frank, is this right?' She placed her hand in mine.

'What right, Lizzie?'

'Ought I thus to disregard the dearest wishes of my parents' — a stifled sob — 'Ought I thus to deceive ——'

She could say no more; her eyes filled with tears; she flung her arms around my neck. Amid her sobs I indistinctly heard, 'Something tells me it is wrong!' I fully comprehended her meaning. The REVEREND MRS. LAWSON was a devout believer in the doctrine that 'Conscience is a sure moral guide!' Instilling this doctrine into the minds of her children at an early age, she manufactured for them 'a conscience' by setting down with mathematical precision the deeds that are good and those that are evil, her own wise self being the judge. So that they, in following the dictates of 'their consciences' but obeyed the dictum of their, no doubt, well-wishing mother. 'Obey your parents in *all* things!' was, of course, paramount to all other commandments on the schedule of this pious woman. Lizzie knew well that loving me — *me*, a wild, harum-scarum scapegrace; *me*, who was once actually seen entering the village tavern; *me*, who had smoked a cigar, it being demonstrated to a mathematical certainty by a respectable maiden lady in the neighborhood; and, as much as *all*, *me*, who often went to sleep under the powerful (!) preaching of the Rev. Mr. Lawson — *love me!* She well knew what a flagrant infringement of that commandment her beloved mother would consider it. So 'her conscience' told her it was wrong! And a darling sister, who had unfortunately discovered our interesting relations, and who was so egregiously homely and hateful that none dare come within a rod of her, and with true dog-like nature, was decidedly opposed to having any body entertain any affectionate regards for her sister, backed this noble conscientiousness by expressing the most profound admiration! Nightly this beloved sister regaled her bed-companion with a sermon on the sinfulness of exercising the heart-promptings God had given her, or, as she expressed it, loving 'that worthless fellow.' It was something in this strain: You love *him*; you know *Pa* and *Ma* would disapprove it did they know it, and you were not deceiving them, as you *are*. Disobeying and deceiving them is disobeying God, and disobeying God is sure destruction. *Therefore*, loving *him* will send your soul to everlasting punishment! Then, to sum up all, and bring the question to a focus, *which will you take, Heaven or Frank Doolittle?* Such a categorical, and, as was believed, soul-interesting query, put by an only, loved and elder sister to a confiding girl of sixteen, without a shadow of self-will, was one not easily to be answered by the latter. For days and months a fierce conflict raged within. She loved '*him*' — loved him as her life; she knew her affection was reciprocated. How many were her hopes! How great the happiness she had pictured in her

fancy! And must they now be trampled ruthlessly in the dust? Yet, is not the happiness of eternity more to be desired than that of a few transient years here in life? She shuddered at her sinfulness in doubting which to choose. Then came the face of 'him'; she remembered some word he had whispered in her ear; she stole to her room and took from the corner of her drawer a miniature, and then she would waver in her decision.

Many were the hours she wept and prayed, with no friend to offer a consoling word or look, but only a sister to torture her with rehearsals of the wickedness of 'that loafer!' By day she walked about, seemingly unconscious of surrounding objects, and gazing absently on the ground. Her conduct elicited the remarks of her companions, and numerous insinuations from her mother. By night she sobbed and prayed, but never slept! Fearing she might have some misgivings as to the sinfulness of loving 'that wretch,' the elder sister would rehearse anew the logical demonstration, adding each time a report that had arrived from New-York! At this juncture the subject of these reports made his appearance in Oakfields. Mary Lawson scowled and turned up her nose; Mrs. Lawson remarked that I must think a good deal of *them*, and her mouth shut like the door of a salamander safe; Mr. Lawson was rejoiced to know I had not come as a pupil; and Lizzie Lawson could scarcely refrain from crying for joy.

'Night comes on apace.'

Mrs. Lawson takes hold of Mr. Lawson's coat-collar, and, without much concern about their guest finding a sleeping-place, travel up to bed, and *I* travel into *my* apartment — mine for an hour at least — the cabinet! Little feet were heard cautiously descending the stairs; the door softly opened, and we were in each other's embrace! Where was her decision? She did n't know. But her conscience (that is, the injunction of her sister) prompted her to look for it, and show it to me. She commenced, and with tearful eyes told me the conflict that raged within her breast, her doubts and fears, her wish to love God and her parents, and at the same time love me, (loving God and mammon,) the advice of her sister, and the light in which I was regarded by her parents and friends, and then — *asked my advice!* The angel! who could help loving her as she raised her tearful eyes and asked in a sorrowful tone, 'O Frank! what shall I do?'

Who will chide me for loving Lizzie Lawson? 'But, Lizzie,' I asked, in as calm a voice as I could assume, 'why do you think it wrong to love me?'

'Oh! do n't ask me, Frank! I do n't think it is — that is — I mean — Mary — mother — O Frank!' and burying her face in her hands, she wept aloud.

A train of curious emotions flitted through my breast. I felt mad, bloodthirsty; I wanted to sack the house, and hang the unappreciating wretches who snored beneath its roof; then I settled into pity, then into admiration. She slowly raised her head and wiped away the truant tears.

'I do n't think they will always have so ill an opinion of you, dear Frank,' she said, struggling with her tears.

'I hope not at least, Lizzie ; and do you not think that in after years, when I shall have reached the age and stature of manhood, and by my conduct, put to the lie all these reports, and drowned all ill opinions in my improvements — do you not think that *then* they would consent to our marrying ?'

'Ye—yes, I think they would.'

'Then, Lizzie, let's cast anchor, and await patiently the arrival of that hopeful breeze which is to carry us into a safe harbor. Our boate will be separated for a while, Lizzie, but be assured they will meet again, and, linked together, ride fearlessly against the boisterous squalls that constantly beset the pathway of life's voyagers ! Be cheerful ! be hopeful ! I shall use all human means to make myself worthy of my guiding-star in life, and acceptable in the eyes of your —'

My speech was brought to a sudden close by the sound of foot-falls Lizzie sprang from my arms, and in the twinkling of an eye was in her bed-chamber. The foot-falls were just no foot-falls at all, and I stretched myself on a settee to dream the night away. Morning came. Breakfast was soon dispatched. The stage was waiting at the gate, and, springing into it, I left the scene so closely interwoven with the dreams and hopes of my life, without the courage to whisper a parting word in the ear of the sweet girl to whose affection, 'pure as the loves of angels,' I owed the cup of happiness I had quaffed for so many months.

We met no more for years.

Again I was in my corner, and engaged with youthful ardor in pursuit of the profession I had chosen. It is quite unnecessary, however, to record here the efforts I put forth for the accomplishment of those ends, only which would admit me to the bosom of that august family of the Lawsons. Suffice it, then, to say that no lecture was unattended ; no avenue in which were means of improvement, moral or intellectual, was left unexplored ; the strictest watchfulness was kept on every word and deed, that no evil report might reach the willing ear of Mary Lawson ; invitations to parties and champagne suppers — then, as now, in vogue with the *bloods* — were declined, I thereby challenging, and receiving, too, the jeers of former companions, who seemed to have become thoroughly disgusted with me. I did n't blame them. And, moreover, my deportment in the sublime presence of Mr. Henry Lawson — a very learned brother — was the quintessence of decorum and respect for his towering superiority, never failing to inquire after the health of his beloved mother.

The reader — if any there be who have taken the pains to glance at this crude lucubration — was never, perhaps, of a wild, romantic, impetuous nature, ill-brooking the finger of contempt, and in abundant possession of the various qualities succinctly expressed in the word *deviltry*. If he never was, I regret it exceedingly, as he is entirely unable to appreciate these efforts and humiliating sacrifices. But the object to be attained ! It ever stood at my shoulder, and whispered words of encouragement in my ear ! I felt I was doing a noble work ; I looked forward with inexpressible delight to the sphere I was striving to enter, where I felt confident the highest and proudest honors ultimately

awaited me ! Then my poor mother would have a home, and spend the remaining days of her life in peace and happiness ; and there was an only sister who would be able to acquire an education, and, perhaps, procure a splendid alliance by my high position ! And then, thrice more than all, that pair of blue eyes !

Say, reader, could I not well dispense with my former mercurial comrades for the companionship of such dreams ? The reader must, by this time, be thoroughly convinced that the writer has been a dreamer from his infancy. But of all my dreams — and I have had not a few in my time — none was so delightful as this.

And now had come the day ! I had continued my studies with unremitting zeal ; I was admitted to the bar of the Empire State ; I had become the partner of my old preceptor, Judge N —, and I was ready to go to Oakfields to receive the reward of years of effort, and the realization of long-cherished dreams. I had n't read a novel since I left school ; the stern *substance* of law-books had taken their place, and given somewhat of their reality and stability to an ever-changing, passionate nature.

The enthusiasm of youth had settled into a calm, fixed *love* ! How my heart beat as I sprang from the cars, and beheld in the distance the chimneys of Oakfields Institute rising above the trees !

Now we're precisely like our good landlady's pussy-cat in pursuit of her tail — we're just where we started ! So, let's strike a tangent, and land on the wide steps leading to the front door of the Institute ! We pull the bell. No response. Again we grasp the bell-knob. Oh ! where are those confounded Biddies ! I can't stand still. My heart has a fit of the chills. But hark ! the door opens.

'Goodness, gracious ! Who'd e'er a thought ? Why, Master Frank, how d'ye do ?' It was Bridget, the same old soul who used to loan me the key of the pantry. Duly saluting Bridget, and shaking her big hand, I was shown into the 'back parlor,' where the family were congregated. A volley of salutations greeted my entrance. Mr. Lawson quickly arose from his seat on a sofa, and was 'very glad to see me !' Mrs. Lawson, after a deal of fuss, picked herself out of her rocking-chair, and was also glad to see me back to the old Institute ! Miss Mary Lawson rose from her lounging posture beside her mother, and taking a stand between the piano-stool and myself, informed me that I was somewhat a stranger ! But there was another. What was that family without that *another* ! She had quietly slipped from the stool and taken a seat on an ottoman at the end of the piano. I almost pushed aside the jealous sister, and grasped the hand of my love, my life — Lizzie Lawson ! She arose from her seat, her hand laying like a stone in mine, and said : 'How do you do, Mr. Doolittle ?' and sat down. What a change was there ! Girlhood had passed ; she was a woman. Her cheek —

'Oh ! call it fair, not pale'—

had lost much of its rosy hue, and the bewitching dimple in her chin, that always smiled when you approached, had gone. But her regular

features, clear complexion, eyes that had not lost a whit of their brightness, and fine form, now fully matured, more than compensated for these losses, and in that single glance I felt almost repaid for my exertions. Mr. Lawson suddenly broke out, and I took a seat near him.

'You are quite a stranger, Mr. Doolittle ; I think you have been here but once since you left, have you ?'

Mrs. Lawson was *always* a kind-hearted lady ; she answered the question :

'No ; he has been here but once since ; why, Mr. Doolittle, (great stress on the *Mr.*) you have really slighted us ; but then, I don't know, I s'pose you *city folks* have enough to think about besides old acquaintances and *country folks* ; and' — I was going to tell all she said, but Lord ! it would take a quire of foolscap, and a deal more patience, so I stop short. The evening wore on. I could not keep my eyes from that ottoman ! How sweet, I thought, she looked as she sat there, her delicate fingers busily engaged on a piece of embroidery ; but I had the unparalleled presumption to imagine her mind was not particularly engaged thereon ! The old clock in the kitchen gave ten hysterical strokes on its cracked bell ; the evening devotions were had, and I was shown my sleeping apartment. As I stood in the door, lamp in hand, and bade the family a good-night, Lizzie raised her head, and I thought I heard her say 'good-night.' An ecstatic delight thrilled my whole being as I looked on the lovely face, and my heart whispered, 'She is mine !' In my happiness I took that unblushing, smileless face for that of *my* Lizzie Lawson. It was not *hers* !

I slept, that is, I dreamed the night away, and morning came bright and glorious. The warm rays of the sun, streaming in at the window, awoke me at an early hour, and I arose. Several books lay on the table, and I took up a small edition of Shakspeare. We boys had once on an 'exhibition' — what school-boy don't remember those times — spoken (and tried to act) the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, I having the part of Brutus. I instantly turned to that play and read over the parts. What forms and faces flocked around me ! Almost every line recalled some trivial and long-forgotten incident. I read on, part after part. An indescribable *something* took possession of me as I read—

'Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling ; ever note, Lucillus,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of the mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial,' etc.

There was no time for reflection on this well-remembered passage, for the breakfast-bell rang, and I hastened to the dining-room in the hope of finding Lizzie there alone. They were all there but her ! To my inquiries, her sister answered in her sharp voice, 'She is quite unwell, sir.'

Two hours thereafter I was seated in the back parlor. Miss Mary

Lawson occupied the sofa not far from me. As near as I am able to recollect, the conversation ran thus : To my further inquiries as to Lizzie she replied : ' Yes sir, she is quite unwell, but nothing serious, I think, sir.' Her effort to speak in a more agreeable tone of voice, and appear a little womanly, was not wholly ineffectual. I then absently remarked, more to myself than her, ' I regret it exceedingly, as I wished to speak with her on a very interesting — that is I — I — '

' Yes sir, she anticipated it.' How very coolly she said that ! and how *very* coolly she continued : ' And she wished me to say to you that she had no desire to open again the relations which have been so long discontinued ! '

If she had hurled the piano at my head I should have been simply astonished, but in this case I was thunderstruck ! I don't know, surely, how I looked, or what I said, but I must have exhibited some signs of surprise, for Miss L. continued, with the nonchalance of the veriest stoic who ever sat under the nose of Zeno :

' Surely, sir, you cannot be surprised that years of silence and absence on your part, and evident neglect, should have destroyed the foolish fancies of youth, and changed the tastes of thoughtless girlhood ! '

I did not spring from my chair and pace the floor, or pull my hair, or rant and rave as I would have done *once*, but I sat steadily in my chair, looked the speaker full in the face, and when she had done, I asked very calmly if it were possible for me to see ' Miss Lawson.' I was informed that it was the wish of that lady not to see me, and, moreover, that seeing her would avail nothing, as there were *other* considerations that weighed against me : such as, for instance, I was not a man of education, or, in other words, I had not spent four years within the walls of a college ; another and weighty consideration was, that I practised the profession of law, or I was a *lawyer*, which term in the remarkable mental vision of the Lawson family was synonymous with liar, villain, cut-throat ; another was that I lived in New-York, and New-York having within its borders many temptations, (especially for such an innocent young man as I had ever been !) I must have *de necessitate* yielded to their treacherous charms, and consequently was totally unworthy of an admittance into the family of the Lawsons. These, with many more, were cast into the scale, and Mr. Doolittle was found wanting !

I essayed to explain the cause of my non-appearance at Oakfields ; to declare my constancy and unremitting efforts for the attainment of that coveted worthiness, and to avow how valueless I looked upon life without the idol of my boyhood as of my manhood ; but it was casting pearls before swine ! I began to feel ashamed of myself for stooping so low as to dally and plead with this proud, selfish spinster, and stopped unceremoniously, seeing with clearer vision than I had enjoyed the preceding evening that these accusations on the part of Mary Lawson were but rude breast-works of defense for the loveless heart of her sister. I might have judged harshly — doubtless I did. I have often thought since I might have been mistaken in thinking thus of her in whom I had seen naught but to love, to cherish, to worship.

But the fiat was pronounced : it shall be obeyed. This was no easy matter. I could not look composedly on this sundering of the sweet bonds that had so long entwined my heart. The cold manner of Lizzie on the preceding evening stared me in the face ; Lizzie Lawson not love me ! the dreams and hopes of so many years destroyed ! The thought was too intolerable for a nature so sensitive as mine.

I began to lose my self-possession ; the past, the present, the future were dark — hopeless ; the room, the yard — every thing wore a hateful look ; I gazed upon the calm, unruffled face before me as the root of all this. I rose from my seat. My progress to the door was restrained by the harsh voice of Miss Lawson :

‘ Lizzie has wished me, Mr. Doolittle, to hand you your miniature, and request hers if you have it with you.’

I mechanically placed my hand in the breast-pocket of my coat, and drew forth the miniature I had carried and caressed for six long, happy years. Handing it to her, she gave me mine, and passed out of the door.

I looked after her a moment, and then sat down. I glanced at the miniature ; it was that of a grinning, thoughtless boy of seventeen. The smooth boy-face gave rise to many pleasant — no ! painful now — recollections, and gave to my vision a truer sight of the contrast between Now and Then. In the fullness of my heart, I murmured, in the exquisite imagery of Barry Cornwall :

‘ I SEEM to go
Calmly, yet with a melancholy step,
Onward and onward. Is there not a tale
Of some man (an Arabian as I think)
Who sailed upon the wide sea many days,
Tossing about, the sport of the winds and waters,
Until he saw an isle, toward which his ship
Suddenly turned ? there is : and he was drawn,
As if by a magnet, on, slowly, until
The vessel neared the isle ; and then it flew
Quick as a shooting star, and dashed itself
To pieces. Methinks I am that man.’

I had toiled and struggled long to grasp a coveted jewel, and when I had it but in my hand, heartless Fate snatched it from me ! Hope led me on with beckoning finger, and whispered in my ear sweet stories of future happiness ! Say, where is it now ? There was no answer. I rose and passed out the door to Mr. Lawson’s study, muttering with a heart overflowing with emotion, ‘ Thus hope allures, deceives, and damns ! ’ I conjured up some excuse for my sudden departure, and left the scene where had been spent the aroma of my life, never to return ! I turned to take one last, lingering look of the old Institute, as I passed out the gate.

In one of the upper windows I beheld the pale, lovely face of — : I cannot write the name : pardon this womanish emotion — years have softened my heart. The sweet face, like all my dreams, disappeared as I turned to gaze upon it !

I never saw her more ! No more : ’tis enough.

A. A. R.

'D O M I N E Q U O V A D I S ?'

It was a time of sword and flame,
 And many a martyr fled,
 And many that wore the Christian name
 From rack and fagot fled.
 They fled — and was it shame to fly,
 When the Faith had lost its home,
 Nor a shelter found in the caves under ground,
 Where worshipped the saints of Rome?

Forth by the Appian Gate at night
 An old man trembling passed;
 His hair was white, and his long beard white,
 And his face with fear aghast.
 It was that holy saint of CHRIST
 To whom HE had left His flock;
 That Head and Chief, on whose belief
 He had built as on a rock.

He went — for prayers had overborne
 His choice to stay and die;
 And tender words of love had shown
 The martyr's courage high.
 And he whose burning zeal had nerved
 The feeblest for the stake,
 Must yield the crown that was hovering down,
 For younger hands to take.

So quickly on the old man went,
 And hastened in his flight;
 But why so sudden paused, and bent
 His gaze into the night.
 A vision through the distance dark,
 A form of light advanced;
 And with steady pace it neared the place
 Where the saint stood still entranced.

The old man knelt, as he had need,
 For he shook that he could not stand.
 But the luminous form came on with speed,
 As if to pass by at his hand.
 'Oh! whither goest THOU, my LORD?'
 He cried with a bitter groan,
 For he could not brook the stern, sad look,
 That was fastened on his own.

Then the sweet voice of the LORD replied;
 'I am going to Rome,' it said,
 'To be crucified afresh, for those
 Who have left my cross and fled.'
 And the vision died on the thin night air,
 As the words came soft and calm,
 And the saint went back to dungeon and rack,
 And got him his martyr's palm.

* * * *

The friars who this tale repeat
 Will show you to this day,
 The impress of those blessed feet
 Where they trod the Appian Way.
 But more to me these words avouch
 Than relics for ages adored;
 As I murmur them still like a charm they thrill,
 'Whither goest thou, my LORD?'

SIR ROGER INKLEBY'S STORY.

BY KIT KELVIN.

'THERE is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come : if it be not to come, it will be now : if it be not now, yet it will come.'—HAMLET.

AN excellent old man was Roger Inkleby. As full of wisdom as experience, experience as age, age as temperance and regularity could command by the will of God. It was my good fortune to know him in the prime of his silvery locks. With a smile pleasant as sun-light ; a heart crowded with good intentions and kind thoughts : with a will to execute strong as life ; with advice sincere as valuable ; with sympathy warm as his friendship, was Roger Inkleby. He was called Sir Roger to perpetuate his universal benevolence. An evening passed with him became one better than the enjoyment of the evaporating frivolities of gayer life. But he is now entombed with the worm of the grave, yet his face is painted upon, and his virtues framed for, my memory.

'Come to-morrow evening,' said Sir Roger, 'and I will tell you a story.'

'My story is a life-fact,' commenced Sir Roger. 'To you it may be instructive, and still more, you may remember it to benefit others : for you know,' turning his pleasant eyes full upon me, 'we love to do good, at least we *should*. No one lives without *power*. No matter the rank, condition, or place. Each has his influence upon the other. It is in action, conduct, and speech. In the home, the ware-house, the desk, the field, upon deck. It is in the eye, the walk, the *dress* ; for the latter is as much characteristic of the man as his face is the index prefacing the life. Brutes recognize the fact. A mild cur you see with a gentle master ; a savage bull-dog with a wretch. And yet, incontrovertible as this is, it is little regarded — too little by the parent, less by the guardian.

'Philip Marlowe was my intimate class-mate in college — a young man possessing peculiar and noticeable traits. He was a good scholar, a gentleman in his manners, and apparently easily read. He was ambitious, cool in design, shrewd, cunning, and rashly bold. He played deep without suspicion or failure. Yet, in all things, he lacked *one* essential principle. This was effectually covered by his master tact, and he always passed as the model student. I fancied he suspected my confidence in him was not strong ; but he pursued the right course in such a case — flattering me with his friendship and reliance so far as his policy dictated. Unexceptionable in his easy conversations, princely in his ideas, he charmed me, and although I loved him, yet there was something fearful in my suspicions that the evidences of friendship were clever advances to convert me. I have shuddered as I caught, unawares, his eye upon me. I never could relieve myself from

the idea that he suspected I knew him better than he desired. The sequel demonstrated it.

'It is a fearful thing, my young friend, to live under a disguise one's life-time. But there are those who do it. It may be the first you meet in the street. It may be the father, the counsellor, the elder, the preacher, the merchant in high esteem, your friend. Did you ever think of it? In order to know, you must observe. Pass not blindly through life. Live to learn. Watch the lip, the brow, the eye. Study the semblance between the utterance and the action. Mark the gift and the subject, the favor and the grantor. The politician takes you warmly by the hand, he speaks warmly, protests warmly, promises warmly, *despises* you warmly. The speculator of friendship whispers a golden word to you, and bites off a damning point *against* you. He effects his object, triumphs; *you* suffer. The man clamorously zealous in advocating moral and divine precepts, imploring, with streaming eyes, 'Our FATHER,' is a consummate hypocrite. After the fire the still small voice. *That* was of God. *It was* God. The merchant, rich in his crowning suppers, is a bankrupt and a villain. All this and these may be successfully veiled for years, but not for all time. Just retribution will develop, will scorch, will incinerate. You can readily suspect *that* man who declares the most for your interest. The cat needs but to *watch* to catch her prey.

'Through the period of four years Marlowe and myself were mostly together. By this singular friendship I gained character, for my class-mate was highly esteemed by the Faculty and loved by all. The young ladies smiled more sweetly when Marlowe addressed them: but he looked upon women as ornaments merely, that would not bear handling without losing lustre.

'It is instructive as well as pleasant to follow the movements of good chess-players. The pieces are before each, and the same opportunity to win offers itself, if the one is as practised as the other. But there is a wide difference resting upon the same talent, developed in a cheating game of cards, where the sleeve or other covert hides the ace that gives to and takes from. I contend human nature is more easily studied where there is the more to occupy the minds of the many: for instance, a city. The pressure of obligations is esteemed security from detection, but to the accurate observer it is the very *signal of distress*.

'So successfully did Marlowe play his part at our graduation I almost denied my suspicions. Indeed, the jury of my conscience stood ten for acquittal and two for conviction; still those two were very tenacious of their opinions. The usual result took place — a discharge; for we pursued different avocations. Before we separated, I received much good counsel, and many excellent suggestions from Marlowe, such as could exist only where there was actual belief in the same.

'Disgusted with all professions, my friend chose merchandise, and soon after gave me his reasons for so doing, the chief of which hung upon being known as the *first* in the world of traffic. I remember his words. 'Surprised you no doubt may be; yet, Roger, I can make more of a sensation in this sphere than in the professions. Note the margin

I have ; and you know, ambition that is tempered with *godly* incentives should never tremble with doubt.'

'Could this Napoleon of ambition have buried the hypocrite twin of his nature, what a prince would have lived, and what a blaze of glory would have been extinguished at his exit !

'Life instructions are varied as they are numerous : some pleasant, more bitter, neither continuous, though by far the longer not the sweeter. It is holy will that all should be taught from the same great page ; likening mankind in this wise to the world of infants, for we all read our A B Cs. If the bitter be not now, yet it will come.

'With a mind peculiarly adapted to grasp at difficulties, and with sanguine confidence of eventual success, my class-mate worked on. The younger world began to buzz his name. His affable manner and eloquent tongue won admiration. With his usual coolness he selected his partner, and the business world chronicled the birth of another house, MARLOWE & MULDONALD, names which since have passed East, West, North, South, and beyond oceans. Rich in experience, tried in wisdom, the *elder* world now began to buzz the name of Marlowe. He was first on 'Change, and first in the estimation of the business community. His drafts were gold, his words like so much silver, his name every thing. He had won with a character beyond impeachment. When we met he was the same, grown slightly subdued with the massive weight of cares and an enviable name. His counsel was sought to promote great enterprises, and documents with his autograph were synonymous with success. With this hold upon the world, I almost fancied that he would continue to merit his proud epithet. But beyond our own ideas of recompense must we acknowledge that which belongs to the CREATOR. He has assured us the sinner shall not go unpunished. Regardless of his position, there is no rank in the scales of God's justice whereby the greater can be weighed with less fairness than the smaller. Like merchandise for market, each one's net is scored upon the tally-book, and if he had previously passed for worth beyond his value, the honest reduction will come finally. This doctrine has been blown by the Preacher into all quarters, substantiated by aggravated cases ; and yet, temptation before, and a clever covert beside, have proved the more powerful of the twain. And this is it. Could the errorist know the last act of his drama, his courage would quail to perform what hope for concealment has encouraged him to do. But grasping ambition, intolerable pride, ungovernable selfishness without *principle*, are subtle spirits to nourish. They prove themselves mutineers that need only circumstances to develop destruction. Every one has a desperate spirit. The best heart that ever dictated wholesome truths, has the alchemy of revolt against all statutes, divine and legislative. It is not golden ease that furnishes the proof of such existing property, but poverty or ambition will fairly elucidate it, blotting from the argument the natural wretch — a *coin of crime*.

'Imagine yourself positioned in the velvet chair of unquestionable estimation, with a name echoed for pattern, a credit limitless, attended on each hand, supported by, encircled with the body-guard of imposed

trust, and you have the case of Philip Marlowe. At this peroration of life had my class-mate arrived. A slight silver upon his hair showed the mental and physical struggle by which he had attained this acme. He had passed into middle life, overcoming obstacles, creating business, aiding enterprises, bestowing charity, gathering a name.

'I found upon my table one evening a note. It was from Marlowe, requesting me to call upon him punctually at ten the following morning. I fulfilled his wish, and found him in his morning-wrapper. But he was much changed. The pallor of sadness, a hopeless expression, was upon his face. Yet he took me kindly by the hand, and told me, with peculiar earnestness, that he had sent for me to confess *one* life-deception.

'Roger! I have known since we were class-mates, that *you* suspected my honesty. By my uniform life I have, no doubt, blinded and confounded you. But before night, not only you, but the world will know I have played my part devilishly clever. I shuffled the pack to win, but have finally lost,' and leaning forward with a look of terrible bitterness, in a hoarse whisper he added: 'It is all *ambition without principle!*'

'For an instant his eyes glared upon me, his lip quivered, he essayed again to speak, but fell heavily back. His head dropped upon his chest. He was dead! He had swallowed poison. He had been concealing and carrying on a series of forgeries, by which means he had entered into private speculations of great magnitude. But a severe reverse had fallen upon him, and he saw no other method of avoiding the damning results but suicide. Toward me he had always shown an uniform kindness, but to the world at large, while feeding it with the supposed pabulum of deference, he was merely using this as the saccharine to surface the deposit of gall.

'The melancholy case stunned the world. Public confidence was staggered. Capitalists were dumb. Every one shuddered. Mutual reliance lost one trusted pillar of its base; temptation had proved a Samson, and pulled it down amid the mangled pile of expectation, hope, and dependence. The tree that bore the delicious fruit was but of ingrafted growth in the commoner orchard of humanity. Had principle guided the man, his ambition would have been righteous. He would have erected a mausoleum that would have withstood the gnawing tooth of obloquy and sapping jealousy. His name, like Washington's, would have passed down to posterity polished by age, the prince of merchants, the man of worth.

'Let existence be guarded by principle, and life, with all its phases of sun-beams and night, will gather honey from every petal, that will sweeten and nourish the 'slipperd pantaloons' of age: and when Death, with his skeleton chariot, makes his imperious call, you bid the last farewell to accompany the relentless driver upon that returnless ride 'mid the sincerest sorrow of following hearts.

'This is my story of a life-fact. It has a moral; and he is wise who will profit thereby:

'READ ye the lesson — heed it well.'

P L E A S A N T V A L E .

A SKETCH OF GLENARTE, ORISKANY, ONEIDA COUNTY.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

If thou wilt come among the quiet woods,
 In the first days of Summer, when the corn
 Is green upon the upland, and the hills
 Are steeped in haze and sunshine, thou wilt find
 In the tranquillity that reigns amid
 These cool dark depths of beech and evergreen,
 A loveliness and beauty which shall fill
 Thy heart with better thoughts than earth can give,
 With the great tumult of its thoroughfares,
 And bustling marts of men. How oft, when care
 Hath numbed my spirit, and the kindly tones
 Of friends have grated harsh upon mine ear,
 Have I sought out these shades! Too long have I
 Drank the great roar of cities, and the din
 That riseth from their streets; the low, sad plaint
 Of human misery, and the loud-toned voice
 Of commerce, shouting to her toiling sons—
 Toiling with swarthy hands amid the clang
 Of groaning engines—upon quays piled high
 With costly merchandise—or far away
 In noisome lanes pent up with piles of brick,
 Where the sweet air and sunshine never come;
 These have I heard until my thoughts have caught
 The tumult of the scene, and my whole life
 Hath seemed as if 't were centered in the wish
 To be once more with Nature. Let us go
 Back to the joyous woods, and thread once more
 The paths that wind along the wilderness:
 We'll seek the hollows where the wild-rose blooms,
 And where the scaur-berry nestles on its bed
 Of light green moss, and where amid the fern
 Lies hid the little waterfall. Each change
 In Nature's glorious face shall work a change
 In thine own life. The very air thou breath'st
 Shall fill thee with its quiet sanctity,
 And the Divine Intelligence that moves
 And lives in all thou seest shall uphold
 Thy fainting spirit, and shall give thee strength
 To meet unharmed life's ever-coming ills.

As you pass down that quiet little vale,
 A path diverges to an unused road,
 Built of old logs and covered o'er with grass,
 Which leads you till you're lost among the trees.
 Full pleasant is the spot, for here the sun
 Throws in the noontide through the moving roof
 A shower of molten gold, which slides between
 The half-transparent bars, and makes o'erhead
 A softened radiance. There is one sweet nook
 Hidden within this gentle solitude—

A little glen covered with matted leaves,
 And crossed by one large tree, whose body lies
 Crumbling to yellow mould. On either side
 A growth of reeds shoot up, and wild-wood flowers
 Hide its rough bark. The graceful golden-rod,
 And mullein with its wand of yellow buds,
 Bloom here unseen, and here the cedar rears
 Its low, green pyramid. A wall of roots,
 Like serpents interlaced, shows where the storm
 Struggled with this great Titan of the woods,
 Till, crashing on its course, it lies, as now,
 O'er stream and hollow, and leaving where it stood
 A scooped-out basin. Matted earth and stones
 Still cling to its huge trunk, and underneath,
 The squirrel finds his home—a safe retreat—
 And oft in summer here the wary wren
 Leads forth her callow brood.

A softer light,
 Gleaming like silver through the forest-trees,
 Tells us we're near the borders of the wood.
 Here is the clearing with its belt of pines
 And high-arched hemlocks, o'er whose rounded knolls
 The trailing blackberry shows its unripe fruit,
 While through the emerald roof that sways o'erhead
 The noontide comes in spots of light and shade
 That change with every breeze. The fountain scarce
 Is seen amid the leaves, or denser mass
 Of lace-worked fern, but issuing forth from roots
 Slimy and black, creeps o'er its hidden bed
 With a faint, fitful murmur. 'Neath my foot
 The winter-green sends out upon the air
 Its birch-like fragrance, caught up stealthily
 By the sweet, roving wind.

This winding path
 Leads from the forest to the grassy marge
 Of yonder mimic lake, where hour by hour
 The fisher plies his sport. How still and deep
 It lies between its banks!—so still, the duck
 Glazed in its bosom scarcely seems to break
 Its pictured image. In the topmost trees
 There is a merry sound of dancing leaves,
 And now a sudden gust of rising wind
 Comes mirroring across the water's glass,
 Lifting yon lazy oar that swings around
 And idly taps the boat. The little waves
 Break on its painted sides, and swiftly chase
 Each other up the beach, and on the breeze
 Dies to a whisper in the distant pines.
 The water wears once more upon its face
 Its broken images. The mirrored cloud
 Moves slowly through its depths, and far below
 Is seen once more the inverted factory,
 With forests pointing downwards from the hills —
 A mass of twinkling emerald. Smooth and green
 The long grass streams amid the tides below.
 Rising and falling, on the currents slide
 Around the mossy stones, and here and there
 Darts up and down the purple dragon-fly
 Above the shining ripples. To the north
 A pathway leads along the cornfield's skirt,
 Through a rank growth of yellow-flowering weeds.

Until you reach the dingy town that shuts
The valley in, with its red cottages—
A dingy country town, whose straggling lanes
Swarm thrice a day with troops of hardy men,
Maidens in bonnets of blue calico,
And smutty-visaged boys who dole away
Their lives amid the noise of oily looms
And clanging engines.

Beautiful, beyond,
The tall pines stand like dark-plumed sentinels,
Deploying down into the deep ravines
With ranks of oak, and beech, in close platoons—
A huge battalion of moss-covered trees,
Which on these heights for centuries have fought
Their battles with the storm. A narrow path,
Moist with the issues of cool forest-springs
That well beneath the twisted roots above,
Leads you along the wood, o'er banks of moss,
And underneath huge, ragged trunks of elm
That bridge the hollows. High o'erhead, the wind
That freshens in the distant harvest-fields
Makes a sweet murmur, bearing softly in
Through the close maple-boughs and leaves that dance
Far down the shaggy steep, the scent of flowers
And buckwheat blossoms whitening amid
The blaze of August.

How the admitted light,
That deepens with the freshness of the breeze,
Darts up these venerable trunks of beech
And barky cedar! Now with one broad gleam
It lights the forest half-way down, and now,
Melting to spots of gold, it dances o'er
The stems of prostrate trees, and shoots along
The twinkling wood-moss. In the topmost pines
The wind lulls faintly, and the pleasant gloom
Grows deeper with the deepening quietude,
Save where, amid the swaying leaves that meet
And rustle overhead, some unseen bird
With its perpetual chirp fills half the wide
And shadowy solitude.

There is a name
Linked with these grand old woods and pleasant hills
Which I would not forget. It is the name
Of one long since gone forth into the world
To try the stern realities of life,
But who amid her cares must oft revert
With pleasant recollections to her days
Of girlish romance, and the peaceful haunts
Which she had known from childhood. Ere my heart
Had lost its fits for moving, often here
We wandered when the fair and reddening West
Seemed all a-blaze above the forest-tops,
Scenting the breeze that wafted through the vale
The fragrance of the hay-field. Far along,
Beneath the hanging forest that shuts in
The valley on the western side, there ran
A race-way, covered in the flowery June
With large pond-lilies, which the water bore
Upon its bosom, powdered thick with stars.
Thither we walked on many a summer night,
Ere the reflected blushes of the sky

Had faded from the stream, or its rich mass
 Of mirrored gold and green grew indistinct
 Amid the glimmering twilight. She seemed made
 To suit the place, and half in gallantry
 We named it after her. Now all is changed :
 The groves we loved are sold for building-lots,
 And fair Glenarte now is but a thing
 Of half-remembered romance. 'Pleasant Vale,'
 'Tis known instead through all the neighborhood,
 And so they call the little country-town,
 With its red factory, and one straight street
 Built up with cottages on either hand.

The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

FISHING THE THIRD.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON BEAUTY.

MIROR et stupro cum cœlum aspicio et pulchritudinem siderum, angelorum; et quis digne laudet quod in nobis viget, corpus tam pulchrum, frontem pulchrum; nares, genas, oculos, in ellictum, omnia pulchra; si ade in creaturis laboramus; quid in ipsi Deo? — AUSTIN.

Piscator : Scholiast : Poeta.

PISCATOR : I am heartily glad, I am heartily glad to see you, scholars! thou, Poeta, and thou, Scholiast. Dull days are these for the honest angler, unless he spend it in goodly company. These long, dark nights, as they wallow through the snow, have a wild and dreary sound indeed to him who maketh the broad and heaven-tented fields his home, and the birds and brooks his choristers. Therefore are ye welcome to my lonely fireside and humble cheer. You see how merrily the fire blazeth : I have but just now heaped on the hickory, for by a certain motion of my spirits I was forewarned of the coming of trusty friends, and of a pleasant talk over the ruddy coals, to while away the dark.

POETA : The cheerful welcome is ever on thy lips, good my master, and the hearty welcome in thine eyes, and since the frost has taken the streams unto his arms, and laid his icy palm upon their pulses, so that our gentle art is set at naught, we are come for the love we bear it to talk thereof; for know, O Piscator! so greatly hath thy sport taken hold upon us twain, that we esteem all other things as little worth in its comparison.

SCHOLIAST : Yea, and I deem it good, honest master, to unbend at times from study, and with pleasant and harmless interchange of thoughts, fancies, and affections beguile the circling hours; and at such

times I seem in imagination to reäscend from manhood the ladder of life, by which we have come down to earth, until, standing on our ancient and topmost round of infancy, we with our heads touch the infinite profound from whence we were ; for thus I hold that we are, so to speak, increate. Richly indeed from his grand old English harp doth the psalmist of the 'deep sad music of humanity,' Wordsworth, resound :

'OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home.'

And this to me is the surest proof which I have of immortality ; that as none of us can remember where we were not, nor where we began to be, so we have ever been, and shall never cease to be. The gulf before us is no more mysterious than that behind. We stand upon the little island of the present, and all around us heave, and swell, and roar the great oceans of the past and future — memory, our good angel, striving with his feeble lamp to illumine the waste. But prithee, where is Venator ?

PISCATOR : In good sooth he hath become so wedded to our quiet sport that he spareth no pains to make his knowledge thereof most perfect. I think this evening he is unsnarling some twine which he hath purchased and tangled, in order that he may be the more expert thereat when he goeth to the angle. 'Tis pleasing pastime, I assure you, scholars, to follow a knot through all its intricacies, to dwell on the twistings and contortions of the thread, mark where in the thousand involutions its continuity is lost and wherein the manifold evolutions it reappears ; to pull blindly at loops ; to catch at slipping nooses, and jerk at double-bows, until from the shapeless and confused mass there pays out under your dexterous fingers a long and exquisitely spun thread. Wouldst thou not like to try thy skill thereat, Poeta ? I have many snarled lines, and they shall be at thy service.

POETA : From my heart I thank thee ; but I think though I might find pleasure I should not find patience.

PISCATOR : The Susquehanna angler hath need of great store of patience. Thou, Scholiast, hast thou a mind to exercise thy ingenuity thereat ?

SCHOLIAST : Nay, I am much beholden to thee. I could never bring myself to act upon two things at a time, and should I make the trial whereof thou speakest, much of thy brave discourse would be unheeded by me ; and thus my gain of patience would be but loss of wisdom and delight. But, I pray thee, speak to us of thy gentle art, for we are but sucklings in its wonders, and fain would eat of the strong man's meat of its mysteries.

PISCATOR : Anon and you shall hear of it. But thou, Scholiast, before I further discourse thereof shalt, while Poeta and myself (for thou hast no such appetites to minister to) drink of this creamy ale, and

smoke these fragrant cigars, pursue thy inquiry after the Beautiful, which, when last we went to the angle, gave such joy to us all.

POETA : Yea, most learned Scholiast, my ears are longing to catch the sound of thy instructive voice. Beside, this Beautiful, whereof we have sought a more perfect knowledge, should be the great solicitude of the bard, for by it he hath his name and honor among men.

SCHOLIAST : You shall find me in no way loth to talk thereof, but I fear lest I shall dwell upon it too long for your patience, and too feebly for your edification. Still you shall not hear me plead to any simple bashfulness. What then have we defined beauty to be ?

POETA : That *harmonious and suitable* COMBINATION *which* (aside from interest) *delights the intellect.*

SCHOLIAST. Thy memory serves thee well. We did little more in our former discourse than to define beauty, and refer the apprehension thereof to an act of the reason. Let us now inquire how it is that the beautiful acts upon the intellect, and how its apprehension by the reason is a source of delight.

PISCATOR : I am all ears to hear, all attent to understand. Prithce, proceed !

SCHOLIAST : Let us say then, scholars, that we are triangular and rectangular, the moral subtending the sensuous and intellectual, which, having a common point, diverge at a right angle. Let us say, moreover, that in the description of this triangle, which is in a circle, the sensuous is the shorter chord, and is given ; that from this the intellectual is drawn ; and that in all the sensuous is equal. Hence we see the circle is greater as the intellectual is produced ; and that the moral hypothenuse is the diameter, and true and infallible measure of the circle. Thus we shall clearly and in a word unfold our doctrine of the microcosm. Let us further say that what we possess in common with all animals is the sensuous. This it is that gives us cognizance of objects, and from all relation to themselves, merely as objects in space, separate and distinct from ourselves. The office of the sensuous, then, is simply to individualize us. But let us keep close to the path marked down upon our chart, because, whether this be true or not, little matters here. I have set this out that you may the better understand what I am about to propound. Shall we not assume now, scholars, that the brute has no appreciation of the Beautiful ?

PISCATOR : Yea, for a verity !

SCHOLIAST : Let us lay down as a proposition that the sensuous in all animals is the same and equal ; that whatever has more than this is man, which is intellect coupled with the sensuous ; that the intellect is as regards ourselves entirely interior and can hold no communion with the external world save through the medium of the sensuous, which is as it were its handmaid ; but that there is no mingling of the twain — no subserviency of the lord to the menial. Impressions come to us then through the sensuous, these are taken up or received by the intellect, made permanent, clarified and disposed by the considering powers thereof. However, this sensuous is not always trustworthy in its office. Custom may hamper it, habit may pervert it, and unless intellect from its immortal throne keeps watch and ward over it, the

myrmidons of error will sap its sovereignty, and deliver it over bound hand and foot to its vassal.

PISCATOR : So then, O master, there is no human intellect, except as it is illustrated by the sensuous !

SCHOLIAST : Thou rightly understandest me. Therefore, when I say that our apprehension of the beautiful is intellectual, I do not mean that taste is *à priori*, innate, or reminiscence ; but that beauty is revealed to us through the sensuous medium ; that the sensuous displays to us, as a window, objects ; that the harmony and suitableness of their combination is discovered by a process of ratiocination, which being recognized, affords delight — delight being predicated only of the intellect. Shall I repeat.

POETA : Nay, 't is sufficiently plain.

SCHOLIAST : Then, O my scholars, let it be understood that our senses, when sleep hath not overcome or disease overthrown them are constant in their operation. The eye always sees, the ear ever hears, the touch responds to every impress. This operation we are little conscious of, by reason of what I will call their discursiveness ; the result of which upon us we denominate listlessness. Complete consciousness is effected by the arrest of this discursiveness, which arrest is brought about by what we name the unusual. This unusualness may be either uncommonness, or it may be unusualness dependent upon time, place, or circumstance. Now this unusualness having arrested the discursiveness, the powers of the sensual, which had been previously generally diffused, are concentrated upon the particular presenting unusualness. Now the sensual and intellectual are divided, the one from the other, by a partition — as the internal from the external ear by a drum — which conveys a notice of all operations of the senses to the intellect ; and it is by this partition that we may reason upon gustation or hearing, although no process of causation or education can in any manner alter their function or effect. Sensations, being communicated by this partition to the intellect, compel an act thereof. This act is not altogether a matter of volition. True, when the intellect has withdrawn from its porch and shut its gates against all approach from without, and in its unseen sanctuary holds communion with obstruction, sensation may at times knock at its door unheeded. But it is seldom the portals are closed, and when open, sensation comes to the threshold and fulfils its office undesired and unbidden. It will not be restrained ; and thus arrives unavoidably to all men a certain amount of experience.

How the mind hurries on with its sighing and moaning, beating ever and anon its *rat-a-tat* on the casement ; but let it howl on, for within is a blazing hearth and good cheer. Truly, the Promethean fable is not all the offspring of ancient fancy, for sacred hath the radiance of the sun been ever esteemed ; holy the fire, its altars, and its hearths.

POETA : Ah ! this ale and tobacco put me in most comfortable humor. Prithce, good Scholiast, drown with that pleasant discourse of thine the pæan old Winter is singing to the gloomy god.

PISCATOR : Ay, master, for I keep all thy sayings in my heart.

SCHOLIAST : Now shall we declare that in the world the beautiful

is unusual ; that as compared with the great run of things of which our senses inform us the plain and ugly are the usual.

POETA : The beautiful unusual. Dost thou not blaspheme ? All things are beautiful in degree.

PISCATOR : Ay, master, and I recollect to have in Sir Thomas Browne, his *Religio Medici* : ' I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind of species or creature whatever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly ; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having proved that general visitation of God, who saw that all that He had made was good, that is, conformable to His will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity ; wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty ; nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly or misshapen but the chaos ; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form ; nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God.'

SCHOLIAST : In this the silver-tongued old Englishman is discoursing, not reasoning. He, without consideration, calls beauty but fitness or adaptation, and applying this to animals, says, ' they being created in the outward shapes and figures which best express the action of their inward forms,' referring their beauty to fulfillment of function. I also esteem that we may find the beautiful enshrined in many things, whereof we may have no inkling of their proposed ends, and therefore no conception of their fitness. But he speaks of the natural world, wherein there may be a greater proportion of the beautiful than in the artificial world ; yet no one can deny, who hath a just appreciation of the beautiful, and a mind conscious of its own emotions, that there are scenes of unmitigated gloom, grandeur, and horror, which the spirit of the beautiful has never visited, nor with its sacred torch illumined. We will, then, affirm that all things are not beautiful even in degree ; because it is the office of all beauty, speaking beyond all question of cavil or controversy, to afford pleasure ; and indifference and pain predominate among mankind undisputably. In the Apocalypse the joys of Heaven are thus felicitously portrayed : ' And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away !' Job also says, ' Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.' But beauty is only one of the sources of pleasure. Hence it is fair to say that the beautiful is unusual, and therefore that it displays itself more vividly before the senses because of this unusualness ; and this vividness of the unusual causing a centering of the discursive powers of the senses, they convey to the intellect in proportion as they have been centered a greater impression, calling into operation a corresponding greater action of the intellect : or, to speak plainly, unusualness — for example, the beautiful — excites in us wonder, and in proportion to the unusualness — for example, excellence in degree of beauty — is the extent or magnitude of our won-

der. And it is with that inconceivable celerity wherewith the senses act, and the intellect responds, that this excitation is produced and takes place. Now, when it is claimed that we look upon an object, and that one cognition of its beauty is immediate, we are in error. We do not heed the old injunction, '*Know thyself.*' I assert from a careful and rigid examination of the operation of my own mind, and from the assurances of others whose attention I have called to this point, (and it is susceptible of proof in no other way,) that it is the emotion of wonder, which is raised and immediately proceeds and merges in an apprehension of the beautiful, that we have mistaken for such apprehension. This emotion of wonder being excited by the unusualness of any particular, the faculty of causation, ever inquiring by a law of its nature, seeks the why and wherefore of this excitation. What is it, says causation, in the particular which has been presented, that has aroused this emotion in the mind? Then a consideration of the particular by the intellect takes place, a harmonious and suitable combination is discovered to be the cause of the unusualness which excited this wonder, and which concentrated the operation of the senses. Shall we not say this and proceed?

PISCATOR: Then, worthy master, when novelty is superseded by familiarity, the beautiful vanishes? Hast thou not, in one former discourse, declared that it is as immutable as its sire is immortal. Let us, at least, have consistency in thy speculations, for the poet says it is a jewel.

SCHOLIAST: Thou shalt see there is no jarring or militation in aught that I have advanced, but that the doubt which thou hast sprung only goes to confirm and strengthen me. Knowledge is graven upon the intellect as with a pen of iron. Nor time, nor shock, nor change can in any manner efface or obliterate it. Delight, also, is as distinguished from pleasure, which is transitory and sensuous, of the intellect permanent. But both knowledge and delight of and in a particular may be dormant, under the superincumbency of universals, or of other particulars, until that particular whereof and wherein we have knowledge and delight, is presented to us, either objectionably, or in the cloisters of the imagination, or memory. As regards the familiar, perfect knowledge of the beautiful in a particular puts an end to all future discovery of harmony and suitableness of combination; the beautiful therein has delighted the intellect, and thus delight has become a part and portion of the microcosm; and though we may not always be sensible of it, when the sensual presents it to the intellect, or the intellect in its incomprehensible circling and interchange brings it before the eye of the mind, this delight shoots up like a spring-flower within us — not a new delight — but the same old beatitude. It is by mistaking the awakening of the same for a new delight that some have endeavored to refer all beauty to association. The beautiful in the familiar has been apprehended. We know it to be there, and we can regard it without a mixture of wonder in our intellectual complacency. Knowing its existence therein, we view it only upon volition; but when we do thus consider it with a calm and undisturbed disposition, devoid of all those emotions which wonder excites, it lies before us, so speak, un-

impassioned, and we look upon it as upon the face of the corpse, and deem that in the placid features of the one that *was*, we can trace the lineaments of the angel that *is*. Familiarity does not dissipate beauty, on the contrary, it alone fits us for correct apprehension and perfect appreciation thereof ; for, from the infirmity of our nature, the obscurity of our senses, the thousand hindrances which passion, prejudice, association and interest throw around our finiteness, first conclusions are often at fault. Nor does beauty less delight us that we have daily intercourse therewith ; but the intellectual effort having once been made, by which the beautiful was discovered radiant through the unusualness of its manifesting medium, the delight that the intellect takes is not the delight arising from the act of discovery, (nor was it in the first instance,) nor from the intellectual process, but delight in the combination, which must tarry with us as long as that combination exists in harmony and suitableness. Nothing beautiful ! O my scholars, that we have beheld and know, ever loses its effect upon us. It goes with us and works in us for ever. It never can pall upon us, and if aught has palled, which we at any time have deemed beautiful, it was the specious and gaudy. We were deceived and blinded, and familiarity has taken the scales from our abused apprehension. For want of other test, to the uninitiated this immutability is the touch-stone by which the beautiful is tried. With great propriety might the untutored demand : ' Is the morning less beautiful to the aged than the youthful ; is any common thing of beauty, the daffodil responsive to the spring's earliest kiss ; the violet, awakened by the blue-bird's gentle warble ; the old songs, that nestle like callow broods of birds in the utmost corner of the heart, less delectable to us in later days than in childhood ? ' Nay, nay, my scholars ! taunt me not that my theory goes to derogate from this ever-working and ever-accompanying joy within us. Nothing beautiful can ever cease to delight us ; and each new delight expands our capacities, strengthens our faculties and enlarges our sympathies. For my part, I discover more and more of beauty every day I live. Goodlier grows every scene around me, brighter every little flower ; Nature's hidden charms are more and more, and clearer revealed to me ; Art throws wider and wider its unfolding temple doors, and glories I had never thought or dreamed of appear in its dim recesses, as the golden light of years and experience fall upon them ; and in the moral world, whose unveiled beauty no mortal man shall ever perfectly see, I can behold the pillar of clouds by day, and the pillar of fire by night, resting over this tabernacle of the flesh !

PISCATOR : Most bravely, and in good earnest spoken, worthy Scholiast. But tell me, I pray, why, when the intellect seeks the cause of its marvel at the unusualness of objects, is it that it taketh delight in that which hath a certain harmony and suitableness of combination ? In what does this delight consist, and how is it produced ?

SCHOLIAST : The Scriptures say we are fearfully and wonderfully made. Our intellect, which includes reason, judgment, understanding, and many other faculties, as we may have a conception of it devoid of all clogs, hindrances, and untoward influences, is a harmonious and suitable combination of intelligences. Now what shall we say is the

struggle and aim of all intellect? Knowledge! this but a means inductive. Power and sway! these are but temporal, and the intellect repudiates them — they are of the earth, earthy, and when attained, the strife and aim are accomplished. Glory! this is mundane, and by it these mortal frames become our prison-house, and the things of mortality our chains; but the intellect of man is not circumscribed by these walls of flesh, nor fettered to this sublunary sphere, 'it takes its flight further than the stars, and can not be confined by the limits of this world; it extends its thoughts often even beyond the utmost expansion of matter, and makes excursions into that uncomprehensible inane;' or, as Lucretius hath expressed it:

'VIVIDU vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi,
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque.'

No! the intellect finds itself here an illustrious stranger, a guest in halls not ancestral, a sojourner in a foreign land, and whatever may be its acquisitions here, whatever wealth it may amass of knowledge, power, sway, and glory, through toil, its heart and its real treasures are far away. Yet it goes around seeking fellowship and kindred communion; and whenever it finds a semblance of conformity to itself, there it meets a solace, a joy, and is delighted. This, then, let us hold; the aim of the intellect is to discover and effectuate a conformity of things to itself. In order that I may be explicit, let me say, this conformity is not the conformity of things to the laws which the reason lays down, nor the conformity of adaptation, nor yet a conformity which the mind prescribes, but a conformity to the conformation of the intellect. Now let us go to the world and ask if this be not so. That the Pagans held this doctrine of conformity is evident. The supreme intelligences which in their ignorance, blindness, and error they set up as the rulers of their destinies and the arbiters of their fate, were above all solicitous to bring about this conformity of the microcosm to their own immortal perfection, and the philosophers declared that the gods delighted most in virtue and in those men most resembling them; and the heroes of old, in whom this conformity was thought to exist, were elevated into the ranks and thrones of the deities. In support of this, let me adduce a few authorities. Apuleius, in his '*God of Socrates*' says: 'Nothing is more similar and more acceptable to deity than a man intellectually good in a perfect degree.' Another of the ancients in his treatise on the '*Gods and the world*,' declares: 'We, when we are virtuous, are conjoined with the gods through similitude; but when vicious, we are separated from them through dissimilitude. And while we live according to virtue, we partake of the gods; but when we become evil we cause them to become our enemies.' We read in Diogenes Laertius' '*Life of Zeno*,' that the stoics 'sacrifice to the gods and keep themselves pure, for they avoid all offenses having reference to the gods, and the gods admire them, for they are holy and just in all that concerns the deity.' Plato, in the '*Timæus*' discourses of the framing Artificer of the universe: 'HE was good, and in the good envy is never engendered about anything whatever. Hence, being free from this, he desired that

all things should as much as possible resemble himself.' And of the joys of their hereafter, this conformity was looked upon as the grand and beatific summation, for in the '*Phædro*' Socrates asks: 'Does not the soul . . . depart to that which resembles itself, the invisible, the divine, immortal, and wise? and on its arrival there, is it not its lot to be happy, free from error, ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all the other evils to which human nature is subject, and, as is said of the initiated, does it not in truth, pass the rest of its time with the gods?' But enough of the Pagans and their mythological vagaries. Let us go out from their mists and darkness of superstition into the clear and effulgent truth of the Gospel of the only great and one God; and be thankful that through revelation His surpassing glory is shining round about us. Conformity to the Supreme Intellect of the world is the sum of CHRIST's teachings. The ALMIGHTY made man (intellectually) in his own image. We are commanded to do no labor on the Sabbath. Why? Because on that day the LORD rested. Our SAVIOUR, in the Sermon on the Mount, says: 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your FATHER which is in Heaven is perfect.' So again in Luke: 'Be merciful even as your FATHER is also merciful. PAUL writes to the Romans: 'For whom HE did foreknow HE also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his SON, that he might be the first among brethren.' But why multiply instances? Throughout the Scriptures we are commanded to be like GOD, and to imitate the example of our SAVIOUR. The whole scope of the biblical injunctions, is conformity to the Supreme Intellect of the universe. Now, if we are of the nature of this Supreme Intelligence, the aim of our intellect must be similar to the aim of that to which we are similar. It is beautifully said in the '*Timæus*': 'The DERTY assigned this [the human soul] to each as a dæmon; that, namely, which we say, and say correctly, too, resides at the summit of the body, and raises us from earth to our cognate place in Heaven; for we are plants, not of earth, but Heaven: and from the same source whence the soul first arose, a divine nature, raising aloft our head and root, directs our whole corporeal frame.' In fact, all men, in all ages, who have argued for the immortality of the soul, have contended that its origin is Divinity. The Dæmon of the ancients, as the above passage, as well as numerous others, shows, was but the soul, or a species of Deity, which attended the body through its mortality. The Promethean spark was an emanation from the throne of the immortals. The Scriptures declare: 'And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.' This breath was not mere animation, like that of the brute, but intellect, a correspondence to, if not a portion of, His own eternal nature. And why this struggle for fame, which has no intermission — his thirst for glory, which nothing earthly can quench — this appetite for honor and power that cannot be satiated. For the unsubstantial things of this world? No! however we may think to the contrary. No! these aspirations are but the effects of the 'timid soul struggling to be free.' And it is the common opinion of men, as regards the things of mortality, that, as Juvenal says:

'QUONDAM præcipitat subiecta potentia magnæ
Invidiæ; mergit longæ atque insignis honorum
Pagina; descendunt statum restemque sequuntur.'

'Nam qui nimias optabat honores,
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, et impulsæ præceps immane ruinae.'

No ! in this mortal toil for the unattained, we see through the cloud and darkness of the flesh the dim manifestation of the divinity within us. We are of the Immortal, immortal. Even in the most common of our acts we behold the shadowing forth of this aim of the intellect toward conformity. We wish others to be like ourselves, to follow our customs and habits. We desire a conformity to our individual sentiments and opinions. Nothing of this do we discover in the brutes, they possessing naught but *the sensuates*. This endeavor to bring about conformity, is of the intellect ; is its aim ; and in this conformity is its delight. Bear in mind, my scholars, I speak only of the pure intellect, unwarped, unprejudiced, uncontaminated by our passions, thus excluding from the delight connected with our apprehension of the beautiful, all love, all favor, all vanity, all association, all possible interest which may suggest itself as joined thereto. The delight, therefore, which the intellect experiences arises from conformity. Now are we free to affirm that the intellect is a harmonious and suitable combination of intelligences ; and, therefore, the most beautiful of all things sublunary. And of this we will speak anon.

THE MAPLE TREE.

BY THE PRÆSANT-DARD.

BESIDE the way is growing
A bonny maple tree :
To passers, by it going,
All noteless it may be.
All noteless it may be :
But 't is not so to me,
For the queen of all the kingdom,
I call the maple tree.

I mind it well, one evening,
The moon was shining bright,
Its friendly boughs were screening
Two lovers from the light.
Two lovers from the light :
My love was there with me :
So the queen of all the kingdom
I call the maple tree.

How pure the joy I tasted !
How rapturous the kiss !
How swift the moments hasted !
How fleeting earthly bliss !
How fleeting earthly bliss :
But, woodman, let it be :
For the queen of all the kingdom
I call the maple tree.

D I S C O U R A G E M E N T .

O Soul! have all thy glorious dreams,
 Thine aspirations proud and high,
 Faded as fade Morn's opal gleams,
 When sudden clouds obscure the sky?
 Art thou content to fold, inert,
 Those pinions once so prompt to soar,
 And 'mid Earth's way-side pilgrims lurk,
 And lag unnoted evermore?

O Soul! wilt quench thine early thirst
 For springs of pure Pierian flow,
 At streams polluted, whence the worst
 Of worldly grovellers quaff also?
 Wilt fling in recklessness away
 The talisman so prized of yore?
 Or dim, or interfuse with clay,
 The brightness of its native ore?

O Soul! dost thou no longer thrill
 At noble words and deeds sublime,
 Such as were wont to grandly fill
 The halls of Thought in olden time?
 Do poet-lays, which erewhile rang
 Like clarions in a temple-place,
 Make now but a discordant clang,
 When Memory wandering, jars the space?

Soul! hast thou naught responsive now
 To Nature's myriad sweet appeals:
 The sunshine on the mountain's brow,
 The shade that o'er the soft grass steals:
 The birds, the brooks, the budding flowers,
 The meadows bright in summer-green,
 The purple charm of twilight hours,
 The hallowed moon-light's chastening beam!

The wind that softly, grandly swells
 Its heavenward diapason high:
 The mists, slow-climbing from the dells,
 The lark, swift-springing to the sky:
 The scents, that born in dingles low,
 Far in the depths of ether die:
 Seem they no longer guides to show
 The path to immortality?

No, Soul! the weary march of life
 Is all too full of carking cares:
 The records of ignoble strife
 Thy changed and tarnished aspect bears!
 The steep of Fame thy failing powers
 May never more essay to climb:
 One laurel from those deathless bowers
 May never, never, Soul! be thine!

A NIGHT WITH A NEREIDE.

‘TRUE love is earth’s best blessedness : all else,
Wealth, Fame, Nobility, and the poor gauds
Wherewith man trinkets out his little life,
End with the dust that rattles on his bier :
But Love, like a rich heritage, ascends
With the freed spirits to the throne of God,
There to be proved and purified.’

TEMPTED by the beauty of the evening, I left the festive scene within, and wandered slowly to the sea-shore. The dashing of the waves upon the beach, and the sighing of the night wind, were more in harmony with my feelings than the gay strains of the dance-music, which even at that distance reached my ear. When the heart is desolate and lonely, the notes of gay dances fall upon the ear more sadly than funeral marches. To me they brought back those happy hours of the past, when, with a loved one by my side, I had mingled in such scenes, the gayest of the gay, and now he was gone over the wide, wide seas, and I was alone. Seating myself upon a rock, I gazed off upon the moonlit ocean and gave myself up to reveries of by-gone hours. The quiet beauty of the night, and the gentle murmur of the waves, was very soothing to my weary spirit, and tears came to give my aching heart relief. Presently a sweet melody reached my ear, and listening more attentively, I heard a soft, low voice, chanting thus :

‘SAY, mortal, say, why art thou weeping,
And thus by the sea-shore thy sad watch keeping ?
The earth is so fair and the sea so bright,
Then why, mortal, why dost thou weep to-night ?’

and raising my eyes, I beheld standing beside me the most exquisite creature I had ever imagined ; her face had the brightness and beauty of an angel’s, her form was covered with the lightest and most graceful drapery ; a crown of sparkling diamond-stars encircled her brow, and a band of pearls and emeralds formed a girdle for her waist.

Perceiving that she had attracted my attention, she thus addressed me : ‘Fear not, mortal, for I come to dry thy tears. I am Alciope, Queen of the Nereides, and though my own heart is free from care, I pity thy sorrows, and am come from my home ’neath the ocean’s waves, to be of use to thee. Tell me thy grief, perchance I have power to remove it.’ And I at once replied : ‘I weep because my heart is desolate. The one I love is far away, and the only wish of my soul is, to see him again.’ She turned her soft eyes wonderingly upon me as she said : ‘I can grant thee but one request, so pause ere thou decidest.’ And I answered : ‘It is useless, for I have but that one wish.’ ‘Knowest thou not, mortal,’ she replied, ‘that men are false ? so I warn thee, think again, ere thou cast from thee the wealth, fame, and honor, which it is now in thy power to possess.’ And I answered, a little impatiently :

'If he were false, wealth and fame would have no charms for me; but I have no fear; so if indeed thou canst, grant, I pray thee, the request I make, and let me see to-night the one I love so well.' 'It shall be as thou wilt, on one condition,' the Sea-Queen replied. 'For though it be difficult to accomplish, yet in pity to thy sorrow, and admiration of thy constancy, I will take thee to thy loved one to-night, if, on condition of his proving false to thee, thou wilt consent to pass a year with me in my ocean home.' I readily agreed, and she continued: 'Old Neptune loves me well, and all things in his dominion are at my command, even the Hippocampi, and we shall have need of them to-night, for the journey before us is long, but they are swift and gallant steeds, and will soon bear us over the ocean's waves, to the distant land where thy loved one dwells. Proteus has kindly endowed me with his own wonderful power of assuming all forms and shapes, and I may have to avail myself of it; and now now yield thyself to my protection, for we must first visit my home beneath the sea. And so saying, she took me by the hand and led me to the water's edge, and passing one arm around my waist, we floated off upon the surface, while she chanted in her low, musical tones, the sweetest melodies. Presently we began to sink, and a sensation of fear crept over me, but a pressure of her hand served to reassure me, and I found the effect delightful. I could breathe as freely as though upon land, and the moon and stars were distinctly visible above us. For some time we continued to sink, till the sound of distant voices reached my ear, and I distinguished bright forms approaching us, and caught distinctly the chorus of their song:

'HAIL to our Ocean Queen,
Fairer no eye hath seen:
Hail! all hail!'

We were soon surrounded by these syrens, and I saw that we were approaching an illuminated palace of magnificent structure and dimensions. The doors flew open at our approach, and entering, I found myself in a spacious hall. Lofty columns supported the arched roof, from which was suspended crystal lamps, diffusing a brilliant light around. Strains of joyous music welcomed our approach, and fair forms flitted round us, offering homage to their queen; but she passed on through whole suites of apartments, glittering with innumerable lights, and gorgeously decorated, till she arrived at one where she begged me to await her return, as she had orders to give for our journey, and waving her hand most gracefully toward me, she glided out, leaving me lost in wonder and admiration at the elegance and beauty by which I was surrounded. The room was of a circular form, and the walls and the pillars which supported the dome, were of a dark-green stone, so highly polished as to have the effect of mirrors, and reflect and multiply the numerous lamps suspended from the ceiling, which was glittering with crystals. The floor was of mosaic work, and the beauty of its design and finish far exceeded any I had ever seen. Between the columns were vases cut from stone, of pale yellow, and delicate violet hues, and of the most classical shapes. There were couches and lounges of the most graceful form and elegant workman-

ship : one of pink coral exquisitely carved, with cushions and pillows of white satin ; another of mother-of-pearl, with blue, and a third of tortoise shell, with gold-colored cushions. These cushions and pillows were stuffed with eider-down, and covered with a material woven from the hair of the sea-horse, which was so soft and glossy that it resembled satin. In the centre of the room was a small oval table of red coral, most beautifully carved, upon which were standing exquisitely-shaped urns of crystal, and goblets of amber. On one side of the room, between two of the columns, was suspended a heavy curtain of delicate rose-colored satin, and curiosity tempted me to lift it. I beheld another elegant room, evidently a sleeping-apartment ; for the first object that arrested my attention was a gracefully-shaped couch, elaborately carved from the purest white meerschaum, and shaded by a canopy of soft, rose-colored tissue. The bed and pillows were of the purest white, and seemed just the place 'a fairy would choose to dream in.' The floor was covered with a green matting, woven from the fine sea-grasses, but small rugs of white swan-down were scattered round as though to protect the feet of the inmates from coming in contact with the floor. The bath was of white stone, cut in shape of a large, graceful shell, and filled with perfumed water. The lamps were concealed in vases of transparent stone, and gave to the room the effect of a soft moon-light.

I know not how long I might have lingered entranced in this nest of luxury and refinement, had I not been startled by the voice of Alciope, who had entered unperceived, and was standing beside me. Come, said she, and signing me to follow her, she approached the table in the circular chamber, and filling one of the goblets with a sparkling liquid contained in one of the urns, she bade me drink it ; and, filling another for herself, she remarked : ' This possesses the power of rendering us invisible, and I think it a safe precaution in case of our meeting Amphitrite, Neptune's wife, who is so exceedingly jealous of me that she never loses any opportunity of annoying me, and endeavoring to weaken my influence with the Sea-King. I leave you to judge from what you have seen to-night how little cause I have to fear her, but were she to discover that I had introduced a mortal into the realms of Ocean, she might give us trouble by causing us delay ; for Neptune thinks it his best policy to pretend to listen to her complaints, and humors her to keep her quiet, and so she takes every opportunity to exert the little influence she possesses to annoy and vex me, and when other means fail to move her husband, she has recourse to tears and fainting-fits.' I could n't help laughing to think how much this description resembled some mortal women. Just then the sound of a trumpet echoed through the halls, and she exclaimed, ' Our faithful Triton summons us, let us be going,' and passing through several spacious chambers we came to the large gates, which flew open at our approach, and before it stood an elegant car formed like a large shell, and drawn by four magnificent white horses. She gave some parting injunctions to the attendant Nercides, sprang into the car, and beckoned me to follow. Triton blew a furious blast upon upon his trumpet, and our steeds bounded forward into the Ocean. Soon we were upon the surface, and dashing over the waves at such a lightning-like speed, that it almost took away my

breath, and yet it did not keep pace with my impatience. On, on we sped over the foaming billows, till, finally, the sights of lights in the distance announced that we were approaching land, and my companion announced to me that we had reached our destination. The harbor was filled with ships, and we could plainly hear the voices of the sailors, laughing and singing as they lounged upon the decks. 'And now,' said my companion, 'remember that we are still invisible. Shall I conduct thee thus to him thou seekest, or wilt thou resume thine own form?' 'Let me go to him thus, by all means; I would fain look upon him when he suspects not my presence.' 'Come, then,' she replied, 'and I trust thou may'st not have cause to repent the choice thou hast made to-night, for I should be sorry to see that beautiful confidence misplaced, and that steadfast love slighted.' We stepped upon the land and traversed several streets, till we came in sight of a gayly-lighted mansion, and the sound of music and revelry reached our ears, and showed that some festive scene was going on within. We entered, and passed into a magnificent banquet-hall. At first I was so completely dazzled by the blaze of lights, and the fusion of gay voices, that I could distinguish nothing. But presently my eyes became accustomed to the glare, and my senses more composed, and I gazed upon a brilliant company of fine-looking men, and beautiful women, seated at a richly-spread table. Wine sparkled in the goblets, toasts were given, and all seemed gay and joyous; but my heart almost ceased to beat, as among this brilliant throng I recognized the one I had come to seek. There was a smile on his lip as he bent his manly form to listen to some gay remark from a beautiful woman who was seated next; and then that well-loved voice, whose every tone was music to my heart, reached me in a playful rejoinder, and sent the blood thrilling through every vein, and I longed to rush forward and clasp him to my heart, when my companion whispered: 'Poor child, thou hast taken the wearisome journey but to witness his devotion to another, and I shall claim thy promise, and take thee back to my Ocean home, and number thee among my Nereides. Wilt thou come?' 'Not yet,' I replied, 'for I have seen nothing to make me think him false, and couldst thou look into his heart this moment, I feel assured thou wouldst find my image alone enshrined there; he told me that neither time nor absence could efface, and though oceans rolled between us, it could not divide our hearts; and I feel that he spoke truly. Look at that noble forehead, that proudly-curling lip, and tell me if deceit is written there.' 'Deluded mortal,' she answered, 'wilt thou not believe even what thou seest with thine own eyes?' And I said: 'I have seen nothing that should cause me to doubt him; he is gay and cheerful in the presence of a beautiful woman, and it is thus I would always have him be, when circumstances keep him from me; but I tell thee, if he might choose, he would never leave me to seek the side of another. He is bound to me by the holiest ties, and no woman can win him from me.' 'I will at least try the experiment,' replied Alciope, for it would indeed be a double triumph to prove to thee that I was right in my assertion of men's fickleness, by winning him from thee, and then carry thee off to my home beneath the sea,' and she laughed a light, mocking laugh,

that made me almost repent having put myself in her power. 'See,' she continued, 'they are about adjourning to the ball-room, let us follow; I will take the form of a beautiful woman, and use my every art to fascinate him, and we shall see how his boasted constancy will stand the test!' I was annoyed by the delay, but forced to yield, and in a moment she stood before me, one of the most lovely creatures my eyes ever beheld, and as though she had known the point most calculated to win him, she had assumed that air of high-bred refinement which I well knew was in his eyes, the greatest attraction a woman could possess; and as I saw his attention directed toward her, a death-like faintness came over me, and I felt as though this were too much of a trial even for his constancy, and trembled for the result. But just as Alciope was about to leave me, I saw his eye fall upon a ring he wore, and which had been my own gift to him under very peculiar circumstances, and the expression which passed over his face spoke to my heart as plainly as words could have done, and I felt that I had been wrong to doubt him even for a moment, and I whispered to Alciope: 'If thou canst obtain the ring he wears I will return with thee to thy ocean-home, but if not, I shall claim thy promise.' 'Only that ring,' said she, laughing, 'will that indeed satisfy thee?' And I replied that it would; for I well knew that nothing would tempt him to part with it till he had ceased to love the giver. Fearing I should not be able to retain my composure if I remained near them, I withdrew to a distant part of the room, and watching them from a distance, I saw them join the dancers, and he looked with admiration on his beautiful partner, a bright smile played upon his lip, and his eye was bright with pleasure, as they whirled by me in the waltz. The time hung wearily upon my hands; for it is but poor amusement to watch the man you love playing the agreeable to another woman, but to me it had at least the charm of novelty, and I could have almost found it in my heart to pity those poor wives and sweethearts, who are victims of the green-eyed monster, jealousy! It was the first time in my life that I had ever been able to understand the feeling. I did not find it pleasant, and it is a satisfaction to know that no *mortal woman* could raise that demon in *my* breast! At last I saw Alciope approaching, and she exclaimed: 'Thou mayst well be proud of thine empire over his heart, and thy confidence is well placed: I tried every fascination, every art to lure him from thee, but in vain; and as for that ring, he says he would not part with it for the brightest gem in an emperor's crown; and now I am ready to fulfil my promise, and lead thee to him. Come!' said she, and led the way to a quiet apartment; but my trembling limbs would scarcely allow me to follow, for the thought that I was indeed to see him again, seemed to have deprived me of all strength. I assumed my own form, and at the door she left me. He was alone, and had thrown himself listlessly upon a couch, as though wearied with the festive scene. A moment I stood in silent contemplation of that well-loved face, and then murmuring his name, rushed toward him. He started up, looked at me wildly, doubtfully, for a moment, as though he feared his senses were deceiving him, and then clasped me passionately to his heart, and his dear voice sounded in my ear, breathing fond assurances of continued love, and

sweetest terms of endearment, and I was happy once more. I could have rested thus for ever, but his eager questions forced me to raise myself, and I awoke, to find it all a dream! I was clinging to a rock, and my hair was wet with the night-dew, but my heart was happy.

Thus doth thy fond love cheer me,
Though thou art far away :
Thus doth the night-time utter
Words never heard by day.

July 25th, 1866.

J. K. L.

READING TENNYSON.

BY MARY W. S. GIBSON.

Do you recall that summer's day,
When, straying long and far away,
Within a lovely spot,
Your shoulder pillowing my head,
I listened while you sat and read
'The Lady of Shalott?'

The deep blue sky seemed bending low :
I watched the white clouds come and go,
And looking up I knew,
By the kind smile upon your face,
The self-same things I loved to trace
Were dearly loved by you!

Had she, so long by passion tossed,
The lovely lady and the lost,
Come in between us there,
We should have welcomed her with eyes
Brimful of feeling, not surprise,
And soothed her lone despair.

O blessed hour! O blessed spot!
O lovely Lady of Shalott!
O friend so wise and dear!
To-day I ope the book again,
But try to find the charm in vain :
Would thou wert with me here!

Strong hills of granite, bold and high,
The beauty of a western sky
Had far more charms for me!
And where the noble Hudson flows,
O'er tipped with crimson as he goes,
My heart must ever be!

For thee, dear friend, whose paths are laid
Within the city's heat and shade,
I know 't is not forgot :
That day of conscious happiness,
That shape of light and loveliness,
The Lady of Shalott!

TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

'AT about half-past one P.M., on the twenty-first of September, 1882, SIR WALTER SCOTT breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open; and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose.'

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

THE sunset's evanescent smile,
That gilds the long and shadowy aisle
Of Dryburgh's old monastic pile,
Seems slow to fade
From the sepulchral marble bed,
Where rests the venerated head
Of SCOTT—with his forefathers dead,
All lowly laid.

Fit place of rest!
Around him famous champions lie,
His ancestry of years fled by,
Each with his sculptured effigy
Stretched o'er the dust!
Bones of grave monks repose around,
Of knights in feudal wars renowned,
Of mailed nobles, each one crowned
With his grim bust.

Dead saints their holy palms expand,
Dark soldiers clasp the stony brand;
The plumed casque, the priestly wand,
Watch o'er his sleep.
Well did he love your lives to paint,
Rough vassal and monastic saint,
In life-like tale or lyric quaint,
With colorings deep.

Well did he love the shadows dim,
That o'er departed ages swim,
To pierce, till they revealed to him
Their deeds of gloom.
Well did the Great Magician wield
His staff, till each ensanguined field
Its dead at his command would yield
From Time's dark womb.

He spake, and the soft landscape spread
Its verdurous borders to the tread;
Groves mingled their thick tops o'erhead,
Herds roamed below:
The stag and the wild boar swept by,
Loud peals the hunter's cheery cry,
Whistling the cloth-yard arrows fly,
Sharp twangs the bow.

He sang! and in the lofty strain
 Cheviot's bald summits gleamed again,
 Each mount in Scotland's broad domain
 Up rose to view;
 Loch-Lomond and Loch-Katrine's roar
 Resound along the idle shore,
 And Tweed's melodious channels pour
 Their waves of blue.

He sang! the brier-rose oped its bloom,
 The sweet fern mingled its perfume,
 The heath-flower tossed its colored plume
 O'er hill and dale.
 His voice aroused deep solitudes,
 Drear deserts and primeval woods,
 Amid whose brown impetuous floods
 Trod the wild Gael.

The fisher, in his rocking skiff,
 Beneath Ben Nevis' craggy cliff,
 Heard the wild song;
 The sheep-boy, tending his white fold,
 And maiden, with her locks of gold,
 In silken snood or tartan rolled,
 Dancing along.

He sang! and the bold mountaineer,
 Whose bones for many a dusty year,
 'Neath savage cairn or snow-drift drear,
 Forgot had lain;
 Flashed his tough spear and smote his shield.
 His claymore his stout arm would wield,
 And o'er his ancient battle-field
 Stalked forth again.

MONTROSE awoke, and MORAY'S star
 Shone o'er the lurid clouds of war,
 While ARGYLE and bluff EARL OF MAR,
 At Sheriff-Muir,
 Again the barbed horsemen led;
 Again the lowland sword grew red,
 Again the stalwart clansmen bled,
 O'er heath and moor.

He spake! and loud the clarion pealed,
 As IVANHOE, with spear and shield,
 Triumphant held the tented field
 Against the foe.
 RICHARD of England swings his blade,
 And the bold outlaws swarm the glade.
 With falchion and with shaft arrayed,
 And bended bow.

MEG MERRILIES, with her gipsy brood,
 Kindle their camp-fires in the wood;
 DIRK HATTERAICK plots his deeds of blood,
 In caverns grim;
 That 'BERTRAM'S right and BERTRAM'S might
 Should meet on Ellangowan height,'
 MEG toils at morn, MEG toils at night,
 For love of him.

ROB ROY his rugged Caterans leads,
 MAC IVOR on the scaffold bleeds,
 DALGETTY on his 'provant' feeds,
 BRADWARDINE's guest;
 Sweet LUCY ASHTON droops in grief,
 Fair AMY ROBSART's dream is brief,
 Poor EFFIE DEANS seeks sweet relief
 On JEANNIE's breast.

He sleeps! where Dryburgh flaunts the weed,
 And ivies their green tendrils lead,
 While fast beside the silver Tweed
 Perpetual pours:
 Yon towers of Abbotsford arise,
 And watch the spot where low he lies,
 And near the latest sunbeam dies,
 On fair Melrose!

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER EIGHT.

SLOPER'S SUMMER EXPERIENCES CONTINUED

'AND so,' observed beautiful Widow Twiggles, 'you have followed me all the way to Cape May?'

'Yes,' answered I, 'I came a-Maying after the sweetest flower that ever grew — and have found it.'

'In an arbor!'

'Well,' said I, looking around, 'if we come to that, I reckon I'd better call you a lady-apple; for that's the only real pretty, rosy, sweet, first-rate, tart little beautiful thing that I ever saw kept under dead leaves. Country folks say it makes the color come. I b'lieve that's so.'

And I believe it was, for by the time I had got out that last speech there was a color on Amelia's cheeks which would have torn down a peck of madder. Perhaps it was the evening clouds which shone that sun-set with an extra ferocious crimson, like as if the fire of the day had burned down some, and the last and hottest coals were being raked out just before the black ashes of night should be piled over them. There we sat in the arbor composed of pine boards and covered with dry oak boughs, and the evening winds kept a-twisting and rustling the leaves, and we looked down at the roaring great waves running up like cream-soda on the beach, and at two little boys who kept chasing of them and prodding them with sticks, as if they expected to pin them down, and at the rest of the children, who were digging for dear life in the sand without regard to dress or rank, and at one soli-

tary old fogey in a yellow-flannel bathing-dress, who was out bobbing around in the surf on his own hook, and at three niggers who were bathing further off, apparently in an advanced state of delirium tremendous, to judge from the high-pressure yells and extra-super-dreadful grins in which they were breaking loose. Way off there was a pilot-boat with a great H. on its sail, and further still, lots of craft, looking like Millerites in ascension-robcs on top of the blue sky — halt way up to glory.

'Mr. Sloper,' remarked Amelia, 'ever since I have been down here, I've been trying to think what those waves resemble, or what that sea is most like. I sit and watch and think and think, till all I know is that they ebb and flow, and make wild music; and that is as far as I ever get. But oh! it is so delicious to bewilder one's self in such feeling!'

'I rather guess,' said I, 'though I can't pretend to be one of your cute sort, that you're a good deal nearer to the true nature of the big drink than many folks who come down to recite poetry to it. When I hear folks do that, I always think of the days at school, when we used to declaim verses the last thing on Saturday forenoon, just before the holiday of the week begun. So these good people seem to think that before their watering-place holiday can regularly begin, they must rush down to the old ocean, like as they used to go before the old school-master, and say the scraps they've got by heart. After they've done that once or twice, they rush off home and act about as poetical as news-boys at a steam-boat landing. But as for the sea——'

'Yes, Mr. Sloper: what are your opinions of the sea?'

It is a queer point in the widow — but a first-chop one — that she takes an interest in what most folks say, and particularly in what I say. Many and many a time, when I'm breaking loose and trotting along in my talk, dealing out mere loose nonsense and such small chaff as men generally bestow on ladies, Amelia makes me 'hold my horses, will you?' by nothing more nor less than that same simple expression of interested attention which is so uncommonly becoming to her. I have seen other women — not many — who used to put on that same look, and none but a *mighty* superior woman *can* ever do it. *That look* — well, it wilts down and dries up small talk to just what it's worth, and the man would be Shanghai stuck up with a vengeance who could answer such a glance with some fol-de-riddle-jig-my-diddle stuff. Sometimes that look scares me a little, though — it's so like orders to fire, and the gun not loaded.

There's many a man who goes on spinning the meanest sort of small yarn all his life long, about town, who might be regenerated into the very apostleship of common-sense — or something more — if he only knew a woman smart enough for him to respect, who would occasionally look him in the face as if she expected that there was something a coming worth listening to. That's all.

It made me feel considerably stove in, to see Amelia Twiggles suddenly arouse and go forth at me with an air of interest, not having at the instant any intellectual dimes wherewith to answer the check. Wherefore and therefore I put on a regular top-not-come-down aspect of take your-time-a-tiveness and slowly devolved with

'The sea — that is to say, the waves or waters of the ocean, or as folks call them, the billows, or as Hiram says, the splurging heavy swells — taken altogether always flash upon my mind like — a woman.'

'Really!'

'Yes, and actually.' (Here I began to feel myself in funds.) 'Like a woman, and considerably like love, for the two go together like pudding and sauce. (Ahem!) Well, in love you are always chasing or getting chased. Run away and you're followed, follow and you get run away from.'

'What a horrible idea!'

'I'm talking of most cases, as they run, and not of the prime samples. Well, suppose that Beauty flirts with you. Even if she retreats, like those waves in an ebb-tide, she do n't make a clear cut and run for dear life. Not a fraction of it! First she washes way up to your feet; then runs back; then sends a cloud of miscellaneous, shining, wordy nothings after you like a lot of spray; then sweeps up and around with a scarf of soft foam, just as the dancing girls at Niblo's pretend to try to catch the young fellows; and then *la la* she sinks, sweeps, rolls way back again, giving you the dodge, yet looking at you all the while with half-shut, die-away eyes and head thrown back, and you hear nothing but whishing whispers, and then the first thing you know the tide's out and the game's up, and you are left high and dry with the clams!'

'Mournful indeed!' replied Amelia; 'and of course when the affection is the other way, Beauty, even while advancing, keeps falling back continually, and composes her progress out of numberless little retreats. Well, Mr. Sloper, I'll not deny that you're right. I once saw a pocket-handkerchief, which, now that I think of it, puts me in mind of your idea of the sea and of love. In its centre there was a great YES, each letter of which was made up of ever so many little *noes*. It was sent by a lady in Cincinnati to a gentleman who believed that she did n't favor his suit, when, goodness knows, the poor thing was dying for him. They were married.'

'They ought,' said I, 'to make handkerchiefs with great *noes* on them, compounded out of little yeses.'

'What for?'

'To send to a gentleman when his nose is out joint.' And with this four ladies and two gentlemen entered the arbor, and I gave my arm to Amelia, and we went forth for a walk upon the beach.

T H E B E A C H .

WHEN Cape May is full, it contains from seven to ten thousand natives of the United States and some Jerseymen. These Jerseymen, or a few of them, it is said, stay in town in the hope of getting a chance to steal the silver dollar which constitutes the capital of the bank of Cape Island, and which, to prevent failure, is securely nailed to its counter.* In fact the city is not, after all, so very imparticularly small as

* Since writing the above, MACE SLOPER has raked the following relative to this Bank out of the Philadelphia *North American* of August 4, 1856. After all, MACE is only fifteen cents out of the way in his bank statement.

* Cape Island has its bubbles, like greater cities. A lot of keen New-Yorkers got a bank char-

some may think, since it contains several local quarrels of tremendous size, not to mention four watchmen who, when imprudent enough to go straying about at night, serve for endless amusement to the gay visitors of the 'Blue Pig,' by whom they are occasionally arrested and locked up in bath-houses or ducked in the surf. Consequently—or quincecentially—Cape May can exhibit of evenings nothing shorter than a tolerably tall crowd in the way of promenaders, since the beautiful and serene cheese here, consists of turning out a long, perambulating funeral every evening on the beach.

Thar' they are—by thousands! Ladies and gentlemen, all out for a breeze; all blowing off the splendid in ge-origious array; all swelling on a super-eminent bender of sentiment and 'old ocean;' all tip-totally comfortable, (if so be that the mosquitoes are on a salt furlough) all upper crusty, shop sunk, windows closed and out for the evening. Imagine a great long, hard beach, covered as far as the opera-glass can reach with people well dressed and nothing under it, in couples, triplets, quadruplets, quadrupeds, and so on, trailing after one another just as if it was promenade hour in Broadway, only the Broadway wanting. The contrast between Nature and Art is awful; but whether the Shanghais or the Ocean are most stunning 'naturalists is not agreed.'

'Hip—hip—ha—a—a—ay there!' shouted a well-known voice, as a splendid team went by with dreadful velociousness. It was Hiram in his glory and radiance, with his two pet 'kittens,' *Wretch* and *Demon*. The crowd had admiration in them, and Hiram was bound to wrench it out of them—or die. 'Splendid!'—'tip top!'—'glo-rious!' 'Who is he?'—'Who the h—l is it?'—'go it, old Brimstone!' One glimpse of that magnificent beard and moustache—one gleam of the immortal tile—and Hiram was off with the wind. The wheels of his wagon followed the heels of the crabs, and the ladies knew from the Inlet even unto Poverty Beach, that there was a new lion broke loose in the menagerie.

We meanderuaded along and among the crowd—Amelia and I—one of her small hands hooked to my arm, while the other regulated, sustained, maintained, and otherwise supported and arranged a great variety of upholstery *founc'e* which the evening sea-breeze insisted on exploring and ballooning about with as much obstinacy as if it had bought tickets to look at her ankles, and was bound to have a fair sight. Suddenly one hand slid away from me, and the miles of uncounted skirt indulged in a wild flap of freedom, as Amelia with a small shriek of rapture suddenly saluted and embraced a young lady who screamed on the same scale with corresponding sentiments of how-do-you-find-yourself-a-tiveness.

The young lady was what is generally called 'a female of strikingly prepossessing exterior,' since she not only had great white arms and very little pink gloves, but several red streamers about five inches broad and five feet long, flying from her shoulders and head. The remainder of her person seemed to be a miscellaneous sort of hurrah's

and there, took in all the people of the place for subscriptions of stock, erected a banking edifice, and after a short existence closed its doors. On their being broken open some time afterward, only eighty-five cents were found in the vault. All the stockholders could get for their investment was by the sale of the building.'

nest, or promiscuous wilderness of all sorts of lace and jewelry, among which about four dozen bracelets shone conspicuously. Her eyes were of the mixed tom-cat and sheet-lightning species, being about as black and piercing as the points of the d — l's horns, while her immense crop of jetty curls made a wilderness so big that a reasonable-sized man might have been lost in them and have died of perfume, (like a bumble-bee in a blacking-bottle,) before he found his way out.

'La!' — 'dear' — 'my dear' — 'la!' — 'oh! dear!' — 'when *did* you arrive?' — 'call and see us, dear!' — 'of course, dear' — 'good evening, dear!' — *et cetera*, and so on, including, of course, a slight shot-on-the-wing sort of introduction to 'Miss Bobbitypod — Mr. Sloper.' The parting salutes given, and the Beautiful One having sailed away in all the flush of a mild rush of rouge, grace, affability, and heliotrope, the widow proceeded to particulars.

'Lodora Windabel Bobbitypod — great belle — they call her the Steamboat Bell up and down the Mississippi, because she's always going, and as your friend Hiram says, because she's always ringing it into the beaux. She has caused a great many sensations — one in Cincinnati, two in Natchez, two or three in New-Orleans, four in Washington, and a very striking sensation last winter in New-York.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, indeed. She's quite a gay girl, very fond of excitement, and perhaps a *little* wee bit too dashy — for the East. Such things strike one rather more here,' continued the widow reflectfully, as if it had just some how occurred to her for the first time, that Miss Bobbitybell had — so far as outside went — just the least bit in the world too much flash gaudy about her. 'But — she's a very nice girl — so generous — and so kind-hearted!'

'And a first-rate lot you are, yourself, Amelia Twiggles,' thought I, as we plumenaded along on the sand beside of the tearing old waves. 'Now it's queer, — isn't it — that just now, for the first time in your life, it came into your head, (and *you* one of the smartest and observest women that ever lived,) that that damsel who seems to have gone to Scarlet Babylon for her style and dress-patterns, should have struck you as a *little* too flashy!' Well, it's the way of life! We may live among the fast and flashy till we notice it no longer, and till a peacock seems to be nothing more than an old hen; but the miracle of all is, that if we're naturally sensible and modest ourselves, (like as the widow is,) all the scarlet examples in the world won't make us one shade redder.'

I do n't know whether this notion will hit the reader as it did *me*. Mace Sloper do n't pretend to be one of your smart sort, and is moreover rather behind time on the literary, so that it probably often happens to him to stop and tinker away at something that's no news at all to the regular old hands of the writing business. Yes, *that's so!* And what hits him queerest of all, and is most uncomprehensible, is, that what comes easiest in these observations, and which is 'quinsequentially' of the commonest sort and least value, is just what Mr. Clark and Mr. Shelton say is the best of all. That's the way though in all business, dry-goods, hardware, or books, and nobody knows beforehand how the tastes of customers will run.

OTHER PROMENADERS.

As we tortled along over the sand I begun to notice a couple walking just before, the man being rigged out in long-tail-blue with brass 'butts,' and the female in white with a yellow-fringed green parasol.

'O Catherine! and is n't it iligant intirely here be the say-side fore-ninst the waves, walking over the pibbles in the coolth of the avenin'? *Do n't* ye see the bits of waves now a-runnin' afther one another, jist as all the b'ys is a-runnin' afther ye, darlin'? Jist look at the clouds, and the iligant risimblance — sure an it's all mighty sintimental, it is — and it minds me of the beautiful powetry:

'As I was a walkin' wid ARTHUR MAC BRIDE,
One Sunday mornin' upon the say-side,
Looking for pastime whativir betide —
As it happened on Christimis mornin'!

It is n't unlikely that Catherine made some answer, but before I heard it a couple of youths came along, and their conflag rose above it.

'Well, old chap, this is rather spicy now, ain't it? This is the sorter thing that I *AIN'T* down on. This here breeze has got a fly in it — it sets *me* up — it does. Just twig that greeny-blue sky, with the stars like billiard-balls rolling over the cloth. How would you play them three up there, supposing the corner one was your ball and the moon was the pocket?'

This answer was lost likewise by being crowded out by a fresh note from a new-comer:

'Yes, Sir, the moon is *very* fine, and, as I was saying, there never was a better time to invest in the Wamskatequa coal-shares than *now*. Yes — yes — I observe — you're a-pointing to the sea — but let me tell *you*, Sir, that subscriptions to *that* stock are coming in just as fast as those waves — and its a-rising, Sir, like that tide. Breeze! — I should think so! — it blows. Yes, and there's been a mighty sight of blowing along Wall-street about the Triangle railroad and its six-foot gouges and ten plates; but mind your eye on it, Sir! breezes die away, and it's my private opinion that the Triangle will bring up like that wave, Sir — in awful smash.'

Three young ladies and a dummy in the shape of a silent male es-cort in white linen, came fluttering along and piped down Wall-street:

'Yes — they say he's really attentive to her — quite desperately smitten, though he's hardly off with Lucy Cottontwill — and Annie went in bathing with his sister's robe to-day, so that I'm quite sure there's *something* in it. And Marian Dicerly came on yesterday from Baltimore; but she won't be belle here this season, now she's in colors; black was so much more becoming to her. Oh! yes; her cousin Pinkey is lovely, with her hair *à la Eugenie*, but she's perfectly horrid with it puffed plain, and I really *do* believe that she left it off just because Hamilton Smack compared it to cow's horns. O girls — girls — *did* you see Hattie Wincher's dress at the hop last night? where *does* she get such a horrid taste? for I'm sure her mother and sister if they tell her once tell her twenty times every day she goes out what to buy; and one would think her skirts were made of bramble-

bushes. What! you *do n't* say that Jem Barryden is *really* over at Miller's? Well, it's very plain what he's *there* for. Yes, I know that Julie would n't receive his attentions, and he *did* send such elegant bouquets, but I *dare say* that it will come to *something*. That family have *such* luck in presents. I *do* believe that her sister has Maillard's boxes sent her every week by the dozen, and when Juney was married, goodness! I *never* saw so much silver, and that droll old Buckles went round saying that half of it was hired.'

And by this time we had passed every body, and the crowd was behind us, and Amelia said nothing, and I ditto. But there was tall talking going on between our hands, and once in a while I saw a remark in the widow's eyes which it would take a smarter writer than Mace Sloper to set down on paper.

THE HOP.

THERE's always a pretty considerable stack of Baltimoreans to be found at Cape May during the season — and very nice folks they are, too; the young ladies being beautiful, and the boys lively enough in all conscience. Generally speaking, they are A No. 1, and above par a great way. Still, I'm not one of your cute sort, so may be mistaken, but I can't allow, after all that's been said about Baltimore beauty, that it beats the New-York. *No, Sir.* You may say, if you like, that New-York beauty is all born somewhere else — *that* aint in the count; for wherever it comes from, it's *thar*, and there's where to look for it. Broadway, Sir, in grand promenade, beats all creation for the intensity of loveliness in muslin, and the man who can face its music and not knock under to the tune, has pitched himself about fourteen notes higher than *my* time — let him slide!

Still all this do n't prove that Miss Gloriana Caramel of Baltimore was n't a real picture beauty of that sort that a painter might have hit her off exactly with black paint on an ivory ground. So was her cousin Adora, and a very pretty triplet they made with the widow Twiggles, when the latter introduced me to them, after our walk on the beach.

'You are going to the hop this evening, Mr. Sloper?' sighed Gloriana. There was nothing spooney about her, but there was a sort of summer-wind touch about her voice which just made a fellow feel warm, and set him to thinking of ice-cream and idleness.

'All right, Mace,' suddenly exclaimed Hiram, as he slid mysteriously among us. 'Put myself down for two chances — give you one. Miss Gloriana Caramel, I have the pleasure. I believe. Miss Adora, your humble adorer hopes that he is welcome to Cape Island! Is my old friend, your father, here? Mrs. Twiggles! is all the beauty in existence centered on the jumping-off point of New-Jersey?'

'O Mr. Twine! do wind up your line!' exclaimed Amelia; 'or, if you must fish, *do n't* be always putting compliments on the hook. We won't bite.'

'I only offer what you receive daily from all the world. But, ladies, I've been looking all over the hotel, up-sides down and around for you — just arrived — floor-manager already — shall I have the pleasure of escorting to our hop?'

There was the usual flutter about being too tired, and the usual agreement to 'just look in,' and after fifteen minutes of preparation, the ladies being already dressed, I was walking round and round the great dining-room which had been cleaned and lit for the purpose, inspecting that hottest of all steaming institutions, and raggedest sort of outside imitation of a city-ball — 'a Cape May hop!'

From the great roaring ocean, and the evening breeze, and ships and stars, and moonlight-loving, to a low ceiling, gas-lighted hotel dining-room, rigged up for a dollar-ball, *is* coming down by the run with a vengeance, and the d—l to pay. 'This,' thought I, '*is* rushing the rionocerious over the hoppopontomus with a screech. From the city, from all sorts of dissipation, they go cavorting out, honey-fuggling their consciences with the patent-salve idea of rest and relaxation, and of making up for last season's devilment, and then go snorting into *hops* as if they were a pious thing. Well, we must run with the school, and when a man has cracked the shell, he may as well take a suck at the milk in the cocoa-nut.'

This was my last thought, for all the rest were soon steamed out of me. Like a tempest rose the blare and rattle of music; like a wind went the voices of every body talking — *cracketty pack clack!* went the heels of dancers, widow Twiggles leaned on my arm like a basket-full of Paradise; Hiram and his accomplices went darting around with great satin ribbons in their coats, like shooting-stars; old friends and new made themselves known. I found myself broke loose without knowing how, in a mazurka with the widow, spinning around as easy as a tetotum, and steered by providence (or the other party) safely clear of the most dangerous sorts of reefs of clumsy waltzers. Found myself drawn into the bar-room by a miracle — never saw the place before — found that the miracle was Hiram Twine, who had 'boosted' me along before him by the shoulders — got a strong slap which revived me — came to life in the cool air — Mace, old fellow, what's your tipple? — sherry-cobblers — Dick, mind and give us the right bottle now, none of your d—d old cooking wine — gentlemen, here 's to you' — and I was *set up*.

Set up, exceedingly salubrious, and fit to travel! Then we turned in on the muslin and went at them like hungry lions. Carried Adora Caramel off like a shot, through some mysterious compound of a waltz, while Hiram darted on Gloriana, and made her a willing victim. Come now, this business is n't so bad after all — and Adora Cobbler or Sherry Caramel, is n't so bad to take neither. Now, we're bobbin' around — around — it is over — polka — undo my optics and behold Amelia — do it again as I did it before — waltz — same tune — glorious exceedingly!

Some women in waltzing hang on to you like a tin-kettle, some stick to you, and some fit to you like a glove. They dance close and warm, but most delicious easy, and no body notices it. That's the widow's style. O apricots! what a dance! — it rushes like new blood — too serious for talking — dies out with the very last note squeezed out of the horn.

Refreshments rather slim — awful wink from Hiram — something secret, silent, and extra in disguise for the Caramels, Twiggles, and friends — something equally secret for Hiram, and I again out in bar-

room. Drinks all round, with lots of old friends, and squads of new ones. Harman Striker, from Cumee, in York State, rises up behind the bar — rather drunk — where he has gone to find that *private* jug, and is immensely delighted at being called a d — d toddy-mixer, and at being told to make four cocktails sooner than — or get his head caved in. Tries to do it, and is told how. 'G' way there now — Poppy-top — ler' a feller — lone !' Spills much brandy and a great many biters, and is finally escorted off, earnestly roaring : ' If ery borry wans to *fight* — now — lerrem come on. Gawd — — — — —',

Return to hop-room, and find Amelia dancing with a respectable slim Philadelphian. Wish him at the Old Harry. Introduced — finds he reads KNICKERBOCKER — admires my sketches — knows Kimball, Bean, and all that crowd — think a great deal more of him — Widow makes a motion to adjourn — Gloriana and Adora going — Miss Parkerby going — Harry, and Ellen Cottontwill, and Lucy in for one more dance — we vamose the ranch, and after five minutes' nonsense on the stair-case, and one glass of ice-water among the three girls, (we always call Amelia a girl) the turtles go to roost.

T H E S U P P E R .

' MACE,' said Hiram, as we turned out on the portico, ' if you fancy plover — it's rather early, but they've got a few in good condition, and some oysters that will astonish you — just drop in with me — you're invited. It is rather a mixed-up party, but one that you can wind off with, and — here's one of them now. Mr. Sloper, Mr. Stowder, Mr. Stowder, Mr. Sloper.'

Mr. Stowder was a Pennsylvanian Judge, one of that description known in Vermont and other places as Flower-Pot Judges, as associate judges are there called to distinguish them from *law* judges. Some folks say that they belong to the court of the hundred judges — a delicate way of assigning them a place among the *ciphers* — which came after that *one*. However, the Judge was an immense man — on whiskey — and possessed, in an eminent degree, that ox-like figure and expression so characteristic of the rural dignitaries of his State. A slight German accent did not prevent him from being sound, as he said, ' on ter coose question,' and though he kept remarkably shut among strangers, he was not the less a very shrewd man in his way, and one gifted with wonderful abilities in the art of selling coal stocks.

We came in with the supper, which was very soon furnished, and put out of the way. Less so with the liquor, especially the ' Mumm's,' which came right along in a string, and made all hands any thing but mum. General feeling of hilarity was soon manifested, and a disposition to lay round loose among the specimens of Young America present. Ripstaving developments from young Norrits of Philadelphia, who had always put me in mind of a shut-up furnace, and who now came tearing out like aforesaid furnace when opened, and the draft on. Grand speech from him : ' Gentlemen, we welcome you to the hospital of New-Jersey ! We welcome you to its waters, and long may they *wave* !' (Cheers and drinks all round.) We invite you to Poverty

Beach, and beg that you won't take its name for your example. We summon you to the Inlet, and beg you to beware of Old Smashpipes, our landlord, or you'll be LET IN. (Terrific cheers and a tiger.) We shall greet your visit to Cold Spring, and advise you not to get *sprung*. We offer our regards to you, and shall do the same with our bathing-houses — *when we get 'em*. We cordially direct your attention to the breakers, and hope that you won't be dead-broke before you leave. Finally, gentlemen, we welcome you in the name of a choice and select few whose name is Legion, and who are, and always will be, first in crackers, first in cheese, and first in liquor with their countrymen.'

His kind reception was followed by several thousand cheers, mixed up with drinks, and another speech from Cottontwill, who began by exalting the platform of Free-Love, Free-Liquor, and Free-Fights, as upheld by Freebooters and Free-shoe-ters, including sundry remarks on Spiritualism, Mowing Machines, and the Aztec Children, with special reference to Early Piety, Ink-Wipers, and Cent-a-Grab Thermometers, and wound up by imploring the Committee on Soap-and-Water to hand in a report from Sharp's Rifles. More applause from several parties, considerably 'yorked,' and a vocal assurance from some body that 'the ten-spot takes the nine-spot, and the ace he takes 'em all — and since we're here together met, we won't go home at all.' Glasses breaking and Luke Cranberry of Mount-Holly, after striking out for a Corkscrew-Polka, gyrates under the table, crying out for 'a lil'l more tin-top-turnip-juice!' Grand crash from a fresh orator on the floor, and a proposition to adjourn. Motion carried, and a cheerful rush out of doors. What next? Splendid perambulating serenade down to the bathing-houses, with extempore variations on the text of 'Lettuce-salad and lobster-claw. Prettiest girl that ever you saw.' Big Injun chorus and move for a bath, seconded by a full-dress rush into the breakers by Cottontwill and Harman Striker, who has come in at the eleventh hour tighter than ever. Then a stripping off in double-quick time, and a last yell, as a tremendous surf makes a ten-strike of the bathers. We all arise and advance, feeling glorious. Cottontwill strikes out and swims beyond the third breaker, becoming invisible, to the great terror of the sober, who implore him to return. 'Co-o-tton-twill — come back! — you d — d fool — come back!' Then a grand chorus of 'Swim in — you stupid — infernal —' The waves break, and little sparkles of fire shine in the waters, but a faint *hoo-hoo-guggle-goo!* far outside is the only report from Cottontwill, now regarded as a goner. Some body says, 'life-boat!' — 'rope!' and 'let's join hands!' Another man thinks he see 'Old Cot' 'a little nearer in,' but his report is crushed out by a roaring breaker, which buries four or five, exhibiting splendid specimens of ground-and-lofty tumbling. We join hands, and the last man out hollers: 'I've got him!' Then we all pull like sixty, and hurrah like seventy, and Cottontwill is hauled in, perfectly fresh, and all set up, a little shaky, but game and pluck to the bone.

How we sleep after that bath! If any man is out of nap, let him try a night-dip in the breakers. And I fall asleep, into a blessed vision of floating on sea-foam to the tune of hop-music, while over my head swims a cloud of muslin from the middle of which sticks out the seraphim face of the adorable Amelia Twiggles.

L E T U S P A R T K I N D L Y

BY RACHEL A. ANNEFMAN.

‘THE heart must leap kindly back to kindness.’—BYRON.

I.

LET us part kindly, we ’ve journeyed together
 Many a path, through Life’s sunshine and storm :
 Oft have our tears o’er the same sorrow blended,
 Oft have our smiles o’er one joy brightened warm.

II.

Haply some time have our glances met coldly,
 Haply kind wishes and words then were few ;
 Envy and strife may have sought to embitter
 And sunder our hearts that should beat fond and true.

III.

Now let the past with its faults be forgiven,
 Nevermore aught of its bitterness tell ;
 Let but Love’s Charity, daughter of heaven,
 Fold its white wings around Friendship’s farewell.

IV.

Here, let us make a new covenant for ever,
 Banish all self from its pure trusting tone :
 Chide no more harshly the sins of each other,
 We shall judge all who is perfect alone.

V.

Stand we to-day on the same pleasant threshold,
 Yet ere the morrow may leagues roll between ;
 Soon for sweet counsel and twilight communion.
 Each on the other no longer shall lean.

VI.

Hope’s star is bright : shall we meet ere its setting
 Gayly, or freighted with years and with wo ?
 Still glides the Future with sealed lips before us,
 Feeble and finite, oh ! what can we know ?

VII.

Let us part kindly then, sister and brother,
 Many barks sink drifting out on Life’s main ;
 Hand clasped in hand, pressed each mute lip more fondly
 Ne’er may we meet on this wide earth again.

A MONTH AT THE RACKET.

'WHY don't you write an account of that famous expedition?' said Uncle Robert to me one day, while relating it for the fifteenth time to some feminine relatives; 'for by so doing you will save a great deal of wind, and probably spare your conscience a little, for I have heard you tell it at least half-a-dozen times, and the number of deer killed seems to increase with every relation. I've no doubt that you might (with a little embellishment) make an article interesting enough for a Magazine — for a Putnam or a KNICKERBOCKER; and furthermore, it might be the means of inducing others to explore that region and derive the same enjoyment that you have done. Come, Bob, try your hand at it, and give the 'wide, wide world' the benefit of your experience 'in the bush.' Acting on this suggestion, my dear Mr. EDITOR, I have been induced to draw the following sketch of a 'Month at the Racket,' made up chiefly of extracts from my journal and contributions from a lady of the party, and should you or your readers derive any gratification from its perusal, 'tis Uncle Robert you must thank, for without his timely hint, I should never have thought of writing for a magazine.

There is in the centre of this State, (New-York,) within a few miles of our very doors, a district of country as great a wilderness as you can find this side of the Rocky Mountains. It is one vast region of mountains, lakes, and rivers, which, for their number and beauty, are unsurpassed by those of any portion of the United States. It is known on the map as Hamilton County, but should be styled the 'County of the Lakes,' from the infinite number of these inland seas, which are scattered throughout it, each communicating with the other by means of rivers, ever and anon assuming the form of rapids and cataracts, foaming and tumbling along, until they find their way to the Atlantic, both by the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers. The Black, Moose, Sacandaga, St. Regis, Racket, and Indian rivers take their rise here, flowing through Lakes Pleasant, Indian, Racket,* Piseco, and Long Lake. Although many of these lakes have been visited by a few adventurous hunters, yet there are some whose echoes have never been awakened by the crack of a rifle, or their waters disturbed by the 'cast of a fly.' This country was formerly known as the hunting-ground of the St. Regis Indians, and is yet worthy of the name; for nowhere east of the Mississippi can you find a section of country of the same size so abounding in large game as this same Hamilton county.

It is fifty-six miles long by twenty-eight wide, and contains six hundred and eighty thousand eight hundred acres of land, of which only nineteen hundred are cultivated. The number of inhabitants at the last census was nineteen hundred and forty, scattered through seven towns, of which Lake Pleasant is the principal. With this geographical preface, I will now proceed to the promised sketch.

'T was on the twenty-fifth July we started from Constableville for this 'Eldorado' of the hunter. Our party consisted of fifteen, namely:

* Racket Lake is 1745 feet above tide-water.

six gentlemen, four ladies, two hunters, and three drivers, who were to convey us in two carriages, with a wagon for our baggage and provisions. The roads were so bad, and the difficulty of procuring means of conveyance so great, that our captain would allow each one (ladies included) only twenty-five pounds of baggage, stowed into the smallest kind of a carpet-bag.

Our first day's journey brought us to Fenton's (thirty-five miles) which was the last clearing on our route. Here we dismissed one of the carriages, as the road had become so rugged that walking was decidedly the easier mode of conveyance.

With one lady on horseback attended by a cavalier, three in the carriage with the captain, and the rest on foot carrying their guns and rifles, to be ready for any game that might spring on their pathway, we started from Fenton's at an early hour, in order to reach our first camp (twenty-three miles) before night-fall. In consequence of the recent rains, the road was in many places almost impassable, and so heavy that our wagon frequently 'got stuck.' We however reached Stillwater (half-way) at two, where we found the bridge in such a state as to oblige us to unhitch our horses, and draw the wagons over by hand. It now commenced raining again, just as we were preparing to take our lunch, which we dispatched in a hurry, as we had prospects of a dark and stormy night overtaking us before we could reach the foot of Albany mountain, where our camps had been built for us. With the assistance of Jimmy Cain,* we got our horses and vehicles safely across the river, and hitching-to again, made another start.

The road we now found still worse than the 'other side of Jordan,' which we had thought as bad as could be. We however plunged and wallowed along, the ladies with difficulty keeping in their carriage, yet raining too hard for them to walk, until darkness overtook us, about three miles from camp, when we heard a sharp crack from the baggage-wagon, with a cry of 'There goes the axle!' As the rest of the party walking were far ahead, I found myself alone with the ladies in this dilemma, being obliged to drive, while our driver walked ahead to pilot us, as we could not see the horses' heads. My first thought was, that we must pass the night in the carriage, as there was no possibility of passing the baggage-wagon, from the rocks and trees that hemmed us in on all sides. As we had the provisions with us, our case was not so bad as it might be. However, on examining the axle, (which was of wood,) I found the crack was *lengthwise*, and did not weaken it so much as I at first supposed; so lashing it with some stout cord, we ventured on, and soon met some of the party with pine torches coming in quest of us, the captain being somewhat alarmed at our non-appearance.

At half-past nine, without further accident, we reached the foot of Albany mountain, where we were joined by the rest of our party, who with blazing torches and shouts of welcome, conducted us through the wet bushes, over mossy stumps and trunks of fallen trees to the camps, about seventy yards distant, where two rousing fires soon dis-

* THIS JIMMY CAIN is a miserable specimen of humanity, who, according to his own account, has been living at this spot for the past seven years, in a wretched shanty, with no companion but a dog.

pelled the gloom of darkness and of rain, in which we had been enveloped for the last three hours. After a hearty supper in the ladies' camp, of hot tea, cold ham and bread, we left them to their first sleep in the woods, and retired to our own camp, about ten rods off, and throwing ourselves down in our wet clothes, on a bed of fresh hemlock boughs, with our feet to the fire, slept as soundly as on a bed of roses.

Morning of 27th.— Still raining, but with prospects of breaking away.

Breakfast over at eight, we resumed our journey. The rain having ceased the ladies preferred walking to being tossed about as they were yesterday; but as the leaves were still dripping and the roads slippery with mud, they concluded to take the bruising instead of the wetting.

We reached Beach's Lake (seven miles) at twelve without any accident, although within an ace of overturning the ladies' carriage several times. Here we were kindly furnished with three boats by Dr. Brandreth, who owns the lake and township, in which we rowed ourselves four miles on our journey, a most delightful change and a great relief to the ladies, who were pretty well bruised by the tossing and twisting they had received in their carriage.

On arriving at the south end of the Lake, we halted to refresh ourselves, with which design the gentlemen plunged into the cold and limpid waters, while the ladies sought a shady spot by some running brook to prepare our lunch.

This is a beautiful sheet of water about four miles long by a mile wide. The shores are mountainous, the waters limpid, and fish abundant, chiefly lake-trout. At two we again started, all much refreshed and cheered by the bright weather, and the prospect of soon reaching the end of our journey, for Racket Lake was only four miles distant. The road was now much better than any we had passed over, so that we accomplished the distance in about two hours.

Although we had accomplished no great pedestrian feat, (walking only twenty-two miles the day before, and twelve that day, with four miles of rowing,) yet I assure you I was pretty well worn out with anxiety and fatigue, and rejoiced with an uncommon joy at the sight of our forest-home in the distance.

We here found our old friends Higby and Puffer, the hunters, who had been sent ahead to build our camps and clear the roads from fallen trees, with whom we exchanged a hearty welcome. We lost no time in transferring ourselves and baggage to the boats they had brought for us, five in number, and, pushing forth into the lake, were more than compensated for the fatigue we had undergone, by the beauty of the scene.

The sun shone brighter than at any time on our journey. Not a breeze ruffled the surface of the lake, so that every mountain and island was reflected in its bosom with a distinctness that made it difficult to define the substance from the shadow. The shouts of the men, the merry peals of laughter from the ladies, found a ready response in the echoes of the mountains, as if welcoming us to our home in the wilderness.

As we turned a point, or shot by an island, a solitary loon would

start up, and with its melancholy but musical note seemed to ask why we thus profaned its solitude.

A row of five miles brought us to Sand Point,* which was to be our abode for four weeks. You can imagine with what eagerness we all (especially the ladies) examined the camps, and the preparations the hunters had made for our accommodations during this long sojourn.

The camps were built of hemlock bark, entirely open in front, and about two feet high in the rear. That for the ladies was within three feet of the lake, with a screen of evergreens between it and the gentlemen's, which were about fifty yards off. The floors were of fresh hemlock-boughs, which were to serve also as beds. For pillows the gentlemen had their carpet-bags; and the ladies, cushions stuffed with moss.

Our first thought after satisfying our curiosity was to satisfy our hunger, which was 'immense.' Higby soon 'got us up' a nice dinner of broiled venison, nice and hot rolls, with a capital cup of milkless tea. You must know that tea in the woods is much better *without* milk than *with*. 'Cause why? you can't get it.

The sun had set ere we had concluded our repast. The twilight was spent upon the lake, and when darkness came a full moon soon dispersed it, so that it was a matter of doubt with some of the more romantic of the party, whether to spend the night upon the lake, or in the camps. An hour longer, however, decided the question, when fatigue prevailed over romance. With our camp-fires brightly burning, we arranged our respective beds, and the captain appointing a watch to replenish the fires, we turned in and slept a sleep that 'knew no waking' till morning.

To give an account of how every day was passed, would occupy more space in your pages than the subject would warrant; therefore I will merely give the general routine of our proceedings, with a few extracts from my journal as written on the spot.

The first thing done on the following morning by the captain, was to establish a strict camp discipline, assigning to each one a certain rank and particular duties, also giving to all the party a *nom de chasse*, by which title we were always to address each other, thus avoiding the formality of mistering and missing one another, as well as the familiarity of using the Christian names. These were as follows:

GENTLEMEN. — The Captain, Lieutenant, Hawkeye, Schenedau, Wingenund, Red Jacket.

LADIES — Onkahye, Metoah, Pocahontas, Manita.

The boats were named the 'Loon,' 'Fawn,' 'Starlight,' and 'No-you-do n't,' this last an Indian name, in Anglo-Saxon meaning you can't come it.

As the only provisions we took with us were fifty pounds of pork, one barrel flour, fifty pounds of rice, fifty pounds of sugar, fifty pounds

* This is called Sand Point from its terminating in a little sand spit of beautiful white sand, and belongs to our captain, who purchased it some years ago on account of its beauty of location and possessing a spring of most delicious water. It gushes out from beneath, or I might say from the very rock itself, and settles in a natural basin of white sand, fringed with moss, which served as our refrigerator. Its temperature is forty-one, and contains considerable fixed air, but no mineral properties, and is almost as light as Congress-water. Such a spring in an accessible district would build up a 'fashionable watering-place.'

of butter, six pounds of tea, and four gallons of molasses, we of course were to depend chiefly on the products of the chase for our subsistence, so that the first order of the captain was for the lieutenant to take the 'Fawn,' and go with Puffer to the East-Inlet to fish, at the same time to procure a stove, which had been left at the rapids by the late engineering party. The order of course was promptly obeyed, and although the distance rowed was eighteen miles, in six hours we returned with a fine mess of trout and a most capital cooking-stove, for which latter piece of good luck we were indebted to Mr. Spofford. The fish (some of which were over two pounds) with some corned venison, rice and hot rolls, gave us a sumptuous dinner for the first day.

The rest of the party spent the day in improving the accommodations of the camps, by putting up shelves, clearing pathways and cutting wood.

Dinner over, at seven orders were issued to prepare for a 'float,'* assigning the duty to Hawkeye, (who was considered the best shot of the party,) and Puffer, the hunter, who never pulled a trigger that a deer did not fall.

July 30th. — Weather clearing. Last night, on account of rain, and too much wind for the 'Jack' to burn, no deer were killed, therefore no meat for dinner. Went to South-Inlet, and caught fifteen pounds of trout fortunately, else should have had to dine on flour-victuals 'entirely.'

'Come, Lieutenant,' says the captain to me after dinner, 'we must man two boats for a float to-night, for a buck we *must* have, or we'll starve. The ladies already begin to murmur at this vegetable diet, and I myself don't relish it over-much. You, Hawkeye, try your luck again to-night with Puffer; while you, Lieutenant, take Higby with you, and if you don't furnish venison for the table to-morrow —' 'You may take *me* for a buck,' said I, finishing his sentence.

Off we started, followed by the prayers of the ladies that we might be indeed successful. (for they were really getting apprehensive that we might be obliged to live entirely on fish and bread,) Hawkeye for the East-Inlet and I for the South.

Arrived at the mouth of the Inlet (four miles) we went ashore and made a 'smudge,' to protect ourselves from the mosquitoes, while preparing our 'Jack' and arranging our seats for a long sitting.

While awaiting the approach of darkness, I could not but be impressed with the loneliness of our situation in that immense wilderness, and how entirely dependent we were upon our own resources. My mind naturally recurred to the poor persecuted Indian, whose council-fire may have been lighted on the very spot where ours now blazed, and who had been forced to yield, step by step, to the avarice of civilization, the soil in which his fathers slept, and which he had received an inheritance from nature's God. While thus musing, the twilight had disappeared, and lighting our 'Jack' we pushed forth up the Inlet, with murderous intent upon the innocent deer.

* This is the hunter's term for killing deer at night, with a lantern or 'Jack' in the bow of your boat, while paddling along the shores of the lake or up the Inlets, where the water-lilies abound, on the leaves of which the deer feed at night.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

SCOTCH SOCIETY IN THE OLDEN TIME : Memorials of His Time : by HENRY COCKBURN.
In one volume : pp. 442. New-York : D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS work reminds us very forcibly of the 'Life and Times of Sir JONAH BARRINGTON.' There is the same naturalness and simplicity of style, the same ample fund of personal anecdote — always such delightful reading — and a kindred picture of the era in which the author 'lived, and moved, and had his being.' We hesitate not to say, that in our judgment no more entertaining book has appeared for the last ten years. Until we had completed its perusal, we took it to bed with us every night ; and it requires a very entertaining book to tempt us to ruminate bedward with a volume in our hand. The capable critic of '*The Tribune*' daily journal gives this comprehensive synopsis of the general characteristics of the work :

'LORD COCKBURN first became known beyond the Scottish Bench, of which he was a distinguished member, by his biography of FRANCIS JEFFREY. In that gossiping work he displayed only a slight modicum of literary talent, but a warm-hearted attachment to Scotch society, Scotch institutions, Scotch recollections, and a mind fully imbued with anecdotes and reminiscences of the eminent men of that country. The posthumous volume now published, embracing the period between 1779 and 1830, is chiefly valuable for its lively pictures of domestic life in Edinburgh toward the close of the last century, and during the first quarter of the present, and its familiar details in regard to the personal and social habits of some of the celebrated literary and public characters who then signalized the capital of Scotland.

'The author was born either in Edinburgh or at Cockpen, a small estate some eight miles from that city — he is uncertain which — but his earliest recollection is that of a terrible peacock in one of the Cockpen walks, while he was still in petticoats. When eight years old, he was sent to the Edinburgh High-School, where he suffered so much from a school-master of almost fabulous stupidity, that for four years he was regularly flogged at least once in ten days, and imbibed the fancy that Latin was expressly contrived to torture boys. He was disabused of this idea when he passed to the class of the Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER ADAM, the Rector of the School, and the author of the work on Roman Antiquities, which was once a general text-book in American colleges. Dr. ADAM was a school-master by nature. He was born to teach Latin, Greek, and good morals. He was endowed with a certain lamb-like patience, which was rarely disturbed, except by intolerable provocation, and he then displayed only an explosion of gentle wrath, which operated as a salutary stimulus on the unimpressible boys. His industry was abso-

lutely appalling. He would sometimes be a moment late at school, and explain that he had been detained 'verifying a quotation,' a process in which he would often indulge at four o'clock in the morning. At one time he took a house in the country for an autumn vacation of six weeks, and sent his family to take possession of the premises; but instead of enjoying the rustic leisure which he had anticipated, he got upon the scent of some curious passages in the classics, and remained with his books in town for the whole time, without even seeing the country-house. As a teacher of Latin and Greek, he was an enthusiastic admirer of ancient liberty and republicanism, but was so little conversant with modern politics that he scarcely knew one public measure or man from another. He did not escape, however, without suspicion from partisan jealousy. For several years he was watched and traduced as a man of dangerous political sentiments. His enemies made spies of his pupils, encouraging them to bring home stories of his zeal for liberty. They would frame their reports to suit the pleasure of their employers. The simple-hearted pedagogue was sorely afflicted by these trials, but his chief sorrow was the corruption to which the minds of his pupils were thus exposed.

'Among the school-fellows of the author were FRANCIS HORNER and HENRY BROUGHAM. HORNER gave early promise of the character by which he since became distinguished as a British statesman. He was then, as ever after, grave, studious, honorable, kindly pursuing his own cultivation, and with all his actions marked by thoughtful-ness and dignity. BROUGHAM, also, showed the germs which have since ripened into brilliant notoriety. He was pugnacious, resolute, fixed in his own opinions, and without a particle of reverence for authority. The tone of manners in the High-School was intolerable. Vulgarity and rudeness were the order of the day. The boys were coarse in language, ventilating the most indecent ideas in a dialect of broadest Scotch, and so destitute of common civility, that no lady could venture to be seen within the walls. A taste for literature was so unheard of, that COCKMUN expresses a doubt whether he ever voluntarily read a single book, or even fifty pages, during his whole career at the High-School.

'The dress of the boys was unique. 'It consisted of a round black hat; a shirt fastened at the neck by a black ribbon, and, except on dress-days, unruffled; a cloth waistcoat, rather large, with two rows of buttons and of button-holes, so that it could be buttoned on either side, which, when one side got dirty, was convenient; a single-breasted jacket, which, in due time, got a tail and became a coat; brown corduroy breeches, tied at the knees by a showy knot of brown cotton tape; worsted stockings in winter, blue cotton stockings in summer, and white cotton for dress; clumsy shoes, made to be used on either foot, and each requiring to be used on alternate feet daily; brass or copper buckles. The coat and waistcoat were always of glaring colors, such as bright-blue, grass-green, and scarlet. No such machinery as what are now termed braces, or suspenders, had then been imagined.'

'In the year 1793, the embryo Judge was sent to the College of Edinburgh. Here much of his time was wasted in vain attempts to pursue the wearisome Latin. Among his teachers were one or two, in their day, not unknown by name to the academic youth of this country. Old ANDREW DALZELL, the author of the once famous '*Collocutiona Græcæ*,' was then in his prime. An amiable enthusiast in classical learning, if not a successful teacher, he infused a contagion of his own example even into the duller youths. He could never stimulate them into activity in the pursuit of knowledge, but as they passively listened to his persuasive course, they were inspired with a vague ambition for literary excellence, and delicious dreams of virtue and poetry. DUGALD STEWART was the brightest ornament of the College at that time. 'He was about the middle size, weakly-limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bald, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes gray and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion, from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humor; in which they were powerfully aided by his lips, which, though rather large, perhaps, were flexible and expressive. The voice was singularly pleasing; and, as he managed it, a slight burr only made his tones softer. His ear, both for music and for speech, was exquisite; his gesture was

simple and elegant, though not free from a tinge of professional formality; and his whole manner that of an academical gentleman.' In DUGALD STEWART'S mind, calm thought supplied the place of genius, and even of originality of talent. His turn for mathematics did not chill the warmth of his moral demonstrations. The dignity of his science and habits was graced by a strong turn for quiet humor. Though devoted to the teaching of philosophy, his clear, practical intellect was averse to metaphysical refinements, but delighted in the eloquent exposition of topics relating to the moral endowments and aspirations of human nature. 'He lectured standing; from notes which, with their successive additions, must at last have been nearly as full as his spoken words. His lecturing manner was professorial, but gentleman-like; calm and expository, but rising into greatness, or softening into tenderness, whenever his subject required it. A slight asthmatic tendency made him often clear his throat; and such was my admiration,' says our author, 'of the whole exhibition, that MACVEY NAPIER told him, not long ago, that I had said there was eloquence in his very spitting. 'Then,' said he, 'I am glad there was at least one thing in which I had no competitor.''

'The change from ancient to modern manners in Edinburgh society was, at this period, in rapid progress. Much of this was due to the enlarged intercourse with England and the world. But the immediate cause was the growth of the city, which, with the overflowing of the population from the old town to the new, altered the style of living, and destroyed numerous local arrangements and associations, that had existed almost from time immemorial. The dignitaries of the old school looked upon the progress of innovation with terror. They saw in it only the desecration of prescriptive gentilities by a rude and vulgar touch. Well did they remember the ancient glories of Saint Cecilia's Hall, crowded with the brilliant circles of aristocratic fashion — gentlemen of renown in literature and society, shining with their side-curls, and frills, and ruffles, and silver buckles; stately matrons, stiffened in hoops and gorgeous satin; and tender beauties with high-heeled shoes, powdered and pomatumed hair, and head-dresses lofty and terrible, like the tower of Lebanon. In those days, the sage discipline had not yet deserted the ball-room. Martinet dowagers and venerable beaux presided over the ceremonies with solemn precision. No couple could dance without tickets assigning their place in the mysteries, on pain of being expelled as intruders. The procuring of tickets before the day of the ball, was a formidable operation. Those who were in the favor of the managers fared the best, but as much intrigue was often necessary to secure the prize as to accomplish the election of a Pope. Refreshments of the most simple character only were provided. Tea was sipped in side-rooms, and at the end of the dance the lady was presented with an orange by her partner; but the tea and the oranges, like every thing else, were subject to the most severe regulations. The austerity of the law, however, did not produce refinement of manners. In this respect, the formal age was inferior to the freer one. Profane swearing was common, if not universal, among the higher ranks. Nor was temperance, in any degree, the order of the day. It was by no means unusual for gentlemen who had dined with ladies to be decidedly the worse for liquor before re-joining them. To get drunk in a tavern was regarded as the natural consequence of going into one. The prevailing dinner-hour was about three o'clock, and, if there was no company, two o'clock was quite common. The procession from the drawing-room to the dining-room was less formidable than at present. There was no such alarming arrangement as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two joining arms. This would have excited no less horror than the waltz did on its first introduction into Edinburgh circles. All the ladies first took up the line of march by themselves, in a regular row, according to the established rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in a single file, and, on reaching the dining-room, found the ladies lingering about the backs of the chairs to see what would be their fate in the selection of partners.

'The dinners were not very different from modern dinners, except in a less liberal use of French cookery. Ice was not known, except in a few houses of the highest class. There was less drinking at dinners and more after it than now. The staple wines

were sherry and port. Champagne was never seen. Claret was the ordinary beverage, which was exempt from duty, and very cheap.'

There would be no end to the extracts we have pencilled as we read, were we to give them all: wherefore we content ourselves with a selection from the same, being by no means certain that we have taken the best, where all are good. This little touch of childish reminiscence is delightful:

'THE valley of the Gala is associated with my earliest recollections. The old ale-house at Heriot was the first inn I ever entered. My father, who, I think, was then convener of the county of Edinburgh, went out to attend some meeting of road-trustees, and he took a parcel of us with him. He rode; and we had a chaise to ourselves — happiness enough for boys. But more was in store for us. For he remained at the mansion-house of Middleton with his friend Mr. HERMAN, and we went on, about four miles further, to Heriot House, where we breakfasted and passed the day, fishing, bathing, and rioting. It was the first inn of most of the party. What delight! A house to ourselves, on a moor; a burn; nobody to interfere with us; the power of ringing the bell as we chose; the ordering of our own dinner; blowing the peat fire; laughing as often and as loud as we liked. What a day! We rang the hand-bell for the pure pleasure of ringing, and enjoyed our independence by always going out and in by the window. This dear little inn does not now exist, but its place is marked by a square of ash-trees. It was a bright, beautiful August day.'

As a specimen of simple word-painting, observe the following well-lined picture:

'AND SOPHIA — or, as she was always called, *SCOPY* — *JOHNSTONE*, of the *HILTON* family. There was an original! Her father, from some whim, resolved to see how it would turn out, and gave her no education whatever. Possessed of great natural vigor of mind, she passed her youth in utter rusticity; in the course of which, however, she made herself a good carpenter and a good smith — arts which she practised occasionally, even to the shoeing of a horse, I believe, till after the middle of her life. It was not till after she became a woman that she taught herself to read and write; and then she read incessantly. She must have been about sixty before I ever saw her, which was chiefly, and often, at Niddrie. Her dress was always the same — a man's hat when out of doors, and generally, when within them, a cloth covering exactly like a man's great-coat, buttoned closely from the chin to the ground, worsted stockings, strong shoes, with large brass clasps. And in this raiment she sat in any drawing-room, and at any table, amidst all the fashion and aristocracy of the land, respected and liked. For her dispositions were excellent; her talk intelligent and racy, rich both in old anecdote and in shrewd modern observation, and spiced with a good deal of plain sarcasm; her understanding powerful; all her opinions free, and very freely expressed; and neither loneliness, nor very slender means, ever brought sourness or melancholy to her face or her heart.

'Sitting, with her back to the light, in the usual arm-chair by the side of the fire, in the Niddrie drawing-room, with her great-coat and her hat, her dark wrinkled face, and firmly-pursed mouth, the two feet set flat on the floor and close together, so that the public had a full view of the substantial shoes, the book held by the two hands very near the eyes, if the quick ear overheard any presumptuous folly, be it from solemn gentlemen or fine lady, down went the volume, up the spectacles — 'That's surely great nonsense, Sir,' though she had never seen him before; then, a little *Quart* and *Tierce* would begin, and the wight must have been very lucky if it did not end by his being smote.

'Her own proper den was in a flat on the ground-floor of a house in *Windmill-street*, where her sole companion was a single female servant. When the servant went out, which she generally took the liberty of doing for the whole of Sunday, *SCOPY*'s orders were that she should lock the door, and take the key with her. This saved *SCOPY* the torment of always rising; for people went away when they found the house, as they thought, shut up. But she had a hole through which she saw them perfectly well; and, if she was inclined, she conversed through this orifice; and when tired of them, told them to go away.'

Lord *ESKGRIVE*, one of the Scottish judges, sits for the subjoined portrait:

'*BROUGHAM* tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the

discomposing qualities of BROUGHAM. At last it seemed as if a court-day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when lo! his enemy appeared — tall, cool, and resolute. 'I declare,' said the Justice, 'that man BROOM, or BROUGHAM, is the torment of my life!' His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at BROUGHAM's eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. 'Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why it said this,' (misstating it;) 'but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.'

'As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, every thing was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus: 'And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majes-ty's!'

'In the trial of GLENGARRY for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the oath, ESKGROVE gave her this exposition of her duty: 'Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of ALMIGHTY God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face.'

Another of the sage judges of that era is thus cleverly hit off. COCKBURN'S pen is a brush dipped in rare colors:

'Of the younger judges, who belonged to the generation with which I was now connected, the most remarkable were Lord GLENLEE, Lord HERMAND, Lord MEADOWBANK, and Lord CULLEN; all of whom I knew personally.

'I was so intimately connected, as a relation and friend, with Lord KILKERRAN'S son GEORGE FERGUSON, Lord HERMAND, that it may perhaps be supposed that I cannot speak candidly about him. But he has often been described in a way neither agreeable to truth, nor respectable for himself. His celebrity arose entirely from his personal character. For, although he attained considerable practice at the bar, and was a quick and vigorous judge, and took a keen part in all the public measures of his time, he was not so important in these spheres as to have been a man of mark in them, independently of his individual peculiarities. But these made him one of the most singular, and indeed incredible, of our old originals. They often threw even ESKGROVE into the shade during that person's life; and after he died, no Edinburgh man, by worth and singularity alone, belonged so much as HERMAND did to the public.

'His external appearance was as striking as every thing else about him. Tall and thin, with gray lively eyes, and a long face strongly expressive of whatever emotion he was under, his air and manner were distinctly those of a well-born and well-bred gentleman. His dress for society, the style of which he stuck to almost as firmly as he did to his principles, reminded us of the olden time, when trowsers would have insulted any company, and braces were deemed an impeachment of nature. Neither the disclosure of the long neck by the narrow bit of muslin stock, nor the outbreak of the linen between the upper and nether garments, nor the short coat-sleeves, with the consequent length of bare wrist, could hide his being one of the aristocracy. And if they had, the thin and powdered gray hair, flowing down into a long thin gentleman-like pigtail, would have attested it. His morning raiment in the country was delightful. The articles, rough and strange, would of themselves have attracted notice in a museum. But set upon GEORGE FERGUSON, at his paradise of Hermand, during vacation, on going forth for a long day's work — often manual — at his farm, with his gray felt hat and tall weeding-hoe — what could be more agrestic or picturesque!

'Till about the age of thirty, when he began to get into practice, he was a pretty regular student; and he was always fond of reading, and being read to, but not methodically, nor in any particular line. He had thus gathered a respectable chaos of accidental knowledge. Of his various and very respectable mental powers, acuteness was perhaps the most striking. His affections were warm and steady; his honor of the highest and purest order.

'But all this will not produce a curious man. What was it that made HERMAND such an established wonder and delight? It seems to me to have been the supremacy in his composition of a single quality — intensity of temperament, which was so conspicuous that it prevented many people from perceiving any thing else in him. He could not be indifferent. Repose, except in bed, where however he slept zealously, was unnatural and contemptible to him. It used to be said that if HERMAND had made the heavens, he would have permitted no fixed stars. His constitutional animation never failed to carry him a flight beyond ordinary mortals. Was he in an argument, or at whist, or over his wine; in court, or at an election, or a road meeting; consulting with a ploughman, or talking with a child; he was sure to blaze out in a style that nobody could have fancied, or could resist enjoying. Those who only saw the operation of this ardor in

public conflict, were apt to set him down as a frenzied man, with rather a savage temper; an impression that was increased by what the Scotch call the *Birr*, which means the emphatic energy, of his pronunciation. Beholding him in contention, they thought him a tiger.

But to those who knew him personally, the lamb was a truer type. When removed from contests which provoke impatience, and placed in the private scene, where innocent excesses are only amusing, what a heart! what conversational wildness! made more delightful by the undoubting sincerity of the passing extravagance. There never was a more pleasing example of the superiority of right affections over intellectual endowments in the creation of happiness. Had he depended on his understanding alone, or chiefly, he would have been wrecked every week. But honesty, humanity, social habits, and diverting public explosions, always kept him popular; and he lived about eighty-four years, with keen and undisguised feelings and opinions, without ever being alienated from a friend, or imagining a shabby action, devoted to rural occupations, keeping up his reading, and maintaining his interest in the world by cultivating the young. Instead of sighing over the departure of former days, and grumbling at change, he zealously patronized every new project, not political; and at last mellowed away, amidst a revering household, without having ever known what a headache is, with no decay of his mental powers, and only a short and gentle physical feebleness.

Here is a touch of Sir WALTER SCOTT as a soldier in the Midlothian Cavalry of Edinburgh:

‘WALTER SCOTT’s zeal in the cause was very curious. He was the soul of the Edinburgh troop of Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry. It was not a duty with him, or a necessity, or a pastime, but an absolute passion, indulgence in which gratified his feudal taste for war, and his jovial sociableness. He drilled, and drank, and made songs, with a hearty conscientious earnestness which inspired or shamed every body within the attraction. I do not know if it is usual, but his troop used to practise, individually, with the sabre at a turnip, which was stuck on the top of a staff, to represent a Frenchman, in front of the line. Every other trooper, when he set forward in his turn, was far less concerned about the success of his aim at the turnip, than about how he was to tumble. But WALTER pricked forward gallantly, saying to himself, ‘Cut them down, the villains, cut them down!’ and made his blow, which from his lameness was often an awkward one, cordially muttering curses all the while at the detested enemy.’

SCOTT’s advent as an author is thus forcibly described:

‘A GENIUS now appeared, who has immortalized Edinburgh, and will long delight the world. WALTER SCOTT’s vivacity and force had been felt since his boyhood by his comrades, and he had disclosed his literary inclinations by some translations of German ballads, and a few slight pieces in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; but his power of great original conception and execution was unknown both to his friends and himself. In 1793 he revealed his true self by the publication of the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel.’ The subject, from the principle of which he rarely afterward deviated, was, for the period, singularly happy. It recalled scenes, and times, and characters so near as almost to linger in the memories of the old, and yet so remote that their revival, under poetical embellishment, imparted the double pleasure of invention and of history. The instant completeness of his success showed him his region. The Lay was followed by a more impressive pause of wonder, and then by a louder shout of admiration, than even our previous Edinburgh poem — ‘The Pleasures of Hope.’ But nobody, not even SCOTT, anticipated what was to follow. Nobody imagined the career that was before him; that the fertility of his genius was to be its most wonderful distinction; that there was to be an unceasing recurrence of fresh delight, enhanced by surprise at his rapidity and richness. His advances were like the conquests of NAPOLEON: each new achievement overshadowing the last; till people half-wearied of his very profusion. The quick succession of his original works, interspersed as they were with (for him rather unworthy) productions of a lower kind, threw a literary splendor over his native city, which had now the glory of being at once the seat of the most popular poetry, and the most powerful criticism of the age.

‘PEOPLE used to be divided at this time as to the superiority of SCOTT’s poetry or his talk. His novels had not yet begun to suggest another alternative. Scarcely, however, even in his novels was he more striking or delightful than in society; where the halting limb, the bur in the throat, the heavy checks, the high GOLDSMITH-forehead, the unkempt locks, and general plainness of appearance, with the Scotch accent and stories and sayings, all graced by gayety, simplicity, and kindness, made a combination most

worthy of being enjoyed. JEFFREY, his twin-star, made a good contrast. He was sharp English; with few anecdotes and no stories, delighting in the interchange of minds, bright in moral speculation, wit, and colloquial eloquence, and always beloved for the constant transpiration of an affectionate and cheerful heart.'

'In 1814 Scott published *Waverley* — the first of those admirable and original prose compositions which have nearly obliterated the recollection of his poetry. Except the first opening of the *Edinburgh Review*, no work that has appeared in my time made such an instant and universal impression. It is curious to remember it. The unexpected newness of the thing, the profusion of original characters, the Scotch language, Scotch scenery, Scotch men and women, the simplicity of the writing, and the graphic force of the descriptions, all struck us with an electric shock of delight. I wish I could again feel the sensations produced by the first year of these two Edinburgh works. If the concealment of the authorship of the novels was intended to make mystery heighten their effect, it completely succeeded. The speculations, and conjectures, and nods, and winks, and predictions and assertions were endless, and occupied every company, and almost every two men who met and spoke in the street. It was proved by a thousand indications, each refuting the other, and all equally true in fact, that they were written by old HENRY MACKENZIE, and by GEORGE CRANSTON, and WILLIAM ERSKINE, and JEFFREY, and above all, by THOMAS SCOTT, WALTER's brother, a regimental paymaster, then in Canada. But 'the great unknown,' as the true author was then called, always took good care, with all his concealment, to supply evidence amply sufficient for the protection of his property and his fame; inasmuch that the suppression of the name was laughed at as a good joke, not merely by his select friends in his presence, but by himself. The change of line, at his age, was a striking proof of intellectual power and richness. But the truth is, that these novels were rather the outpourings of old thoughts than new inventions.'

We have, among other exceedingly interesting local information, the following account of the rise of BLACKWOOD's Magazine :

'It was long enlivened by the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,' a series of scenes supposed to have occurred in a tavern in Register-street, kept by one AMBROSSE. And no periodical publication that I know of can boast of so extraordinary a series of jovial dramatic fiction. WILSON, I believe, now professes to regret and condemn many things in these papers, and to deny his authorship of them; but substantially they are all his. I have not the slightest doubt that he wrote at least ninety per cent of them. I wish no man had any thing worse to be timid about. There is not so curious and original a work in the English or Scotch languages. It is a most singular and delightful outpouring of criticism, politics, and descriptions of feeling, character, and scenery, of verse and prose, and maudlin eloquence, and especially of wild fun. It breathes the very essence of the Bacchanalian revel of clever men. And its Scotch is the best Scotch that has been written in modern times. I am really sorry for the poor one-tongued Englishman, by whom, because the Ettrick Shepherd uses the sweetest and most expressive of living languages, the homely humor, the sensibility, the descriptive power, the eloquence, and the strong joyous hilarity of that animated rustic can never be felt. The characters are well drawn and well sustained, except that of the Opium Eater, who is heavy and prosy: but this is perhaps natural to opium. Few efforts could be more difficult than to keep up the bounding spirit of fresh boyish gayety which is constantly made to break out amidst the serious discussions of these tavern philosophers and patriots. After all just deduction, these *Noctes* are bright with genius.

'Another Edinburgh character, of a different sort, ceased in 1819 to be gazed at by men. This was ADAM ROLLAND, advocate; sometimes said to have sat to Scott for his picture of PLEYDELL, a worthy but fantastic personage. His professional practice had been very extensive, but only as a consulting and a writing counsel; for he never spoke nor honored the public by doing any thing in its presence. Divested of buckram, he was a learned and sound lawyer, and a good man, much respected by his few friends. But there are many men to whom the buckram is every thing, and he was one of them. It was by his outside that he was known to the world. He was old at last; but his youth was marked by the same external absurdity that adhered to him through life, and I presume followed him into his coffin.

'His dresses, which were changed at least twice every day, were always of the same old beau cut; the vicissitudes of fashion being contemptible in the sight of a person who had made up his own mind as to the perfection of a gentleman's outward covering. The favorite hues were black and mulberry: the stuffs velvet, fine kerseymere, and satin. When all got up, no artificial rose could be brighter, or stiffer. He was like one of the creatures come to life again in a collection of dried butterflies. I think I see him. There he moves, a few yards backward and forward in front of his house in Queen-street; crisp in his mulberry-colored kerseymere coat, single-breasted; a waist-

coat of the same, with large old-fashioned pockets; black satin breeches, with blue steel buttons; bright morocco shoes, with silver or blue steel-buckles; white or quaker-gray silk stockings; a copious frill and ruffles; a dark brown, gold-headed, slim cane, or a slender green-silk umbrella: every thing pure and uncreased. The countenance befitting the garb: for the blue eyes were nearly motionless, and the cheeks, especially when slightly touched by vermillion, as clear and as ruddy as a wax doll's; and they were neatly flanked by two delicately pomatumed and powdered side-curls, from behind which there flowed, or rather stuck out, a thin pigtail in a shining black ribbon. And there he moves, slowly and nicely, picking his steps as if a stain would kill him, and looking timidly, but somewhat slyly, from side to side, as if conscious that he was an object, and smiling in self-satisfaction. The whole figure and manner suggested the idea of a costly brittle toy, new out of its box. It trembled in company, and shuddered at the vicinity of a petticoat. But when well set, as I often saw him, with not above two or three old friends, he could be correctly merry, and had no objection whatever to a quiet bottle of good claret. But a stranger, or a word out of joint, made him dumb and wretched.'

There: it is our belief that we have established our promises: so that our readers have only to order from our friends, the Messrs. APPLETON, the delightful book we have quoted from so largely, and devour it entire.

THE WANDERER. By the Author of 'The Watchman,' 'The Lawyer's Story,' etc. In one volume: pp. 487. New-York: E. D. LONG.

In commencing a brief notice of this work, we shall present to our readers its author's name, Mr. J. R. MAITLAND. It is a name which the writer will make widely known hereafter, or we are very much 'out in our calculations.' There is this to be said of Mr. MAITLAND, that every successive production from his pen, thus far, has been an improvement upon its predecessor. No one could deny to '*The Lawyer's Story*,' published in the ample columns of the New-York '*Sunday Dispatch*,' a degree of talent unusual in kindred newspaper efforts. '*The Watchman*' was still more forcible and artistic, while in variety of incident and skill in narration, the volume before us eclipses both. We quote, and fully indorse, the high praise of an esteemed contemporary: 'If '*The Wanderer*' had been presented in the form of an autobiography, it could scarcely have had greater *vraisemblance* than in its present form. It reads like a chapter from every-day life. There is no endeavor to 'pile up the agony' by exciting adventures or extravagant characters. Every incident reads as if it were drawn from the vast treasury of fact. Every character appears as if sketched from an actual prototype. JEMMY MILTON, a true original, is half-brother to JACK JENKINS, of '*The Watchman*,' and the 'tough yarns' which he spins are original as himself. It would be easy to point out the distinctive individualities of each character. The story is that of a youth born in this country, early orphaned, cast on his own resources, conquering fortune, and finally, after much struggling, (vividly depicted here,) settling down, for life and love, in New-Hampshire.' We regret that our limits prevent us from segregating a few passages from the work — no easy matter, by the way, so continuous is the interest — in order to show the writer's control of his story, and the ease and force of his style. We must content ourselves with simply calling the attention of our readers to a volume evincing great talent and still greater promise.

VICTORIA : OR THE WORLD OVERCOME. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. In one volume: pp. 465. New-York: DERRY AND JACKSON.

OUR readers are doubtless aware that among the numerous candidates for literary fame among the gentler sex, Miss CAROLINE CHESEBRO' has few or no superiors as a fluent, graceful writer. Of her various contributions to this *Magazine*, we consider the story of the Birth of FLEANCE KRUGER, which appeared in our November and December numbers, the best, and it is regarded as a tale of great power and beauty by all who have read it. The volume before us is a story of the Puritan times, the scene being laid in New-England two hundred years ago. We quote from a contemporary the following brief synopsis of the story :

'THE heroine of the story — MAUD SALTONSTALL, is the daughter of two English people who have emigrated to a deserted spot in New-England on the coast, where neither parents nor child are often cheered by the sight of human faces, except those in their own household. Here she grows up to the age of fifteen — a wild, impetuous girl, weaving her irregular untaught poetical thoughts into wild songs of her own composition. On the coast one day a ship is wrecked, and the sole survivor visible then, MARGARET GLADSTONE, is rescued by MAUD. Henceforward she becomes MAUD's teacher and director — and even assumes parental control over her, at the request of MAUD's own parents. Miss GLADSTONE leaves the home of the SALTONSTALLS, and takes up her abode in a distant part of the country in the house of a clergyman, ROSSITER. Here she is thrown into the company of ROSSITER's daughter, HOPE — a hard, learned, and severely religious girl — and of another minister, STANTON, HOPE's masculine counterpart, and eventually her lover. Here she lives some time, growing farther and farther away from HOPE and STANTON, whom she would gladly have loved, but that their sterile natures and forbidding creed forbade. By-and-by a new actor appears upon the scene — KENSSETT, a young man who had been on the wrecked ship with MARGARET GLADSTONE. He comes to see her again because she has taught him much in regard to the true aims of life, and at her suggestion he becomes a student of Theology in ROSSITER's house. MAUD loves him, and so does HOPE; but KENSSETT loves MAUD. A blight comes upon HOPE; she becomes ill; and in her agony, she ascribes her illness to MAUD's witchcraft. To make the accusation appear more probable, a school-mate of MAUD's dies suddenly. The people become clamorous, and the good girl, whose poetical nature made her utter thoughts at variance with the Calvinism of the day, was tried, condemned, and executed for a witch!'

It will be seen that the plot is very simple, and yet the interest never flags, and toward the close becomes painfully intense. We cannot conceive, in this age of light, that jealousy could attribute its own sufferings to the evil influences of such a lovely, ingenuous child of nature as MAUD. Our feelings are greatly excited by the conduct of JEROME STANTON, whose stern faith seems to have crushed out every tender feeling of our nature. Miss CHESEBRO's characters display to us, in a remarkable and interesting manner, the secret springs of action. The conversations in this volume are all earnestness and sincerity, the real convictions brought to light. Life is too serious for trifling, and we have none of it here. We rise from its perusal with much the same feelings we experience after seeing a tragedy, in which (as is too often the case in real life) innocence is the victim. As we view that master-piece of art, the Martyrdom of HUSS, while indignation and pity struggle within us, we are cheered by that faith which makes the fiery trial but the opening of Heaven's gates to the sainted one; so, in reading the volume before us, the fate of the lovely MAUD is not without the same consolation.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — A new and welcome correspondent, in his '*Souvenirs of Saunterings*' abroad, sends us a pleasant essay upon '*Eating an Ear*.' The triumph of the French *cuisine* which he records, reminds us of a remark made by a Frenchman to Mr. N. H. CARTER, formerly editor of the old '*New-York Statesman*,' one of the first, as he was among the ablest, of our early American travellers in Europe: 'You have grand countree in Amerique: ah, oui — sublime! — bot you have not ze *cuisine*: you have plaänty of ze *matériel*, bot you not know how to prepare zem. *Non!* you szrow zem away, ver' mosch. Vat you call ze *buckskinpantalon*, you not use *him*! Bot he make ze mos' beautiful *potage*.' And the Gallic *chef de cuisine* was right. The tender epidermis of a fresh-killed doe *has* its uses as a component of, nay as a 'stock' for, soup, which only a French cook thoroughly understands. Yet it is not, in its first stage, 'ze buckskinpantalon!' But hear our new correspondent:

'HAVE you ever eaten an ear? No! Well, I have, and it was in this wise:

'Having heard much of French cookery, I set to work to study it systematically. First of all I bought one of those small pamphlets containing the bill of fare, which, in the 'crack' restaurants, is pretty much the same, and taking one dish one day, and another the next, I was very pleasantly eating my way into a tolerably intimate knowledge of the skill of French 'artisteas.'

'One bright afternoon I found myself in the Palais Royal, and after half-an-hour's 'flanerie' in the Galerie Vitree and the Gardens, I sauntered into the then high-toned restaurant of Les Trois Frères Provençaux, seated myself with a calmness suited to the atmosphere of the place, for I was not possessed by 'the wild rage of hunger,' but felt simply a gentle physical stimulus that harmonized with my mental desire to continue my studies in 'The Chemistry of Common Life.' While turning over the leaves to find some light dish that might suffice for the moment, my eye was caught by the words 'Oreille de Veau,' and I found myself transported in a moment from France to Florida.

'ACHILLE MURAT had an estate in the peninsula of the Everglades. ACHILLE MURAT had also a cook. Some French gentlemen on their travels came to visit the proprietor of the plantation, and to present their letters of introduction. Even in a well-regulated *ménage* there are times when every thing is 'just out,' and the

stock has not yet been replenished. The day before the arrival of these guests, the cattle had been marked, and the cattle-drivers had devoured every thing devourable on the place. The herds had then been driven off, not to be collected again for a year, and were now — no body could tell where.

'What was to be done? The difficulty was horrible. Hungry guests and the emptiest of empty larders. MURAT was at his wit's end: his cook was not. Cook! He was an artiste, a diplomatist, a HANNIBAL, a NAPOLEON. Difficulties but drew him out. The passing darkness only showed the true brilliancy of the diamond. Finding that the 'Chef' considered himself equal to the emergency, MURAT entertained and and lionized his guests until the dinner-hour arrived. He and they were soon seated at a *recherché* repast, where each one found his appetite 'upheld with kindest change.' The most ate and asked no questions, until after the departure of the travellers, when, to his amazement, he discovered that the pleasant variety of dishes which had graced his table, had all been made with consummate skill from the left ears of the young cattle which had been cut off to mark them, and carelessly thrown upon the ground.

'The proverb tells us that a man cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but it seems that a *cordon bleu* can make a great many things out of a calf's ear, and my curiosity was quite agog to know how it would be served up on the present occasion. Fancy flits faster than flesh, and, while my wits were gathering this wool, merely sufficient material time had passed to allow an attentive waiter to take his place before me with a half-bow, his short white apron before him, and a snowy napkin lying in chaste repose upon his bent left arm.

'Oreille de veau, S. V. P.'

'Bien, Monsieur. Pas autre chose?'

'Non, merci.'

'And so he vanished, leaving me to the enjoyment of '*La Presse*,' from which I amused myself by picking some of the crumbs of Political Economy which EMILE GIRARDIN at that time flung to the public with a free hand in those curt, crisp sentences of his, that were at once so satisfying and so appetising.

'Meantime, with a pleasant subdued clatter, the snow-white plate, holding the red-bordered napkin, still slightly damp, was laid upon the table, and beside it the broad-pronged fork that made me feel like BAYARD, *sans peur*, because its purity was *sans reproché*; the knife with its shining, spotless blade; the bright spoon, with its concave mirror; all 'in due order ranged,' and then, 'expectant silence stood attent.' He comes! He bears it in his hands. He places it before me with great carefulness upon the table, and departs, leaving me alone with this strange sight before my eyes. I have never seen the Peak of Teneriffe, but have a tolerable idea of it from descriptions and engravings. I like to think of it occasionally, rising so boldly up from ocean, and towering there twelve thousand feet in air; and here before me on the table was its counterpart in miniature — an ear, apparently of well-rusted cast-iron, rising with equal boldness and abruptness from a brown sea of sauce. The rounded point at the top, and every wrinkle at the base were so naturally rendered, that it was, in truth, a work of art.

'But what, in the name of all the gods, was I to do with it? If I should attempt to carve it where it was, I should infallibly splash the abundant brown sauce over every thing, and even if I should lift it out dripping upon my plate, I must prepare myself for a 'tussle' with the gristle. Either way, to use a diplomatic phrase, 'the situation was embarrassing.' I looked about me. The sun was shining calmly in at the windows; the little groups at the other tables were con-

versing as calmly and pleasantly as before; and the quiet waiters moved to-and-fro as if 'nothing on earth was the matter.'

'Again I faced my enemy. There he stood, the same imperturbable, rusty cast-iron ear. 'Well,' said I, throwing myself back upon the fatalism of the Turk, 'Allah ackbar, what is to be will be.' *En avant.* I would make one attempt at it in the dish; then another on my plate, and then, justified by my failures, I should send away the confounded thing, and order something else. My first agreeable surprise was at the ease with which the prongs of my fork penetrated the rusty cast-iron; but when my knife, which did not seem sharper than the average of table-knives, divided with ease the entire ear from pert summit to saucy base, I must confess I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and sat gazing at it as it stood there in duteous duality obedient to my wishes.

'Had the Peak of Teneriffe itself been sliced in two before me, I hardly think I should have been more surprised. With knife and fork I laid each half, then, gently down to rest in its soft bed of sauce, and a more exquisite dish I never tasted.

'How can I describe the pleasant crispness of the ear itself; the judicious combination of herbs and bread that filled up the hollow of the ear and made it solid. The sauce, too, that inexplicable brown sauce. No mere collection of hot spices, nor yet a vapid mixture of inharmonious ingredients. No! That sauce was the result of study, the calm consequence of research. Great Nature as she sat brooding on her ample throne, had been closely questioned, and had yielded her oracular response; and there I sat, one of her grateful sons, enjoying the results. But language fails me. I forbear, and can only exclaim: 'Vive la Cuisine Française! Vive l'Oreille de Veau!'

J. M. M.'

And '*Vive la Bagatelle! — toujours!*' - - - We have not forgotten our threat somewhat to enlarge upon our recent fishing excursion among the clear waters of Delaware and Broome. Our selfishness is gone; for it is too late now to follow in our footsteps; and next year, reader, (*Deo volente*,) we will be there *before* you, with our trusty and well-beloved trout-companion. Beside, who could prate, amid the scorching fervors of the 'heated term' in mid-July, of the cool breezes and sparkling waters, and shadowy shores of lovely lakes, far off amid the forest? But to proceed: we started off from Hancock, on the New-York and Erie Rail-road, in the early morning gloaming, for 'Lizard Lake,' over a road, and with a vehicle, which would have bumped the dyspepsia out of the veriest sufferer in that kind to be found 'in Christendie.' When we reached it, embosomed in its green basin in the forest, a brisk western breeze was crisping its blue waters — a little too brisk, our friend thought, to augur good luck. Howbeit, we took boat and rowed up to the west end of the little lake, in whose shallow out-post pools lay the little minnows which were to constitute our bait. These obtained — and not without difficulty, for the pestiferous pigs ran rooting about among them, 'troubling the waters' — we put off, ran down the lake a little way, 'out kellock,' and eke our lines, and awaited the fortunes of the day. Small promise! We tried to make excuses for Luck: 'The day was too breezy;' it 'was too near noon;' we 'did n't get our minnows soon enough, (confound those pigs!)' and other the like palliatives of unsucccess. 'Let us try another spot.' 'Good so: but first, let us take a couple of those corned

beef biscuit-sandwiches and a temperate pull at the 'Century'-brand *eau-de-vie*, tempered by this clear water, with some ice from under the stern-seat there.' 'Good again!' While engaged in doing this, our companion mentioned the boy who, when himself was a 'country-school-master,' (and a kind, good one he was, we will be sworn,) asked him one day: 'Master! please-Sir-may-g'wout, git s'mice-t'put-in-trowzes, t'keep-my-noze-from-bleedin'?' Made a memorandum of this remedy for a common involuntary depletion, and again addressed ourselves to our pleasant task. Anchored in the shadow of a little cove, on the north side of the lake. All is silence, save the 'breathing wind,' as we watch the lizards shore-ward, through the shallow water. The silence is rather illustrated than broken by the almost noiseless pulling up of a 'fair-sized,' fairy-speckled trout. Thenceforth, for an hour, only two more. 'Discouraging! Let us land, and eat our dinner. Oarsman, hand over that covered pail, please, and the ice, and run us ashore by that big tree.' We were there in a twinkling. The tree was a noble pine, that had been seamed, and splintered, and shivered, and slivered, and shattered, and 'all cut up' by LIGHTNING, not ten days before: but it refused to yield, even to that awful 'javelin of the ALMIGHTY.' It was still green to the top, and stood up as erect and bravely as ever, to 'fight its battles with the storm.' Dinner concluded, 'once more upon the waters:' small hope, and less luck: 'Let us go home.' 'Wait a little longer,' suggested the very 'REX' of trout-men: 'the sun is slowly lowering: there is barely a possibility that we may yet get a few.' What good advice was that! *Now*, indeed, did we know the KING's wisdom. With a pound trout on our line, we remarked to him, in the language of one of the two Thames watermen in PUNCH: 'BILL, I do n't know as I ever *know'd* a man that know'd as much as what you know!' More luck, of the 'biggest kind,' and continuous: but as it was getting late, when the 'KING' had taken from his *spun*-line a trout spotted with gold and crimson, *weighing by the scales, three-and-a-half pounds and three ounces*, so it was that we 'up kellock,' and addressed ourselves to depart. What a trout-supper was that which we hungry fishermen ate that night at the American House in Hancock! The next day — But enough for the present. We have n't done yet, though. - - - MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, the popular publishers of Boston, who have established so high a reputation for the excellence of their selections, and the external beauty of their publications, have just issued, in a single compact and very handsome volume, '*The Complete Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate of England*,' in five hundred and eighty pages. We have here all that TENNYSON has ever written, which he deemed worthy of preservation. A letter to his American publishers expresses his gratitude to them for affording him an opportunity of reaping his share of profit in the sales of the work. A fine portrait of this true 'poet of feeling' fronts the title-page of the book. We copy from 'MAUD' a poem which was sent to the KNICKERBOCKER for publication many years ago. It has been revised 'with all a loving poet's care' since then, and beside will have a wide circle of readers in every State of our Union, who were 'not on our books' when it first appeared in these pages. The music, the perfection of rhythm, the tender reminiscence, and the exquisite

pathos of this beautiful poem, have haunted us ever since we first read it. There is not a line in it that we have not repeated a thousand times :

' On ! that 't were possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again !

' When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than any thing on earth.

' A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee ;
Ah ! CHRIS, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be !

' It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

' Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

' 'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls ;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet ;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings ;
In a moment we shall meet ;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

' Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye ?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate
cry.
There is some one dying or dead !

And a sullen thunder is rolled ;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake — my dream is fled ;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

' Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt ;
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about !
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

' Then I rise : the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide ;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

' Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame ;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud
The shadow still the same ;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

' Alas ! for her that met me !
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet even-fall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

' Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say, ' Forgive the wrong,'
Or to ask her, ' Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest ? '

' But the broad light glares and beats
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be ;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me ;
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee ! '

Read the foregoing carefully over again, and say whether we have said one word too much in its praise. - - - HERE are '*Some Things that have Happened and been Laughed at, in the Life of a School-master.*' We will assist the writer to a kindred 'batch' one of these days, which we heard when a school-boy — 'dark, and bright, and happy days!' — at which we

have 'laughed furtively,' as Mr. FENIMORE COOPER says, a thousand times, and not one of which has ever been heard of since. Children — school-children, especially — are odd and curious little creatures: and we must record *our* experience of them, 'when time and place shall serve':

'THE subscriber, though he, like MACS SLOPER, 'never was what I call smart,' has for 'a spell, a spell-and-a-half, or two spells,' been engaged in directing verdant intellectual juvenility how to vegetate; and as he has propelled, and been propelled, along the stream of Time, has jotted down unconnected sketches of his auto-pedagogical sufferings, tribulations, and jubilees, and from these *omnium gathera*, begs leave to submit the following, to all of which he is willing to be 'sworn and subscribed,' as being verily a veritable verity.

'Upon one occasion, in the geography class, WILLIE S — very innocently remarked, that the public buildings of Augusta 'are the penitentiary and *funatic* asylum.'

'Good, noble, stupid little HANNES B —, into whose German cranium it seems sheer impossibility to force a due sense of the meaning of English words, once read from '*Thanatopsis*':

'THOU go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scrouged to his dungeon.'

'HANNES, at another time, when asked the character and complexion of the people of the Temperate Zone, replied: 'They are of a white character and complexion.'

'GEORGE G —, good-natured, blundering GEORDIE, whom every body loves in spite of his eccentricities, is in the habit of talking rather impetuously, but not quite so fast as he can think. A spelling-match being in contemplation, he came rushing into the room at recess, exclaiming: 'Mr —, is the s-s-amellin'-patch goin' to be to-morrow?'

'JEMMIE B — is a beautiful sample of the glorious results of the memoriter recitation system. It is 'a marvel most marvellous,' how he manages to retain so many of the words with so few of the ideas. Reciting a passage from MITCHELL's Geography, running thus: 'The people of this State are actively engaged in the construction of railroads;' he gave them a bellicose character worthy of Erie, by saying that they were actually engaged in the *destruction* of railroads.'

'On another occasion he recited a principle in RAY's Arithmetic, namely: 'Where a quantity has no natural unit, it is necessary to fix upon an artificial one,' thus: 'Where there is no unit necessary, it is natural to *FIX UP* an artificial one.'

'Honest little JOHNNY B —, who never told a wilful lie in his life, nor yet a disguised lie, under the cloak of a half-expressed truth — dear little embodiment of honesty and fun, getting head-first into all the 'scrapes,' and having the worst account on the register, as a natural consequence of his candor. Poor JOHNNY! The other day in the reading-class, he rendered WEBSTER's paragraph, beginning: 'When I shall be found here in my place in the Senate or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit,' etc., after the fashion here appended 'When I shall be found in my place here in the Senate or elsewhere, to sneeze at public meetin', etc.

'HORACE MANN L —, who, despite his *prænomen*, is as lazy an imp of indolence as ever tried the patience of any educational Job, was asked, 'What are the classes of the productions of nature?' requiring, of course, the answer: 'Animal, vegetable, and mineral.' With a yawning air of don't-care-a-continental-dime-a-five-ness worthy of DIOGENES, our hero drawled out: 'Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.'

'TOMMY H —, in parsing the sentence, 'The cow gives milk,' said: 'Cow is a noun, 'cause it's a name; proper, 'cause it gives milk.'

'Thinking your patience bored sufficiently, I beg leave to subscribe myself

'Cory Cottage, Clinton Avenue, Avondale, (Ohio,) July, 1856.

MEISTER JOHANN.'

'THEY are wise,' writes a correspondent from a flourishing town on the Northern border of the Southern States, 'who write their own epitaphs: and

then there can be no family-jars on *that* score — at least *post-obit*. Do you know any body who has taken this proper precaution? I do; and as he has erected his own monument (of cast-iron, more than twelve feet high) and inscribed thereon his view of his mundane merits, and placed it in such a conspicuous position in ——— Cemetery that 'he that runneth may read,' I do no violence to the sanctity of the dead, nor to the shrinking modesty of the living, if I give you a transcript of the epitaph. Here it is:

'IN MEMORY OF
J ——— W ———,
a native of Kyo,
England,
for the last — years,
a resident and Steam,
Engineer, of B ———,
departed this life,
——— aged — years,
but
What need the pen rehearse,
A life well spent,
A man's good deeds are
His best monument.
also
his wife
Like a bud nip't off the tree
So DEATH has parted you and me.'

'By the side of the above stands a slab marking the resting-place of one of the 'good deeds.' It bears the following:

'To the memory of
our dear little foundling,
J ——— V ——— W ———,
Died Aug. 1, 1853,
aged 7 months.

'It was upon the second month
Of eighteen hundred and fifty-three
This dearest little stranger
Was left alone with me.

'We were all sitting happy
By the cheerful fire bright
When all at once the door-bell rang,
At 8 o'clock at night.

'We took him in and clothed him well
And watched him day and night,
Until our blessed Lord thought fit
To take him from our sight.

'By his little tender age anxiety and care
And finding him upon our door step,
Made him to us so dear.

'He grew to us most beautiful
But he was only given,
As a fair bud to earth,
But to blossom in heaven.'

Want some more of it? - - - THE next day, as we began to say, after our *late* luck at 'Lizard Lake,' we started forth for a 'northern tour' to a certain 'Pond,' which shall be nameless, because it is private property,

and the proprietor gives no permission to fish therein, save to personal friends or acquaintances. The road was excellent, our team a spanking good one, and the morning cool and pure. Arrived at the spot, with all our traps and 'provants,' we *coolly* anchored our wagon, put our 'grub'-pail under it, our horses at feed in the shade, and then proceeded to construct a raft, from a saw-mill near by. This was soon accomplished, with the requisite layers of scantling, boards, cross-sleepers, etc., until the whole structure was made '*slab* and good.' Then 'launched we upon the deep' of the mill-pond. In various parts of its expansive surface we 'essayed the wily fisher's art,' but all to no purpose. An hour or two had passed, but as yet 'not a bite.' Possessing ourselves in much patience, we thought of the colloquy with a devoted troutman in England: 'Got any thing yet, my friend?' '*Got any thing!*' — of *course* not: I only *came* here last Wednesday!' Well, while so sitting, and so wandering in desultory thought, there came down through the mountain-gorge in which the pond was situated, a sudden and stiff breeze, which, at least to 'Old KNICK,' seemed at once to separate the forward part of our frail ark. The water where we were was some thirty feet deep: it was water all around us, 'and nothing else,' save a stump, some four feet above the surface of the pond. This, in desperation, clasped 'Old KNICK.' The 'float,' meanwhile, seemed separating from beneath our feet; and looking back, we saw the 'KING' as we thought vainly endeavoring to force the raft toward us, against the increasing wind. We cried out: 'For God's sake! force the raft up! I can't hold on a minute longer!' The answer to this was: 'Let go! — let go, and fall back!' This seemed even more perilous than to remain. And now it was that we lost our presence of mind. 'Fear came upon us, and trembling, that caused all our bones to shake:' the 'terrors of DEATH gat hold upon us.' It was a moment of awful suspense: (suspended to a stump, in a big saw-mill pond, the wind blowing like sixty, or in the neighborhood of that figure:) we thought, in that brief space, of what we had done, and how much we had left undone, in the life that was now about to close: of the loved ones far away, who were little thinking of our present peril: we thought of the Life to Come: when we felt a strong hand grasp us, and the next moment were lying on the 'broad of our back' upon the '*spreading* deck' of our slab-raft. We had sank in deep waters, and the floods had gone over us. We paddled ashore; and while our friend fruitlessly essayed his line in other 'spots' of the pond, we mounted a pile of fresh-sawed boards on the southern side of a building near by, and while we were slowly drying in the sun, had a most charming confabulation with two pretty children — a little girl of eight, and a little boy of six years: the first with sparkling, intelligent eyes, thin, expressive lips, and as 'smart as a steel-trap'; the second, with a mouth like a rose-bud; little short pearly teeth, like a row of kernels on a small ear of white sweet-corn; and 'as bright as a button.' These 'little people' have not even yet forgotten us, if the express-man did his duty, and delivered to them, two days after, 'Old KNICK's remembrancer. And that he *did* do it, we have no reason to doubt. - - - We are frequently asked by correspondents in different sections of the Union, in these sharp political times:

'Who is your man for PRESIDENT? Show your hand!' We will: although ours is not, nor has it ever been, a political, sectarian or sectional Magazine in the slightest degree or particular for twenty-three years. But now we *will* speak. We 'go for'

J. C. BUCH. *Millard Fillmore.*

Any man — 'not *that* man, but another man,' or *any* man — who will give us the little office we seek, shall have our suffrages, provided he is 'sound' on the 'Principles of Ninety-eight.' *This* should be made a 'test-question' with *all* the candidates. - - - THE announcement of the death of Mr. GEORGE REDFIELD, of New-York, which reaches us in the public journals, startles us all at 'Cedar-Cottage,' reposing in the silence and quietude of the country. He loved children. Also — which always follows — for, as BYRON says, 'The heart *must* leap kindly back to kindness' — children loved *him*. Mr. REDFIELD was fond of humor, and many was the 'good thing' he sent to us for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, which he 'came across' in his desultory reading. He was an admirer of fine pictures, and an admirable and discriminating connoisseur of the same. His own collection was rare and well-chosen; his books of the best editions and binding; and his articles of *verité* showed their possessor to be a man of delicate and refined taste. He was, moreover, a frank, generous man, who despised all meanness; and he loved his friends. We saw but little of him in later months, after we quitted residing uninterruptedly in town: but the last time we met him, he gave us a characteristically-cordial invitation to visit him at Brooklyn, and begged our acceptance of a small but beautiful landscape, which we had admired at his apartments in town. Mr. REDFIELD was still a young man; but many years ago he lost a young and lovely wife — the lady alluded to in the following passage from our little volume, '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' which we hope to be pardoned for quoting here, for the enjoyment of thousands who are our readers *now*, but who were not so *then*:

'THE following most touching fragment of a *Letter from a Dying Wife to her Husband* was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

'WHEN this shall reach your eye, dear GEORGE, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away for ever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide for ever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts was at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear GEORGE, *it is so!* Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone with the *sure conviction* that I am about to leave all for ever, and go down alone into the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have believed,' and leaning upon His arm 'I fear no evil.' Do not blame me for keeping even

all this from you. How could I subject *you*, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will so soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when *your* time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its *MAKER's* presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not so to be — and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my *SAVIOUR's* bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirit shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from my view — the last of earth — you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear *GEORGE*, where you will lay me: often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sun-set as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, *each* perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come *alone*, and whichever it might be, *your* name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot; and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sun-light linger and play among the grass that grows over your *MARY's* grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, '*I am not lost, but gone before!*'"

'They loved in life, and now in death they are not divided.' They sleep together in the beautiful cemetery near Troy, where we have stood by *her* grave, at sun-set, with the weeping husband who has now rejoined her 'in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.'

WE are well pleased, as our readers every where we are sure will be, to find again in our pages our old friend and correspondent, CARL BENSON: and especially, when he so cordially confirms the public estimate of the gossipings of another favorite contributor. 'CARL,' since our readers last heard from him, has been enjoying the varied delights of life in Paris, Baden-Baden, Weisbaden, Rome, Naples, Florence, 'an' the lave'; and now, as Sir JOHN MAUNDEVILLE hath it, 'he is comen home to rest' for a time in his 'own, his native land,' to which many friends will make him warmly welcome:

'DEAR CLARK: It is not often that I write to you, either in sorrow or in anger; but now, after a long silence, I take pen in hand under the influence of both emotions. It is not often that I am forced to mention any of your contributors in terms of criticism or complaint, but now I have a sore grievance against one of them — I mean that gentleman who rejoices in the pseudonym of MACE SLOPER. That person's writings are positively dangerous to society. Witness what befel me last week. I undertook to read in an omnibus his 'Three Parties and a Literary Reception.' What was the result? Why, Sir, in the first place I was seized with sundry attacks of real Homeric, inextinguishable laughter, whereby I narrowly escaped being taken up for a lunatic, as most of my fellow-travellers were grave business men, who could n't see any joke except 'cornering' some poor devil on fancy stock. Secondly and chiefly, I was so absorbed and lost to the external world for some fifteen or twenty minutes, that a most respectable-looking young man alongside me (of course he was bound to be most respectable-looking) made a too successful effort to 'realize' my purse, containing no less than \$97, to say nothing of

the purse itself, which was a gift from Mrs. CARL, and her own handiwork, of course beyond all value. Now, Sir, I ask, is a man to be allowed to go writing about in that way and making people get their pockets picked? If you do n't suppress that contributor of yours, there is no answering for the consequences. To be sure that is no excuse for the other party, the ingenious 'operator.' May all TRISTAN SHANDY'S curse light upon him, and old WALTER DE MAPES' beside, which is the more pithy and convenient of the two. Do n't you recollect it?

*'Raptor mei pilei morte moriatur,
Mors sit subitanea nec providatur.
May the man who stole my purse perish in a twinkling
By a sudden death, of which he shall have no inkling.*

*'Raptor mei pilei mala morte cadat
Illum fibris rabies et tabes invadat.
May the man who stole my purse die a very bad death,
Hydrophobia, cholera, every sort of bad death.*

And so on for some ten stanzas. Nay, I feel inclined to concoct an additional anathema of my own on the fellow. As thus:

*'May the man who stole my purse meet with all afflictions,
Friendship of the SEWER set, FEEGRAVE'S benedictions;
Long harangues Congressional, full of sound and passion,
Strikingly illustrated in the present fashion.*

*'May his wife write several books and be counted clever,
May his sons be candidates (well abused) for ever,
May be in prison shut, fasting, without ere a can,
And have nothing there to read save the North American.*

*'May he perish unabsolved of all sins confessable,
May he have to write a leader for the Inexpressible;
May he be bisected by bowie-knives and hand-saws,
And be sent an emigrant over-land to Kansas.*

*'When his earthly tenement yields his soul no shelter
May it animate the corpse of an ancient pelter;
Tackled to an omnibus may, 'neath whip and curb, he
Travel through eternity o'er the Rtss in urbe.*

*'May he be devoured alive by the fiercest creatures,
Cimices domestici, Carribee mosquitoes;
May the rail-road subdivide into sausage-meat him,
May adopted citizens with their whiskey eat him.*

'Apropos of sausage-meat, (it is pleasant to change our mournful theme.) I lately heard a matter-of-fact, elderly gentleman laying down the law on an important point connected therewith. 'Being intimately acquainted,' said Mr. FOGY, 'with an eminent sausage-maker in the City of Churches, I once took occasion to ask him if there was any foundation to the popular belief that 'old dog Tray ever faithful; sometimes found a premature grave in the commodities of inferior dealers. He utterly denied the possibility of such a thing and proved it to me at length. 'In the first place,' he said, 'the price of dogs is greatly increased by the new regulations' secondly, the dog is a very troublesome and tedious animal to skin; thirdly, the meat is white, and easily detected; fourthly ——' At this stage of the demonstration two or three of the company simultaneously expressed their conviction that the eminent sausage-vender's intimate knowledge of the subject was somewhat suspicious, and that we might without uncharitableness suppose that he himself had tried the experiment at any rate.

'But, after all, may not the vulgar prejudice be an erroneous one? May not a slight *souppon* of dog in sausage be rather a benefit to the article? I remember reading a pathetic German tale, (perhaps it was in the *KNICKERBOCKER*. I believe *every thing* has been in old *KNICK* some time or other, as that precious *BEAUVALLER* says every thing is in Broadway;) the heroine's two lovers agree to decide their pretensions by their skill in sausage-making. Her 'parient,' the burgomaster of the town, is to be judge. The rival sausages are laid on a table before him, and he cuts a slice from each alternately. By-and-by one begins to disappear more rapidly than the other, and finally vanishes, leaving its competitor but half-eaten. The affair is decided; but soon after, the heroine's pet spaniel is among the missing. She has sacrificed him to insure the success of the favored suitor.

'I knew a young lady who received from a friend in Philadelphia a present of a small dog and a pound of sausages. It was suggested that they were specimens of the raw material and the manufactured article. The animal certainly seemed to have some sort of sympathy with the edibles; for when we eat them, he nearly eat some of us. Which is all at present from

CARL BENSON.'

'Bedford, (L. I.), July 31st.

'CARL's pen must not be idle. - - - THE following is from the San-Francisco '*Alta-Californian*.' It is a most strange communication. It strikes us that there is great danger in recklessly publishing anecdotes of great men, not *known* to be entirely authentic. We cannot but regret that the memory of such a man as JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke should be likely to suffer from so apparently absurd a story. Our Virginia correspondents, at all events, can tell us whether there is such a work as '*Chittenden's Western Virginia*':

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.—In an account of the death of JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, which went the rounds of the press a year or two since, it was stated that Mr. RANDOLPH, during his last moments, wrote the word '*REMORSE*' on one of his visiting-cards, and continued to gaze upon it with a melancholy expression until his eyes were closed in death. This statement was dwelt upon with much unction, particularly by the religious papers; the evident effect produced by it being the idea that this great man was troubled in mind, at this solemn period, by the memory of some unrepented and unatoned-for crime. The following passage from '*CHITTENDEN's Western Virginia*' may serve to throw some light on the subject:

"THE day after the funeral, a stranger, dressed in deep black, called at the mansion and inquired for Mr. RANDOLPH. He was ignorant of the melancholy event that had occurred, and was profoundly shocked when told of RANDOLPH's death. He inquired particularly if Mr. RANDOLPH had not asked for him, stated that his business with him had been urgent, and that he had been especially directed to call upon the day on which he arrived, and expressed the deepest regret that he had come too late. On going away, the stranger left his card, on which was engraved '*R. E. MORSE, Culpepper County, Va.*' This man was never seen again, and, though frequent inquiries were subsequently made for him, they proved unsuccessful. It was supposed by BUEWELL that this must have been the agent alluded to by Mr. RANDOLPH in his account of the Cuban affair."

This is not the end of this. - - - THE following is the *State of Crops at Cedar-Hill Cottage*, on the Tappaan-Zee: CORN, 'sweet-white,' soft, succulent, and abundant: CUCUMBERS, an excess: TOMATOES: ah! *there* we 'expand and burgeon!' Being in great abundance, they 'astonish all beholders.' We never saw, and our metropolitan friends, (country-born, and 'knowing beans,' tomatoes, etc.,) say *they* never saw, such a sight. Four and six inches across is a specimen far from being uncommon. PEAS, 'Lima,' 'String,' and 'China' BEANS have been 'plaañty:' while our 'water, mush,

and other millions, are the envy of 'by-standers,' looking admiringly over the pickets. CABBAGES and CAULIFLOWERS (each had constant and careful nursing) are better in no man's garden in Rockland county. In fact, ours is a 'Garden of Delight' to visit before the sun comes up above the hills that border the eastern shore of the great and broad Hudson, as we have done hundreds of times this summer. But our 'Country Farm,' where our chief landed 'possessions lie,' (we have an estate in the Isle of *Sky* and another in our *eye*, but they do n't count in *this* statement,) is our main reliance for our standard farm-produce. The 'BILLINGS Estate,' of some three hundred acres, four miles back, of which it forms a part, (being over an acre in extent,) is probably one of the best among the many good farms in our immediate quarter, on this side of the Hudson. Well wooded and well watered, with broad meadows, rich fields of golden grain, and the beautiful Indian corn, and dark-green potatoes, it is a pleasure only to *look* upon it. What then must be *our* emotions, when — visiting the hospitable proprietor, at his old-fashioned but pleasant and spacious mansion — we look upon an acre of *our* corn — *our* potatoes — *our* beans! All *our* work, too, and our faithful lad DENNIS's — and all growing thrifty and strong, and ripening for the harvest! Is there among our friends any one whose potatoes are not 'laid in' for the winter? We have a superior variety of that tuber, which a liberal price can alone secure: but we *have* an article of potato, of a good quality, which we can put to our friends at a rate which will bring it within the reach of the meanest capacity. 'Send in your orders, gentlemen — send 'em in!' - - - A FRIEND sends us the following, which we happen to *know* to be true: and to prove it to our correspondent's satisfaction, we take the liberty to ask him whether the 'Gen. F —' referred to is not our old friend and correspondent, who furnished for the pages of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, '*A Night in Bed with a Rattlesnake*,' and an '*Adventure on the Great Prairie*' — two communications which have gone the rounds of the public press in every State in the Union? 'A ducat to a beggarly denier' that we are in the right:

'THE character of the Indian is a peculiar one. Although for many years the red man of this country has been brought, more or less, in close proximity with the whites, the former rarely assimilate in habit or taste with the latter. They are firm in their purpose, and true in friendship, when you have once secured their confidence. They are wily, crafty, subtle: with a high sense of dignity, when once you have touched the noble and generous impulses of their nature, and highly sensitive on the question of color. An amusing instance of the tenacity with which they cling to this latter propensity, occurred some years since in the Western part of this State. It is no doubt, very generally known that the Tonawanda Indians still retain a portion of their ancient and once extensive reservation, now reduced to twelve thousand eight hundred acres, situated in the county of Genesee. It is a cardinal principal with the red man never to forget a favor, and sooner or later he seeks the occasion to repay it. Many of your readers, doubtless, know, either personally or by reputation, Gen F —, who has, for many years past, occupied a somewhat prominent position in the administration of the affairs of this State. In years gone by, the General was in the habit of rendering this tribe, and

others constituting the Six Nations, many acts of kindness and favor, and by so doing was frequently brought in contact with the renowned chief, RED JACKET, whose high oratorical powers were the wonder and admiration of all who had the pleasure of listening to his noble, manly, spirit-stirring appeals in behalf of his once powerful but now humbled and down-trodden race.

'Those who know the General are aware that he never boasts of a light or florid complexion, but on the contrary, prides himself upon his 'native American' tinge, or what he is pleased to term, 'fast-color.' Many a good joke has been perpetrated at his expense, and no one enjoys them in a higher degree than himself. And this is suggestive of one which I heard not long since, and which I consider too good to be lost. It was so amusing to me, as illustrative of Indian character, showing the pride with which they regard the color of their race, and the pertinacity with which they are prepared to defend it, that I feel strongly inclined to give it publicity.

'It may not be generally known, but such, nevertheless, is the fact, that no higher compliment can possibly be paid an individual by the Indian race, than by his adoption into the tribe, and his elevation to the rank of a chief. This is an event of rare occurrence, and never permitted, except as a manifestation of high regard on their part for favors received. It was in this light that the Indians looked upon our friend, the General; and it was determined to confer upon him the highest honors of the nation. The 'Grand Council' was assembled, and the General, who was present, was 'put through,' with all the peculiar ceremonies practised by them on such occasions, which, by the way, I am told, are highly interesting and imposing. It is true, the General by adoption had been made an Indian, and a chief; still it was supposed by many that his claim to be a 'white man,' notwithstanding all the attendant and rather doubtful circumstances of the case, was yet somewhat strongly in his favor. But this point was soon decided against him, and in the following emphatic manner: Soon after the occurrence of the event narrated, one of the chiefs of the tribe happened in a neighboring town, and meeting 'Squire N——, the latter inquired of him if there was any news at Tonawanda, when the chief replied: 'No, not much. Have 'em Grand Council there last week, and make 'em Great Chief.'

'Ah? — and whom did you *make* Chief?' 'General F——,' replied the interrogated, laconically. 'What General F——?' demanded 'Squire N——.

'Why, General F——, of Batavia,' was the reply.

'But,' said the 'Squire, 'General F—— of Batavia is a *white man*.'

'This was too much for the Indian. His own pride, and the dignity of his adopted chief, had been insulted. So, drawing himself up to his full height, and assuming a defiant attitude, his eyes flashing fire, he replied: '*He a white man!* NOT BY A D — D SIGHT!!'

'If not convinced, 'Squire N—— was obliged to yield the argument, and the Indian marched off with evident signs of victory. Notwithstanding this attempt of 'Squire N—— to make him out a *white man*, the General still retains his good standing in the tribe, and is looked upon as a great favorite by his red brethren.'

We have *seen* him at Tonawanda! - - - THERE IS NO bereaved mother who can read the ensuing lines without tears, both of sorrow and of hope. They are by MR. ROBERT S. CHILTON, of Washington, (D. C.,) and reflect honor upon his heart and his poetical 'gift divine.' Our friend DEMPSTER has married them to most appropriately-touching music, and sings them with

all his accustomed feeling and effect. Mr. DIXSON, of Boston, the popular vocalist's popular publisher, has the music nearly ready for the press :

'The Mother's First Grief.

'SHE sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past :
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
O these happy, happy moments !
They but deepen her despair,
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there !

'There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief :
But her wavering thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been !
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there !

'She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly wo ;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the Voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
'Suffer them to come to ME.'
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward
And she sees her baby there !'

Precious, precious consolation ! - - - We promised in our last number to give in the present issue a few passages from an amusing letter which we had just received from 'JOHN PHŒNIX,' although dated at San-Francisco, *January twenty-eighth*, (later dates than we had before received,) and crowned with such a post-stamp, with such a full-length likeness of General WASHINGTON, under the head, as we suspect was never seen before. But to Mr. PHŒNIX's epistle :

'THE Limantour (*Le Mentur*) title to about one-half of San-Francisco, has lately been confirmed amid weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. JOHN NUGENT of the *Herald*, remarked to me yesterday that he did n't like the title to my book, 'PHŒNIXIANA ;' said it was n't a good one. I told him it was as good as any one ; *no* title was worth a red cent in this country.' (Play on the word *dead* — he ! he !) - - - Like unto Mr. SPARROW-GRASS, I have recently purchased a horse : bought him as 'perfectly sound.' With the exception of two wind-galls, a splint, and a ring-bone, he appears to be. But lo, you ! as I was driving him a-down the street this morning, a man (JOUNSON, you do n't know him) said unto me : 'Hello ! why do n't you get *two* horses for that heavy buggy ? — that's too much for one.' I know you do n't like puns — I do n't ; despise any body

that makes 'em: but I told JOHNSON I did n't like display, and preferred to drive about in a one-horsetentative manner. (Play on the word *charger*.) JOHNSON smiled, and I went off with upright carriage. - - - Since writing the above, a little incident has (actually) transpired that I think will please you. Our little girl, yecept DAISY, fourteen months old, blue eyes, yellow hair, and with a gradually increasing taste for comic almanacs, pleasing to notice, sat upon the floor this morning playing with Harper, Putnam, ye Eclectic, and ye goodlye KNICKERBOCKER, when a sudden ejaculation from the maternal relative, and the spectacle of the baby borne from the room with great precipitancy, attracted my attention. The periodicals suffered. 'Never mind,' said I to my wife, 'I must tell my friend 'Old Knick' of that, and he will rejoice with exceeding great joy to hear it. 'I do n't see why,' said she. 'No?' answered I: 'why what could be a more satisfactory proof of a literary turn, than to find a child of this precocious age pouring over the columns of the KNICKERBOCKER?' By the way, this reminds me of 'authin' else. Many months ago, when DAISY was but a callow infant, I was afflicted with a grievous cough, and one night, far in the deep watches, I gave vent to such a cough, prolonged, terrific, hideous, that I woke myself, wife, and infant, which last set up a most unearthly and tremendous yell. 'There,' said my sympathizing partner: 'You've gone and woke up the baby.' I was wroth at this uncalled-for remark, and replied: 'Well, I'm glad of it.' There was a moment's silence, and then she asked: 'Why?' 'Well,' said I, 'it shows the child has a tender disposition and feeling heart. She is weeping over her father's coughing.' There was silence at the Mission of Dolores for the space of about half an hour after that. - - - I did not intend to have commenced another sheet, but as I have done so, I call'te I had better tell you a small anecdote about Captain WALLEN, of the Fourth Foot, which he told me, and I thought at the time, I remember, was worthy of repetition. WALLEN started down from the Dalles to Vancouver, to bring up a party of recruits to fight the locomotive Indians. He stopped for the night at the Cascades, in the house of an old man, hight 'Uncle SAMMY,' an inquisitive old fellow, about eighty-six, and deaf as a haddock. After supper the old man, old woman, and WALLEN, drew up chairs around a blazing wood-fire. The old man immediately commenced applying the brake, (good expression for *pump*?) 'What are ye goin' daown to the maouth of the river for?' 'After recruits,' replied WALLEN, at the top of his voice. 'Hey?' 'After Re-cruits!' roared WALLEN again. 'Can't hear ye.' Then the old lady moved round, and putting her mouth to the old man's ear, shouted, in a voice that would have done credit to STENTON after he'd got a little in years: 'He's a goin' daown — arter re-cruits — sugar — and — coffee — and sick!' - - - One small (Irish) yarn more, and I'll 'dry up,' *tambien*. Premises: You know a soldier has two dresses — full-uniform and fatigue: the one blazing with worsted embroidery; t'other, dull and sombre-looking. PATRICK HOGAN, of the Second United States Foot, stationed, in the year of grace, '36, at Tampa Bay, E. F., went forth one day into the wilderness near the barracks, and seating himself beneath a palmetto, essayed to read a small Roman Catholic book called 'The Words of Jesus,' when 'zoom!' a yellow-jacket hornet stung him under the left ear. 'It hurt,' and PAT chased the '*little animil*' for some time, but fruitlessly. Next day, went forth again: same tree; same book; 'Words,' etc.: every thing quiet, when, buzz! buzz! a large brown beetle came flying up. PAT looked at him, and left: 'Ah! be J —,' said he, 'my boy, d'ye think I do n't know ye in yer *fataques*?' On reading this over it do n't sound as funny as it did when Dr. BYRNE of the United States Army told it to me; but it's a deuced good story, and if ever we three meet again, I'll have him tell you that, *et al.*, which you never heard before.

A TROY correspondent sends us the following instance of the manner in which a witness was 'bothered,' once on a time, in Albany, by the 'exaggerated language' of the examining counsel.

The case was one of Assault and Battery. 'With attempt to kill,' was

first inserted in the pleadings, but subsequently withdrawn; there being not the slightest ground for maintaining or *attempting* to maintain *that* portion of the 'declaration' then and there made, at the times, time, or half-a-time 'therein before mentioned.'

The case was called before a 'full *bench*'—one member of which had been on the bench before; having been, before he was twenty-one years of age, a shoe-maker and shoe-dealer; and in both capacities, an upright, honorable man.

The counsel for the defendant rose:

'This, gentlemen of the jury, is a plain case. You have heard the statement of the prosecutor: I shall ask you now to hear *mine*, on behalf of my injured client. I shall use few words. Few words are needed, save in cases where confusion and bewilderment of reasoning are necessary to befog the mind of a *ju-ror*. All that *we* want, if I understand the case rightly, is a legal curtailed abbreviation, compressing all the general particulars. Acting upon this labor-saving and time-preserving principle, I shall now proceed, under the direction of this honorable court, to cross-examine the first witness called by the prosecution in this case.

'JOHN JONES!'

A lame man, his right hand palsied, his hair all awry, and looking as if he had had a hard night of it, hobbled up on the stand.

'You have sworn in this case,' said the counsel for the defendant, 'that you saw an assault made by my client, the prisoner at the bar, upon the person of the prosecutor in the present case?'

'Yes: I *did*.'

'Oh! you *did*! The Court will observe that this is *one* of *two* classes of witnesses that professional gentlemen of the law have an especial disgust at encountering: a too *willing*, or a too *un-willing* witness. However——'

'Permit me, Sir—hold up your head!—if you are not about to swear to a falsehood, look upon the court, the jury, and this large and intelligent audience.'

'Yes, Sir—I *expect* to—that is exactly what I expected, what I wanted to do.'

'Yes, no doubt: you *wanted* to do it; but you were over-ruled—you were tampered with. Never mind, (with a wink to the jury,) we'll *try* to get the truth out of you, any how, despite the most ingenious prevarication.

'Well, Sir,' let me ask you, in the first place, did you have an unclouded view—were your optics undimmed—were your eyes all right—when you saw my client, previous to resorting to corporeal extremities, attempt to coerce and preponderate upon the excited fears of the prosecutor in this case?'

'Sir??' was the interrogatory answer.

'I say—I ask you for the second time, 'Did you see *any* person attempt to aggravate the fears, and enhance the apprehensions of my client?'

'I do n't *know*—I *might*, perhaps. But what was you sayin' of?'

'The Court will please to observe: I asked the witness as to his personal evidence in this case: whether he himself *saw* the offence commit-

ted—I mean, of course, the alleged offence. I shall now put to him a direct and *unevitable* question.

‘I ask you now, Did you have an unclouded view—were your optics undimmed when you saw this person—this individual—this prisoner at the bar, raise his muscular arm, and attempt to coërcé and preponderate upon the already sufficiently-excited fears of my client?’

‘*Sir?*’ asked the witness, completely dumbfounded.

‘The Court will observe,’ said the advocate, ‘that the witness desires to prevaricate. He delays an answer to my interrogation, which, as your Honor must have seen, was a very simple one, in order to make up a reply that will hold water. But we shall see about that!’

‘Now, Sir, I ask you again—(look me in the face, Sir, and at the Court, and the Jury, Sir) did you see this person, this man, this individual, did you see this prisoner, here present at the bar of this court, did you see him raise, as I have said, his muscular and out-stretched arm, and endeavor to excite and exaggerate the already greatly-excited fears of my client?’

‘*Sir?*’ asked the witness again: ‘I am afraid I do n’t understand you. What was you a-sayin’ of?’

The lawyer turned to the court, with a ludicrous expression of astonishment, and said:

‘*The witness does not understand me!!!*’

‘The court,’ in the person of Judge W——, a good deal of a wag, quietly remarked:

‘If the counsel would use less circumlocution, his case would be much plainer stated.’

‘What does your Honor mean?’

‘I mean, Sir,’ said the Judge, ‘that you cover a large piece of bread with a very small piece of butter. Ask the witness if he saw a blow given, and to whom.’

Counsel here said to witness: ‘Did you see him strike him?’

‘*I did*—and he knocked him down.’

‘Why did n’t you *say* so, before?’ asked the counsel.

‘‘Cause you did n’t *ask* me,’ answered the witness.

And he was perfectly right. He had *not* been asked the question.

—
WILLIAM PITT PALMER has been to Niagara: and on which topic, hear him ‘explode’:

‘WHERE’S the fire? What’s the row?
Clear the track! steboy! bow-wow!
Lord! how every mother’s son,
Heels o’er head goes tearing on,
With the ‘looseness’ and mad noise
Of ten hundred thousand boys
Playing leap-frog, *en chemise*,
In a rouser of a breeze.

‘Better check your roystering rout,
Just to see what you’re about:
Fun is fun, but recklessness,
Faith, is quite another guess!
Goat Island, 1855.

Do n’t you hear the warning thunder
Of that awful Break-neck yonder?
Into whose prodigious yawn
Millions of your race have gone,
Helter-skelter, o’er the brink
And been swallowed in a twink!
If you do not, ere too late,
Have a care of JONAH’s fate,
‘Gad, you’ll rue it, one and all!
There! like scared sheep o’er a wall,
Now you leap and down you go,
Slap-dash!—did n’t I tell you so!
Served ‘em right, by JINKUM JO!

W. P. P.

THE *fun* of THOMAS HOOD (in connection with his humanity, his touching pathos of description, and his sound English common-sense) seems destined to an undying reputation. His comic works might appropriately appear under the head of '*Laughter from Year to Year*,' so various are they, and so perfectly unique in themselves. Hood says in one of his sketches, that '*a laugh is the best vocal music; it is a glee in which every body can take a part.*' He would have even the most desponding sometimes '*join in;*' things '*may take a turn,*' as the pig said while on the spit.

As this is the time when many hundreds of amateur-farmers, retired to the country from the city, are doing their best in the '*experimental*' way, we suspect that the attempts made by Mr. PUGSBY, a retired London shoemaker, and family, to cultivate the small farm left them by a country uncle, some two hundred miles from London, will cause many a toiling brow to unwrinkle. The old lady writes to a town friend:

'As I know you will like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of fresh butter, when it '*comes*;' and I mean to send you a cheese as soon as I can get one to stick together.

'We wring a pig's neck on Saturday, and then I will send you some nice family-pork.

'We have smoky chimneys, in which our hams are hung; but '*what is to be cured, must be endured,*' as the minister says.

'JOHN, our son, in attempting to plough the other day, met with agricultural distress! As soon as he whipped his horses the plough stuck its nose into the ground and tumbled over head and heels.'

The 'old man's letter smells of the shop. He writes:

'The cows have all run away, except them that has bu'st themselves in the clover-fields, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the *pound*.

'Another item:—The pigs, to save bread-and-milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns, as not one of 'em has yet come back.

'P. S. — Poultry ditto!'

Perhaps there are not a few at this moment, within a hundred or more miles of our city, who, under the contradictory '*advisement*' of various correspondents of agricultural newspapers, are having somewhat '*similar experiences*' to these.

FROM the familiar epistle of a friend, whom we regard with an affection passing the love of women, we pick out the following passages:

'I HAVE fitted up my cellar as a temporary sanctum for the dog-days, and have an old sofa, (comfortable,) a table, and an ink-stand in it. There I am free from heat, flies, and a glare of light; and though I am in the midst of ashes like Job, and resemble his turkey for poorness, yet I *unweil* again like a cabbage wet with the night-dews. Occasionally I stand out on the floor in *puris naturalibus*, and pour a pail of water right over my head. The last thunder-storm came about nine o'clock at night. I walked out on a long gallery, where clothes are hung on the roof, and bared my bosom to the storm. My white skin shone in the repeated flashes, and I looked like a statue carved by the hand of Nature. To-day it has been blazing-hot again, and the heavens are like brass. All the crispness and enthusiasm of life are gone. I have been up to Lake

Memphramagog and sailed through it. The scenery is grand. How do you come on at 'Cedar-Hill'? The KNICKERBOCKER has arrived since I began this. It is a good number, and deserves *warm* commendation, as a piece of July work. - - - A black-and-white dog has stolen my meat four times. At last I told his owner that he would wake up some morning and find his dog tremendously licked. To-day I caught him sneaking about my house, and almost broke his back with a whacking blow. He screamed as if his tail was getting cut off. It did me good. - - - I must close with a narrative. A poor woman, of a pious and conscientious mind, was subpoenaed and called to testify in court. She refused to swear: 'She had never sworn in her life: she was 'principled agin it: she would be turned out of meetin'. She was a 'fessor of 'ligion, and wouldn't swear if the whole world was given to her in fee simple. 'You will please hold up your hand and take the oath.' 'Take the oath! O dear me! I aint profane. You might as well ask me to break the Sabbath.' 'Good woman, you *must* do it, or we shall send you to jail.' 'Must I? Then, if I must, I — I — oh! dear — I 'spose I must: DAMN!'

A 'LIVE YANKEE' being awakened by the captain of a steam-boat with the announcement that he 'must n't occupy his berth with his boots on,' replied: 'Oh! the bugs won't hurt 'em *much*, I guess — they're an *old* pair: let 'em rip!' - - - 'The following lines,' writes a Cincinnati correspondent, 'which have never appeared in print, I found in my uncle's port-folio in Quincy, Illinois: 'The biographer of BARON DE STEUBEN relates that the State of New-York, after the close of the Revolution, presented that distinguished champion of American freedom with sixteen thousand acres of land in an uncultivated wilderness in the county of Oneida, upon which he settled and resided until his death. Upon the occurrence of that melancholy event, agreeably to his desire often expressed while living, he was wrapped in his cloak, placed in a plain coffin, and laid in the earth, without a stone to tell where he lies.' We hope that this may not be altogether correct. Surely the *place* where so brave a hero sleeps should not be unknown:

'THEY laid him to rest in a cold damp berth,
In a silent place in the virgin earth;
Where the strong boughs threw, in their forest gloom,
A darkening shade o'er the warrior's tomb.

'Silent and sad, they laid him to rest,
With implements rude spread turf on his breast:
Not a tear was wept at the funeral sound,
Not a sigh was heard on the dim woods round.

'No friends were there — no mother was near
To pour out her heart o'er the solemn bier:
For in a far-off land and deep, dark shade,
In his martial cloak was STEUBEN laid.

'And the weeping winds that sung his dirge
Were not like the trumpet's swelling surge;
But mournfully sad, in their plaintive grief,
Poured the requiem o'er the patriot-chief.

'All else was quiet in that lonely spot,
Where the hero brave had chosen his lot:
And they buried him there, in the cheerless gloom,
Where the clustering shades repose on his tomb.

'He had come with a heart both firm and true:
He had fought the battles of liberty through:
And the close of his life was bright with peace;
He was going to rest where wars shall cease.

'Oh! tread not the ground where his ashes rest:
Oh! press not the sod on his throbbless breast:
'T is a hallowed spot where the warrior lies,
Far, far from the glow of his vernal skies.

'The bugle's shrill note nor cannon's loud roar
Shall wake him to life or consciousness more:
But he 'll live in the hearts of the true and the brave,
Whose country he came to defend and save.'

WE commend the following to the attention of our friend General M —, the recent biographer of 'ROBERT OF LINCOLN' and 'Madame SONTAG':

'CHARLEY and CHERRY are both dead: both were beautiful birds, and sweet warblers; but they have sung their last song, and folded their little wings, and hid their little heads for their last sleep.

'Their lives ran through ten long years — years of joy to them; but for some of us, who cared for and loved these little ones, years of sorrow and joy both. Their carol has broken on our ears when great pain was in our hearts, and great darkness upon our eyes; it has mingled, too, in our hymns of joy and psalms of praise. One who loved them very much, and gently ministered to their wants, went away from our hearth and home one cold March night, just as the village clock was ringing out the solemn hour of twelve. We were stricken with great grief at her departure. The house was very desolate without her loving presence; but while she lay dead, and we moved so softly from room to room, Birdies sang as though no death was in the world, and as they sang, we thought of that white-robed company into which the beloved had been lifted, and that new song which fell from her redeemed lips.

'We carried the dead forth, and laid the mortal down where the shadow of the church fell, returned to our darkened dwelling; but when we crossed its threshold, CHARLEY shook his shining plumes, and poured from his little throat a joyous gush of melody, as though he would comfort us with the assurance that what we had just sown in weakness would be raised in power.

'Dear little songsters! ye were very lovely in your lives, and in death not long divided.

'CHARLEY died first, drooped and died, just as the warm breath of spring was making the earth green, ere the flowers had fully come.

'Then CHERRY mourned and would not be comforted. It was pitiful to hear her call for her dead mate. At length she became so worn with grief, that she refused all food, and on the first day of August, sat in mute despair on the floor of her cage: suddenly there was a slight shiver of her body, then her little heart was still, and the lid fell over her little eyes for ever.

'They lie buried together, beneath the apple-tree by my window. They will wake me no more by their glad some song, but they shall have a sunny spot in my memory. They broke shell among the green hills of Vermont, far away inland. They find their grave on the banks of the Saco, within sound of the murmuring sea. May they find sweet rest in that spirit bird-land which they have entered!

F. B. W.'

THE following '*Apostrophe by a Dyspeptic*,' after dining at a French restaurant, the friend who sends it to us says is 'positively new':

'INCIPIENT calf! thy tender fricandeau
Has made the public *weal* my private *wezu*.'

A 'hard' pun, as the best always are. - - - OUR 'Bachelor' correspondent, in our last number, is 'getting it' east and west: and he deserves it. Think of a man saying to his fellow-curnudgeons, 'Rejoice ye the more for your freedom from children!' We ask to know no more of *any* man, than that he does n't love children. The other day, when we came near being drowned in a miserable mill-pond, we thought we had never loved them half enough: and when, on our return, we came up the Hudson in our staunch and swift 'ISAAC P. SMITH' steamer, and saw another father, with his carpet-bag, land at Yonkers wharf, and saw a little five-year-old boy, who was waiting by his mother's side, leave her and run to meet his father, and put his small hand in his, we felt the *feel* of that hand in our own, like a little throbbing bird. Talk of '*rejoicing* at freedom from children!' - - - THE subjoined lines are from the German: and rightly understood, there is a world of meaning in them:

Oh! 't is all one to me, all one,
Whether I 've money, or whether I 've none!
He who has money can buy him a wife,
And he who has none can be free for life.
He who has money can trade if he choose,
And he who has none has nothing to lose.
He who has money can squint at the fair,
And he who has none escapes from much care.
He who has money has cares not a few,
And he who has none can sleep the night through.
He who has money can go to the play,
And he who has none at home can stay.
He who has money can travel about,
He who has none can go without.
He who has money can be coarse as he will,
And he who has none can be coarser still.
He who has money can eat oyster meat,
And he who has none the shell can eat.
He who has money can drink foreign wine,
And he who has none with the gout will not pine.
He who has money the cash must pay,
And he who has none, says, 'Charge it, pray!'
He who has money keeps a dog if he please,
And he who has none is not troubled with fleas.
He who has money must die one day,
And he who has none must go the same way.
Ah! 't is all one to me, all one,
Whether I 've money, or whether I 've none!

Uncomfortable philosophy, after all! - - - WE have awaited from the competent pen of a friend an appropriate notice of the recent lamented death of Mr. THOMAS DOUGHTY, the distinguished American landscape-painter, a man of fine genius in his art, who has left not one, but many 'marks' of his great gifts for admiration in after-time. Mr. H. J. BRENT, formerly a pupil, and later a brother-painter in the same high branch of art, furnished us, some time since, an elaborate and eloquent tribute to the varied professional excellencies of Mr. DOUGHTY. - - - LOOKING over the daily metropolitan journals, you will scarcely fail to notice the quaint, sometimes poetical, and always amusing advertisements of *Lucius Hart*, *Numbers Six and Eight Burling Slip*. Attracted by one of these, we purchased of him one of his superb *Ice Pitchers*. What a luxury! They are ornamental double refri-

gerators — beautiful in shape, and matchless in execution. *Test* our praise of this most tasteful and useful invention. - - - Thus dainty tribute to our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' is from an unknown contributor. It is as delicate and graceful as it is fervent:

'If I were the light of the brightest star
That beams in the zenith now,
I would tremble down from my home afar
To kiss thy radiant brow.

'If I were the breath of a fragrant flower,
With a viewless wing and free,
I would steal away from the fairest bower,
And carry its sweets to thee.

'If I were the soul of bewitching song,
With a moving, melting tone,
I would float from the gay and careless throng,
To soothe thy soul alone.

'If I were a charm by a fairy wrought,
I would bind thee by a sign,
And never again should a gloomy thought
O'ershadow thy spirit-shrine.

'If I were a hope with the magic light
That makes the future fair,
I would make thy path on earth as bright
As the paths of angels are!

'*New-York, June, 1856.*'

'DURING a late election at San-Diego,' as we gather from a friend there-away, ('JOHN PHOENIX' — there, the story is out!) 'a soldier stationed at the mission, who had moistened his clay with good effect during the day, gave a fearful whoop in front of the Exchange, leaped high into the air, and subsiding into the posture of AJAX defying the lightning, gave vent to the following highly conciliatory remarks: 'Me name is PAT MALLEY, from Galway, and any body that do n't like him, can kiss his Irish fut, and any body that says any thing against a soldier, *because he is a soldier*, I can knock h — ll's delights out of 'im! O Galway, Galway, Galway! *Won't* some body hit me?' This last request was made in an earnest tone of entreaty, perfectly affecting to listen to. 'T was not complied with. - - - THE CRYSTAL PALACE contains much fine statuary, and many other works on exhibition; and lately, the restoration of the 'DESCENT FROM THE CROSS,' in alto-relievo, by CAREW, of London, adds a new attraction. This work alone is worthy of a visit. It has a romantic and interesting history, which can be learned by calling at the Palace. This and the DUSSELDORF Gallery should be visited by every stranger in our metropolis. - - - PERHAPS there was never a more perfectly quiet, yet most effective rebuke than was given by a distinguished Methodist minister to a young member of his flock: 'Brother BLANK, we are always pleased to hear you speak in the prayer-meeting, and we hope you will continue to do so: but I would advise you to be brief as possible: and if you should *happen* to be *too* brief, the brethren will *tell* you!' He

was never found 'too brief!' - - - SICKNESS has for once 'pulled us by the ears, and made us know ourselves.' Two days of 'obstinate bile' (happily subdued in the end by our friend Dr. H. —, of our 'ilk,') must constitute our excuse for many things postponed too long, and finally left undone. Correspondents, private and public, will appreciate this. Notices of 'The Tangle-town Letters;' 'APPLETONS' Illustrated Steamboat Guide;' 'NAPOLEON and JOSEPHINE'S Confidential Letters;' TICKNOR and FIELDS' and BIGELOW'S Life of Col. JOHN C. FREMONT; EMERSON'S 'English Traits;' 'Clara;' 'The Daisy Chain;' 'Western Africa;' with reviews of other newly-received publications, will presently appear. Much do we regret that 'Schediasms,' 'Travel, written on the Top of a Hat with a 'Brick' in It,' 'The Musk-Rat Question Settled,' Bucks county, (Penn.,) and Dubuque (Iowa) 'Legalities,' with five or six other capital favors, both in prose in verse, arrived too late for insertion in the present number. Several gossiping subsections of our own, also, including some thoughts upon 'American Parks and American Mansions,' replies to new correspondents, anecdotes, etc., bide their time. - - - WHEN you say, in a phrase now Americanized, such and such a man is 'a brick,' do you think of, or do you know, the origin of it? It is this: an Eastern Prince, on being asked, 'Where are the fortifications of your city?' replied, pointing to his soldiers, 'Every man you see is a brick!' - - - Our publisher, and others of our friends, who have used CONGER AND FIELDS' AMERICAN WRITING FLUID, prefer it to any ink they have ever used: and it is good, as they say.

New Publications: Art-Notices, Etc.

THE SCALPEL: by EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D., for the month of July, is a very capital number. Among the papers (and they are always entirely original) is one especially which afforded us much amusement, not to say instruction. It is entitled '*Some Account of the Birth, Life, Experience, Death, and Resurrection of a "Medical Heretic": a Veritable Auto-Biography.*' That this 'veritable auto-biography' records scenes and events in the distinguished Doctor's own history, few who are acquainted with the vivacity and variety of his conversation will for a moment doubt. But a few segregated passages, 'taken from here and there' in this interesting paper, will better indicate its character than any comment which we could make upon it:

'**THAT** is much reason to believe that I was originally born — in England — in the county of Wiltshire — in the city of Salisbury — and in some year between 1800 and 1820, and on either the twenty-ninth or thirty-first of July. My reasons for this belief are the following:

'**First.** An Episcopal clergyman, a reverend Doctor of Divinity, who lived in Nottinghamshire, and never knew me until I was eighteen years of age, gave me a certificate to the truth of the above statement after he baptized me, in order to prepare me for confirmation!

'**Second.** 'The Most Reverend Father in God, The Lord Archbishop and Primate of York,' confirmed me in this belief — and it would be the very awfulness of wickedness of unbelief in me to doubt the truth of the statement of a Doctor of Divinity, and a Primate of the Archbishop!

'**Third.** Two persons, who claimed to be my parents, and therefore chastised me, and whom I claimed as my father and mother, (and thereupon imposed myself on them,) testified to the truth of the statement.

'**Fourth.** I entered on my studies at college, and graduated as physician on the belief of this statement.

'**Fifth.** I was married on the belief of this statement.

'I therefore solemnly and finally affirm, that I believe I was born. If any one doubts it, let him please answer my five reasons, or rather arguments — and confute them — if he can!

My own case is one of the best of illustrations, that *Belief* precedes *Knowledge*. I know that I am—but I believe that I was! That prince of logicians and metaphysicians, the learned WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, need not have a better case for his theory. Where indeed would all my *knowledge* be, if I did not *believe* in myself?

My *birth* being thus undeniably and indisputably proved, I proceed to give some account of my *life*. I have a very distinct recollection of having, at some early age, run about in a garden, and plucked some fruit from the trees—of having, in the house of some old lady, eaten bread and butter sprinkled over with sugar—of having gone to sleep in a carriage, and found myself awake in the road, the carriage having broken down—and of having lived for a time at an inn, where a very large and disagreeable woman domineered over me.

Soon after I was distinguished by the habiliments of jacket and trousers, I was sent to school with two brothers—and there, on the affirmation of an older boy, I was charged with an offence of which I was completely innocent, by one of the masters—and threatened with a flogging if I did not confess myself guilty. As I had a terrible notion of what a flogging was, I consented to tell the lie that I was required to! Alas for me! I thought for some time after that my soul would explode in ten thousand fragments, so frightful was the eruption within consequent on the telling of my first lie.

I hated myself for my meanness and cowardice—I hated the boy who told the falsehood of me—I hated the master who frightened me into the lie—and I hated life and all its consequences, for I saw, or foresaw, that thousands of such things must necessarily occur, and I wished for non-existence at the early age of seven! Alas! how often since then has the wish been repeated! Falsehood and Death! Twin demons of corruption!

Another time during my early school-days, I was accused falsely, but I believe not intentionally, by my elder brother, and my mother threatened to put me in the cellar unless I confessed the truth of the charge. Fear of the darkness, and dread of the vermin of a cellar, made me lie again—and I hated my mother and brother for a long time after, for causing me to lie. The second lie was not so awful to me as the first. Alas! lies became in time very easy of perpetration, but, thank God, never easy on reflection. They may be swallowed, like half-pence, but, like them, never digested.

What a mean act this lying is! We never lie, except to avoid some honorable endurance, or to obtain some disreputable advantage. So we swallow a poison for the soul, to escape a little physic for the body—or we sell our consciousness of honor for a piece of metal, for the applause of a fool, or the favor of a knave.

Every liar is one concrete mass of abstract meanness—a concentrated essence of modern conventionalism—a congregated heap of imbecile falsities. His patron, the devil, having showed him, as he did once before, what great things he would give him if he would kneel down and lie, he kneels and takes his dose of poison; then, blind and stupid with its effects, he is cheated out of his pay, and obliged to submit to the imposition. I honor the devil, more than I pity the man.

The school at which I had been forced into a lie—my first lie—became a poor, miserable, contemptible bankruptcy. I rejoiced over its fall then; I rejoice over it now. The master who was my lie-driver, was driven to seek another occupation, and failed also. How glad I was then! How glad I am now! Whenever I know of lying, or tyranny, or meanness, working its own ruin, I rejoice with a great rejoicing!

I acquired an exquisite skill in penmanship, and was a very *fine writer* at the age of nine. Many of my performances in that way were exhibited, to the profound satisfaction of my father, who thought I was altogether a prodigy of talent. But as I had undergone an *internal explosion* after *lying* for one schoolmaster, so I undertook an *external explosion* after *writing* for another.

My next brother and I were making a bonfire of weeds and sticks, in a garden where we exercised our horticultural and floral propensities, when the heat and light of the sun putting out our fire, I took out of my pocket a vial of something, which my eldest brother had amused us with, by *detonating* small quantities of it. Knowing that it made flame, I threw a little of it in the embers, and it and the bottleful all went off together, carrying me with it into the air. The substance was fulminating silver, one of the most awful of explosives.

The report was like that of a cannon, and brought the neighbors to see what we were doing. I had just descended from my elevation and recovered my feet, when I discovered, so I thought, that I had lost my right arm. Covered with blood, and having no feeling in my arm, I thought it was gone. Although it was demonstrated to me that my arm was not blown off, yet all sensation was blown out of it for a long time. It was of no use to me for months, and has never been right since. I had a final adieu to my skill with pen and pencil, and cultivated my tongue, so that I became something of an orator, at least as a *story-teller*.

I was intended for the medical profession, and therefore *articled* to a practising physician in the country. As my commencement of Latin was by attempting to learn the abstract principles of the grammar before I read any of the language, so, to make amends for my wrong start in Latin, I began my career as physician by practising before I had any knowledge or even principles. I did as my master did. It was not with me what 'magister docet,' but what 'magister facit'—not what he *taught*, but what he *did*.

I began by reading some of the most profound and recondite of treatises, and plunged deep into theories, ere I had enough of facts to build my speculations upon. So I became a thinker sooner than I was a student. This early habit, thus acquired, of being my own thinker, gave me advantages which I have prized all my life. I may have been inclined to become more of a practical than a theoretical man, and therefore addicted early to be a judge, instead of a juror. The great lack of most men in professions and pursuits, is the habit and power to think for themselves. We may be liable on this account to go wrong, but are not so liable to be wrong.

The difference between a slave and a freeman is not greater than between a thinker and a mere reader, or follower. Thought is limitless as lightning, but, like it, requires its conductor.

I have, however, a distinct recollection of having let a young married woman die in her first

labor, for want of using my mental resources. I was young and inexperienced, and had but my own thinking to trust to. I was weary and frightened, and I lost my self-confidence and my patient. I never forgave myself, as indeed I never do forgive myself, nor can I when I am wrong. No one can be so unsparingly severe to me as I am to myself, when I am wrong.

'THE bitter recollection of my loss nerved me for future doings. Soon after, I had a dreadful case of midwifery, and alone, at the immature age of eighteen, I performed one of the great operations of the art. Upon being questioned by my preceptor, why I did not send for him first, my reply was, 'I was afraid the woman would die before I could be aided, so I did it myself.'

'ONCE, when I was young, I was handsome, but now my appearance is by no means prepossessing. Hardly any old maid would fall in love with me! The old ladies among the doctors think I am awful homely. I have heard, in certain unprofessional circles, that the editor of the *Scalpel* is one of the most fascinating of ugly men, and that the Emperor of France is very like him. My face is peculiarly unremarkable and unimportant. I am taken for a German—for a Frenchman—for a Welshman—for a North-Irishman—and sometimes for an Englishman. I am not set down for a learned man—nor for a fool—nor for a wise man—nor an ass. I have a very ordinary appearance, and make no impression. I am not either a SUMNER or a BROOKS. When I do something worthy of a caning, and get it, I shall be some body. Why has not some one assailed the editor of the *Scalpel*? I suppose they are afraid of Summerizing him, and increasing the circulation of the *Scalpel*.

'I ought to make a little statement of the moral and mental training which I received with my preceptor. He was very remarkable for his vanity, presumption, and ignorance. He thought himself very handsome, and had the misfortune to be cross-eyed, udder-nosed, shelving forehead, and flat-templed!

'He presumed that he knew enough for any man—and therefore did not attempt to know any more. He was exceedingly well versed in liquor, being thoroughly educated in the school of drinking. From beer, ale, cider, and porter, up to wine and spirits of every kind, he was remarkably distinguished for his intimate acquaintance with the whole of them. Most men of ability make their mark on their age and generation. He made his on his nose—a peculiar sort of red tubercle, which flourished in increasing quantity. He was very eloquent when he was intoxicated, and remarkably theological.

'In the time and place where my initiation into the history and mystery of medicine occurred, the habit of drinking to moderation was one of the necessary acquirements of life. I was accustomed to drink something of an intoxicating nature daily, but I was never intoxicated but twice. One of these occasions is very distinct in my remembrance. I had been betrayed into my intoxication by some one who enjoyed the sport of disabling me.

'I was from home at the time, and as I returned, the spire of the parish church pointed downward, and seemed to bore into the earth. A lady was waiting to have a tooth extracted, and on my proceeding to apply the instruments, I found, to my confusion, that she sat with her head downward! After spending some time to no purpose in getting her head right side up, I was obliged to abandon the operation. I found my way to bed by the power of habit, and there, neither willing nor able to undress, I passed the night in the wanderings of wine, which were very different from the meanderings of water.

'In the morning, head-ache, thirst, shame and remorse, were the natural results of my trespass on the rights of my nature. If the penalties of offended law could cure mankind of their evils, there would not be an uncurd being living. It may be an easy thing for a man to escape the penalty of a statute, or the prosecution of a court; but no wit of man can escape the shame of a lie, the confusion and disgrace of drunkenness, or the terror of crime.

'Let no man envy the outward prosperity of an evil man. Many a man, in the midst of prosperity, luxury, and honor, carries with him a furnace of hell within, from which there is no escape, and for which there is no alleviation, save by confessing and forsaking his evil. No vigilance committee can hunt a man up like himself, when he is wrong. No prosecuting attorney can search out his delinquencies, with a thousandth part of the skill and force that his own conscience can. What court of inquisition can equal a man's own heart?

'The investigation and analyzation of my own mind enabled me to construct the mental instruments, and devise the moral tests, by which to measure, weigh, and value the minds of others. What TERENCE said of himself, is true also of me: 'I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me.'

The Doctor is too modest altogether. If LOUIS NAPOLEON be a good-looking man, then is the editor of '*The Scalpel*.' The resemblance is astonishing. Travelled Americans, from other cities, and Parisian Frenchmen, turn in the street to look after him. We have seen it done repeatedly.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION have just issued the first number of their ART JOURNAL, which they furnish to all members free of charge. The number before us contains portraits and sketches of POWERS and T. BUCHANAN REID, two of our most distinguished artists. It has also much valuable and interesting matter on art and artists, and is beautifully printed on fine paper, and should add thousands of members to the Association.

THE BUNSBY PAPERS: IRISH ECHOES: By JOHN BROUGHAM.—Original, comical, and most thoroughly Irish are these 'Echoes.' We seem to see BROUGHAM's funny phiz laughing at us from each page, and hear his rich voice, with inimitable brogue, repeat-

ing each story as only he could repeat it. To those who like Irish wit, (and who does not?) we most heartily commend this work.

'*The Sacred Plains.*'— '*The Sacred Mountains,*' by Hon. J. T. HEADLEY, our present Secretary of State, undoubtedly suggested to his brother, J. H. HEADLEY, the preparation of the handsome illustrated volume before us. '*The Sacred Plains,*' says '*The Churchman,*' 'are here brought before us in their association as connected with the history of the past, and alluded to in the Holy Scriptures. Whatever tends to give clearness and precision to our conceptions of those localities on which have transpired event affecting the destinies of men or nations, is worthy of praise, and therefore it is that this work of Mr. HEADLEY's is certain of wide acceptance. The materials were at command in many works extant, illustrative or descriptive of Asia. Mr. HEADLEY is graphic, so far as relates to personification, and exhibits great ingenuity in incorporating the expressions of the writers on whom he relies for the substance of his sketches.

DIARY OF THE LATE AMOS LAWRENCE.—Although but recently printed, this work, as we learn from the publishers, Messrs. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston, has had a sale unprecedented by scarcely any other biographical work; a success due entirely to the intrinsic merits of the book. The liberal benefactions of Mr. LAWRENCE to various public institutions during his life-time, drew upon him in a large degree the public attention, and made him an object of public respect. This respect seems to have been well deserved by his personal character, as we find it delineated in this volume. He was a man of business, exact and laborious, yet always careful to prevent habits of business from narrowing his sympathies or making him inattentive to matters of greater moment. He was a religious man, wholly without bigotry; a man of decided political opinions, without party prejudices, and disposed to think well of others, whether they agreed with him in their views or not.'

'*REVISION OF THE LITURGY.*'—The object of this volume, recently issued by DANA AND COMPANY, is stated by the author, Rev. ARCHER GIFFORD, A.M., to be, to draw from ecclesiastical literature what may interest and instruct all those who wish to acquire a knowledge of the Church's institutions, and to gather from her sacred treasury of 'things new and old,' that which may 'thoroughly furnish unto all good works. The professed aim of the work, in detail, is to exhibit the harmony of the Liturgy; its harmony in itself, as also with Holy Scripture; as shown in the Collect for each of the Sundays and Holy Days of the year, with the Epistles, the Gospel, and the Lessons for that Day, and of its accordance with a corresponding topic in the Church's Catechism, and her Articles of Religion.

THE PIAZZA TALES: HERMAN MELVILLE.—This series of stories, though partaking of the marvellous, are written with the author's usual felicity of expression, and minuteness of detail. The tale entitled 'Benito Cereno,' is most painfully interesting, and in reading it we became nervously anxious for the solution of the mystery it involves. The book will well repay a perusal.

SIBERT'S WORLD: BY THE AUTHOR OF SUNBEAM STORIES, ETC., is a small volume, written by an English lady, who has already won a literary reputation in England and America, to which this little work will add new honors. It is not one of those trashy, ephemeral books with which the country is flooded, and which are read only to be forgotten; but it is one which a parent may safely put in a daughter's hands, with the assurance that she can derive nothing from it but good.

MESSRS. A. WILLIAMS & Co. succeed Messrs. FETRIDGE & Co., in Boston, and the KNICKERBOCKER can always be had at their elegant and well-filled store on Washington-street. Mr. WILLIAMS was, for many years, one of the firm of REDDING & Co., has always been in the book-business, is highly esteemed by his friends in the trade, and all who know him.

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A WEEK'S ADVENTURES AT PATCHUNG SAN.

PROLOGUE.

—
'A goodly vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.' — WORDSWORTH.
—

Two hundred miles from the coast of the Celestial Empire rises from the bosom of the ocean a group of islands whose beauty is scarcely surpassed by the most romantic of Pacific scenery. Emerald isles are they, verdant as they are with the rich variegated green of tropical vegetation; their hills crowned with waving forests; their valleys carpeted with velvety herbage, and tufted with aromatic shrubs; even their defiles festooned with drooping vines, and their rugged cliffs mosaic-wrought with mosses. Here and there bold headlands push themselves defiantly into the deep, and invite, undismayed, the charge and shock of Ocean's billowy squadrons. Between them grassy slopes descend to the shores, and restive brooks leap down the stony channels to hush their noisy babble in the sea. Around each island of the group, as if to defend its soil against the encroachment of the waves, extend long, irregular barriers of coral-reef, upon which the white foaming surges have disported themselves for ages. Happy isles! how freshly the sun-light gleamed upon their rounded summits, their leafy vales, their tree-sprinkled headlands, when first my eager eye surveyed the scene.

It was one Saturday afternoon, four years ago, that I found myself approaching the Madjicosimas. We had left the coast of China a few days before, had skirted the northern shore of Formosa, and now, with every sail set, were wafting gently along before a light breeze toward our hitherto unknown haven. We had sighted the islands in the morning far off on the distant horizon, resting upon the sea like dim blue clouds. As we neared them, they seemed approaching us to meet half-way with cordial welcome their visitors from the haven of the West.

Already we could distinguish with the telescope the picturesque outlines of hill, valley, and forest, upon the different islands. Presently the scenery displayed its beauties to the naked eye, the vales mapping themselves out before us ; the mountains towering above us ; the trees waving their hospitable boughs as if to shake hands with us ; the channels between the islands opening for us a watery path like the labyrinthine aisles of the forest. To the most prominent and beautiful of the group our ship wended her way ; and, as she rounded to in a spacious harbor, half-embayed among the coral-reefs, startled the echoes of Patchungsan, the ' Eight Huge Hills,' with the sound of her plunging anchor and rushing chain.

What errand had brought a ship of war bristling with the implements of death, to this peaceful spot ? Bloody work upon the high seas ! The crowded Chinese passengers of a California emigrant-ship, alone upon the ocean, beyond the ken of aught but the all-seeing eye of God, had risen upon the officers and crew of the ill-fated bark. Five only were spared, and required by the murderers to navigate the vessel back to China. They reached in safety the Madjicosima group, where the ship was driven ashore on a reef, and the coolies resolved to disembark. The survivors of the crew, exhausted with watching and labor, were compelled to man the only remaining boat, and ferry the conspirators ashore. Wearily they plied their oars to and fro, until but a score of the coolies remained on board. Upon these the sailors determined to wreak a portion of the vengeance due to their crime, and summoning the energy of desperation, attacked them, unmindful of the fearful odds. The strife was brief and terrible. The assailants were successful. The mutineers were overpowered and lashed to the ring-bolts in the deck. Having secured their captives, the sailors ran to the braces, the yards swung round, the sails backed, and started the grounded ship from her position, the swell lifted her, she thumped upon the reef, grazed, thumped, grazed again, and slowly slid from her coral resting-place afloat, afloat ! One took the helm, the others manned the well-known ropes, and speedily the ship, proud of her liberty, was dancing over the blue waves, and dashing the spray from her prow. The landed coolies yelled, stormed, ran up and down on the beach with impotent rage ; but neither their prayers nor imprecations were heard. By night-fall the receding ship was far at sea, and in the gathering darkness was lost on the distant horizon. Four days and nights of anxious, sleepless watching, the worn-out voyagers, with scarce strength to drag their emaciated limbs along the deck, stood by the helm, trimmed the swelling sails to the breeze, or stood sentry over their prisoners. Many times did the latter gnaw at their fastenings, and threaten a tragedy like the first, but were as often re-secured. At last, faint with exhaustion, grateful for their deliverance from the twofold dangers of the passage, they reached the city of Amoy, China, where their turbulent captives were handed over to the safer custody of the Chinese prison. An English brig-of-war, then lying in the roads, espoused the cause of justice, visited the islands, and captured a few more of the refugees. Upon her return to the coast, our gallant ship spread her wings like a bird of prey for a second swoop among the devoted mutineers.

Our interpreter learned from the authorities of Patchungsan, that nearly three hundred of the coolies still remained on the island. For these the kind-hearted natives had erected near the shore long, capacious buildings of thatched palm, in which they had lived until the arrival of the brig, when they dispersed among the hills to avoid capture. After her departure, they again collected at their huts, whence they had again fled in terror at sight of a second warlike visitant approaching their guilty abode.

DAY THE FIRST: SUNDAY.

'HAIL! holy light! offspring of HEAVEN first-born!' — MILTON.

THE morning sun rose in a cloudless sky. The island, with all its beauties of hill and valley, mountain gorge, and sloping lawn, and orchard-like forest, lay calmly at rest, with scarce a breath of wind to disturb its repose. The surrounding ocean gave back from its unruffled surface the exquisite picture; as once the soul of man, undisturbed by the storms of passion, reflected, pure and spotless, the glorious image of its MAKER. It would have been in accordance with all the outward influences of such a Sabbath, had some New-England church, with its mellow-toned bell, and its simple, hallowed service, been transplanted to this Pacific garden, to be occupied by the humble worshippers of the only true God. But it was not so. Other scenes than the sacred observances of the sanctuary were enacted. Other sounds were heard than those that echo up through the listening vaults of Heaven from the church-spire. On shore, hid in the thickets, lurking in the caverns, housed in the villages, were the scattered mutineers, careless of aught but to escape the hand of justice; while the natives, ignorant alike of God and His Sabbath, were pursuing their ordinary avocations in the field, the shop, or mountain-path. On board ship, instead of the sacred repose, the grateful worship, the contemplation appropriate to holy time, the air resounded with the din, and bustle, and turmoil of warlike preparation. The minutiae of equipment and drill necessary to the organization of a land expedition, the complex labors of commissariat and kitchen, the planning and scheming of the appointed officers, altogether presented such a Babel of employment as might resemble the week-day exercises of the polytechnic school, or the gymnasium, rather than the Sabbath of a Christian ship. On the quarter-deck the commanders of divisions were mustering their men; sergeants and corporals were putting an 'awkward squad' of sailors through the manual, quarter-gunnery were distributing muskets, pistols, pikes, cutlasses, according to the orders of the day. Forward by the fore-castle, those who had been chosen for the service were over-hauling their clothes-bags, and selecting the various articles of their neat, simple uniform, to be worn on the coming occasion. At the arm-chests the gunner and his crew were busily at work re-burnishing their murderous implements, filling cartridge-boxes, re-inspecting gun-locks and powder-flasks. Not far off were seated the sail-maker's gang, making haversacks of canvas. Here and there between the guns was a marine re-touching his snow-white belt, or polishing his bayonet; a sailor, skilful in needle-craft, making

or mending some necessary article of apparel ; a shrewd old salt, mindful of the night's fatigue, stretched at full length in the luxury of an anticipatory nap ; a stripling novice now first drafted into active service, indulging delicious reveries of the romantic dangers and chivalric deeds in store for him ; while rejected volunteers, glowering with sullen disappointment, stroll to and fro aloof from their jubilant comrades, gazing idly over the bulwarks, and vowing eternal indifference to the whole undertaking. Below, on the berth-deck, equally momentous operations are in progress. At the galley, hurrying cooks and Ethiopian scullions are dancing smutty attendance upon the baking, toasting, boiling, sputtering, sizzling rations ; the clouds of steam and hissing flames more easily suggesting the home fireside of Apollyon than the cooking-range of an American man-of-war. Near by, the purser's steward, and his handy minion, the 'Jack-of-the-dust,' weigh out, from well-stowed, gunny-bags, the necessary amount of hard bread for the departing forces, whose proclivities to stomachic refreshment are scarcely inferior to their appetite for fighting. Nor has the contagion spared the steerage and ward-room. Here, too, the warlike note is heard and answered by the stir and excitement of preparation.

Thus passed the blessed hours ; but beguiled of all their blessedness. A Sabbath in a man-of-war ! Little dream the sturdy, old-fashioned church-goers at home, amid the propitious influences of a land where they enjoy the inherited

'Freedom to worship Gon,'

how different the day on ship-board, under the blight of that oft-repeated maxim : 'No Sabbath off soundings.'

At nine in the evening, under cover of the darkness, the armament commenced landing. Before mid-night the whole force was under march for the interior. The mutineers had fled over the hills, and through the woods, among the rocks, caves, and mountain-passes, up the valleys, and across the fields, in all directions, whither stern fear urged them, 'with winged footsteps,' or hope held out to them the promise of a shelter. But over the hills, and through the woods, among the rocks, caves, and mountain-passes, up the valleys, and across the fields, like the avenging spirit of restless Cain, followed justice in hot pursuit. We will not lift the veil of night to peer after the retreating fugitives, or watch the stealthy approach of their relentless pursuers. Let the darkness cover the fright of the one, and the weary toil of the other.

DAY THE SECOND: MONDAY.

'You are my prisoner, Sir!'—OLD PLAY.

As the morning dawn emerged from obscurity, and the shades of night dissolved in the glory of approaching day, the gathering divisions, fatigued with the march, and the unwonted duty, came forth with their captives from forest and defile, and met upon a cleared plateau, gently sloping toward the rising sun, where they bivouacked for a time to take their morning meal, and repose their weary limbs on the seductive sward.

On ship-board every eye was landward, every one was on the alert, in anticipation of their return. The whole visible surface of the island was frequently and eagerly swept with the glasses from one extreme to the other, from the highest summit to the sea. We wondered whether they had penetrated into the interior; whether they had surprised the mutineers, and made them an easy prey; or had overtaken them, acting on the defensive, and fighting had ensued; whether they had succeeded in taking any; whether they had themselves met with any accident or loss.

About noon the little armament was desisted wending its way to the shore along one of the crooked paths that conveyed toward the bay. Have they any prisoners? There certainly seem to be more than the one-hundred-and-twenty who left the ship. Are the others coolies, or only natives attracted by the military display? They must be, yes, they must be captives, for they are closely guarded. The telescope presently revealed to us the success of the invasion; the careless, straggling march, the dejected appearance, the strict vigilance of their escort, plainly told the tale of the additional fifty. On reaching the shore, the prisoners were put in one of the long palm-thatched huts, under charge of a sufficient guard, until preparation could be made for them on board the ship. The troops reëmbarked, and spent the remainder of the day in recovering from the fatigues of their busy night, and recounting to their wondering shipmates marvellous tales of prowess and feats of arms.

D A Y T H E T H I R D : T U E S D A Y .

* ONE night came on a hurricane, the sea was mountains rolling,
One **BARNEY BUNTLINE** turned his quid, and said to **BILLY BOWLINE**:
A strong sou'wester's brewing, **BILLY**, do n't you hear it roar now?
LORD help me! how I pity all unhappy folks on shore now! — **SEA SONG.**

A FRESH breeze came dashing over the water, and a frolicking retinue of white caps came tumbling into the bay, by way of opening the programme of this day's entertainment. The sky was of the deepest, clearest blue, flecked here and there with snow-white trade-clouds, and the air so limpid that the most distant objects were brought out in vivid relief to the eye. As the sun rose in the Heavens the wind rose too, and whistled many a lively blast through the rigging: the sea rose too, and played many a mad prank under the bows, along the chains, and around the rudder; yet neither wind nor sea so violently as to interrupt the flying boats which were conveying orders and provisions to the party on shore. In the last boat which pushed off from the gang-way that morning, undeterred by the signs of the times — the increasing gale, the mustering clouds, the falling barometer — two luckless young members of navydom started for a bath and a gambol among the streams, valleys, and hills of the island. Unhappy wights! how were our calculations baffled, our venturesome mettle tested, our poetical ideas of South-Sea romance put to flight! We were not long in reaching the shore, sprinkled a wee bit on the way thither by the spray from the oars. The prisoners first claimed our attention as we walked up from the beach to their place of confinement. Poor scamps! there they were, fifty of them, young and old, strong and feeble, all together on the earth-floor

of the building, whose thatched roof shielded them from the heat of the sun, while its open sides admitted the cool, fresh breeze. The more hardened and defiant among them were in double irons, the weaker were only manacled; the sick and the boys were at large. A few were in a pitiable condition, exhausted by the long march from the hills, sickening and dying with that fearful scourge of the East-Indies, the dysentery. Some appeared completely stunned by the calamity which had overtaken them, and lay prostrate on the earth, heedless of all that was passing around. A few hard-faced wretches, who were afterwards identified as among the ringleaders of the conspiracy, sat bolt upright amid the dreary scene of misery, reckless of the crime, and scornfully indifferent to its retribution. One little boy, some ten years of age, especially attracted our notice. He was lying on the ground covered with a tattered mat, his Mongolian features and slender form wasted with disease, the last ray of hope fled from his boyish face, his dripping tears telling more plainly than words how despair had settled down on his young heart, how he dreaded lest indiscriminate vengeance should overwhelm the innocent with the guilty. Poor little Ayo! few of the enjoyments of life had he ever known in his pauper home at Aiamun; that life itself should be utterly quenched in the agony of an undeserved death was a terrible woe.

The freshening breeze piped and whistled over the grass-grown hills as we left the camp for a stroll. It was an interesting country to us whose long incarceration within wooden walls had only been relieved by the monotony of sights and sounds in the celestial empire, where sights and sounds, fashions and modes of life, are as changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians. We strayed leisurely from place to place, peeped into the bat-tenanted cave on the point, made morning calls on the simple-hearted natives in their neatly-thatched huts, climbed a crag for a view of the landscape, visited the deserted temple that stood near the shore, whose Dagons had fallen from the crumbling altar, whose devotees brought no more oblations of smoking incense.

By noon we were weary of walking, and returned to the caravanseraï of captives and guard, hoping for a boat from the ship. No boat came. The wind increased. The sky was overcast, and thick masses of scud were driving athwart the heavens. The horizon wore that murky, hazy appearance which always betokens a storm. As the day passed, and the gale freshened, we began to fear our prospects of getting on board were growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' Many times did we sally forth to the brow of a neighboring hillock to scan the weather and calculate the chances. The last time we went it was blowing harder, and the rain came driving furiously through the air. 'Well!' said my companion, after a deliberate survey of the surroundings, 'our prospects for the night are rather damp any where — ashore or afloat; and for aught I see, we are fated to a longer visit than we intended on this romantic island with the jaw-cracking name.' A semi-acquiescent groan was the only answer I felt in the mood to vouchsafe for this agreeable piece of intelligence. 'The next question,' continued he, 'is, where we shall 'put up' for the night;' and quite at our ease, in spite of the raging elements, we discussed this important

point with mature deliberation. Neither of the buildings formerly occupied by the coolies would we enter, that was certain ; nor did we know what venomous neighbors might intrude on our dreams if we appropriated either of the two comfortable little huts near them, whose tenants were absent. On the other side of the camp stood a picturesque lodge on the brow of a slight eminence overlooking the bay. To this promised shelter we bent our steps. Alas ! the poor lodge was out of repair. Its ragged thatch afforded no barrier to the piercing rain. 'A fig for Patchungshan accommodations ! we must make one after all !' Famous architects were we. Our hands in the art of house-making were guided by a 'zeal not according to knowledge ;' and a hut most unique, and somewhat amorphous in proportions, grew up under our auspices. It would have puzzled wiser heads than ours to decide which of the architectural orders — or disorders — presided over its erection. Unlike the graceful church spire 'pointing its finger to heaven,' the angles and gables of our sorry domicile sprangled in every conceivable direction. The thatch borrowed for our roof from the ruined lodge, like the Irishman's imperturbable shanghai 'would n't lay.' The boughs we cut from neighboring trees acted as if the island dryads had bewitched them, starting from the embryo hut, and frisking through the air just as if they had a perfect right to do as they pleased. Several times the rushing tempest made quixotic assaults on our growing dormitory, which threatened to result very differently from the knightly charge on the wind-mill. At last, however, human skill triumphed, as usual, over the reluctant elements, and the new hut was inaugurated in spite of the driving blast. Having thickly bestrown the interior with rice-straw supplied by the kind natives, we went to house-keeping at once ; in other words, buried ourselves in the straw 'to sleep, perchance to dream.' Alas for all mundane expectations ! Half an hour sufficed for the experiment. We lay with dogged resolution till the drenching torrents had penetrated the roof, and small Danubes and Mississippi were trickling over us in every direction, deep enough to float a Lilliputian navy. It was hard playing a forced game with a poor hand against a hurricane ; and meekly 'owning up,' we tabernacled for the remainder of the night in the hut where were quartered the marines. Down in one corner, burrowed in a pile of straw, in positions seldom assumed by human legs, heads, and arms, except as the result of a Norwalk tragedy or a steam-boat explosion, we ensconced ourselves, as far as possible from the chilling wind and rain. 'Ah ! what a fall was there, my countrymen !' from our nice, comfortable swinging-cots and hammocks on board ship, to a heap of straw in a crazy hut on shore, whose rickety rafters were groaning and creaking under the furious pressure of the hurricane. Thus passed the night, slowly, slowly.

D A Y T H E F O U R T H : W E D N E S D A Y .

'BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !' — TENNYSON.

AN incident or two helped to beguile the dragging hours, while in the cold, wet, and darkness, we awaited the tardy morning in hope that the

gale would abate, and we be restored to our floating home. Just after midnight a rumor came flying through the camp that the coolies among the mountains, desperate with hunger and exposure to the storm, were coming down to dislodge the guard, and reoccupy their former quarters. Preparation was at once made to receive them. We resolved if they did come a battle should be fought that would put to the blush all such pigny skirmishes as Thermopylæ or Chapultepec, and would reflect on the annals of Patchungshan a blaze of glory. It was a false alarm. Our sudden bravery collapsed. We laid aside our harness, and subsided again into the straw. Again were we startled from our benumbing drowsiness by the sudden outcry of a rough old salt: 'There's a son-of-a-gun hanging himself!' Yes, one of the prisoners, tired of life, afraid of the fearful reckoning to come, for the crime of which he had been, perhaps, rather a witness than an accomplice, had attempted, with the long folds of his turban, to bring his misery to an end. He was cut down, and persuaded to resume his earthly existence. Toward morning the hurricane, veering to another point of the compass, assailed our frail tenement in a new direction, and threatened to bury us all in one common heap. A few well-set props arrested its fall, though in humble imitation of its great prototype, the tower of Pisa, it exhibited an unmistakable leaning toward mother Earth. With all our care, however, the poor building could not maintain its integrity: some large holes had been forced in the walls, and through these the wind shrieked and yelled most appallingly.

Thus the night dragged slowly onward, and morning approached. With the first intimation of returning day, we were out in the storm, and peering across the foaming waters for the ship. Poor old hulk! she had spent the night as uncomfortably as ourselves. Every thing was down from aloft, topmasts housed, lower yards on deck. With three anchors a-head, she was tugging and surging at her heavy chains, sometimes curvetting proudly over the enormous billows that swept into the bay; sometimes plunging headlong into them and burying herself in dense clouds of whirling foam. Astern, at a distance, so small as to suggest the most fearful possibilities, stretched the long, irregular line of reefs on which the waves were thundering with terrific force. If her cables should part! Ah! the good FATHER in Heaven forbid!

The day wore on. How slowly the hours came and went. How tardily the loitering minutes crept over the great disk of time. How fiercely howled and stormed the pitiless hurricane. How inexorable the murky sky: how gloomy the dark scud shooting across it.

Toward noon we began gratefully to observe the prognostics of returning fair weather. The squalls came less frequently; the rain poured less violently: the black Heavens grew here and there translucent; the general force of the tempest began to diminish. In the afternoon the rain entirely ceased, and though the fitful gale continued to blow, we took advantage of its abatement to stretch our weather-beaten limbs by a stroll among the neighboring hills, a visit to the temple, a search for shells on the beach. Finding the tide at its ebb, we pursued our quest on the inner reefs, out of reach of the surf. A few handfuls of beautiful spotted cowries rewarded the venture, and we in-

trusted them to the keeping of the little Chinese boy who followed us. The shell-fish made a choice supper for our hungry little attendant when we returned to camp. But alas! for our conchological hopes! the repast ended; the shells were thrown away, Poor ignorant celestial! how shamefully his mother neglected his early education when she omitted so important a branch of zoology!

The natives, who had been very kind and attentive to our wants, re-modeled and thatched our forlorn dormitory, and made it a comfortable tenement for the night. Therein we bestowed ourselves under more favorable auspices than before, and in due time the cold realities of Patchgunsan had vanished amid the fantasies of dream-land.

DAY THE FIFTH: THURSDAY.

'WHENCE and what art thou, execrable shape?' — MILTON.

'TUMBLE out there, sleepers! a boat is coming!' The grateful summons started us to our feet, and made the transition a sudden one from slumbrous oblivion to life. It took but a single glance to perceive the rising sun, and the approaching boat, whose dipping oars glistened in the light. It took but a single moment to complete our toilette by shaking off the few straws that adhered to our jackets. We met the boat at the beach, and in a very short time our feet were again on the decks they were wont to tread. A forlorn pair of bipeds we! Our thin white summer clothing, that looked so snowy and unblemishable when we left the ship two mornings ago, now starchless, drenched, bedraggled, variegated with hyena stripes and leopard spots of all hues and sizes, and of curious patterns not to be matched in Brussels or Birmingham. A decidedly abnormal condition of humanity; but an hour's rejuvenation in our rooms below produced such a complete metamorphosis as to endanger our faith in personal identity. In fact, what with the bath, the dressing case, the glossy shirt and exquisite collar, the tapering pants and anchor-buttoned jacket, we were almost enabled to persuade our admiring messmates at breakfast that we had never lived elsewhere than in a bandbox.

It hath been matter of marvel to me in my readings of living authors, that of our famous essay writers and notable rhapsodists, no one hath taken it upon him to descant more at length upon the luxury of those daily transformations in raiment whereby we so wonderfully enhance our own comfort and enjoyment, and beguile the easy complacency of our friends. He that observeth the moods of men hath doubtless noticed how nobly it doth heighten the spirits and how radiant it maketh the smiling face to exchange the tumbled linen for that which the laundress hath just supplied. The temper of the man appeareth never so good as when he walketh forth from the toilette, brisk and fresh — as the old Carolus coin of the last century shineth with a more brilliant cheer when born again from the mint. Were I not too intently engaged in recording these veracious chronicles for the advantage of the future historian, it would verily delight me to tarry, by the way, over such an episode myself.

It was quite proper that a storm which had risen so suddenly should,

when its force was spent, as suddenly die. It soon fell calm. The tumultuous waves which had been tumbling and roaring for two days, subsided into a long regular swell. As the day advanced, the ready crew, under suitable direction, restored the ship to her usual form and comeliness, stepping the masts, crossing the yards, readjusting the rigging. In the afternoon our prisoners were embarked, and much more comfortable quarters did they find on board ship, albeit not so roomy as on shore. Poor wretches! as they crossed the gangway one by one and huddled in a crowd between the guns, their anxious look as they scanned the faces of their captors, their wo-begone features, the trembling limbs of those who were wasted with disease, were pitiable indeed. But they were soon reassured. The sick were placed under medical supervision, the well were supplied with food and changes of apparel. Among the former was little Ayò, whose grief had so touched our sympathies on shore. His fears were speedily allayed, and with tender nursing he recovered. It was interesting to observe the attachment which seemed to spring up in his little heart toward those who had cared for him. Like a pet lamb he would follow them about the decks, and, unable to talk any language but his mother tongue, would look up into their faces with a smile of grateful affection, the more pathetic because unspoken. It was a sorrowful day for poor little Ayò when he left the ship for his comfortless Chinese home.

DAY THE SIXTH: FRIDAY.

‘Face thy foe in the field and perchance thou wilt meet thy master.’ — **TURPIN.**

From the star-chamber whence issued all the decrees that regulated the movements and morals of our floating community — the cabin — came forth another order for another expedition. The preparations for this second invasion were similar to those which preceded the departure of the first; so, dear reader, while the bustle and turmoil which inaugurate all great enterprises are being reënacted, let us ignore the din and take a nap, or look over the home and European newspapers we received by the last P. and O. S. N. Co.’s mail steamer before leaving Hongkong.

At night, the antecedent labors all completed, the second draft of men, numbering some seventy well-armed, disembarked on the smooth sandy beach of the bay. The chronicler of these stirring events was a redoubtable volunteer on that occasion — so come along, brave reader, if you wish to be put through the toils and adventures of secret service on shore, and see how cleverly they manage to make night hideous at your antipodes. Let us make an incursion among these flying barbarians that shall be memorable in the future history of Patchungsan. Let us restrain our natural impetuosity, lest our blood-thirsty disposition make too great havoc among these harmless pirates.

We had already landed and drawn up in the order of march before our Madjicosiman guides made their appearance. A light misty rain was falling, and while we waited the pattering drops came thicker and faster, so that we had become quite thoroughly drenched before our cohort was fairly *en route*. Our way lay for a long distance through

the level plains bordering on the bay, and we plodded on through mud and rain in silence. It would have excited the risibilities of even the sour-visaged Penates of Madjicosiman households could they have seen the lugubrious aspect we must have presented, as our long line wound about in Indian file among the rocks and bushes, vanishing for a time in the deep gulches which intersected the track and then reappearing on the opposite side — all the time the mud and water splashing under our feet, and the rain coming down right merrily. Finally our path led away from the shore, or rather the curving line of the bay diverged from the path, and we struck boldly into the interior, leaving on our right a dense dark grove of pines, whose luxuriant undergrowth of tropical thicket we skirted for a long distance. Sometimes our course led us into it, and then we fantastically illustrated the ups and downs of human life, sliding and tumbling along in a narrow, rugged path, scarcely visible to the eyes, or traceable by the feet, slippery with mire and matted with the irregular meshes of tough, gnarled, interlacing roots. On clearing the pines we emerged upon ground rougher and boggier than before, over which our native guides, heedless alike of darkness and rain, led us by devious ways. At mid-night we reached a grove on the side of a gently-rising hill, which had been selected as our rendezvous. Here, in charge of an African baggage-guard, who would have defended their trust, especially the provisions and grog, to the very last gasp, were left the haversacks and most of the horses.

DAY THE SEVENTH: SATURDAY.

'ALAS! what boots the long, laborious quest?' — WORDSWORTH.

A DELECTABLE mode of rustication! A famous chance for a snuff of fresh mountain air! Seductive visions of noon-day butter-cups and daisies vanished in the cold realities of a mid-night rain. Dreams of equestrian joys and tandem drives among green hills and along flowery meads, subsided into the tamest sort of views *afoot*; those views themselves quite inappreciable in the Cimmerian pall that enshrouded the whole island. Visiting a foreign country by night in a pouring storm, with a straggling gang of stealthy marauders, I could not conscientiously recommend to ordinary tourists. Still less would I wish to be called upon to testify its advantages over the modern style of 'doing' London or Paris in a few hours by the kindly aid of steam and a stranger's guide.

A short period of rest sufficient for a hasty lunch taken in the wet and darkness, was the prelude to our nocturnal achievements. Our force was divided into four companies, each of which, guided by a native, took up its line of march through the tract of country assigned it, in quest of the unsuspecting fugitives. And thus appointed, we bravely issued forth into the dark, quite as much in the dark as Japhet in search of a father. Sometimes we were in a path — sometimes not — most frequently *not*. The ground was heavier and rockier than that we had already traversed. Coral fences and cactus hedges interposed formidable barriers to our progress. The gulches were more frequent, deeper, harder to cross; in many of them, usually dry, muddy torrents now

came dashing and foaming down from the hills, in which, from the uncertainty of foothold, many a patriotic minion of avenging justice cooled his ardor by an involuntary bath.

In the first expedition most of the captive coolies had been taken in the dwellings of the natives. As we expected to entrap them in a similar manner, our object was to visit every semblance of a hut in the section of the island allotted us. For a long time we straggled about in the darkness, surrounding and ransacking every building we found, suddenly opening the doors and thrusting in torches, whose blazing glare startled the sleepers from their dreams, and brought out in bold relief the contrast of light and shade within — yet doing little else than 'astonishing the natives.' The birds had flown. The first invasion had warned them to beat a retreat, and now they were, doubtless, safe among the fastnesses of the mountain, whither we could not follow. At last, tired of the fruitless search, we halted before the door of an untenanted hut. The guide, though on horseback all the time, showed most unequivocal signs of weariness, and alighting from the wooden saddle of his dripping Rosinante, squatted on his heels, quite at home. The edifice was not a very capacious one, nor was it impervious to wind and rain, for large portions of thatch were wanting in the roof. The Old Mortality of architecture had not lately visited Patchungshan, for he surely had not the heart to neglect such a poor dilapidated shell that needed so many touches of his skill to make it even tolerable shelter for a party of men already half drowned by the storm. On the opposite side of the ravine, close by us, and not a dozen rods distant, stood another and larger hut, in which a light fire was blazing. In a few minutes we had reached the door. Where were the inmates? Not a soul was there, nor aught but embers remained of the crackling fire we had been watching. Were they coolies who had caught the alarm and escaped us? or were they natives who had taken fright at our hostile array? or were the shadowy figures we had seen moving to and fro around the fire some of our own parties who had resumed their wanderings? We rekindled the blaze and imparted such a cheery aspect to the smoky place as induced us to remain. The arms were brought in and stacked, the fire replenished with sticks and straw from the thatch, and we all disposed ourselves inside the seven-by-nine hut as well as its accommodations would allow, to dry our clothes if possible, to sleep if possible, at any rate to wait for return of light. One-half the space within was occupied by a platform composed of small sticks and poles theoretically straight, but really quite erratic and willful in their original growth — the whole raised about a cubit from the ground. On this the simple Madjicosinans spread their mats at night and resign themselves to rest. We used it for the same purpose, though, alas, the mats were not there to prevent the crooks and knots of the bare poles from imprinting on our backs curious diagrams of conic sections and angles uncomfortably acute.

At four o'clock the dense heavy clouds began to admit signs of approaching day,

'AND, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.'

We prepared to resume our wanderings. The men re-loaded their

muskets and pistols, and buckled on their cutlasses. The guide remounted his drooping beast. Four hours more of staggering in slimy paths, across flooded fields, through submerged thickets of brake and cactus, over the rocky beds of hurrying brooks, along the slippery embankments of rice patches, and all the time under the peltings of a tropical rain so abundant that Nature seemed revelling in the delights of a grand triumphant wash-day, and doing her best to cleanse the earth of the stains left upon it by the descendants of him whose fall

'Brought sin into this world, and all our wo.'

Four hours more of this attractive morning ramble, and we finally drew up at the deserted temple in the grove on the hill-side, whither our sable baggage-guard had removed the haversacks and horses during the night. The other detachments soon after began to arrive, having most of them to boast of as little success as ourselves. A fire was speedily kindled by the discharge of a pistol and breakfast served out as the parties came straggling in. The steaming coffee, which we sipped *con amore*, enlivened our spirits. The ridiculous appearance of our reeking accoutrements, and the funny adventures of our deeds of darkness, created peals of merriment that shook again and again the ruined sanctuary in which we had taken refuge from the storm. Refreshed by the meal and an hour's repose, we left the moss-grown temple to enjoy once more the solitude of its sacred grove, and took our departure for the beach. The luxury of an afternoon's siesta on board our floating home helped us to forget the toils and fatigues of the night. The breaking clouds rent asunder their stormy veil and displayed the glorious sun looking down from mid-heaven with benignant cheer, quite unconscious of the strange deeds enacted during his absence.

EPILOGUE.

'HEAR the conclusion of the whole matter.' — SOLOMON.

THE tale is told. Here endeth the chronicle of seven days' sojourn in the waters of the Madjicosima group. The following morning, holy time was again desecrated by the turmoil and bustle of secular labor. The harbor of Patchungsan resounded with the manifold echoes of a ship preparing for departure — the boatswain's shrill whistle and hoarse call, 'All hands up anchor!' — the tramp of the mustering crew along the decks, the rustling of ropes — the trumpet-orders of the officer aft; the rumbling of the capstan and rattling of the chain as it comes in from the watery depths. The anchor is wrenched from its coral bed, the snowy sails swell to the winds, the dancing waters ripple under the prow — we are away! Away, with our living freight of the innocent and the guilty, to be handed over to justice, or restored to their Oriental homes. Adieu to the joyous sun-lit peaks, the smiling vales, the vine-clad rocks. Our ship sweeps proudly onward before the freshening breeze. The sun rides high in the heavens — the Eight Huge Hills astern are fading in the dim blue. The sun goes down in the west, and so, 'twixt the gloaming and the murk,' go down the mountain, the forest, the crag, and are hid by the distant wave. Once more — once more — alone on the sea!

•

A L I T H E Ä .

CALL her not vain, nor blame her not that she
 Whom Loveliness in joyful triumph owns,
 Plays not the cloistering nun, but freely lays
 Her fair page open to be read of all,
 And generously familiar to the light,
 (While Purity and Pride around her still
 Bring radiant Honor to enchant the air!)
 God was not chary when He fashioned her,
 But wrought with liberal hand — not hoarding up
 Within His undreamed treasure of spells
 The fairer forces perfected in her:
 She doeth but as He, in that she makes
 Munificent using of His blessing gifts,
 Wherefore thus lavish of His sovereign art
 That to her eye its jewelled arrows left,
 Stored in the silken quiver of the lash:
 That to her hair the changeful glory placed
 Of seas at mid-night sprinkled with the stars;
 That from the subtler rimming of a cloud
 Caught for her skin a softly lustrous layer,
 Transparently inlaid on lip and cheek,
 To show the bright blood exquisitely through;
 That gave her step the striveless, pleasant flow
 Of motion riding on a summer wave;
 That with an energy so fine and bold,
 Meted and drew the lines which mould a shape
 Whose least dividing by the toyful air,
 Comes with a pathos matchless under heaven?
 By all that we may mark in earth or sky,
 How eloquently is the lesson taught,
 That with a boon as bounteously we deal
 As the first Almoner.

Note but the bird,
 That with the earliest blazonry of dawn,
 Pours round through heaven so streamingly his song:
 As life itself came to him on the sound,
 And wings were newly made to bear it on:
 Whose treble only falters into rest
 With the last dropping of his lids in sleep.
 Say, do ye weary of his dainty song,
 Flinging a daily sweetness on your ways?
 And then the flowers, spring they not everywhere?
 A haunting joy and yet a marvel ever;
 Whose tender bravery and acry grace,
 A kindling there of something spiritual,
 Do make it possible to dream them even
 Our vanished loved ones wearing such a guise,
 And leaping to our feet in greeting glad.
 Oh! do ye ask them in their lowliness,
 To fold their leaves for idle pageantry,
 Nor give the air one token where they bend?
 Not lightly was the mission set apart
 To Beauty's singing, visible or voiced;
 So that the dearness of its perfect rhythm
 With *all* our nature blendeth for attune:
 And, with an ever-present inspiration,
 Entreat an inner fairness to our lives!

Rockton, (N. Y.)

JEROME A. MABY.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART TEN.

WE manage matters better now. We have had a reform in our arrangements. We have begun to give attention to some of the little things which are so essential to our passengers' comfort. Americans are or ought to be proverbial for indifference to little things. It is so important for us to get a rail-road route 'through,' and in running order, that we strain every nerve to attain this, and wholly neglect minor matters, such as dust, ventilation, care of baggage, and the thousand-and-one petty details that specifically and directly 'don't pay.' We shall look after these things by-and-by, as our people grow more luxurious, and the competition of rivals tempts patronage by superior ministration to comfort. I flatter myself, too, sometimes, that my endeavors to call public attention to our way of 'stowing cargo,' have not been wholly in vain.

We have begun with the *cushions*. Some ingenious manufacturer has prepared for us a stuff for the covering, stamped or woven with bright and narrow transverse stripes that stretch across the cushion at proper intervals. Between the stripes is a lawful seat, so that a man can no longer sit upon two seats, or a woman upon three, without such 'a spread' being apparent and open to observation. This is a great deprivation to many. That class of 'gentry' who luxuriate by sitting lengthwise, are obliged to give up one of their proclivities, and to try and sit up and be decent in spite of their nature. Passengers can no longer place a parcel, or a dog, or a child beside them without palpably encroaching upon a seat worth 'five cents.' Any one coming in can detect in a moment, at a glance, whether there be vacant seats. When one is asked to 'move up' he cannot simply jump up and down in the same place as *was* the custom of many; but if he sits out of a slip, or astride a stripe, you can fasten the trespass upon the wretch by ocular demonstration. So much for our new cushions.

We have 'put down' *sitting cross-legged in our cars*. We are getting up a new set of by-laws for passengers. We do n't allow them to sit cross-legged. It has cost me a deal of trouble to cure this detestable habit in my male guests. There is scarcely any little matter that gives so much offence to the ladies, or is so annoying to gentlemen. Some people will sprawl over several seats; still, by sitting down upon them, they will contrive to get into their places. But the cross-legged sitter is deaf and impenetrable to a hint, and defies practical rebuke. He swings one leg and foot leisurely across the aisle, and by a 'masterly

inactivity,' assaults the shins of all who pass in or out of the car, and brings down his enemy at his feet without seeming to strike a blow. He would be sole monarch of the car. He sits in sublime unconsciousness of the comfort or even existence of any other. He is at ease, reading his newspaper, or picking his teeth, or gazing listlessly at the passing panorama. What though none can pass him without stepping high and wide enough to cross a gutter, and perhaps be laid by the heels at that! What though he trip up every passenger who has not successfully studied with the Ravels or acrobats! What though he leave the prints of his soiled 'brogan' upon your white pantaloons or your daughter's stockings, or make a breach through your wife's flounces! He is comfortable! It does not suit his style of '*posè*' to sit up like a man who has *not* inherited consumption, but has the use of his muscles and limbs. He has a '*posè*' of his own. His shoulders are thrown forward, his head and neck are bent over in the same direction, and he is inclined to 'double up' like a baboon.

I once had a car filled with West-Point cadets. You should have seen them sit in their places. They were entirely at ease, and full of spirits, and fun, and frolic; but each man sat in his seat like a gentleman. I was never so astonished as then at the capacity of my car. It seemed impossible the seats were all occupied. Each person had more room than he required. No one jostled another, and each sat in his place. If our passengers cannot learn better manners, we shall have to have a school set up and have them drilled and taught the art of sitting down. 'A very little and paltry matter for a conductor to bother his foolish head about,' says some one, perhaps. Not at all; it is a great matter. Aside from the comfort of others, it is a part of the 'unbought grace of life.' Is it not written as part of the imperishable fame of the great Siddons, that she knew how to sit down? Has not Fanny Elssler brought down the house as she sank into a sitting posture, gently as a cloud? Siddons and Elssler had overcome the vicious awkwardness that results from bad education, (if they ever had it,) and sat naturally. Does any body suppose thirty North-American Indians would sit cross-legged in a narrow car, to the imminent peril of each other's shins?

I never heard but one defence of this miserable vice of car-travellers. William St. Augustine Wiggins, Esq., a lawyer (of the modern code school) 'by trade,' lives just in the outskirts of the city. When he gets in my car in the morning, he is usually the first passenger. He formerly sat near the rear door where he entered. His shoes are, for the most part, covered with dust when he gets on the car. When he left the car near the City-Hall, I frequently observed his shoes were quite fresh and clean. How did he manage this? I wondered at the mystery. Did he use his handkerchief? Not he: that was his own. I kept him under close *surveillance*. I watched vainly for several days before I discovered it. He was an inveterate cross-legged sitter. He was so seated that all who passed in or out of the car must span his extremities. *Horribile dictu!* His shoes were swept by every lady's skirts and every gentleman's pantaloons that entered the car! I

pointed out this little piece of ingenuity to a few gentlemen, who afterward made it a point to step high as they passed him, and come down with full weight upon his toes. The rascal saw he was detected. He tried for a while to brave it out, and feigned unconsciousness; but the trick was too gross, and he gave it up. Now he sneaks down to the farther end of the car, and indulges his cross-legged propensities at the expense of only the conductor.

When some half-dozen or more of these contemnners of Chesterfield are seated in the same car, it requires great courage in man or woman to encounter the barricade. Few have the hardihood to risk life and limb through this *chevaux-de-frise* of legs. The bold pay dearly for their courage. Bruised shins and soiled garments they expect, and are not disappointed. Not unfrequently, in spite of their strength and precautions, they are brought to the floor. Fie, gentlemen! is there no sense of shame in you? Can you not see, or be taught, that where so many human beings are huddled together in so small a space, every one must give up a great many of his personal peculiarities, and perhaps peculiar comforts, for the general accommodation of all? Suppose each person, in a crowded car, gave way to his inclinations, and indulged, regardless of others convenience, in all the favorite little habits that conduce most to his especial comfort, what a precious scene we should have! There might be among the crowd those who have habits and inclinations as disgusting to you as to your victims is your favorite luxury of raising one foot in the air to kick the shins and lift the skirts of other passengers.

For instance, there is Charles Vellum, a petty broker in Wall-street, who has a peculiarity worthy of imitation—perhaps! For see that small man in black, with dark hair and eyes, and sallow complexion, with angular limbs, and haggard countenance, sitting near the remote corner of the car. His breath is not naturally suggestive of a ‘thousand flowers,’ and he mends the matter by constantly munching baked pea-nuts. I have read once a very learned essay upon the ‘Æsthetics of Eating,’ and I dare say human feeding is generally a rational matter. Men do not all eat as pigs. Like other animal instincts, by cultivation and refinement, it loses half the grossness of its original character. In fact, in all pleasures of sense we may rise above our animal nature. We luxuriate in our sensations, and revel in our emotions. By the power of memory and imagination, we intellectually distil, as it were, from our physical pleasures, while in the very act of enjoyment, a secondary refined ecstasy. Charles Vellum has not risen to this. He takes things as he finds them, and a baked pea-nut is still a baked pea-nut to him, and nothing else. In the morning he has a few, which he crushes sparsely, now and then, one with a suppressed crackle, shying a shell furtively first to the right, and then to the left, and then in the aisle, or out the window. In the evening, riding up, he is in his glory. His pockets are full; his hands are full; and he devours with a greediness worthy a better fruit. Shells, ‘shucks,’ and ‘chads,’ fly on either side, and his jaws move with a rapid, grinding noise, as if he had a small coffee-mill in his mouth. A special by-law we have for this fel-

low. His speciality being preëminently disgusting, entitles him to an exclusive styte of his own. He is to be penned off from the general company, where he can have a trough to himself.

SPEAKING of feet so much, are not men's slippers coming in vogue more than formerly? My car looks cheerful of a morning, with so many neat stockings and pumps. Pumps! The very word is suggestive of cool comfort in this summer solstice. Slippers! Their exile has been a long one. Their return to good society calls for a joyous welcome. Some conspiracy among cordwainers, I suspect, first introduced boots into 'dress.' Boots! Ugh! The name recalls torture, historical and personal. They were invented for the camp, not the court. Boots are, perhaps, well, in their way, for fishermen, sportsmen, firemen, 'and such.' They are not inconvenient to the soldier in forced marches over untravelled countries. They have a utility where rattle-snakes abound. But what mad enemy of the human race first set them upon carpet, or introduced them into the walks of refined social life? Were they the subtle device of some deformed-footed beau? or had they a more infernal origin? Were they not first worn by Mephistopheles to hide the unappreciated symmetry of a foot, without toes, parted in the middle? 'I look down at thy feet,' says Othello, to the detected wretch, Iago, 'but,' (seeing the latter wears boots, and he can't prove the 'cloven-foot' upon him, discreetly adds,) 'that's a fable.' Imagine the Count D'Orsay in boots, stepping from Charon's boat, and offering his hand to Alcibiades! Can't you hear the inextinguishable laughter of the shade of that man who would not play the flute because it distorted his features? Would he not suppose the Count had invented them solely to save his immortality from the peril that overtook Empedocles?

PART ELEVEN.

HERE comes, sauntering in a dreamy maze, a sentimentalist — Mason Lickbarrow. He is a bachelor, and the world uses him pretty tenderly. He is six feet, and carries his head a little upon one side, rather lack-a-daisically. He is very neatly dressed, and I would wager neither smokes or chews tobacco. He is not far from thirty, and is handsome, and has a dainty look and a very deferential manner that is quite taking with the ladies. He is very popular among them, and I do n't wonder at it. He usually knows every well-dressed lady that comes into my car. He has a profession of some sort, I believe, but his head is in the clouds half the time. He scribbles cleverly, it is said, for the Ladies' Magazines, Graham and Godey. I see by his high color and browned cheeks that he has just returned from a trip into the country: full of rapture and fustian I have n't a doubt. I know him well, and will borrow a leaf from his note-book to enrich my 'musings.' Here is a specimen of his style of sentimentalizing; I am half-inclined to express the same kind opinion of it that the poet Willis gave of some verses of my own which a friend handed him anonymously. 'It *would* be poetry,' said he, 'if it had only imagination, and passion, and diction,

and rhythm.' But to the note-book of Mason Lickbarrow, the transcendental-sentimentalist.

'AMONG THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS! The July sun is harmless here. The very air has a genial and soothing purity among these hill-tops. It is so much rarer and dryer than the breeze by the sea-side. It has a pleasant earthy fragrance too, and an aromatic savor of the piny forests it has kept company with. The sun pours down his glittering arrows in ceaseless volleys, and where the wind is cut off and there is no shadow, the earth is arid and parches in the torrid air and blazing sun-shine. Now seek the shady hill-side, or the cover of these matted evergreens, or any where escape from the direct glare of the sun, and the cool, dry, thin, pure, impalpable air that blows and rushes upon and past you is so delicious that you are exhilarated as with a *new sensation*. The enjoyment, too, is but half physical. The mind arouses and craves food and exercise. One is not, as at most summer haunts, listless; 'the chief good and market of his time, 'is net' to sleep and feed.' You are not content to let the livelong day slip by lounging under trees, smoking — or by an effort nerving yourself to take a drive in an easy carriage over a level road. Long, contemplative, lonely rambles, over rough hills, are sought and accomplished with an ease and absence of fatigue that fills you with surprise at your new-born powers of endurance. You drink up the serene beauty of the vast landscape that spreads panorama-like at your feet, and the gorgeous cloud-scenery that rolls majestically athwart the distant mountain-tops, and your thirst for the sublime and beautiful is awakened to new vigor. The ceaseless carol of myriad wood-birds charms your appreciating senses with new power. All the kaleidoscopic changes of grand, natural scenery are broad-cast about you with so liberal a hand that man and his works are atomized in the contrast. Involuntarily you surrender self and give a loose rein to every impulse that is intellectual, imaginative or reverential in your nature.

'STRIP off this false, this fond identity:
Who thinks of self when gazing on the sky?'

'I mentioned *new sensations*. Do you recollect what came over you when some of the sublime aspects of nature have been for the first time revealed to you? A thunder-storm among the mountains, if you had never been beyond city walls; Niagara, upon your first visit. What a sensation filled you, and at times vibrated through every fibre of your frame! How, in its very physical intensity you could feel something start at the roots of your hair and creep perceptibly over the vertebræ between your shoulders! Have you ever been in love? Do you recall what novel emotions sprang up in your nature? Can you bring to mind how you were at times half dizzy with a sense of the unrealness of all that once seemed most real to you? Do you remember when the electric spirits of one of the great poets first flashed athwart your mind? Or when the lofty theme of some great orator was first unfolded to you in glowing speech? Or when the triumphal notes of heaven-born music first rang and echoed through the chambers of your

soul? What was all or any of this, if not a new sensation? Who could have convinced you of your capacity for this? What teacher of such seeming apochrypha, except experience, would you not have ridiculed as a fabulist?

'Now, is there not an additional argument for the soul's immortality to be gathered from this? If this same dull routine nature of ours may be, by a slight change of circumstances, so suddenly gifted with new capacities — if in this brief life we know so little of ourselves — if progressive cultivation, or accidental juxtaposition to merely natural objects and ordinary events may so easily startle us into recognition of measureless capacities before unknown, who then can believe the soul finite? Who shall say that new and extraordinary changes of condition may not reveal to us powers and capacities beyond the scope of imagination to conceive? If we may thus become conscious of new sensations that have no type in our experience and are not the result of old combinations, but are novel and original, and are ever springing up within us as the shifting scenes of life dissolve and pass away from view — who shall say the fountain is not inexhaustible? If this life be not *merely* physical, or a phase of the physical — if we are more than 'the beast, whose soul goeth downward' — if intellectual experience and spiritual sensation is life and the true consciousness, then who shall tell me that the recognition and experience of a capacity for exhaustless and illimitable sensations is not a high proof of immortality?

'SUN-RISE AMONG THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS! Glorious sun-rise! It is but three o'clock, and in half-an-hour what splendor is lavished upon us! — first the early streaks of light tint the upper edge of the filmy clouds that lie scattered about the horizon, and then a deeper, golden flush, glowing in the rifted piles of rock-like forms that crowd the gateway of the sun, betoken his coming. The deep valley stretching away below is full of a thin translucent mist of blue (the day has not dawned there) — the nearer hills beyond wear a dark cerulean hue, almost purple, and the more distant hills have a rich green color, that seems liquid like the look of deep water. The magnificent Hudson winds its way through the valley, dwarfed to a silken skein, with bright threads now lying close and again tangled and scattered over a broader space. Here I stand upon this platform, lifted several thousand feet in the air. Behind and on either side of me, except where the Mountain House stands, the primeval forest rises all emerald. Hark! Hear the whispering leaves of ten thousand forest-trees waving in the light morning breeze far down beneath my feet, with a sound not unlike the rustling of many wings in the air. Now the song of 'earliest birds' rises with such multitudinous strains that, though here and there a brief note or a clear stream of liquid harmony rings through the upper air, yet, the endless, undistinguishable volume is poured forth in one unbroken chorus that calls to mind the interminable cry of the many voiced insects of an autumnal evening. Peep! peep! chirp! chirp! the mingled cries hail the coming morn.

'How cool the early breath of day comes lispng among the tree-

tops ! Hark again ! what cry was that far down beneath my feet ? Again a distant cock-crow ! An echo ? No, another has caught the sound and answered ; another still more distant, and another, until the shrill clarion cry dies away in the distance. By holding your breath you can just catch the faint notes of some barn-yard king who, though still in darkness, has caught the herald cry from his lofty neighbor perched higher up the mountain, and has echoed exultingly the shout of joy at the coming break of day. A little longer and the ' king of day ' parts the crimson film that lies close to the horizon ; the roseate hues that were spreading over the whole heavens, fade away into the yellow light that streams and flashes up where the sun is coming. In an instant the blazing orb bursts forth and the sun is up !'

T I B E R I U S A T C A P R E E .

BY HENRY D. GALEWILL.

THE Emperor TIBERIUS retired to Caprea A.D. 27, and made this island his head-quarters for the remainder of his life. Suetonius and Tacitus record the most astonishing stories of the debaucheries and unnatural vices of the Emperor and his court while at Caprea. TIBERIUS is represented as a gloomy, unhappy man, who loved to brood over his sorrows ; and although PATERCULUS describes him as possessed of all superhuman perfections, he seems to have been cruel, suspicious, dissembling, and false. Withal, he was fond of letters, detested flattery, and was addicted to astrology.

MID-NIGHT o'er Caprea's lone isle
 Spreads like a sable veil from high,
 Save where the pale stars faintly smile,
 Now in the mist obscured awhile,
 Now dimly shadowing earth and sky !
 The moon is hid behind a cloud,
 Even though the ocean's mournful call
 Prays her to leave her fleecy shroud,
 In tones by daylight bold and loud,
 Now soft as music's dying fall !
 Alone the CÆSAR trod the cliff,
 High o'er the hushed and darkened wave
 Which scarcely moved the tiny skiff
 On the still beach — all seemed as if
 They feared *him*, to whom earth was slave.
 Tall and emaciate was his frame,
 Sunk in his eye, and pale his cheek,
 Save where the wine had traced its name,
 And hid the pallor like a flame,
 Gloried in a red and spotted streak !
 From 'neath his ample toga showed
 An arm low sharply shrunk to bone,

And that huge head, thin-haired and bowed,
 Once stiffly borne, once nobly proud :
 Told what his vices cursed had done.
 Impatient, with a glaring eye
 He gazed upon the misty air :
 A thousand forms seemed passing nigh,
 From rock and wave, from earth and sky
 Came Memory's unforgotten there.
 Harsh was his voice, oft murmuring low,
 Checked by the frequent pause for breath,
 When came the CÆSAR's plaint of wo —
 Such as *that* CÆSAR only knew,
 The wo that makes life worse than death !

Where are ye now, ye dreams of parted hope ?
 Have my cursed passions drunk your fountains up ?
 Only in death's dim vale of shades I see
 The forms that made this life a joy to me.
 Ha ! is it thou, lost angel of delight,
 Whose form, long faded from my aching sight,
 Flits on the wing, the raven wing of death,
 To ope Elysium's vale that lies beneath ?
 I see ! I see ! 't is thou, VIPSANIA, thou !
 Bright angel, beauteous as when first my vow
 I breathed to thee, and tremblingly thy hand
 Thrilled my soul through, and bade hope's radiant band
 People the distance of unnumbered years
 With joys untold, and love's delighted cares !
 E'en from my earliest recollected hour,
 Beauty has swayed me with mysterious power.
 Unquiet at her shrine, my soul has bowed,
 Rather than hear the peans of the crowd ;
 Beauty has been my guiding-star too long,
 For in her train unrest and dangers throng.
 What princely form emerges from the shade ?
 AUGUSTUS comes, and bids those dreams to fade !
 He tells me I must leave thee, and must wed
 His daughter JULIA in thy sacred stead !
 I will not wed that profligate, for thou,
 Star of my youth, life's cynosure art now !
 But now thou say'st, ' Wed her — a throne awaits.
 AUGUSTUS hastens to his end — these states
 Will own thee Emperor then, and then a word
 Shall call VIPSANIA to her worshipped lord !'
 I, for thy sake, thine only, then obeyed :
 The world saw thee divorced and JULIA made.
 My wife — then all inhuman arts unknown
 That woman practised — O accursed throne !
 Was it for thee her hellish deeds I bore,
 And worse than all, the scornful mien she wore ?
 A scorn to me ! son of that CLAUDIAN line
 Whose glories cannot fade, nor fame decline,
 For song and history's page alike proclaim
 ROME'S noblest triumphs with the CLAUDIAN name !

Sick, then, at heart, in exile I had fled,
 Till many dangers did my peace invade,
 And I resolved that in some nobler strife,
 I'd buy new laurels with my weary life !

Amid the storm of battle and of blood
 VIPSANIA's image was my guardian-god,
 And by the camp-fires 'mid the northern snows,
 The thought of her was Lethe to my woes.
 Now seemed at length my rapturous bliss at hand :
 AUGUSTUS' spirit sought the spirit-land ;
 And Emperor at last, I thought to call
 VIPSANIA back to grace the CÆSAR's hall.
 Alas ! — young GALLUS, with infernal art,
 Had won from me that loved VIPSANIA's heart !
 She laughed derision at my bitter tears,
 She danced in glee to hear my ardent prayers,
 And boldly said, that GALLUS now had proved
 That ere his coming she had never loved !
 Cursed be the morning of that day to earth
 When my vile mother gave a monster birth !
 Let darkness cover it, and gloom and death
 Blot out the hour when first I drew my breath !
 O nameless city ! * whose dull joys I tried
 To pay me back what love had just denied,
 Thy gold, thy pomp, thy power and glory all
 Lay on my heart like some funereal pall !
 A city built † to send to time my name !
 Proud temples reared to celebrate my fame !
 Worshipped by that grand senate, whose faint praise
 The pristine heroes sought, in purer days —
 LORD OF THE WORLD I AM ! no place so far
 But hears my name amid the pomp of war,
 No foe can flee me, and no power alarm,
 All the wide earth shakes when I move my arm !
 Am I not CÆSAR ? North, and east, and west
 Obey as slaves my every high behest,
 Or like the fell simoom, in yon dry south,
 An angry order issuing from my mouth,
 Sweeps over Afric one red storm of blood !
 Am I not CÆSAR ? am I not a god ?
 And yet a woman's love to me has given
 A darker fate than yet has come from Heaven !
 Night ! thou art dark, but darker is this heart,
 Whence morn can never bid the gloom depart,
 Stifling this air of thick and murky mist,
 But heavier clouds are pressing on my breast.
 Oh ! I shall die ! this sympathizing night
 Gives to my woes a darker, deadlier blight !
 Come morning, or I die ! I cannot bear
 This insolence of sympathy in sky and air !
 Hasten, AURORA, smile upon the sky,
 That I may curse thee — hasten or I die !
 What form is that which follows on me thus ?
 What ho ! my guards ! — stay ! 't is GERMANICUS !
 Away, ye wretches ! come, GERMANICUS,
 No ear shall hear, no eye shall glare on us ;
 My boy, my boy, I loved thee all the while
 E'en when I listened to SEJANUS' guile.
 Alas ! why can I now not clasp thy form ?
 Come, my brave brother's son ! I mean no harm :

* It was a religious duty to conceal the real name of Rome.

† HEROD built TIBERIAS in honor of the Emperor.

Out on my senses! 't is a fleeting shade,
 My own wild fancies of the mist have made.
 Lo! hand in hand I see them wander by,
 GERMANICUS and DRUSTUS — quick, mine eye!
 Behold the boys as carelessly they rove,
 Arm wrapped in arm, in fond fraternal love.
 And Death — accurséd raven! hence, avaunt!
 Or thou shalt feel my wrath — silence that chaunt
 Ye fatal sisters, silence, curséd three!
 Or I will dye Tarpeia's rock with ye!
 Lo! LIVIA steals along the darkened room,
 Bearing a goblet — 't is my DRUSTUS' doom!
 The wily eunuch now the drink prepares,
 And hasty, with a poisoner's many fears,
 He wakes the youth from his sweet, gentle sleep,
 To drink a draught insuring one more deep!
 Where is thy brother? out! alas! he died
 Before this time, by Piso's jealous pride;
 Where is thy brother? lo! with sad array,
 Pale AGRIPPINA, from the rising day,
 Brings a white urn, wherein GERMANICUS —
 A few dark ashes now — is brought to us.
 To us! to whom? to me, ye Furies, me!
 Curséd from my birth, and curséd beyond degree;
 Curséd in my mother's pride, who had given up
 Her household gods and all the CLAUDIAN hope;
 Curséd in my hate of her, although 't was just
 For one who left her home, to sate a CÆSAR'S lust!
 Now she is gone — SEIANUS, too, is gone,
 Whose heart I vainly thought was mine alone:
 My boy, my brother's noble son, and she
 Who once was bliss, and once was bane to me,
 Alone upon the shore I wail in grief
 The last sad dirges of an ill-spent life!

Peace! peace! ay, once indeed, of it I heard,
 And of a fount whence it might be secured.
 'T was when AGRIPPA, from Jerusalem
 Sent me a slave, who held the faith of HIM
 Who healed disease, and untold thousands fed,
 And raised again to life the festering dead:
 Whom late the foolish Jews with little cause
 Take from good deeds, and bind upon a cross.*
 This slave watched by my couch, and told a tale
 I could not chooso but hear — till memory fail
 I must remember with astonished dread
 Her faith, her purity, her wondrous creed.
 She told how faith in HIM gave peace on earth —
 A peace all power and temporal glory worth,
 And endless bliss secured beyond the grave:
 She was more blessed than I, that lowly slave!
 Too pure for my vile court, her virtues made
 Her many foes — a hasty word I said,
 They took her to the rack: she bade me come
 To see her meet with peaceful joy her doom.
 I saw the evidence — I saw her die,
 Blessing that PROPHET with her parting sigh;

* It is abundantly evident from the historians of this period, that the prime *facts* of the Christian religion were known; but there seems to be but little ground for the very common opinion that TIBERIUS recommended the deification of our SAVIOUR to the Senate.

No vile blaspheming, as when others shake
 Beneath the terrors of my murderous rack;
 Calmly on CHRIST she called, and prayed, serene —
 I 'd give my crown for that sweet peace, O Nazarene!
 Shall it be thus? and must I pass away
 Like some old crone, in gradual, dull decay?
 I will to ROME! I 'll swim in seas of blood.
 I come! I come! — look ye, a bride-groom god,
 The CÆSAR hastens to his bride — sweet ROME!
 What lengthened line of human hecatomb
 Shall greet the advent of thy lover now?
 Ha! what is that? — beneath night's sombre brow
 The stars speak to me — yes, and ye have said
 I shall not enter ROME till I be dead!
 Ye stars! pale prophets of unerring truth,
 Ye 've been my fate-book from my earliest youth,
 I know the warning that you give is true,
 Here I must stay — to ROME I dare not go!

Then wake, O storm! be blacker, ye dark skies!
 Ye winds, from out your hollow caves arise!
 Flash, ye red lightnings! roll, ye thunders now!
 Ye dare not touch this laurel on my brow! *
 Sing your wild music, and by you inspired,
 I 'll write an epic, for my soul is fired;
 Epic of blood! in ROME to-morrow's sun
 Shall see my glorious poem, read, and heard, and *done*!
 Hell rages in my heart, and thus will vent
 Itself in cries for blood, its nutriment!
 Can I be mad? or am I fiend-pursued
 By this fell appetite for human blood?
 I am not mad, but I am darkly damned
 To thousand torments hell has never named!
 And it is you, ye fierce avenging gods,
 Who send these dreams o'er which my spirit broods;
 Seldom comes sleep to me, but in her stead
 Come the pale spectres of my many dead;
 Or if I rest, some vision grim descends,
 And in a cry of wo my slumber ends.

Love *was* my heaven, and *is* my deepest hell,
 Hope *was* my star, but with my heaven it fell!
 I have no joys — my passions fast decay,
 Save hate, which grows as others pass away;
 No friends I love — and he who waits my death,
 And counts his hopes by my unsteady breath,
 CAIUS — 't is true that he ere long shall reign,
 And like APOLLO's son, shall fire this earth again!
 I love him not — my grand-son, less — 't is well!
 No human feelings in my bosom dwell:
 I love not gold, nor woman, nor e'en food,
 And wine but makes me rage for human blood;
 Music is empty noise, and praise a jest;
 All pomp, all men, all pleasure I detest,
 And more than all, my own dark self I hate.
 When will my cup of wo be full, accursed Fate?'

Newberry, (S. C.) *March*, 1856.

* TIBERIUS was afraid of lightning, and wore a laurel-crown as a charm against it. — (*Suetonius in vrb. Lib. LXIX.*)

A MONTH AT THE RACKET.

To say the least of it, 't is an ignoble way of hunting, thus to steal upon the poor animal, while in the security of his solitude he was seeking his nightly food. I must confess that my conscience rather smote me, as our boat glided with its spirit-like motion over the water, and with feelings somewhat akin to a mid-night robber, every noise, even the splashing of a duck, or the jumping of a frog startled me, as if conscious that my deeds were evil. But as necessity knows no law, these feelings soon left me when I remembered the promise I had made and the parting injunctions of the ladies.

We had not proceeded a mile up the inlet, when Higby, hearing a noise in the grass, turned the boat in the direction whence it proceeded, and there I saw, within ten yards of me, as fine a buck as ever carried horns, with his eyes flashing back the light of our lantern, like two reverberators.

Crack went my rifle, off went the deer, bounding and snorting like a high-pressure engine, alarming his companions, who, joining in the chorus repeated by the echoes, made the hills resound again as if alive with frightened deer.

'What did you aim at?' cries Higby. 'At his eyes, of course.' 'Ah! there was your mistake. I forgot to warn you that at night objects loom up so, that you should always aim at least six inches below your mark. However, better luck next time.' Having re-loaded, we proceeded on. But now uprose the moon, whose brilliant light out-shone our feeble 'Jack,' thus revealing to the watchful deer the presence of a foe, and although we heard many, we could not approach near enough to have another shot during the whole night; so, with mingled feelings of mortification and disappointment, and the prospect of another day on flour victuals, we returned to camp, having rowed and paddled fifteen miles. Hawkeye came in shortly after us, from the East-Inlet with no better success, owing to the brightness of the moon, as he had heard plenty, but they were too wary to allow an approach within rifle shot.

30th. — Raining. Captain goes with Onkahye and Puffer to the South-Inlet to fish. Returns at four with twenty-two pounds of trout, just enough for one meal. The ladies entertained us this evening in their camp with dramatic readings.

A DRIVE.

1st August. — Was awakened this morning by the barking of hounds, and then the voice of our captain was heard. 'Come up, my men, and get ready for a 'drive.'* William is here with the dogs, . . . not a ripple on the lake, and a cloudy sky 'proclaims it a fine hunting morning.'

* This is the hunter's term for driving deer into the lake with hounds and shooting them in the water.

To bathe, breakfast, and man our boats, was but the work of an hour.

Now, my men, are you all ready? nothing forgotten? Rifles all loaded? ammunition, spy-glasses, life-preservers, all on board?' 'All!' was the ready response from each. 'Now, Lieutenant, you with William and the hounds, take Metoah in the 'Fawn,' and station yourself at Burnt-Point. You, Hawkeye, in the 'Loon' with Red Jacket and Pocahontas, row to mouth of South-Inlet, near to the fallen hemlock. Wingenund, you with Schenedau and Manita in the 'No-you-do n't,' will take your station on the East side of South bay, opposite to Burnt Point. I with Onkahye and Higby, in the 'Starlight,' will watch on Pine Island. Now, attention to the orders. He who *first* sees the deer, alone has the right to shoot him; therefore, each one must keep a sharp look-out, scanning every portion of the lake within range of his glass, as the deer is as likely to break water five miles from where the hounds are put out, as any where. Let not the fascinations of the ladies entice you from your duty, as a feast or famine depends on your watchfulness. On no account must the deer be shot, until all the boats have come up. No boat must leave its station until the deer is seen, or the return gun is heard, which you, Lieutenant, must fire, in case the dogs take the back-track. Now, off to your stations, and remember, the watchwords are: vigilance and caution.'

The army of Napoleon never listened with more attention to an address from their idolized commander, on the eve of some great battle, than did our little band to these words, as they fell from the lips of our noble captain, while laying on our oars, eager to start on our first 'drive.'

Not a breeze was stirring, nor was there a single cloud to temper the rays of an August sun, as our little fleet shot out into the lake, each boat striving to pass the other, until heading for our respective stations so changed our courses as to make further contention useless. The cheers of the ladies, the shouts of the men, and the baying of the hounds, made such a chorus as probably never before waked the slumbering echoes of those forest hills.

In about an hour each boat reached its station, there to await patiently and watchfully the exciting moment when the persecuted deer should 'break water.'

Two, three, four hours sped their course, and the mirror-like surface of the lake remained unbroken, save by the splashing of the fish-hawk, as he darted after his prey, or the ripple of the loon, as he glided from one island to another, and whose long necks oftentimes we would mistake in the distance for the antlers of a stag.

At last I descried the captain's boat pushing off from Pine Island and rowing with great speed in a northerly direction, whence, turning my glass, I saw a magnificent buck, ploughing the lake like a steamer.

In a moment we were in our boat, rowing and paddling with all our force, while the other boats were seen putting off, having discovered the movements of the captain nearly at the same time. Now came the exciting moment. 'Pull, William, for your life; the other boats are gaining on us — ah! that's it — a few more stokes like that and we'll be up with our prize; there! he heads this way! what a noble fellow he is! what antlers! how his brilliant eyes flash as he wildly

turns, seeking for some avenue of escape between our boats: poor fellow! he little thought that, escaping from his brute pursuers he was to fall into the hands of a greater enemy — man. Give way, William, he is making for the shore, we must intercept him, or he is lost: there, that's it: now he turns. What a magnificent sight, as he ploughs the water with his head erect, and his antlers towering like two young saplings; his eyes glowing like beacons, and his nostrils distended like a thorough-bred racer.

As the boats approach the captain's voice is heard. 'Come on, my men; pull lustily; he shall not be shot until you all arrive. Lieutenant, as you are the first to come up with the deer, 't is your privilege to shoot him, but wait for the signal from me.

Then a cry was heard from Metoah: 'Oh! Lieutenant, I beseech you, do not let Hawkeye shoot him; how can you, when he looks so imploringly out of those sad and expressive eyes, so eloquently appealing for mercy; how can you have the heart to kill him? for my sake spare ——'

The last words were lost in the report of my rifle, thus ending the entreaties of my fair companion with the life of the deer.

Attaching a rope to his antlers we towed our prize to the camp, the other boats following in our wake, making a sort of triumphal procession, although Metoah remarked it was to her more like a funeral procession.

We reached camp in time to have it dressed for dinner, and *such* a feast, I hope, dear reader, you may often experience. You would naturally imagine that, being cooked so soon after killed, the venison would not be tender, but I assure you that nothing could be more delicious.

'Come Schenedau,' cries the Captain, 'to the spring and fetch us two bottles of champagne, for this day we must offer a libation to Diana for the successful termination of the chase.' The bottles were brought, 'all dripping with coolness and covered with moss,' and the wine almost as cold as if 'frappé'd à la glace.'

In making the libation to the goddess, instead of pouring it on the table, as was the custom of the ancients, we adopted the more modern one of pouring it down our throats, at the same time drinking to the health of our friends in the clearings.

I will here give an outline of the discipline of the camp, so that you may judge how necessary order and system are to the harmony of a party like this.

We rose at seven, bathed, (airing our clothes at the same time, for we always slept in them,) cleaned our rifles, washed out the boats, and ready for breakfast at eight. As the ladies' camp was only four feet from the lake, they had only to step out of their bed of boughs on to a beautiful beach of white sand, where, under the shelter of an arbor vite that projected over the water, they took their bath, Narcissus like, making a mirror of the lake, but not, like him, becoming enamored with the reflection.

'T was their duty to set the table, which they did by turns.

After breakfast the Captain would issue the orders for the day, assigning to each man a special duty, one to go to the inlets for fly fish-

ing, another to the 'Buoys' for hand-line fishing, a third to hunt small game, such as partridges, rabbits, etc., a fourth to keep guard at the camp, and so on.

The ladies always accompanied any of the party when so disposed, otherwise they would occupy themselves in reading, sewing, or walking in the woods. Dinner at five, (having only two meals a day,) after which all hands were generally ordered to assist in clearing a path around our territory, 100 acres. At this there would sometimes be a little murmuring, but never an open rebellion. At sun-down a supply of wood for the night was carried to the two fires, after which we were at liberty to occupy our time as most agreeable to ourselves, which, of course, was generally with the ladies, either in their camp, or on the lake, until it was time for 'floating,' (nine o'clock,) at which each took their turn, two floating every night.

Saturday, 4th August.—Rain, rain; went with Puffer to Brown's Tract Inlet, with rifle and rod. Saw no deer; caught about fifteen pounds of trout, average one pound. Mosquitoes awful.

Clear at five, Hawkeye floated up the East-Inlet, and killed three deer, while the Captain with Higby killed four in the South-Inlet.

STORM ON THE LAKE.

6th August.—Cloudy, with strong symptoms of rain. Spent the morning in camp. Took an early dinner and started at five for the East-Inlet, taking Pocahontas with me to gratify her desire to see a deer shot at night. We started thus early, in order to fish at the upper 'spring hole' and float down. No sooner were we fairly out upon the lake than we saw unmistakable signs of an approaching storm. The whole western horizon (which had been shut from our view while in camp, by the density of the woods) was hung as with a pall; the stillness of the air, the cries of the loon, all announced a speedy outbreak of the elements.

'Shall we proceed, or return,' I said to Pocahontas, 'you see the indications of what we may expect, and that before long.'

'Go on,' was her heroic reply, 'I never like 'to put back.' I am well protected by this India-rubber blanket from the rain, and by this life-preserver from accident. So you must act precisely as if I were not with you.' On we went. We had not reached the mouth of the inlet (three miles) when Puffer cried, 'there it comes,' and looking back, we saw, about a mile off, the surface of the lake whitened by the pattering rain, as it came dashing on before the gust. 'Sure enough, there it comes, and with a vengeance. Be careful and let it strike us astern and there is no danger.'

In a few moments it overtook us and sent us flying on our course. We were in hopes that from its violence it would not last long, and by sun-down would clear off, and give us a fine night for floating, so that we continued on to our fishing-ground five miles further, which we reached at seven. Fished an hour, catching about twenty pounds of trout, when, finding there was no abatement of the rain and every appearance of a settled storm, with too much wind to allow our 'Jack' to

burn, Pocahontas reluctantly consented that we should make the best of our way back to camp, which we did forthwith.

On reaching the mouth of the inlet, the clouds seemed to gather themselves from all quarters of the heavens, as if preparing for a grand finale. We had scarcely reached the middle of the lake, when their flood gates were opened and down came a torrent of rain, (to which the previous shower was a mere circumstance,) accompanied with lightning and thunder, and such a gust of wind, that I thought our little skiff was doomed. The darkness was so intense that we could not discern each other, save during the flashes of lightning. The lake appeared like an immense ocean of ink, so black was everything around us. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, kicking up a tremendous sea which, washing over the gunwales, threatened every moment to engulf us. 'Keep her head to the sea, Puffer, and try to hold your own,' I cried, 'for to make headway against it is impossible. It is too violent to last long, and if we can only keep afloat ten minutes longer we are safe.'

Whether from confidence in her pilot, or her life-preserver, I know not, but in all this war of elements my fair companion was perfectly fearless, and seemed to enjoy the awful grandeur of the scene in proportion as the storm increased, and so should I, *perhaps*, had I not felt the great responsibility of so valuable a life in my charge.

It was indeed sublime to witness such vivid flashes of lightning, increased in intensity by the dark curtain which surrounded us, and to hear the peals of thunder, taken up by the echoes of the mountains and repeated until another peal burst, making a continuous roar of heaven's artillery. By constant bailing we managed to keep afloat, and as I predicted, in twenty minutes the clouds broke away, the wind lulled, and we could discern the outline of the opposite shore. In a few minutes more the rain ceased entirely, the sea went down, so as to enable us to head for camp, where we arrived at about eleven o'clock, thanks to PROVIDENCE and Puffer.

We found our friends on the beach all anxiously looking out for us, and much alarmed for our safety. Our clothes were not only wet through, but our very skin was saturated, from having been so long rained upon. After a cup of hot tea and a thorough basting before a rousing fire, I 'turned in,' and murmuring thanks to God for our preservation in sleep, soon forgot the dangers we had passed.

9th August.—Six of our party left us to-day to visit Blue Mountain, to see the sun set and rise from its summit, taking Puffer with them and two boats. Floated with Higby.

10th August.—Rained in torrents all last night, much to the discomfort of the Blue Mountain party. Went to South-Inlet to get the deer I shot last night. Returning crossed the south bay, against a strong westerly gale and a very heavy sea. At dark, the party not yet arrived from Blue Mountain. Built a bonfire on the end of the point for a beacon to guide them, as the gale still continued and the lake was wrapped in darkness. At nine, the Captain getting anxious, ordered Higby to take a boat, with provisions to mouth of the inlet, thinking

and hoping they would not venture to cross the lake this dark and stormy night, but encamp on the other side.

Higby had been gone about fifteen minutes when our hearts were gladdened by a shout from off the lake, and presently one of the boats made its appearance, with Red Jacket, Schenedau and the hunter, but no ladies. Where is the other boat? we anxiously inquired. 'Why, has it not arrived?' replied Puffer, 'it put out into the lake sometime before us, and we thought, of course, we should find them here. As Hawkeye pulls the strongest oar, and having the tightest boat, thought it best for the ladies to go with him, our boat having sprung a leak coming over the rapids, and as you see, is half full of water.' Our anxiety was now intense, for our fears were that, being so heavily laden, the boat had swamped, (being only built to carry three persons,) and that they were at this moment drifting about the lake at the mercy of the waves.

Our first impulse was to man all the boats and scour the lake in search of them, but before the last boat pushed off, the well-known war-whoop of Hawkeye rose above the gale, (which now roared through the pines with a most dismal moan,) dispelling our fears, and bearing to a father's heart such joy as only a parent can feel, for both son and daughter of our beloved Captain were in that tiny skiff.

'Thank God we are safe,' was the exclamation of Hawkeye, as the keel of his boat grated on the sand. 'See to your daughter, father, for she has fainted, and give us all a little brandy, as we are wet through and through by the dashing waves.'

Sure enough, there was Manita lying in the bottom of the boat, with her head in the lap of Metoah, and Pocahontas in the stern a perfect picture of resignation. Would that I could convey some idea of that scene, as by the light of our blazing torches the father bore the lifeless form of his fair daughter in his arms, while we assisted the other ladies (who could scarcely walk from fatigue and want of food) to the camp. But I'll not imprison in words a scene that you can so much better imagine. The motion and the application of cold water soon restored Manita to consciousness, and a cup of hot tea so revived them all, that they began relating their adventures, which the Captain soon put a stop to, by ordering them instantly to bed, and in the morning would listen with pleasure to their recital.

11th August.—Raining; Captain brought home twenty pounds of trout to-day from East Inlet, fortunately, or else should have had another dinner on bread and pork, as we have shot no deer for two days. Puffer came into camp this afternoon with news that there was a bear in the neighborhood, as he found the carcasses of the deer he had dressed drawn some distance from where he had thrown them, which could have been done by no other animal than old bruin. Set a trap for him.

12th.—Was awakened early with a shout from William Wood that the bear was caught. Leaping from our beds, we seized our rifles and rushed to the boats, while Hawkeye, with a gun and rifle in each hand, commenced dancing an Indian war-dance, so excited was he at the prospect of shooting a bear. 'Hold,' cries the Captain, 'not a boat stir until the ladies are ready.' In fifteen minutes the whole party, in

four boats, were on the way to the scene of action, which was on the shores of the lake, about a mile from camp.

Sure enough, there was one poor victim so exhausted with his struggles to escape from the iron jaws of the trap that he scarcely deigned to notice our presence, but kept up that weaving motion so peculiar to the bear, and appeared far less excited and alarmed than were his persecutors. Seeing that he was firmly held by the fore-foot, we approached within a rod of him, and after viewing him a while and wondering what he would do if he should escape, Hawkeye performed the part of executioner by putting a bullet through his head. 'We'll have meat for dinner to-day, any how,' I cried. 'Yes,' said Metoah, 'for those who chose to eat it; I'll not, you may depend on that, if I starve.' '*Nous verrons*, my dear lady; you may be glad enough to get it before we are out of the woods.'

To-day molasses gave out and reduced to an allowance of rice and of rolls, fearing the flour might give out also, as there appeared to be no satisfying our appetites.

Sunday.—Weather clear and cool. Breakfasted on bear's meat, and yellow rolls spoiled by too much soda. Dinner, same, with the addition of a little smoked venison and a few potatoes, hot from the Blue Mountain. Went to church with Onkahye on the top of 'Eagles' Crag,' a hill that overlooks the lake, where we had an eloquent sermon from the 'stones and running brooks.'

To a rightly constituted mind, how much more effective and impressive is a communion with God's works in a vast solitude like this, when you see the undeniable evidence of His wisdom and power in all around you, than the best discourse that ever issued from a pulpit.

Camp smoked so, preferred sleeping in the hammock. As I lay with my face up-turned towards the stars which, now concealed, now revealed, by the waving tree tops, as if playing bo-peep with a mortal on earth, I could not but compare my situation with the multitude now thronging the watering places, cooped up in boxes twelve by eight feet, fed like sheep from a public crib, changing their dresses four or five times a day, with every change of scene in the fashionable drama of 'Who's the Dupe?' there enacted, all actors and actresses, no spectators; all artifice and energy, no nature and truth: while

'Ours the wild life of tumult, still to range,
From toil to rest and joy in every change,'

with no limit to our lodging-room, the mighty forest for our hotel, for ever breathing the pure air of heaven, living a life of primitive simplicity, such as God intended man to live, and seeking our pleasures in such natural excitements as bring no reaction with them. There was no dressing every morning in a manner the most becoming, no putting the best foot forward, no mawkish sensibility of taste, no endeavor to excel, except in contributing to the happiness of others, but each one followed the dictates of his own natural impulses.

With these thoughts I fell asleep, and was awakened in the morning by the rain pattering on my face. Rain, rain! — when shall we have two consecutive days without rain?

14th.—Rain again. The Captain proposed there should be no floating to-night, but have a *soirée* in the ladies' camp, a sort of fancy party: as we all had fancy dresses, (in fact we had nothing else,) and fancy names, we had only to act out our respective characters.

Assembled at eight. Music at half-past eight from Schenedau's band, which consisted of his flute, with a running accompaniment of pattering rain and whistling winds, assisted occasionally by a screech-owl (which, attracted by the sound, had perched itself directly over our heads) and two loons on the lake.

L I N E S

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

It is the early summer-time:
To bees the flowers are listening,
And basking in the genial dews
The young green leaves are glistening.
Oh! thirty years ago they shone
In just such freshening brightness,
Where you and I have met alone
To watch their sparkling lightness;
Since you and I were girl and boy
Three decades have past over,
Since I and you met trusting true
Amid the budding clover.

We each within each other's eyes
Read naught of sin or sorrow:
As free from earthly taint their light
As rays that come to-morrow
From some far star for whose bright beams
This world has watched and waited,
Throughout the long, long term of years
That it has been created.
But what cared we how long each ray
Through space had been a rover?
Our ten years' charms were in our arms
Amid the budding clover.

And now whose arm is round your waist,
Whose children call you mother?
There was a time you might be mine,
And now each loves another.
But don't they, won't they, some long night,
Come stealing through our slumbers,
Our feelings, thoughts, before our years
Had reached a dozen numbers?
Four thousand miles may part us now;
What's distance to a lover?
Our spirits meet as when we met
Amid the budding clover.

ROBERT TURNER.

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

BY F. B. ALDRICH.

[ARABIC.]

*When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The Pet of the Harem, ROSE-IN-BLOOM,
Orders a feast in his favorite room:
Ices and sherbets, sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes:
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
And all that the daintiest palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the golden doors!
And scattered over the jeweled floors
Are anemonies, myrtles and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of an hundred colors into the air!
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pearly nails, and moistens her lips
With carmine waters.*

*Waving her hand,
The dancing girls of Samarcand
Float in like mists from Fairy-land!
And then to the low, voluptuous swoons
Of music rise and fall the moons
Of their full brown bosoms! Orient blood
Runs in their veins, flames in their eyes:
And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits ROSE-IN-BLOOM on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Alspahan;
And her Arab lover sits with her!
*That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan!**

*Now, when I see an extra light
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's window opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
*That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan!*
For leading this sort of Orient life,
I rather think, is my neighbor's wife!*

C A R I E O F C A M B R I D G E .

'If this were played upon a stage, now,
I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.'—TWELFTH NIGHT.

WHILE residing in Europe, I became acquainted with a young American, whom I learned to love like a brother. From the first I knew that something weighed heavily upon his mind. He was always sad. We wandered, (how often !) along the sylvan banks of the Danube, and seated in some lonely spot, he would again and again unburden to me his troubled and weeping soul. Eugene was young, amiable, and brilliant.

When beginning professional life, he had accidentally become acquainted with a young lady who appreciated his good qualities, and soon loved him dearly. They became engaged. 'But,' said my friend, 'I married her, without loving her. She was beautiful. I knew that she was good — was all that heart could desire ; but I married her only for the deep and earnest affection she bore to me. We were happy : her goodness, her kindness, her innumerable graces soon won my heart, and insensibly I came to love her with a fervor and devotion that time nor place can ever change.

'Oh ! how my affections twined around that angelic being, who was too sweet, too good for this world, living as she did for me alone ! She died. On her death-bed I promised her that I would never marry again, but would weep for her on earth and meet her in Heaven.'

A broken-hearted man, he gave up his profession, travelled abroad, and thus did I come to know him, and honor his generous heart.

On one occasion we ascended together a lofty mountain, near Vienna, in order to dine in the room where Mozart caught his finest inspirations, and enjoy a prospect second to none in the world. It was the loveliest day that ever smiled upon the Cetean Alps and the broad Danubian plain. Far beneath our feet rolled the rushing waters of 'the Father of European rivers.' We looked down upon vistas of hills, blushing with mellow grapes, and fields of waving grain. Before us were walled-cities, and battle-fields, and green islands, smiling up from the broad Danubius, and all the works of man. To the westward towered the snowy Alps, with the fleecy mantles hung around them by the clouds, the smiling daughters of old Ocean winging their way on the soft wings of the winds.

And far beyond the gorgeous Alps and the blue ocean floated away my thoughts to my Owasco home :

'Among the seven fair lakes that lie
Like mirrors in the western sky.'

There, reclining among the ruins, on the summit of Kolenberg, did Eugene repeat to me the story of his love and sorrow. I felt for him. I

could have wept with him, for I do not envy the man who cannot feel another's woes, who has no tears to shed over buried affections. 'Noble Eugene!' I exclaimed, 'the very angels in Heaven must have smiled when thou, without loving, didst give up all for the love of an angelic woman!'

'And why do you so sympathize with me?' inquired Eugene.

'Shall I tell you?'

'Listen, then, patiently, for it is the story of a life.

'As you well know, Eugene, I graduated in medicine at Harvard. My residence was in Boston. At the same time there lived in Cambridge an old college-mate of mine, who was connected with the Law-School. Within a week after receiving his bachelor's degree, Joseph had married one of the sweetest girls in Connecticut. I almost envied the happy circumstances under which my friend alleviated his legal toil with so much conjugal bliss, for Joseph was a Rinaldo alike in labor and in love. I often went over to Cambridge to spend an evening with them: it was so pleasant to talk over old college times. And then my long walks homeward, over Cambridge bridge! Before me lay Boston, asleep in the city-embracing arms of her noble bay. There were dim vistas of ships, and towns, and distant dreamy landscapes. From the neighboring battle-field rose a granite obelisk, cleaving the still air with its sharp outlines, and seeming to lose itself among the myriad orbs of night. There it stood, like some old Nilotic monument gray with centuries — a towering Pharos, whose cloud-kissing-summit shall shoot rays of liberty to distant realms, and give light and freedom to unborn generations.

'The long rows of lamps, uniting the city with her suburbs, gleamed like strings of pearls hung there to decorate the fair child of old Ocean, whose waters dimpled and danced below.

'In one of these evening visits, I was introduced to Carie of Cambridge. Here is her miniature, Eugene, taken not long after I became acquainted with her, and treasured since like a costly jewel. Do you wonder that I became interested in Carie, and sought to perpetuate the sweetest of delusions? She was a lovely, silken-eyelashed creature, just grown and rounded into faultless features and innumerable sweetnesses of womanhood. Save in a chin and neck that Melpomene might have envied, and a pair of well-chiseled lips married with rose-buds, I have seen women as beautiful as Carie. But how shall I convey the irresistible charm of her looks and smiles? How describe the melody of her voice, and the sweet eloquence of her soft, hazel eyes? With the mystery of her habitual thoughtfulness was singularly blended a natural mobility and playfulness of expression. Carie's thoughts often put on a subdued and pensive cast, and in moments of sadness she would look out from beneath those long, moist lashes, as the parting sun would sometimes fain look from beneath a weeping cloud upon the warm, tear-jeweled earth. In a Catholic land she would have idolized the cross, and been a *spirituelle* worshipper of saintly pictures. But then there were sudden bursts of innocent, animating joy:

'And where it most showed no one could discover—
In cheek, lip, or eye, for she brightened all over,
Like any fair lake that a breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.'

'In the refined circles of Cambridge there may have been others more brilliant and witty than Carie, and possessed of gay accomplishments which she desired not; but in no female have I ever seen so many happy *nuances* of intellectual worth and culture, with modest graces, and winning sweetnesses of disposition. She clothed the lovely features of her soul with garments of goodness. Though young, the chambers of her mind were filled with beautiful ideas gathered apparently for others, like the drops of moisture that are drawn upward from the ocean, not for the selfish sky, but to descend again upon the earth in the falling rain and the infinitesimal dew. Where her companions knew lines of poetry, Carie could repeat pages; and what was most beautiful, her sparkling draughts of Helicon were tempered with heavenly water

'From Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.'

'Beside the charm of Carie's conversation, there was something indescribably touching and suggestive in her music. Flowing from the heart it rose to the heart, as the stream will rise to the level of its fountain. I have sometimes, Eugene, been aware of a kindred influence, when in Italy we listened together to Piccolomini. Carie's music was not artistic, but I know that her sweet notes penetrated the depths of my soul, and cherished precious thoughts there just as the rays of sunlight pierce through the opaline waves and the crystal strata underneath, to nourish beautiful pearls in the still, glassy caves of the ocean. And Carie was so tender and winning in her gentle ways, and yet so dignified and firm in her purpose! You could not swerve her from her fixed intent. The oak is not more firmly rooted than were her principles of action; but her affections went out to cluster round every cherished object, even as the oak-leaves turn to kiss the light, and are swayed by the gentlest zephyr. Such, Eugene, was Carie of Cambridge; not all-perfect and above nature, like the heroines of romance, but so good, and true, and beautiful, that I verily came to think of her as living upon the earth to assure me of the existence of the angels in Heaven.

'I need hardly tell you that I became a frequent visitor in Carie's family. Her parents were intelligent people, and given to hospitality. The temptation to lay aside the scalpel grew more urgent; and as spring ripened into summer, my health more than ever seemed to require recreation in the pure air of Cambridge. If in these long walks I saw less of Joseph and his young wife, it was not that I loved them less, but that I revelled with ever-increasing delight in the new world they had opened to me.

'Carie and myself often rode out to Mount Auburn. Who that has visited the Athens of America has not wished to spend another hour in that most beautiful Harvest-Field of God? has not almost wished that he might sleep there after death, away from the din of cities? so still

and cathedral-like are its shady retreats. I do not think there can be a sweeter resting-place for the departed than the quiet, sylvan Mount Auburn. Carie knew all the labyrinthine turnings and windings of its embowered paths, and acted as my *cicerone* to the monuments which she most admired. There was one, erected in memory of a physician who had died in Rome, around which we loved to linger. On one side was Sorrow veiling her face ; on the other were angels whose features and drapery were exquisitely beautiful. Under the cunning hand of the artist the marble seemed to have lost its material nature, and put on an airy and spiritual form, wherein lies, indeed, the true essence of beauty.

'Seated before that petrified image of grief, appearing almost to breathe, I related to Carie one of the most touching incidents of the Grecian drama. It was the sacrifice of Iphigenia :

'REST on the earth her maiden robe she throws,
That emulates the rose:
And on the sad attendants rolling
The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,
Their grief-impassioned souls controlling ;
That ennobled, modest grace
Which the mimic pencil tries
In the imaged form to trace,
The breathing picture shows.'

And when Timathes, the painter, designed the sorrow of Agamemnon, he drew a veil over the face of the king of men, as not being able to express a father's grief.

'It was a sweet summer evening : and what thoughts such an hour suggests in Mount Auburn ! Where poverty and wealth, and littleness and greatness moulder side by side, our pride stands rebuked, and subdued feelings of a tender sadness, with which we would not part, steal gently over the soul. Every thing around us is emblematical of decay ; and where else can man and nature so sympathize with each other ? Yet, by a strange contrast, one's thoughts often assume a poetical if not a romantic cast, among the dew-weeping monuments of the dead, and the entanglements of leafy, mound-embosoming glades invite to the sweeter entanglements of love. Seated on the velvety grass, we conversed long together.

'SEE, sweet CARIE !
See the arching trees above us,
With their rough arms and their stout hearts :
Leaves of hand-shape and of heart-shape,
Leafy hands and leafy fingers,
Talking, listening to each other.
How they twine their arms together,
Sighing oft with dulcet sweetness :
Tender branchlets intertwining
Through the golden bars of sun-shine,
Whispering sweetly with each other,
Hand to hand and heart to heart,
Sweetly whispering together.
And, my friend, replied sweet CARIE,
Li-t-en to the airy songsters,
Pouring forth their liquid language,
Twitt'ring o'er their plaints and pleasures,
Interspersing songs with maxims,

Mellifluous songs with wisest maxims ;
 The dear musicians of the good God !
 'Would that I were not !' the Pigeon,
 Ever sighing, melancholy.
 'Pity others,' chirps the Hooper ;
 'And pity thou wilt have,' the Robin.
 'Life is fleeting,' screams the Sky-Lark.
 'Death is coming,' croaks the Raven.'

'Toward sun-set one beautiful evening, Carie and myself were walking down the shady avenue which leads to a silvery sheet of water near Mount Auburn. How distinctly I remember the tree under which we paused to rest. Seated there by Carie's side, I related, in the *abandon* of our familiar conversation, two of the saddest incidents connected with my professional studies, with my life. How I came to speak to her of these buried secrets I cannot say. Carie was no lover of insipid romance. Her sensitive soul shrank from the gross and the material. But without living in a world of fiction, she could admire its great heroes, and weep with its unfortunates. She was especially fond of those strange *nuances* of the beautiful, the marvellous, and the terrible, which happen, indeed, in the experience of us all, but which produce only in certain susceptible natures the written romance and tragedy of life. But after all, the grandest histories are unnarrated, the divinest poesies are unwritten, the noblest songs are unsung, and the sweetest music is that of the soul. These are of the spirit, and soar upward ; words are material, and drag them down to earth.

'On the farm adjoining my father's lived a gentleman whose only child, a rosy, fair-haired daughter, was born just two years after myself, wanting a single day. Much of our childhood was passed together. On my way to school I always stopped at the big house, where lived little blue-eyed Lull, to lead her along with me and carry her tiny basket. She was a perfect rose-bud of beauty.

'HIRE mouth was swete as basket or the meth,
 Or hoard of apples laud in hay or heath.'

We thought a world of each other ; and, next to my mother, Lull was the dearest creature to me on earth. In the borrowed prattle of aproned-children, they called me her beau, and I never denied that Lull was my sweetheart. Often as we went to the old red school-house, hand in hand,

'OCCUPIED in petty theft,
 Oft I seized a young intruder,
 And with kiss, and nothing ruder,
 Compressed her till her gushing soul
 Through her lips came warm and whole,
 As the grape gives under pressure
 Nectar juice and pulpy treasure.'

'Ah ! the golden memory of those childhood days, when months and years seemed so long because we had lived so few to compare them with ; when we built play-houses, typical, they say, of the dwellings we now inhabit ; but oh ! how unlike the great castles of our youth, in which, I fear me, we shall never live, though they sometimes seem so near us on yonder azure hills ! Would that for once we could lay off the weight of years, and being small again, and innocent, play 'young-

folks,' as then, without pride or selfishness, we played 'old-folks' in our grassy, moss-roofed houses, beneath the spreading branches of the elm ! In those long, sunny days, I was ever Lull's companion, except when corn had to be dropped in the spring, and our sheep were washed in the lake near by. Then, as a reward for dropping the golden kernels, I was permitted to pull the reluctant lambs into the water by their tiny horns, and wash their snowy fleeces. Sometimes I almost pitied the innocent victims of my sport, panting with fear, and looking so sorrowfully out of their soft, mild eyes ; and not unfrequently was myself the vanquished one instead of the victor.

'At the parties and apple-parings for the small folks of our neighborhood, little Lull was ever the object of my sympathetic attentions. The greatest joy of the evening was the last play in which we did wed the little cherry-lipped girls without having wooed them ever. Marching round and round in winding procession, we would pause, and, couple by couple, have the marriage-wreath woven around us by a chorus of child-voices :

'Now you are come to be married,
Happy may you be.
Join your hands in Hymen bands,
By the laws of America we command,
By the laws of America you must abide :
Now, salute your lovely bride.'

And Lull, the little, dimple-fingered beauty, without raising her eyes would hold up for me the rosiest cherub-lips, the warm pressure of which was the only heaven whereof I had any very distinct idea. Since then I have mingled with the gay, and studied the thoughts of the poets ; but amid the jeweled beauty of the Tuileries have sighed for the unalloyed enjoyment of those boyhood hours, and have found nothing so poetical in the wrapt melodies of Milton, or in the immortal words which the blind bard of Ios sang sweetly on Ægean's lonely isles.

'Once indeed were Lull's eyes red from weeping for me ; and my poor mother, how shall I forget her frantic terror ? One sultry June afternoon Lull and myself were playing in the shade on the wave-washed beach of the Owasco, in company with a number of boys and girls much older than we. Well do I remember that day, so calm and quiet.

'Owasco's water sweetly slept,
Owasco's banks were bright and green ;
The willow on her margin wept,
The wild-fowl on her wave was seen.'

'Now we gathered curious shells and 'skipped' smooth pebbles, and then paused to watch, with child-wonder, the clouds, seeming to assume the form of the mountains, the forests, and the lakes over which they passed, or moulding themselves into dissolving views of lofty towers and battlements, and silver-crested giants, whose dark shadows chased each other with even flight,

'On the right hand and the left hand,
O'er the valleys and the hill-tops.'

'It was the time for sudden showers. Had we looked more carefully westward through the tree-tops, we might have already seen the fleecy

festoons gathering in dark threatening masses, and heard with listening ear the muttering of distant thunder. Idly resting its prow on the pebbly beach was a solitary skiff, around which we had been playing some time in the warm crystal water. I was induced to enter the same, and a boy of twice my own age, O cruel sport ! pushed it from the shore. The slight wind wafted the skiff slowly away. Before any attempt was made to save me I was beyond their reach, not frightened, but rocking the frail and oarless cradle, and thinking it the finest sport in the world. We were far from any house, and the nearest boat was a mile below.

'Onward came the storm, its first breath weaving the playful ripples into crisped smiles. Faster and faster I was wafted from the shore. Tempest-darkness began to settle down upon the hills. Fitful gusts of wind, followed by hushes of stillness, curled the crisped smiles into yeasty, foam-capped waves. As the low clouds shut out from view the retreating shore, I dimly saw persons hurrying to-and-fro and a female wildly stretching her arms over the angry water as if to rescue me from impending death. But I was not afraid, I was too young to comprehend danger, and enjoyed the grandeur of those dreadful moments. Then the lightnings leaped from cloud to cloud, drawing their sapphire threads athwart the sky ! How the rattling thunders echoed from cliff to cliff on either shore, and seemed to die away, reëchoing in the voiceful caves of the water-covered hills. Never have I beheld so grand a sight — but a bold arm reaching through the darkness snatched me from a watery grave.

'Time sped on with ever-quickening wings, and Time that changeth all things changed us, changed Lull's child-frankness into the reserve of modest girlhood, changed to darker tints the tresses of her golden hair, changed her child-passion for me into a tender sister-love. Farm-work kept me from school in summer, and the pleasantest meetings for us in winter were when our families exchanged long evening visits.

'In my sixteenth year I was ill many months — Lull was often with me. Happening one day during the long convalescence to look over our family library, I found there a little book, the reading of which completely changed the current of my thoughts. I determined to devote myself to study, and as my naturally frail constitution had been so impaired as to render useless my services on the farm, the parental consent was cheerfully granted. Then came the long terms at a distant academy. During the vacations Lull and myself were much together, for we were indeed brother and sister to each other. She sympathized with my pursuits, which made her trebly dear to me. And, thoughtless maiden ! wouldst thou encourage the ambitious and high-hearted boy of thy choice, wouldst thou make him bless thee, nay, love thee dearly, interest thyself in his studies. Ah ! those happy vacation-days. My last hours, however, I gave to my dearest friend, for I felt that although the good God had given me much to enjoy on earth, He had given me but one mother.

'Time sped on with ever-quickening wings. I left the academy to enter college, whither my father conveyed me in our family carriage.

On the evening of the third day we wound down the valley which expands into the wider reaches of the Mohawk, where

'PATRIOT blood flowed fast and free
On thy red fields, Oriskany.'

Beautiful valley! with thy mists and grassy meads, with thy smiling villages linked like pearls on a chain of silver, with thy glorious hills laying, morning and evening, in alternate homage, their golden shadows at each other's feet! Away among the fiery pillars of the West were hung the golden standard of the sun-set, when we slowly wound our way up between the rows of poplars to my student-home, my future *Alma Mater*. Since that evening eight successive summers have flown past, and my roving feet have traversed oceans and continents. Not amid the expiring strata of ancient civilizations; not where the Lyceum stood and in the groves in which Plato taught; not in the halls of European learning, have I felt the joyful emotions I experienced that evening when approaching the mansions of wisdom and intelligence on 'College Hill.'

'But before the termination of my first college year the companion of my childhood sickened unto death. After the examination I hastened home. I stood by Lull's bed-side when she died, her soft little hand laid in mine. The roses faded away from her lips, but the sweet smile with which she had ever greeted me, still played around them, only it was more angelic. And as her soul took its homeward flight it seemed to whisper to me:

'ELLA già mossa disse; Al credo mio
Tu starai in terra senza me gran tempo.'

'Her disease had been of a mysterious nature, and the attending physician obtained the consent of the parents to institute a post-mortem examination. Knowing that it was my intention to pursue the study of medicine, he kindly invited me to be present. I must have been as pale as the breathless form by which we stood. Yet with strange wonder did I follow the cunning hand of the anatomist, searching for the hidden causes of death. And as I stood there, the thought came to my mind, 'Must thy body, beautiful Lull, become food for worms? Would that I could rescue what remains of thee from the insatiable tomb! Would that for once the grave might be despoiled of a victim! In thy childhood prattle thou didst often give me thy heart: now will I claim it, now save it from the consuming worm!' And to remove the heart while the physician was engaged in an adjoining room was but the work of a moment. I thrust it, streaming with blood, into my bosom over my own throbbing heart, to which it beat no longer in response. But it seemed to me that the scarlet stain upon my vest would never disappear. For a long time a preparation of Lull's heart stood upon my table. No one ever suspected whose it was. Even her parents often saw and admired it, but they never knew the secret of its history, nor ever will, unless they learn it from these pages.

'And, sweet Lull, wilt thou forgive me? Was it then but a dream of mine that thy pure spirit didst beseech the angel not to record my

cruelty, and if recorded, blot it out with a tear for ever? Thy sister-love is not forgotten! Often do I recall thy image in which are reflected so many of my early joys. But to recall thee to earth I have no wish. Thou wast too pure and spiritual for its gross elements. Even now, sweet Lull, I hear thy infant, bird-like song:

‘I’d like to be an angel,
With a crown upon my head.’

‘Time passed on with ever-quickenings wings. I heard my first course of medical lectures in a provincial school. My room-mate was a man after my own heart. To know George was to admire him — was to respect all whom he honored with his attentions. He was possessed of all the possible accomplishments of young men united with a force of character and a degree of wisdom that belong to mature age. I never felt inclined to jest with him. Of becoming modesty, and a young man of whom every one presaged magnificent things, he was involuntarily the centre of every circle in which he moved, and inferior minds ranged themselves around him — they could not tell why.

‘From being utter strangers, thrown together by accident, we soon became most intimate friends. I believe there was not one secret which George kept from me, for we

‘Talked with naked hearts together.’

He was not of a romantic turn of mind, and never lived upon estates in Spain. Notwithstanding his sympathies and his ardor alike in his studies and his loves, George was the most unpoetical of men: and yet, as sometimes happens with such persons, the story of his engagement was a fine tissue of romance, interwoven with curious incidents of life and imbroglions of affection.

‘He was engaged to be married with Mary, of M ——. I never asked the name of the family. George never alluded to it, for young men like best the poetry of one short appellation. George saw her first at a watering-place. She was as unlike his ideal as a rose is unlike the flower of the water-lily, but with him it was love at first sight. She was reserved. Though not unmindful of his attentions, she seemed to have the coldness of a marble palace. When beneath the trembling stars, George declared to her his consuming passion, she did not draw her hand from his, but looked down and gave not a whisper in reply. When he repeated it again and again, she dropped her head upon her bosom and answered not a word. To his letters, perfumed and impassioned with affection, she replied promptly and gracefully, but with consummate art avoided an answer to his earnest appeals. Only once did she venture to say, whether in girlish sport or in tender earnestness, George could not divine:

——— ‘Love moderately: long love doth so;
Too-swift arrives as tardy as too-slow.’

But when they met again she gave him her heart, and promised him her hand. The hidden streams of affection had run long beneath the

surface, and when they welled forth, it was a fountain of overflowing fulness. And George in his stately marble palace found an Oracle whose Pithya was moved by the divinest inspiration of love.

'They had been separated but a short time when a giddy young friend spent an evening with Mary. She had known George well, and Mary innocently let her into their secret. After the parting kiss had been given, she solemnly declared to Mary that George had deceived her — that he was engaged to another. The loved one was enraged. She sat down, and in a letter to George poured forth tenderly, the fierce invective of an injured woman's soul. She named him false and heartless, without even an allusion to the nature of his fault. She declared that his name should never again pass from her lips, and forbade him to visit her, to write her, or to attempt a reconciliation in any manner, whatever might be his excuse. Then, the same evening — O hasty revenge! — she addressed a letter to a former suitor, accepting the offer of his hand. The sealed messengers had hardly taken their flight, the one bearing death to plans long cherished, the other life to hopes long deferred, when Mary was told by her friend that it was only a jest. And when the latter saw the deep wrong she had done, she threw her arms around the neck of the injured one and weeping in despair besought her forgiveness. Such, however, was the effect upon Mary's mind, that for some time she would not listen to a reconciliation with him from whom she had been so rudely torn. But a mutual friend brought them together; and again it was sunshine for poor George.

'We had thus lived together scarcely three weeks when one day it was announced that a female had been buried in the village with whose sudden death many remarkable circumstances had been connected. The family were strangers. Their daughter had been taken ill in the cars, and died, as was supposed, of a most rare and interesting form of disease, a few hours after their arrival at the hotel. That night a number of collegiates met in our room for a social entertainment. It was in the month of December, and a furious storm was driving over the land. Seated at the table we would now and then pause and listen to the winds howling and shrieking round the old college-walls with a funeral wail. It was such a night as one loves not to remember.

'The recent death was alluded to: the supposed disease became a subject of discussion. Warm words followed. In the heat of the controversy one of my companions proposed that we should obtain the corpse and by an autopsical examination settle the disputed point. From this most of them appeared at first to shrink. Not one of us had ever played the part of a resurrectionist. But the novelty of the thing, the spirit of adventure to which it appealed, and the scientific enthusiasm of many of my companions, outweighed all possible scruples and objections. Not one among them, however, possessed aught of that base spirit which would wantonly disturb the silent dead; not one of them would have wished to rob even the grave of a victim for a purely selfish or improper purpose.

'We learned that the deceased had been buried temporarily in the neighboring cemetery, and was to be removed to an Eastern city in the spring. Hence it was determined to accomplish our purpose in such a

manner as never to excite suspicion, even should the face of the dead be afterward exposed. Every thing was to be restored precisely as we found it, and the work was to be done with such neatness that not even the grave itself would ever disclose the dreadful secret of that night.

‘With slow and solemn stroke the old village-clock pealed forth the hour of eleven as we descended into the streets well muffled and supplied with spades and dark lanterns. I am in no danger of forgetting that fearful night, how the bird-killing storm swept past, driving the snow like cutting sleet, whirling it in mid-air and piling it here and there in wavy fantastic drifts. One who had witnessed the burial in the afternoon led us to the freshly-closed grave. Nothing short of absolute necessity could have driven people forth on such a night, but one of our number was stationed near the gate to guard against possible surprise. I think there were gloomy thoughts in the minds of us all. No one was inclined to speak. The fresh mound of clay was not yet deeply frozen. In twenty minutes we had almost reached the coffin, when all at once a bright light twinkled for a moment in the direction of the gate, and was as suddenly extinguished. We understood the signal; and a moment afterward came a voice on the wind, half-speaking half-whispering a few yards from us in the darkness: ‘Fly! fly! we are discovered!’ Those standing around the grave disappeared at once: the others scrambled out, reeking with perspiration, to hide themselves behind the nearest monuments.

‘What can it be? thought I, as I lay crouched behind a tombstone trembling at the fearful consequences of detection. Having remained some time in this position I crept silently toward the grave. There I found George. A storm-delayed traveller had passed down the road, and hence the signal for us to flee. It was some time before my frightened companions could be brought together again, and one of them be induced to descend into the grave with myself. The box inclosing the coffin was soon laid bare and carefully raised to the surface of the ground. Then we removed the latter, and having wrapped it in a blanket, proceeded on our way to the village, not along the highway, but by a circuitous route through the fields. By this time my own imagination had become greatly excited. I am no believer in ghosts, but that dreary mid-night air seemed filled with ghostly beings. Now they would appear to support with invisible fingers the weight pressing upon our shoulders; now phantom-like, and with unseen locks streaming in the wind they would flit before us, and then with glowering eyes stare wildly at us, their breathless faces held close to our own.

‘WAILING sounds from the tombs were there,
And wailing voices from the air:
Grim goblins howled and spirits glanced,
And the ghosts in a circle round
In the darkness danced a phantom-dance
And shrieked with a mournful sound.’

A wild and gloomy procession ours, with no chanting priest or gurgling choir! — with no music, or song, or funeral pall!

‘Thus we reached my chamber, and with scrupulous care removed the corpse from the richly-furnished coffin and laid it upon the marble

table. Carefully and as little as possible did we disturb the snowy vestments of the tomb. Under the gossamer folds were the dim outlines of a face of classic beauty, but no one ventured to remove them for fear that the glassy eyes should meet his own, or the pale lips of the dead move in condemnation of our cruel act.

‘O reader! the body is divine.

‘He who looks upon departed humanity as worthless, will regard breathing humanity as little worth. The insulter of the dead would insult the living. He who would trifle with the sanctities of the grave, would at the bar trifle with justice and mercy, would in the pulpit trifle with the sacred mysteries of religion. Say not that the physician is less believing or more heartless than other men. Is he bad? His own will hath made him so, not his profession. Is he skeptical? Verily,

‘The undevout physician is mad.’

‘Hast thou not often found in him a friend — a friend who can keep thy secrets, and give thee more consolation in the hour of trial than even thy brother? With the physician, if he has a heart, the sanctities of thy inmost life are sacred. He loves thee — may I say it? — as the father loves his first-born grown up into manly youth — whom he no longer takes upon his knee as in childhood, but often, in the warm gushings of the paternal heart, longs to embrace and caress even as in times gone by.

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‘George was to conduct the examination, and stood by the table, scalpel in hand. He was on the point of making an incision, when a sudden thought arrested him. What it was I cannot say, but as if acting by impulse, he raised the snowy tissue from the face of the dead. Never shall I forget that moment. Instantly the gleaming steel fell from his hand, and quivering, stuck its point in the floor. Quicker than thought he grew as pale as the pale sleeper before him, and exclaiming: ‘My Mary! O my God!’ sank senseless in the arms of his companions. We feared that consciousness would never return, and for hours my friends stood around him with intense anxiety. In the mean time I made preparations to restore the stolen one to the grave. I was at first inclined to believe that a resemblance between the corpse and George’s betrothed had caused him this dreadful shock, but fastened around its neck was a locket containing two miniatures: they were those of George and Mary. The miniatures I retained, but the gold-locket was left where George had doubtless placed it in happier days. With gloomy thoughts and heavy hearts, unmindful of the night and the storm, we gave back the dead to its grave, and over the newly-raised mound I vowed never again to despoil the tomb of a victim. The elements favored us. The falling snow covered our foot-prints — as if in pity, silently spread its virgin mantle over the traces of our act. Nor was the secret of that dreadful night ever alluded to until I related it to thee, sweet Carie.

‘Poor George! consciousness slowly returned; but reason had fled from the chambers of his mind. He became a maniac. In his hours of passion he would talk confusedly about the ‘dreadful night,’ ‘the grave,’

'the corpse,' and in calmer moments tearfully mutter to himself the sweetest of earthly names. A few months afterward I visited him in an insane asylum. But George, the dearest of my friends, knew me not. I gave him his own miniature, and O pitiable thought! he knew not himself. But when I showed him Mary's miniature, memory recalled the beautiful image, and reason for a moment seemed to return. He pressed the treasure to his lips, and with streaming eyes threw his arms around my neck. And thus, Carie, he died.'

'AND did you love Carie of Cambridge?' inquired Eugene.

'Did I love Carie?—but ask me not to-day, Eugene, for the conclusion. It lies too near my heart. Let us descend the mountain-side, for the mists of evening are gathering around us. See how the panting steeds of the sun have traversed the fiery chambers of the west toward our far-off Atlantes. Behold yonder Alps, in the purple distance, with their glacier-crowns, tipped with opal, and amethyst, and gold. How the tranquil rivers of pure and serene light flow away to the gates of sunset! The city at our feet throbbing with myriad life, and yonder fields of Agram, and Essling, and Soran: see how night doth draw over them her azure mantle, pierced here and there with starry openings to let in the radiant glory beyond. O beautiful! It is as if an angel of light were hastening from the embrace of the dewy earth, and she, closing her myriad eyes of flowers, should smile, and blush, and weep at his royal departure.'

T O O L A T E .

I.

I SAW thee when my soul was young,
And still bedewed with memories bright,
Like morning roses red and white;
But something held my trembling tongue,
That longed to tell the new delight.

I loved thee then — but I was still,
Against my wish, against my will.

II.

I see thee now in life's full day,
And thoughts and feelings gleam again
As fresh 'as roses after rain:'

Alas! my time has passed away,
The fairest words would now be vain.
I love thee yet — but must be still,
Against my wish, against my will.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A SERMON FROM THE WORDS, 'IN YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE.'

FROM life's dusty thoroughfare,
 Gathered to the house of prayer,
 Hot and wearied with the race,
 Pausing for a little space,
 Reverent let us bow the head,
 While on holy ground we tread.
 Some are here in sable shroud,
 'Neath a weight of sorrow bowed ;
 Some with hearts all light and gay,
 Like a butterfly at play.
 Many an age and many a state
 On the Pastor's teachings wait.
 With what guidings shall he lead,
 Suited to their every need ?

Hark ! 't is a familiar story,
 Known to child and father hoary,
 Yet its freshness faileth never.
 Deep it stirs the fount of feeling,
 To our tender sense appealing,
 While we see the wanderer kneeling,
 Pardon'd freely and for ever.

Mark the preacher's heaving swell,
 As he ends the touching tale.
 See his tender, kindling eye,
 Bright with fervor from the sky.
 Hear him say, in tones of love,
 ' Rise and seek your home above.
 Weary children, ye may come,
 A FATHER'S house shall be your home.
 Long your wanderings, far and wild,
 Yet HE calls you each HIS child.
 Welcomes you through CHRIST HIS SON,
 To the kingdoms for you won.
 Will you spurn HIS love away ?
 From your priceless heirdom stay ?
 Feed on husks, and joyless roam,
 When you have a *Father's home* ?
 Ah ! what words could stronger prove
 Richer pardon, sweeter love ?
 Not invited for a day,
 Once adopted you may stay.
 Willing is HE ? ay, far more,
 See, HE opens *wide* the door.
 What are earthly pleasures fleet,
 Priced with love so rich and sweet ?
 What are trials here below,
 If *homeward* we may ever go ? '

Enough ! we will no longer aliens be.
 But come like children, FATHER, now to THEE.
 THY words shall cheer us on our thorny way,
 Shall lead us back when carelessly we stray.
 And may we tread with firmer step the road,
 That leads us upward to our home with GOD.

HORN EVANS:Y.

S T A N Z A S .

BY CARAIE.

I.

Dost think I love thee, speak thy name
 In lower tones than other?
 That in my breast there burns a flame
 For thee more than another?

II.

Dost think that I for thee dost wait
 With all love's deep devotion?
 Thou little know'st my undying hate,
 My spirit's dark emotion.

III.

I shudder when thy voice is heard,
 And when I see thee near
 My heart, like some imprisoned bird,
 Would burst its bounds with fear.

IV.

With fear? ah! no; within this breast
 No fear of thee e'er dwelt:
 But deadly, dark, deep, direful hate,
 This only have I felt.

V.

And yet I loved thee once, 't is true,
 With fervent heart and soul,
 And thy loved image cast a hue
 Of sun-light o'er the whole.

VI.

But now I hate and scorn thee too,
 And if on bended knee
 Low at my feet thou 'd kneel and sue,
 Contempt thine answer 'd be.

VII.

For dark revenge now fills the place
 Where once I cherished love,
 And ne'er again thy voice or face
 Can my tried spirit move.

VIII.

For I have learned thy fickleness,
 Thy false deceitful heart:
 All love for thee is banished now,
 I see thee as thou art.

E A S T E R N D E R W I C H E S .

BY JOHN P. BROWN.

THE Prophet of Arabia established but one faith, and one religion, that of Islam, or 'a perfect submission to the will of Allah.' He admitted of no sectarian branches to it; its creed was to be forever: 'There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah.'

On the decease of this wonderful man, converts to Islamism learned that while the Prophet of Allah had given them so many guides for their new form of worship, he had left no 'Caliph,' or successor to himself, to direct them in its performance. Dying without any male issue, or any near relation of his own race, or even without a testament sacred in the eyes of those who admitted the divine origin of the 'Koran' or Book, the ancient democratic principles of the Arabs led them to the election of a Caliph in the person of Abou-Bekr.

The mission of the Prophet, or more correctly of the *Envoiy* 'Beesool' of Allah, though himself of divine appointment, terminated with his own existence. Popular will succeeded to divine authority, and so long as the virtues of the people prevailed over their passions, Islamism was not only prosperous, but beneficial to humanity. The unity of its principles bound its observers together, and it gave them strength by adding new converts to their numbers. Never was Islamism stronger than under the mild sway of the four Caliphs, who were elected by the people of Mecca to administer the religious government of their prophet. The first shock it received was when this elective form of succession to the caliphate was departed from, so as to place Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, by right of parentage and inheritance, at the head of the administration of the Moslems, or those who professed the faith of *Islam*. Here thus commenced a division among those faithful to the doctrine of the Koran. The principle of election was departed from. Its advocates called themselves orthodox, or 'Sunnees,' and those who raised Ali to the caliphate, not by the will of the people, but because of his relationship to the Prophet, whose only daughter Fatimah, he married, are deemed heterodox or Schiees. The Moslem world is now divided by these two earliest and chief divisions. The Persians believe not only in the legitimacy of Ali, but attribute to him even a divine origin.

The elective principle had now given way to that of hereditary succession, legitimacy and the sword. The *Amaydes*, the *Fatimites*, the *Abbassides* and others, in turn disputed the possession, not only of the administration of the affairs of the Moslems, but of the succession to a sovereignty over them as a 'divine right,' until, after a series of disasters, of warlike and bloody strifes, in which humanity has always been the sufferer and the victim, Selim I., the ninth Ottoman Sultan, finding the last legitimate successor or 'Caliph,' descended from the son-in-law

of the virtuous Prophet of Arabia, a degraded, disregarded, and almost unheard-of resident of Egypt, where his predecessors had once reigned with power and splendor, he provided him with a pension during life, and assumed his title on his decease. From that period down to the present, each Ottoman Sultan has assumed the character of Caliph, and on each Friday of the week he proceeds with a pomp and ostentation unknown to the humble Prophet of Allah and his virtuous elective successors, to one of the stately mosques of Stamboul, to lead the 'Prayer of Iumâa,' or of the 'Congregation.'

The contrast shown by the character and conduct of the humble-minded, the wise and the wonderful Mohammed, and the pomp and display of the modern Caliph, find a parallel equally if not still more striking, in the lovely character of the meek and lowly Jesus, and the proud, the arrogant, and the pompous Popes of Rome, who have assumed to be the Caliphs or successors of the gentle disciples of the great FOUNDER of Christianity.

Just as there are Carmelites, Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, and innumerable other monks of Christianity, each possessive of some peculiar form of worship, so are there in Islamism the various sects of Derwiches, such as the *Mewlewee*, the *Ruffae*, the *Nakshibendee*, the *Bektaschee*, and each having a different founder, and a different form or mode of worship and government. All assume to receive a power from Allah not enjoyed by mankind in general, and each, doubtless, regards his peculiar creed as superior to the others. These Moslem monks are called, in all eastern tongues, Derwiches, a Persian word signifying Door-ushers, or those humble worshippers of Allah, who procure a subsistence by begging alms at the doors of the benevolent, while their lives are devoted to the exercise of the pious and holy worship of Allah. Their motto is that of the Prophet himself: 'My poverty is my pride.' (El. fakri, fahri.) Each believes that he renders himself acceptable to Allah by acts of self-denial, poverty, and self-torture, and by mortification of the flesh. And here it may be added that ambition, that universal and ruling passion of man, grows with his growth, gives a color to all the pains and pleasures of his life, strengthens as age advances, and ceases to exist only with life; that sentiment which as a virtue upholds the patriot, and instigates him to new exertions, and which, when disappointments, blighted hopes, wounded affections, and cherished ties are severed forever, leads the nobler heart of man to fresh endeavors, inspires even the Moslem Derwich with the conviction that his personal exertions as a worshipper render him superior to his fellow-mortals. May it not be admitted, with some correctness, that in the strength of faith it does often give to its possessor a superhuman faculty of resistance to pain, and a self-devotion not possessed by mankind in general?

Mohammed is wrongly called an impostor in the ordinary sense of the word. He was a man of very superior natural intelligence, and possessed the mind of a great genius. He was a sincere patriot, and a devoted religious and civil reformer. As such, strict impartiality void of religious prejudice must place him high in the ranks of the law-givers and ameliorators of degraded and debased nations. He certainly

appears to any one who will study his early and later personal history with attention, as a most wonderful *man*!

Convinced of the heinous idolatry into which his countrymen were plunged by the worship of the sun, the stars, the planets, and their idols; a spectator of the continual war in which the various tribes of Arabia were engaged, their want of unity, and fatal want of laws, he strove to rectify these evils. His exertions were favored with success, and he believed that he was promoting the will of Allah, whose humble agent he always professed to be, for so good and commendable a purpose. Each chapter of laws, which he dictated to the more lettered of the Arabians, in the humble chapel of Mecca, was directed against some vice or fault of the people whom he aimed at reforming; and any incongruities which may appear to the mind of the reader of the present period, should not be condemned without a previous examination of the state of things then existing among the people of Arabia and Syria.

None who has ever witnessed the religious exercises of the Rufface Derwiches (commonly known as the *Howling Derwiches*) of Scutari, will leave their *Tekkch* or convent without experiencing a feeling of horror at the exhibition he beholds of human weakness, and of the prevalence of the passion over the virtue. Often as I have gone to see the performance of this sect of Moslem monks, which takes place every Thursday, at the five periods of prayer ordained in the Koran, I never leave it without experiencing this feeling, joined to one of pity for my fellow-creatures, who thus, in so peculiar a manner, seek to render themselves acceptable to their CREATOR. The following is some account of their founder, much resembling the history of those of other Derwiches.

'The Said Ahmed bin Ebi Hassan el Rufface,' so says a Turkish book in my possession, 'was, during his life, regarded as an illustrious person, and one whose acts were eminently remarkable. The Most High allowed him to perform many extraordinary and miraculous things. So great indeed were his power and excellence, that he could reverse the vision, and cause to be visible to men what they otherwise were incapable of beholding, a faculty which, however, the learned deny to mankind in general, and many deem impracticable. Many strange and wonderful things did this holy man perform, which are credited by his followers and disciples, but which are rejected by men in general. Some of the former entered fire, others played with snakes and other animals which are by nature injurious to mankind.

'The Sheikh Ahmed was considered one of the most holy and excellent of men, and to have been descended from the pure race of Musa el Kiazem, one of the twelve Imams, (on whom rest the divine satisfaction!) The sectarian mantle with which he was invested descended from the Sheikh *Shiblee*, through five successions, namely: The Sheikh Ali el Karee, the Sheikh Abul Tadr ibin Kiamish, the Sheikh Abu Ali Guldarn bin Turkian, the Sheikh Ali Rudubaree, the Sheikh Ali Adjemee, the Sheikh Shiblee. May the Most High purify their souls!'

Abul Hassan, who was the grand-son of the Sheikh, narrates the following examples of his powers: 'I was one day seated at the door of the private apartment of the Sheikh, when I heard a noise proceeding

from before him. On looking into the room, I saw an individual, whom, during my whole life, I had never seen before. This person, after spending an hour in conversation with the Sheikh, departed through a window which was in the wall of the room, and disappeared from my sight as quick as lightning. Arising from my seat, I approached the Sheikh, and asked who he was, when he replied by asking whether I had observed him. I replied, 'I had,' and he continued: 'That is a person to whom the Most High has given charge of the Ocean. He is one of the Forty Men, and for three days has been separated from the place especially appropriated to him.'

'I do not know, O Said!' exclaimed I, 'the cause of his leaving his place.'

'He dwells,' added the Sheikh, 'in one of the isles of the ocean, where, for three days and three nights, it had rained continually, and the reflection came to his mind: 'Why that rain had not fallen in habitable parts of the universe?' He then begged pardon of Allah for the irreverent thought. For this misdeed he has been separated from the place appointed to him.'

'I then inquired of the Sheikh whether he had made him acquainted with the cause of his removal therefrom, and he replied:

'No, I was ashamed to do it.'

'Then,' added I, 'if you allow me, I will make it known to him.'

'Will you really do so?' he asked; and having said that I would, he bade me conceal myself beneath his cloak. Scarcely had I done so, when a voice spoke, saying, 'O Ali! raise up your head,' which, being done, I found myself suddenly transported to one of the isles of the ocean, and was greatly amazed at the change. Arising, I went a little forward, and beheld the same man that had been with the Sheikh. Saluting him, I related what had been told me respecting himself.

'He bade me swear to obey whatever he should command me to do, which I did, when he directed me to put his cloak or mantle about his neck, and dragging him over the ground, to call out: 'This is the punishment allotted to that person who questions the providences of the Most High.' I put the mantle around his neck, and began to drag him over the ground, when a voice came to me saying: 'O Ali! leave him, for the angels of Heaven weep for him, and are so grieved at his fault that Allah has again become satisfied with him.' On hearing the voice, I became bewildered, and on regaining my senses, I found myself again before my own door; and I swear that I neither know how I went there, nor how I returned.'

Whenever any person asked of the Said Ahmed a charm, and brought with him a paper on which to write it, he would take the paper in his hands, and if there was no ink present, he would at once return it to the asker, written out in due form.

He once wrote such a charm without ink for a certain man. This person soon afterward disappeared for some time, and on his return he again brought the same paper with him, and handing it to the Sheikh asked him to write him a charm. This he did as a trial of the power

of the Sheikh, who, on taking the paper in his hands, exclaimed : ' Why, man ! this has already a charm written upon it.'

At another time two of his disciples went out into the desert, where, sitting down, they began to converse. One of them inquired of the other what profit he had received for the long services which he had rendered the Sheikh ?

The other answered : ' Wish whatever you please and I will give it to you, out of what I have profited from him !'

' If so,' continued the inquirer, ' I would wish you to give me now a *senet*, or note of obligation, freeing me forever from *Jenenna*, (Hell.)'

' Allah's mercies are innumerable,' replied the other : ' if he please, you will obtain your desire !'

He had scarcely said this, when lo ! a white paper descended from Heaven, which they both seized and carried to the Sheikh, without saying any thing of what had passed between them. As soon as the Sheikh saw the paper, he prostrated himself upon the ground, and on raising his head, exclaimed : ' *El hamd a lillahi !* God be praised ! who has shown me, before the last day, the freedom of one of my disciples from hell.' The two persons now remarked, ' O Said ! this paper is white,' when he replied : ' The hand of Allah does not write black ; this paper is written with light.'

It is also related of Said Ahmed, that when he was passionately engaged in prayer he would speak in the language of poetry. The following is one of his mystical verses : ' In the darkness of night my heart often speaks of thee ; like the dove in its cage, so speaks my love of thee ; that darkness weighs heavily upon me and seems to rain grief and sorrow over me.'

' Yet the raging seas beneath me urge me onward to the pleasures of sinful life. When the captives of pain and sorrow have become freed, why should I be left a prey to such affliction ? They neither put an end to my painful life, or free me from such calamity. Nor during day nor night do they deliver me from the grief which consumes me.'

Others say that the Said Ahmed heard these lines from a flute, and left the world with the words still in his ears, in the five hundred and seventy-eighth year of the Hegira, Wednesday, the twenty-second day of Jemadi el Evvel ' May Allah have mercy upon him !'

Derviches, strictly speaking, do not form *sects*. In Turkish (or more correctly, in Arabic) their association is denominated *Tarikat*, *paths* or ways, while the four great Imauns of Islamism were the originators of so many *mezhebs* or sects.

It was during the caliphate of Ali that the religion of the Prophet began to find interpreters or at least commentators. The name of the Deity, in Arabic *Allah*, is composed of two distinct words, *Lah* and the article *Al* ; the latter signifies simply an expression of wonder, just as it does in English. The correctness of this meaning, however, may be doubted, and yet it is more than probable that if the origin of the word be not lost in the obscurity of the past, it had a commencement similar to it.

Should it be deduced from the Hebrew word *Elohim*, or *Eloah*, the

original meaning would be, to venerate or adore, and this seems the most probable definition. The Hebrews, and even the Greeks, attributed awful powers to the correct pronunciation of the word Jehovah, and Oriental tradition relates that Solomon possessed all his wisdom, wealth, and power by means of the correct pronunciation of that word.

The Derwiches of all Mussulmen sects, both Shea and Sunnee, suppose themselves gifted with superhuman power by means of invocations of the divine name. The research would not be of much interest after the earliest known name of the Deity, nor for the correct pronunciation of the word Jehovah of the Hebrews. Connected with this is the next great tenet of all the Eastern Derwiches, that is, *Ashk*, or fervent 'love for Allah.' In invoking his name, it is essential to do so with feelings of fervent *love* for him; and this *love* should be extended to each other and to all true believers in his power.

I am disposed to believe that very great reverence was paid to the word *Allah* by the Arabians previous to the time of their prophet, Mohammed, and with it commences the whole theory of Mussulman Derwichism, and of the superhuman powers which the Derwiches profess to exercise.

In the third chapter of the Koran the Prophet informs his disciples that 'they may invoke the name of Allah standing upright, seated, or upon their knees.'

This latitude of position permits the Derwiches to choose which of the three they may profess, and some write them all in their mode of worship.

I believe that the system, originally, was not Arabian, but had its rise farther east in China or Thibet. No one can read the accounts of the priests of Confucius, Buddha, and the Grand Llama of Thibet without being struck by their strong resemblance to the Derwiches of Islamism. In a work recently published at Constantinople, called *Nefahat ul Uns*, or 'The Breath of Man,' purporting to contain a biography of each of the founders of the *Tariks*, or paths of Derwiches, and of some of the more eminent members of each, both male and female, I remark that the earliest were natives of Balk, on the Persio-Chinese frontier of Samarcand and Bokhara, and from Persian cities. As aforestated, the word Derwich is Persian, and not Arabic, and it has been introduced from Persia into Arabia and Turkey. The original source may have been in Hindoostan, and Brahmanism have been the parent of Islam ascetism.

The Derwiches differ in point of faith; some regard the others with pious contempt, and will not associate with them, while others commingle in their religious exercises. All believe in one Allah, one Prophet, and one Koran, and yet differ on certain tenets. 'We all behold the same bright sun from different windows,' is their answer to the curious inquirer as to the differences of their creeds, thus showing a desire to admit of none. The Sheyaà Derwiches are of course all followers of heterodoxy, such as the Bektashee, who carry their devotion for Ali so far as to regard him as of divine origin. They call him *Ali ilahee*, or 'Ali the Divine,' and pay but little respect to the Koran.

I have not been able to learn that any Derwiches have secret signs

of recognition, except the *Bektashees*. These are deemed quite infidel in their tenets, and perform their devotions in secret. It was a *Bektashee* Sheikh, who blessed the Janissary corps when formed by Sultan Murad I., and held his mantle over them when he invoked a divine blessing upon their career.

The Derwiches all believe that there are two souls in man, one called the 'animal soul,' (*Rouh i Hyvâu*.) and the other the movable or wandering soul, (*Rouh i Revâu*.) The former seems to be possessed in common with all living creatures, and is connected with the 'spirit of life' only, while the latter is entirely of a spiritual nature, and may be called the 'eternal soul.' The latter has a form and shape, and is quite visible to the eye of the mind, though it is not tangible, which they explain by representing it as resembling those objects beheld by the mental vision in dreams, and which are *seen* possessing clearly-defined forms, yet are not susceptible of being *touched*. Under certain circumstances of devout inspiration, excited by the fervent exercise of the *Zikr* or mention of the name of Allah, the eternal soul is freed from its connection with the body, and leaving it, may move from one individual to another, entering their body and animating them with its own devout fervor. This the *Nakshibendi* firmly believe, and while the movable soul or spirit is absent from its own body, this latter remains, as it were, in a condition resembling a trance. When entered into the body of another person it there continues to perform the *Zikr*, and the sound *Allah, Allah* may then be distinctly heard in *his* breast. There is much of animal magnetism in their practice; they attribute great virtue to the ceremony of manipulation, and of prayers said over the patient, and the influence which one person may exercise over another by means of a mild though fixed gaze, and a metrical, harmonious tone of voice, is not regarded by them as human, but emanating rather from the power of God, granted to the Derwich for his sanctity and devotion.

They have the fullest faith in the efficacy of *Talsims*, (vulgarly talismans,) which are always formed of a verse from the Koran, or a prophetic 'Tradition,' (*Hadis*), to shield the wearer from disease or harm. The 'evil eye,' called *nazar*, also enters into their creed. This is evidently deduced from the tenth Mosaic commandment, which forbids covetousness, and they believe that the eye that covets often bears a baneful influence upon the object coveted. To prevent this, the eye of admiration must be preceded by the tongue of praise; and the expression *mâshallah!* (what God has willed!) preserves the object from the evil effects of the eye.

The Derwiches whom travellers meet in Constantinople, Smyrna, Syria, Egypt, or indeed in all parts of the East, half-naked, or partly covered with a lion, tiger, or leopard-skin thrown over their shoulders, and carrying a cup formed of a cocoa or some similar nut-shell, suspended from the neck, belong to the sects of the *Nakshibendi*, the *Saadi*, or the *Kadri*. The former is the name of a small town in Bokhara, the birth-place of the founder of the *Tarikat* or sect, who was named the *Emir Kilal*. The *Kadris* follow the path of *Abd-ul-Kadry* of Bagdad, or, to give his full name, the 'Sheik Muhy-el-Din-

Abd-ul Kadry-el Jebellee.' These are the real ascetics of the Mohammedan creed, and are those whose motto is taken from that of the humble Prophet of Mecca, who so often said, 'Poverty is my pride.' They wander over all Islam lands for the purpose of offering up devotions at the shrines of holy and sainted men. According to the Islam faith, after the death of the body the soul remains in the tomb awaiting that great day of resurrection when they shall be cited before their CREATOR and be placed, if found worthy, in the perfect enjoyment of those celestial pleasures in store for them, and which they have beheld during their period of repose in the grave. If their lives have been so holy as to render it possible that they may be among the blessed, the pious Derwich implores the divine satisfaction for their sakes in his own favor. If they have not been so correct in their human career as to merit the mercy of their CREATOR, the good prayers of the devout Derwich may benefit their souls, and induce the Almighty to forgive many of the sins which would otherwise weigh against them in the scales of the day of resurrection. No good Mussulman would wish to incur the evil prayers of a pious and holy Derwich, but on the contrary, would naturally seek to benefit by his good ones.

As afore related, these Derwiches who have descended from the supposed peculiar tenets of the Caliph Abou-bekr, mentally pronounce the name of Allah, that is to say, they meditate upon it. One of the traditions or holy sayings of the Prophet is, that 'One hour of meditation is better than seventy years of prayer.' This is closely followed by the pious Derwich; and some of them, especially the *Nakshibendi*, pass as much of the time spent by them in the work, in the convent, in silent meditation, as the pious Quakers of Christianity patiently wait for inspiration in their places of worship.

There are said to be seven places in the human frame where prayer may be and is habitually offered, which form an important part of creed in all Derwich paths, namely:

First, at the right of the heart, called *Sir*.

Second, at the heart, *Kalt*.

Third, at the right of the liver, *Roah*.

Fourth, at the right of the breast, *Fued*.

Fifth, on the breast, *Hiffee*.

Sixth, on the forehead, *Ihsa*.

Seventh, between the shoulder-blades, which is considered the place of the seal of prophetship, and called by the name of *Sir ul Esrar*.

Those Derwiches who claim descent from the Caliph Ali, pronounce the name of Allah during their devotions with a loud voice, like the *Ruffies* or Howling Derwiches; while the followers of Abou-bekr only meditate upon his name in silence.

The Mussulman origin of this peculiarity is a singular one, and needs to be related in connection with the Derwiches, who have thus made it the corner-stone of their belief.

When the Prophet had taken refuge from his enemies in the cave of Gar with Abou-bekr, and they were led to believe that no one could possibly have entered there, by the fact that a spider had woven its web across the mouth of the cave, overcome with fear, Abou-bekr asked

of the Prophet what he should do to be preserved from their ruthless enemies. He was told to meditate on the name of Allah upon his heart, which he did, and subsequently attributed his safety to the protection which it rendered him.

On another occasion, when the Prophet and his son-in-law Ali, who finally succeeded to the caliphate, were pursued by his enemies and were concealed in a house at Mecca, the former escaped by putting on the clothes of Ali. The self-sacrificing follower of the Prophet, before remaining alone, a prey to the incensed enemies of the new faith, begged to be informed what he should do toward his own preservation. The Prophet bade him pronounce unceasingly the name of Allah, which he accordingly did, and when some of his pursuers reached the house and looked in, they beheld, as they imagined, the Prophet engaged as usual with him when alone, in pronouncing the name of that *Allah* whose prophet he proclaimed himself to be. Hurrying away to apprise their companions of the discovery, that they might all witness his death, their absence gave time to the Prophet to return with a force sufficiently numerous to protect the confiding Ali; and ever afterward this latter firmly attributed his preservation to the peculiar efficacy of the name of Allah.

On these two incidents are founded the great points of difference between the two paths of Derwiches, from which radiate now some forty-five or more new paths.

It is believed that each Derwich pronounces the name of Allah about two hundred thousand times in every twenty-four hours, from the seven points of the human frame, aforementioned, which circumstance greatly recommends their piety to the admiration of devout Mussulmen.

Respecting the initiation of Derwiches, the following is believed to be the most peculiar. It is common to the Nakshibendi. The Sheikh leads the neophyte into a private apartment, and then both seat themselves on a sofa or cushion resting on the floor. The Sheikh assumes the posture which is said to have been that of the Prophet, that is, his left thigh or leg rests upon the sofa, with the foot brought under the right thigh; the right leg is bent upward, so that the knee approaches the breast; the right hand rests upon the side, just below the ribs, while the left aids to support the body, if necessary. In this position the head forms the letter M, the bended right arm the H, the place grasped by the hand the other M, and the bended knee the D, of the name of the Prophet, as written in Arabic. After assuming this posture and pointing it out to the novice, the Sheikh clasps the right hand of the former in his own right hand, and leaning toward him, so that his own mouth approaches the ear of the other, he impresses upon him the necessity of leading a holy and pious life, of placing full faith in the power of the name of Allah, of implicit obedience to the injunctions of the Prophet and the word of God, (the Koran,) and of submission and conformance to all the commands of the Sheikh of his Turik. Then he is to abandon each of the twelve great sins of man, such as theft, lying, intemperance, etc., and to give himself up wholly to the service of Allah and his Prophet. The Nakshibendi wear a cap of felt, which is composed (for each Derwich) of as many gores as he

may have abandoned the vices aforementioned. When perfect, this cap is composed of twelve gores, and forms a harmonious circle.

The Mewlevec Derwiches, more commonly known as the *dancing* or *turning*, are of the Turik of Shemsed Din Mohammed et Tabrizee, (of Tebriz in Persia.) They wear a high, yellowish felt cap, which to the spectator seems heavy and hot. This peculiar part of their costume is supposed to have been seen in a dream by their founder. Before creating the world, Allah had made an earthen vase of the shape of this *Kulah* or cap, in which he framed the spirit of Mohammed, who, at a later period, was sent to invite mankind to believe in the unity of Allah, to submit wholly to his will, (Islam,) and to believe that he was the best and last of his prophets. In remembrance of this vase and its precious office, Shemsed Din adopted it as the form of the head covering of his disciples.

It may also be added that the *Kulah*, or cap of the Ruffaees (Howlers) is called a *Tudge* or crown; so is that of the Saadi; and the Bektashi's cap is formed of numerous pieces. The Prophet himself was partial to the yellow color, (that of the sun,) and adopted it for his flags and clothing. After his death there arose a difficulty about distinguishing his descendants (through his daughter Fatimah and her husband Ali) from other Arabs, and in consequence one of them by mistake suffered an ignominious punishment for a crime committed by him. To prevent the recurrence of this mishap, it was agreed upon that hereafter the family of the Prophet should wear green-colored turbans; and subsequently the Ommaides chose white, as the color of day, and the Abbassides, black, as the color of night, while Othman, the founder of the Ottomans, selected red, the color of blood. The descendants of the Prophet are called *Sherifs* and *Emirs*, and it is quite an error to suppose that the green turban can be worn by Mussulmans who have made the pilgrimage to the *Kaabah* of Mecca.

It is believed the above causes govern the colors of the Derwiches, which they even extend to the beads of their rosaries, which are always ninety-nine in number, divided into three sets, each representing a name of Allah, such as Hafiz, (protector,) Rahman, (merciful,) etc. According to their article of faith respecting the *Zikr* (or mention of the name of Allah) to roll over or finger these beads, with the mind intently engaged upon the act, is equal to an articulation of the names represented by them.

When the thing to be preserved from the effects of the *Nazar* or 'evil eye,' (the real interpretation of the word is simply the *Look*, or *Sight*.) has no talisman possessing the desired power, some strange object is hung upon it to remind the beholder of the effect which his eye may have, and to warn him, as it were, to be cautious. It is for this purpose that the traveller so often sees the skull of a horse, an old shoe, or more frequently a bunch of garlic suspended to the eaves of houses in Constantinople. Blue beads of a particular kind, a triangular piece of leather, or what is most strange, a pair of boar's tusks, so joined as to form a crescent, hung around the necks of horses, are the usual charms employed by Mussulmen to preserve their favorite steeds from the *Nazar*. Even the Sultan's state barge, which he only uses on

great religious and official occasions, is defended by a string of gilded garlic from the dreaded influence of the *Nazar*.

When recently I visited the 'Howling Derwiches' of Scutari, we were not permitted to enter the *Tekkeh* or convent, until about three o'clock P.M., when the *Namaz* of *Ekindi*, or the third prayer of the day was ended. There were but few persons present on our entrance, and the devotional services apparently had not been much attended by the public. The *Tekkeh* is a small frame building in the rear of a little garden-cemetery, more used for the raising of sepulchral stones over the remains of deceased Sheikhs of the *Tarik* or Derwich path, than flowers, though indeed a few roses were growing on the aged branches around the quiet graves. We entered a somewhat official portal or gateway, guarded by an aged negro, apparently belonging to the Order, over which is a short inscription in Arabic, of a religious nature.

There was a long bench or seat running along the side of the little passage, through which we proceeded to the door of the *Tekkeh*, where a few individuals were waiting the moment of entrance. An elevated frame *Konak*, or private residence, arose close beside this passage, which I was informed belonged to the Sheikh. Though not very spacious nor yet grand, it still seemed abundantly large for all the worldly comforts needed by the devout and pious Sheikh of the Convent of the 'Howling Derwiches.' Over its entrance and near the ceiling hung, suspended in a frame, the pious ejaculation, 'Ya! Hafiz!' O Protector! — one of the many which the traveller sees suspended over almost all the Mussulman dwellings of Stamboul, for the purpose of invoking the protection of the DEITY, or of keeping off the 'evil eye.'

Before getting regularly into the hall of the *Tekkeh*, we were admitted into an ante-chamber, half coffee-house, half kitchen, where some of the fraternity called upon all of us, ladies and gentlemen, to doff not our hats but our boots, and thus entered in the same respectful manner required of Moses on Mount Horob. Though this requisition was not certainly very agreeable, it was nevertheless not the less expected; so that making a merit of necessity, we obeyed the summons, and with respectful *understandings* at least, hastened to pass by the thick cloth veil which hid the interior of the *Tekkeh* from mortal (infinite) eyes.

To the right of the door a small recess has been set apart for such unfaithful visitors as those who resembled ourselves. No one asked us to uncover our heads: the etiquette is to require all *Ghiours* to stand erect during the devotions, or in case they should venture to sit down to be careful that their limbs be not extended in a disrespectful manner over the floor before them, but that they crouch down with as little comfort or ease to their tired persons as possible.

As the collection of Europeans was this day rather larger than usual, one of the attendant Derwich fraternity opened a small door to the left of the entrance, and permitted several of us to ascend a flight of stairs to a balcony or gallery, from which, seated on the floor, we looked down upon the scene which now began to present itself in the hall of the *Tekkeh*.

This room or hall was not more than twenty-five feet square, with a

portico running on three sides of it, about six feet deep, separated from the central part by a low railing, and supporting a gallery above on one side for females, faced with closely-trellised work, which completely hid its inmates from the scrutiny of the men below. Round the circuit of the hall ran a row of common tamborines; the south wall formed the *Kibleh*, and had a small niche in it, such as is seen in all mosques and other places of prayer. Around and above this were innumerable instruments of self-torture, such as axes, maces, spears, and objects with a body something like a marling-spike with a thick ball at the end, ornamented with short chains and circular bits of metal, to make a jingling noise when made use of. On the space around these articles were innumerable Mussulman pictures, that is to say, portions of the Koran, Araditional sayings of the Prophet, the Mohammedan confession of faith, (*La ilāha illā Allah ne Mohammed Ressoel Allah*), monograms of the present and past Sultans, and some forming the name of the founder of the *Turik* or sect, *Hasret Ahmed er Ruffaee*, and some other holy men of Derwich celebrity.

I must not fail to mention that there hung suspended on the wall, near the niche aforesaid, a small *Sedjadeh*, or praying-carpet, richly worked with verses from the Koran, and which had, at some past period, been sent as a votive-offering to the holy *Kaaba* of Mecca, whence it had again returned, greatly increased in sanctity, to inspire the devotees of the *Tekkeh* with pious fervor and respect.

The floor of the hall, made of wood, was covered, near the *Mihrab*, (or Mecca pointing stone,) with sheep and goat-skins, some white, others stained red or blue. On these sat several of the most respectable of the *Mussulman* visitors cross-legged, or with their feet doubled up behind them. Immediately in front of the *Mihrab* sat the Sheikh, a man of some sixty years of age, his head quite gray, his mantle black, and his white skull-cap surmounted by a black turban. His costume, as well as his own features, bore a very venerable stamp; full of quiet dignity and repose, he seemed to feel that his business was a most serious affair, and that its success depended greatly upon his own exertions.

The most profound respect was paid him by his disciples as well as by his visitors. Each on entering approached and kissed his hand or his shoulder, and he returned the salutation with much grace and paternal affection. He moved about the hall with a calm dignity and ease of manner which was very impressive, and it was easy to remark that perfect submission to the will and commands of the chief, whose office is hereditary, is one of the principal tenets of the sect. Beside the Sheikh sate his son, a youth of some twenty summers, very neatly dressed, who showed the same profound respect as any one else for his father.

The officers of the *Tekkeh*, other than the Sheikh, were a master of ceremonies and a clerk; the former, invested with a black scarf, which he had hung over his shoulders, and tied under his left arm, seemed to have it in particular charge to see that each performer was in his place, to take off the clothes and heavier head-dresses of the guests, and to lay them aside with tokens of respect. As an example of this, he never removed a *turbaned Cuouk*, or a *fez*, that he did not first

touch it to his lips; and he had a great deal to do in the way of kissing the hands and shoulders of the older persons present, as well as of the amateurs who came in. As to the clerk, his duty appeared to be chiefly to sit in the centre of the room and scream out the prayers or holy chants (Naati Sherif) which were the order of the day.

As aforementioned, the namaz or regular prayers were ended before we were allowed to enter the Tekkeh, and when we had penetrated into the hall, the Derwiches were chanting a nati cherif, or holy hymn of praise to the Prophet and his family. Then followed some extracts from the Koran, prayers for the reigning Sultan, and for the founder of their Turik or order, whom they called *Mewland*, or Our Lord. After this, they commenced chanting the one hundred and twelfth chapter of the Koran, frequently repeating it on the Unity of Allah, said by the Prophet to value a third part of the whole of the Koran. As it is short, it may be here repeated, and is the chief tenet of Islamism.

'In the name of Allah, the merciful and clement: Say; there is no God but Allah; the eternal God, who begetteth not, neither was He begotten, nor is there any thing like unto Him.'

By far the greater part of the performers were low people from the streets. I did not see any one bordering on an Effendi or a Bey, among the operators, though there were several gentlemanly-looking spectators seated behind the Sheikh. In a few minutes the centre of the hall was quite filled up, beside a full half-circle near to the corridor, two parallel lines of Derwiches occupied the centre of the room, made up of special chanters, who, no doubt, were the choristers. At the end of the half-circle, opposite our seat, were several boys, of some ten or twelve years of age, who joined in the ceremonies with very ridiculous gusto, and though I do not remember hearing them howl or grunt, they may yet have done something in the latter way without being heard by us in the gallery.

As the devotions became exciting, the old Sheikh laid off his black cloak, white skull-cap, and black turban, and advancing in a quiet, dignified manner, toward the performers, clapped his hands in concert with the tune of their chanting. Now, other individuals entered, and passed into the circle of performers. One large negro came in, and with some difficulty procured a place, where he stood rocking to-and-fro, and joining in the chant.

The noise made by the performers became more and more indistinct, and the word Allah! Allah! insensibly degenerated into a monosyllabic sound of ah! ah! resembling much more a grunt than a howl. When the heat of the performance reached a degree beyond which it seemed quite impossible for them to proceed, the old Sheikh gave a signal to stop, and in a moment all rocking and grumbling ceased. The performers stood for a moment still, and several who apparently only waited for this favorable breathing-spell, took occasion to slip out, keeping the hand on the right shoulder of the Sheikh, previous to leaving the room.

One or two of the performers were much more affected by the exercises than the others. Their grunting became more a series of sobs

than any thing else. Their faces streamed with perspiration, and their countenances showed the very great mental agitation which they experienced. A Derwich sat in the gallery below where we were, and his appearance attracted our attention. He seemed highly agitated, and now and then groaned audibly. We expected soon to see him fall down in a trance, or evince some other spiritual manifestation. When the Sheikh signified his desire for the exercises to re-commence, he called upon this Derwich to cross over the railing, and after laying aside his cloak and cap, to take a place among the performers.

During the interlude another scene occurred, which is very curious, and strikes the beholder with those feelings which he entertains at the sight of something to him incomprehensible, and yet which he refuses to admit has in it any thing that is superhuman. The venerable Sheikh took his seat on one of the skins in front of the *Mihrab*, and blessed a quantity of clothes laid before him for that purpose by the master of the ceremonies or exercises. These were, it was understood, the apparel of an invalid, who, instead of requesting the prayers of the congregation for himself, obtained those of the Sheikh on the clothes which he intended wearing, trusting to their efficacy for the restoration of his health. In praying over the clothes, he raised his open hands above them, their palms toward his face, and muttered the prayers in a tone which was quite inaudible to us. Soon after, several bottles of water were also brought before him for the same purpose, and beside being blown into by himself, they were carried round to receive the now holy breath of most of the officiators.

Next several young children, from the age of six or eight months to as many years, and indeed some full-grown men, were laid on their faces on the skins beside the Sheikh, who deliberately stepped upon them, first putting his left foot upon the back of the child, near the shoulders, then setting his right foot on its thighs, while he with the left, gently rubbed its back. To do this, the Sheikh had no other assistance than the hand of the master of the ceremonies to steady him, and the legs of the child were held down by another person. This operation, which we expected would cause the little children to cry out, if it did not crush them, certainly occasioned them no pain whatever, and after rising, the larger ones invariably kissed the hand of the Sheikh, and left the room in excellent spirits. Divers suppositions were volunteered as to the *modus operandi*, and to show how the soft limbs of the children escaped being crushed by the weight of the Sheikh, who, though not a heavy man, seemed sufficiently so to severely injure the children: none, however, met the peculiarities of the case. In Egypt the Sheikh of the *Ruffae* Derwiches, on a certain occasion not now remembered, rides on horse-back over the prostrate forms of devout Musalmen. The scene is described in 'Lane's Modern Egyptians.'

After this *entre acte* was terminated, the Sheikh again stepped forward, and the chanting of the name of Allah re-commenced. It soon became vehement; the Derwich who had been invited by the Sheikh to leave the lower corridor, and take part in the exercises, soon became very much excited; he, beside crying out, Allah! Allah! in the ordinary tone, would now and then scream out at the top of his voice so

suddenly and so sharply as to startle us. Leaving the half-circle in which he was, he sprang forward toward the Sheikh, and sitting down, struck his forehead upon the floor in a very violent manner, each blow thumping with a loud noise against the hard plank. His long, dishevelled hair hung about his face and neck, giving him a very wild, Santon appearance. Another suddenly left the ranks, and with trembling steps, walked out into the centre of the hall, where the Sheikh hastened to meet him, to throw his arms around him, and to soothe his excitement. After sobbing for a minute or two in the Sheikh's embrace, he gathered his cloak and head-dress together, and walked away quite naturally.

Two others of the officiators next advanced, and bared themselves to the waist. One took down a large Turkish curved sword, and passing his finger gently over its edge, applied it to his abdomen. Two other persons now stepped forward, and one held the sword by the handle, while the other caught it by the point: the Derwich then rested his whole weight upon the edge without even the skin being reddened. The other Derwich received from the master of the exercises one of the many singular instruments hanging upon the wall, and formed like a marling-spike. After several demonstrations of an intention to do something very dreadful, such as jumping up and screaming out Allah! Allah! in a sharp and piercing tone, he extended the instrument as far before him as he could, and then brought it violently against his abdomen, where he held it for a minute, apparently without any sensations of pain; drawing it away from his body with a sudden jerk, he next thrust it with seeming violence against his face, which he wished the spectators to believe it had entered, but after screwing the weapon around in his head for half-a-minute, he again suddenly jerked it out, and placing his finger over the hole which the instrument had *not made*, he looked very self-satisfied with the operation. After these exhibitions had continued for a few minutes, the performer's agitation and excitement became so great that the Sheikh seemed *afraid he might hurt himself*; so, approaching him, he put his arm over his neck and entreated him not to do it. Others present also stepped up and relieved him of the instrument, and with his cap and cloak re-placed upon him, he consented to leave the scene of his dangers, which he had escaped only through the power of the almighty name of Allah, which he said his companions had invoked so devoutly. The renewal of the exercises was the signal for increased excitement. Gradually the rocking and grunting became more and more intense, until humanity seemed entirely exhausted. The clerk, however, still beat time with great regularity, and putting his right hand open behind his right ear, screamed out at the extreme height of his voice, and the master of ceremonies continued to walk about among the officiators, encouraging them in their labors, and keeping each in his place. Finally, at a given signal, I presume from the Sheikh, the whole ceremony suddenly ceased, and though some further prayers were recited after this, the greater part of the officiators retired from the room.

Constantinople, July 9, 1856.

M Y L A D Y E - L O V E .

A FRAGMENT FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF 'RENÉ LE RON.'

TRANSCRIBED BY DESMARAIS.

I.

An eye, whose lucid depths of blue
The flashes of her wit glance through,
Like those bright meteors that cleave
The twilight of a summer eve.

II.

A cheek, whereon the haughty rose
Her gauntlet to the lily throws,
Who loth the glorious prize to yield,
Seeks issue on the very field.

III.

But on her lips no flower dare sport,
For there the Sea-king holds his court:
And his proud coral-flag unfurls
O'er his chief treasure-house of pearls.

IV.

A form, where each voluptuous curve
To mould, the willing graces serve,
While the pure goddess of the chase
Adds virtue to each finished grace.

V.

A heart — ah! gentlest heart of hearts!
Each pulse to love responsive starts,
And love, within her heart enshrined,
Is hallowed by her spotless mind.

VI.

'Poet, and dreamer! such a bliss
No mortal ever owned as this!'
O heart! 't is true! O vision fair!
Thou art but mirrored in the air.

VII.

Yet no! for love to human hearts
A necromantic skill imparts,
To guise with all the trust of truth,
The loved in beauty, worth, and youth!

VIII.

And the alembic, thus divine,
Is mine, O loving heart! is mine!
Mine, but mine only! Would its spell
Were thine, my Ladye-love, as well.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ODE OF HORACE.

I.

PREPARE no pomp for feast of mine,
 Nor strip the Linden's bark to twine
 Gay wreaths of gorgeous flowers.
 Stay not to seek the lurking-place
 Where the rose hides her sad sweet face,
 Out-linging Summer's hours.

II.

With myrtle-buds our beakers bind,
 Nor other flower-charm strive to find ;
 And as thou pour'st the wine,
 Its modest bloom alike shall grace
 The master's and the servant's place,
 Beneath the o'er-hanging vine.

H. V.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

My uncle Simeon selected a wife as he would a horse, and, for this matter, was not an exception to a very general rule. I had heard that she was in her youth very beautiful, though there was not a remnant of this beauty left when I knew her, nor a remnant of any thing agreeable, as I have said. Her husband probably loved her, or thought he did, but she had never thought of such a thing as loving him. To love was not one of her capacities, yet, like a very large class of women, to be loved was one of her severest exactions. To make herself worthy of esteem, respect, and affection had never occurred to her as worthy of effort. She only thought the man whom the law pronounced her husband was bound to love, honor, and cherish her, however repulsive and unworthy she made herself. How I pitied him, for he was naturally a noble man, tied irrevocably to something so gross and repulsive that it scarcely deserved the name of human. Here he would have enjoyed a home, and was doomed to live in the midst of a splendor over which there was a moral blight, deadening to all the fine sensibilities of the soul as the miasma of the slime-pit to the senses. How strangely people will construe honor, and right, and duty!

I did not know my aunt while she was 'training her children,' but if I had judged by her words, no mother ever felt the responsibilities of 'head of a family' to so great a degree. But the details of the peculiar

manner in which she fulfilled her high mission I heard from others, and the manner in which she fulfilled obligations she voluntarily assumed I saw myself. She was one of a very large class of religionists, who are infinitely scrupulous about the 'mint, anise, and cummin of the law,' with not the faintest perception of the spirit of the Gospel.

I had thought to come to the city to see happiness, gayety, life, and beauty ; and these I did see without, but within I was obliged to look on something worse than 'dead men's bones.' I might easily and would willingly dwell on the bright pictures which relieved my eyes, on the glories of the visible world, and the almost equally wonderful productions of art ; I might tell of pleasant experiences, for these too I had, of true hearts, warm friendships, and sweet influences, whose life is so shadowed that these do not brighten it ; but these are by others abundantly portrayed. There is in our social and domestic life, especially that which is ordered by those who claim to be the 'only righteous persons on the earth,' a plague-spot which needs to be probed and exposed, and there should be no eyes which cannot bear to look on truth, however dark it may be.

'It is not right,' say many, 'to give to the world the faults of Christians ; the world is so ready to carp, so ready to ascribe to religion itself, the defects of those who are only its unworthy representatives.' This we do not believe, and shall not be understood to say the holy religion of Jesus has any thing to do with, or is at all deteriorated by the grossest crimes or lowest meannesses of those who bear its name.

Vulgar curiosity is not one of our vices, and the private arrangements of any household would have no attractions for our philosophy, but when the curtain is withdrawn and the dark scenes are exposed, we like to philosophize. We should not voluntarily enter upon the dissection of human hearts, but when in all their nakedness they are spread out before us, however repulsive the festers and the gangrene, we gaze with the surgeon's, the artist's, and philosopher's eye.

Who can it be, the strange little elfin creature that we meet sometimes on the stairs, sometimes catch a glimpse of in a distant corner, but never see within the family circle, at the family meals, and who does not seem either to have part or lot with the domestics ; who is neither child nor servant, 'hawk nor buzzard,' in the establishment ? We do not dare to ask questions, we do not dare to see what is not meant for our eyes ; but having begun to wonder, we cannot help the desire of having the mystery solved. If we hear a voice at an unusual time and in an unusual place, we listen ; if there is a light footstep where we are not accustomed to hear human tread, we look to see where it is. But we are scarcely ever rewarded with more than a glance at a sylph-like form, clad in the coarse garb of poverty, but neat and trim, and a face on which we could read only the dull contentment of one who could not appreciate a higher life, and knew not an aspiration beyond the gratification of present wants. So the weeks pass on, and we roam from room to room, go out and in, eat and sleep, and bow and smile in the presence of the family and the family's friends ; and breathing the same air, beneath the same roof, is one who might as well be on a desert-isle — who is with us, but not of us — living en-

tirely without human companionship and sympathy. Is it necessity or is it choice? What can have been the birth and position of one who is thus doomed to isolation in a Christian family?

At length I have surprised her in the presence of my aunt, and hear her name. She has come to ask direction in some duty, and stands in the august presence of her mistress like a culprit who is listening to a sentence for crime. When she is gone I venture to ask, 'Who is she?'

'A distant relative and dependent,' she answered, 'whom we took when a child, in hopes to have in her a daughter, and on whom we have bestowed a parent's love and care, and to whom we have granted all a daughter's privileges;' and here my aunt drew down her double and twisted sanctimonious face, and tuned her voice to more than its usual drawl, when duty and religion were her theme, as she said: 'And after all we have done, she has proved so perverse and ungrateful, is so low and vulgar in her tastes, that it is impossible to treat her as a child, or elevate her to any respectable position. We do all we can, but it is a trial which those only can know who have experienced it. She has no higher ambition than to associate with the servants, and requires constant watching in order not to disgrace us by more debasing associates.'

Surely we opened our mouth with astonishment at such a development of character in a young girl who was offered every advantage of position, cultivation, and enjoyment; and the next time our eye caught her retreating figure, we scanned it more intently, and looked searchingly into her quiet face. It was the same evening on which we had heard her story, and it seemed to us there was a deeper shadow upon her brow, and a tear in her pale-blue eye.

Here is something to disturb our monotony. We will see if there is not a study in this strange tale.

For many nights we had heard in the stillness of the midnight slumbers a low sobbing, as if it came from a broken heart. Who in this gilded palace is bearing about the weight of a sorrow-burdened spirit? My room is a sort of eyrie, and those nearest to me may be servants; but who so humble that a woman's heart does not beat in sympathy with her wo? I will see. I opened softly the door and listened. The sobs were more distinct, and came from a low bed in a little room only a few steps across a hall from my own. Shall I penetrate farther, and learn if possible who it is that spends the long nights in weeping, where the days shine upon no face that wears the semblance of grief?

Approaching the couch and bending low my head, I whisper, 'What is the matter?' But the answer is only a bitter wail that sounds like the last agony of a broken spirit.

'What can be the matter? What has happened?'

But the coverlet is drawn closer to stifle the sobs, and no word escapes to encourage me in proffering aid or sympathy.

'Can I do any thing for you?'

'No.'

'Has any thing dreadful happened?'

'No. Leave me, you must not stay here.'

Now I knew I was with her over whom hung the mystery, and now

I learned, at least, that the frail form did not encase a heart of stone. But this was not the time to probe its secrets, and I returned to my dormitory to ponder what I should do.

Long afterward I heard the stifled moans, but in the morning on my way to breakfast, I heard the same light footsteps that seemed to be everywhere, and as I looked into the face I had last seen 'by the moon-beams' misty light,' bathed in scalding tears, it was just as calm as I had seen it on every day since I had been there, and just as stoical in its expression.

There passed between us no sign of recognition. I could not tell whether she knew I had been to her bed-side, or if she did, whether it were deemed an act of kindness or intrusion. Unless she were gliding about I could not tell where she was, and did not dare to seek her, lest the betrayal of my interest should awaken suspicion, or bring upon her some additional sorrow. Her duty seemed to be that of runner upon every errand, waiter upon every occasion. Yet, either by command or her own design, she studiously avoided my apartment, and performed no office that brought her to my presence.

If for an hour I found myself the solitary companion of my aunt Dolly, her conversation, or rather her talk, was upon the meagreness of her wardrobe, which consisted of more silks, and satins, and velvets than I had before seen in my life-time, and the meanness of her husband who did not allow her more than the price of a farm or the rent of a manor, with which to replenish it. Or else she regaled me with stories of vulgar gossip, dwelling upon them with a relish which would have disgusted the most abandoned of the victims of falsehood or crime against whom she uttered anathemas. But if the good clergyman on whose ministrations she attended came in, or some 'Lady Bountiful,' in whose eyes she wished to appear a paragon, her thoughts so naturally and her words so fluently ran up the alms-deeds she had done or wished to do, one would not imagine any thing but blessings to the poor and needy ever occupied her mind. But particularly she dwelt upon the wants of the orphan; how her heart yearned toward those who had been deprived of parents and thrown upon the cold world's charities. This was the one theme upon which she became eloquent, upon which her heart warined with enthusiasm, and by some she was esteemed a genuine 'Lady Bountiful' herself, though when the reason was analyzed, it was evident she acquired the appellation through her words rather than her acts.

'My great desire is to do good in the world,' she would say, 'and how can I do more than by securing homes to the destitute, and providing for those whom God has bereaved: a mother to the motherless, what more honored mission!'

I listened and pondered, I observed and pondered. Surely human nature is a study which one may pursue forever and still learn.

It was a cold, gray evening, and the shutters were closed so as scarcely to admit the struggling moon-beams, as I sat alone in my room, sad because I was myself in a more dreary solitude than Crusoe on his island, being in the midst of all that the world considers necessary to happiness, and without any thing that was necessary to mine. There

was no heart to beat responsive to my own ; no word or thought ever expressed in accordance with those with which my wicked brains were teeming, and the magnetism which pervaded the atmosphere was corroding to my animal nature.

The door opened softly and I saw gliding toward me the form I had met so often, and was startled as if a less tangible apparition had come up before me.

'Lina, is it you ?' I said.

'Yes,' was the scarcely audible answer.

'Have you come for any thing ?'

'No.'

'I seldom see you : where do you stay all day ?'

'In the little room down-stairs.'

'Why do you never mingle with the family instead of keeping so much alone ? It cannot be well for you to be by yourself, and it is not kind when you are so often requested to remain in the family-circle.'

'Have you heard any body request me ?' she faintly asked.

'No, but aunt Dolly says she often does, and it is her wish that you should. She is grieved that you prefer the society of the servants to ours, and are not willing to take a daughter's place in the house.'

'Did aunt Dolly say this to you ?' she exclaimed, in seeming astonishment, for though she did not bear to her the same relationship, she addressed her by the same appellation as myself.

'Yes, she said this and more. She expressed to me the greatest anxiety on your account, and regretted that while she felt for you a mother's love, and performed toward you a mother's duty, you were unwilling to take a daughter's place.'

By this time the poor child, for she was but yet a child, had crept toward me and nestled at my feet, and without answering, bowed her head upon my knees and wept.

'What ails you, child ?' I said. 'Is there any reason for your strange conduct ? Tell me why you are so different from every body else ?'

'I am not, but I cannot tell you, for you will betray me ; they would kill me if I should tell you,' and her anguish became uncontrollable.

To seek a confidence to which I had no right, was something which conflicted with my ideas of honor, and I shrank from the revelation which a question might elicit. It would convert me, perhaps, into the friend of one and the enemy of another, under the same roof. Yet I could not listen to the heavy sobs which seemed to rend the bosom of a lonely creature who had none to share her sorrow, without wishing to give relief ; and again I said : 'What is it, child ?'

I cannot give her words, they were incoherent, and interrupted by long fits of weeping, and I know not in what words myself to tell such a story. If it were concerning some slave-child in Mississippi, some captive among savages, or prison-bound victim of crime, it would sound credible ; but that a Christian family, in a Christian city, should constitute themselves oppressors, compared with which any we have seen pictured by fiction are unworthy the name, will not be believed when we have related it.

Tyranny had had the usual effect upon Lina's character ; she was art-

ful and cunning, with a quickness of apprehension and execution we have never seen equalled. She had been at first the pet, and perhaps spoiled, or injured by over-weening affection, and having first been loved injudiciously, she was afterward hated in proportion.

What I did not see I will not relate, for though to me it was all probable, to others it will seem like the exaggerations of a diseased imagination. My aunt Dolly was one of those whose loves and hates became a monomania. The person whom she loved was for the time being invested with every ideal perfection, and as it is only with ideal perfection that any human being can be clothed, a love which depends on this must soon die. In the person she hated she could see no good thing, and to torture and degrade the object of her dislike was no sin, but rather a virtue. Of her own perfection she never had a doubt, and toward all who failed in abject homage to her or her opinions, she was implacable.

Lina, whom she had taken into her family with the intention of making her an idol, had developed into something different from the object on which her imagination had bestowed its idolatry. She could not make of her a showy, dashy, fashionable favorite of vulgar society, who would add to the vulgar *eclat* on which her ambition had now set its hopes, and so she was willing to degrade her into something lower than a servant.

It was only by stealth now that I saw her, or when some rupture presented a family scene to my eyes. If for a moment she escaped from the espionage which guarded her, she would flee to me, sometimes to utter the most bitter and blasphemous imprecations ; for 'Why,' she would exclaim, 'why have I been born ? why is it for me more than others to endure such suffering ? I will not : I will kill myself : I will go into the street and beg or starve. I cannot endure it ; I shall go mad.' Many times I feared she would.

To attempt to soothe was to bewilder her. She had heard of God, of Heaven, and a balancing of good and evil ; but they were mingled with a confused jargon in her mind, upon which had beamed no more real and soul-emancipating light than upon a heathen.

For her the servants were not companions, and for weeks and months she lived with not a word or look of sympathy, or even of common-place talk with human beings. She was not allowed to go into the street, lest a taste of freedom should unfit her for slavery. She had never been to church, she had nothing fit to wear, and it was a self-denial her mistress could not dream of to part with money or any of her superfluous adornings, where she should obtain no credit for the sacrifice.

But it was not merely passive insult and neglect that she endured : the good woman whose drawling cant would indicate scarcely strength enough for the ordinary purpose of breathing, was subject to out-breaks of brutal passion which must have an object, and upon the child who had no refuge and no appeal her fury was spent. To many of these I was witness and listener : how the blood boils in my veins as I recall them !

One day Lina brought a piece of work which she had finished, but it had been accomplished in less time than it was thought possible to per-

form it well, and without examining it, her mistress told her to take it out and do it over.

'But will you not first examine it?' remonstrated she; 'if you find it is not well done, then I will obey you.'

'No, do as I bid you, and have no more words about it.'

'I can do it no better if I repeat the labor a dozen times. I beg of you to look at it before you oblige me to work so hard for nothing.'

'I tell you to leave me and do as I bid you.'

'I will not do it over unless you examine it, and see if it is necessary.'

'None of your impudence!' said the now enraged woman, stamping her foot with the strength of a lion. 'Take the work as I tell you, and bring it to me when you have finished it.'

'I will not,' muttered Lina, who was now as enraged as her mistress.

'Do you tell *me* you will not?' said she, as rising she struck her upon the face a blow that sent her reeling across the room. It did not prove the way to calm her passion or enforce obedience. When again she was asked, 'Will you obey me?' she said: 'No, never. You are a brute to treat me thus.'

She was told to get up.

'I will not. You knocked me down, and I will stay here.'

'Get up.'

'I won't.'

'How do you dare to speak so to me? Do you know you are dependent upon me for a home? What would become of you if I should cease to protect you?'

'You have never done any thing but abuse me. I have never been any thing but a slave in your house. I would rather go and starve, than stay here to be trampled.'

'Will you get up?'

'No.'

'Get up, I say.'

'I won't.'

She was then kicked, but still would not stir. Then the hands which were made strong by rage, dragged her to a chair, and threw her like a log upon a seat. She was then told to stand up and walk.

'I won't,' was the dogged reply.

With the fury of a tigress, the woman clutched her throat, and held her till she was black. Still she would not struggle. But I screamed 'Murder!' for surely I thought she would never breathe again.

'Will you obey me!' again reiterated the mistress.

'No.'

Then followed a scene of brutal violence too shocking to relate, which had only the effect to increase the passion and obstinacy of both. Lina refused to move, and after an hour of fruitless commands and beatings, she was dragged up-stairs, seemingly as lifeless as the clothes which were torn and scattered by the way. She was locked in her room, where I stealthily visited her to try the soothing power of kindness. But kindness was a long time in softening a spirit so thoroughly aroused.

'No,' she exclaimed, 'I will never obey her, never: the wretch, the brute! she may kill me, but I will not obey her.'

'What will you do?'

'Starve: I wish I could. Kill myself: I have tried many times.' And she tore her hair, and fastened her nails in her flesh till the blood flowed. 'What have I to live for? Am I not a slave, a worse than galley-slave? Not a thing in the house does *she* do. Not a stitch of work does *she* ever take in her hands. I do the work of two, and have the care of all; and what do I get? Never even a kind word; nothing but scolding from morning till night, from year to year. I will not live. I will kill myself.'

To exhort her to be patient was useless; of this virtue I felt that she had more than I could have exercised in the same circumstances. To bid her hope for a brighter day was equally vain, for there was nothing to build hope upon. To kindle in her bosom a trust in Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them, required more knowledge of His life and love than she had ever learned, or I had opportunity to portray. So there she sat, smarting with wounds and boiling with rage, with only submission to look upon as a door of relief.

And this was only one of many similar scenes, occurring every week, making of what should have been a Christian household a HELL. God grant there may be no worse!

Uncle Simeon was a quiet man, and meddled not with things that did not concern him, and his wife was very careful that scenes did not often come to his knowledge. He hated above all things a fuss, but if he happened in when there was one fermenting, he was sure to add fuel to the fire. He had a strong sense of justice, and if wrong was apparent to him, would attempt to set it right. But his slumbering anger was like a volcano when it burst forth. He arrived one day in time to hear the unjust reproaches which were heaped upon Lina for a trifling neglect of duty. Then there was poured out upon the author of them a storm of passion which produced a scene more revolting.

Mrs. L.—— had a great facility for being sick. If any thing went wrong, hysterics were sure to come to her relief.

Then came in demand all manner of myrrh and frankincense to restore her, and the shattered remnants of household faith were brought into harmony again in the cause of physical suffering. But it was a harmony like that of the crusted lava which closes the crater, upon which you scarcely dare to breathe lest there come again a crash, the smoke and flame and frightful gorge. And this was life; this was matrimonial and domestic felicity. This was the exemplification of the religion which requires of its followers hope, peace, long-suffering, and love, among those who really believed themselves its most devout and humble worshippers; for there were none of the ceremonies enjoined by society or ecclesiastical councils which they did not scrupulously observe, which is not saying that religious ecclesiastical councils or society make unreasonable requisitions, but that they are useless without the spirit of the gospel of truth.

A L A D A M E A V O I L E N O I R E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

As Night the rosy bosomed hills enfolding
 Softens their tracery in his weird embrace,
 So, more ethereal grow the matchless moulding
 Of thy pure, earnest, spiritual face,
 Most pensive maid,
 Beneath the shade
 Of that strange veil of melancholy lace.

II.

Art thou an abbess gliding from the chancel
 Where ELOÏSA poured her soul and prayed,
 Unshrouded and revived to cancel
 Some debt of Christian charity unpaid
 In years ago,
 When the mid-night tone
 Of Death's cold angel made thy heart afraid ?

III.

Perchance thou'rt but a type of Death's own essence,
 Uncarthy beauty whose dark borderings
 Turn men's hearts chill with horror at his presence,
 And make them slaves who timely shall be kings,
 But if a heavenly gale
 Lifts up the veil,
 Straightway they're ravished with Death's inner things.

IV.

Perhaps thou art a beautiful temptation,
 Some mystic bodiment of deadly sin,
 Like her who in the veil of consecration,
 Mixed with the orisons of the Capuchin,
 Him nightly wooing
 To his undoing,
 Till to his lost soul SATAN entered in,

V.

Thou art too beautiful : I'll look no longer
 For be thou woman, fantasy, or sprite,
 A spell is sinking over me that's stronger
 Than silence in the watches of the night,
 For good or evil,
 From saint or devil,
 I dare not lift my eyes to read aright.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER NINE.

TELLING ABOUT DIFFERENT PEOPLE AND MR. FELICIEN BOUTARD.

Not being exactly one of your 'cute sort, Mace Sloper very often has to find out that he does n't, in these observations, always work every thing according to Gunter, nor grind off his impressions exactly on the slapslippery system of the last fast gyrascuting hoe-down Hyperion invention. That folks have indorsed these notes, to my great pleasure and astonishment, cannot be denied. The gentleman of the New-York *Times* spoke so well of them when they started, that Mace thought he must have got hold of the wrong article, although Mrs. Twiggles declared that it was truth itself, a remark which was rewarded by a bouquet-holder very wonderful to behold, since it was built on the principle of a silver six-shooter, opening with a snap, and sometimes pinching the fingers like all poverty. Colonel Porter also was so polite as to copy all the 'Slopers' into his *Spirit*, for which Mace sincerely hopes that every man who owns a horse, dog, gun, fish-rod, or pretty woman, will subscribe to the *Spirit* and pay in advance. Likewise a great many editors are also thanked for similarly copying more or less, with the exception of the chap in Ohio, who put his own name to one of them, and who is hereby warned not to repeat the offence, as Mrs. Twiggles knows something about him and family, and not much good either. Mr. Boker of Philadelphia is also thanked for the very handsome manner in which he spoke of the articles to Bayard Taylor, which, considering that he was called an ungodly youth in one of them, was very Christian of him indeed. But I am principally indebted to Mr. Carl Benson, who, while reading one of my pieces, went off on a regular bust, and had his pocket picked of ninety-seven dollars in a purse knit by Mrs. Benson, a very bad thing for him, but a great gain for the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, since it made him write a song worth a thousand dollars any day to American literature. *Apropow* of this song, which was imitated from a foreign one by Professor Mapes, Mace Sloper would say that he considers this last gentleman a super-concentrated first-rate corn-doctor, since Mr. Elkanah Batchelder of Long Squid, R. I., tells me that by following the Professor's directions he got a double crop of corn out of a fifty-acre patch last summer. As Mace is right down sorry that so good a fellow as Carl Benson should have lost ninety-seven dollars through him, he will make a proposal. I, Sloper, will let Mr. Benson have four shares of Yonkville stock at one dollar ninety-seven cents, payable in thirty days. If by that time the stock shall not have rose to such a figure that he can clear his ninety-seven dollars, I, Sloper, will take the stock back again. I would also

mention to readers of the KNICKERBOCKER and others that the Yonkville is beyond question the *best stock at present in existence*, measures having been taken to remove the debt of the road. Its present dividend is eighteen per cent per annum, which will be raised next year to TWENTY-FIVE if we can borrow money enough for the purpose on some English rails just received, for which the company has given its note at eighteen months. Should Mr. Benson decline this operation, and as he inclines to buy horses, I am happy to inform him that my friend Hiram Twine has, in addition to 'Wretch' and 'Demon,' two fast crabs, which he sells simply because they are altogether *too good* for any man not married, and which (to be obliging) he will let Mr. Benson have *for just ninety-seven dollars less than their real value*.

Not being one of your 'cute sort, it would perhaps have been just as well if I had left out upward of most of the above-written and proceeded at once to state that one or two ladies, who have done me the honor to cut up my pieces considerable, have asked what I supposed folks would think of my mentioning Mrs. Twiggles, being as she was, at Cape May, and never saying a word about her being in any company but mine. 'That,' says I, 'is nobody's business.' 'But, my *dear* Mr. Sloper, only *consider*, now, how awful it looks. At a watering-place going about *with a gentleman*, and not one word of her having a relation there! Oh! it will never, never do! Folks will say—O gracious! what *won't* they say?—and if her friends in Cin——'

To settle this hash I may as well say first and last, that she was there with her niece, Mrs. Felicien Boutard, and her niece's husband, Mr. Felicien Boutard.

When I first saw Felicien Boutard, he sat opposite me across the table at the Astor-House, and as dinner went on I was rather took by his queer way of talking. When he took great pains he spoke English pretty straight; when he did n't, he talked as if he had discovered some Hoosier society among the French, and cultivated it up to the handle; when he was all of a fluster and regularly discombobberated, which happened every five minutes, he went off into complete gyratics and bloviated about in a little wilderness of French talking and cussing until he found himself straight again on the high-and-dry bluff of English.

'Wal, gentlemen,' says he, looking mighty pleasant at me and my friend Mr. Reed Price Tilton, 'ef a man cars for hot weather, this hy'ar would be likely to suffumigate him—*some*. New-York comes in—it *does*—on what wars and tars out human sweetness. I'm a-bout what the Indians call *tah-na-pelola*—'most wiped out, what between being shined on frum a-bove and gouged from *be-low*.'

Here he held up and cooled off with a bowl of soup. This over, Mr. Tilton spoke to him very smooth and sejectively.

'New-York, Sir, is certainly very trying to strangers. You will often find yourself half out of patience, or at least put upon second thoughts, if you try to keep up with the natives.'

I reckon this sort of put Mr. Boutard upon second thoughts himself; for he answered quite moderately and slow-come.

'True—true. Yet when one is by nature impulsive—particularly

if he has one peculiar point of irritation in business — and that point is touched! — gentleman — I say — *eef zat point ees toshe.*'

Here he glared at us almost furiously, and gasped:

'Shentleman — I beg pardone — bote you air note *drommare?*'

'Are not *what?*' inquired Tilton, amazed up to the nines and above six.

'Drommare — *drommare* — DRUMM — A — R — E?' cried the eccentric gentleman, now a complete Frenchman, and looking almost demented. '*Ze sacré* dam drommare — de sone of a *chienné* gens fou'rr'e de drommaire veetch is more maudit scelerat zan one Omahaw nig-injun. Ze accorsed dam drommaire veetch droms ze strangare to buy his dam cochonnerie of seelks and sowing-sred and what bore him wiz ze théâtre billets and din-nare and be dam to heem.'

If the doctors, after Mace Sloper is dead, should open him and find something broke loose, or a flue split, or any thing out of kilter, they may as well know once for all that he did it trying to hold in a laugh when Felicien Boutard blessed the drummers and borers of New-York. We both assured him that we were O. K., and sound as wheat on the drummer question, Tilton admitting that he was a buyer himself.

'Ah — *hoo!*' heaved Boutard, pacified, but not quite out of his flurry. 'Wal, gentlemen, it allers sort of nizzes my ha'r and brings out the ugly — high — when these indi — *vid* — uals undertake to port me through the *rapides*. I paddle my own cunnoo — you may 'low high on *that*, and do n't foller no drummin nor finin' nother. *Horse!* But I tell you — I got *enragée* this mornin' — *tonnerre de Dieu* — horse! — and vingt cent mille mocoeks full of feu d'enfer! I went into a stor' whar I had a letter, and raked out setch plunder as I wanted — *objets de fantasie* fur the Injun trade and some fur my toun custumers — and then I drewed the trail and 'lowed I call again.

'Nonsense, Mr. Boutard,' says the man, says he. 'I want you to dine with me to-day and drive out this afternoon and go to the concert to-night and take a look round toun after the concert and — oh! we'll fix you off all right — and — I just want now to show you some red blankets that'll suit your complaint — exactly.'

'I gote mad. 'Monsieur shall know,' I say, 'by dam zat I pay argent comptant — ze cash down — and eef Monsieur vant to tree-e-et he sall add eet to ze discount. You onderstand — hey? — ze DEEEES-COUNT? You comptez votre diable de sacré dinnare and con-sairte and champagne and FILLES (and be dam to you, all ovaire) and tek eet off ze bill. How you like *zat* — eh?' And zen I geeve him one smile — ver' polite — and tek my hat and my départ.'

If the smile which Mr. Boutard gave the merchant was any thing like the tan-yard grin that he ended this speech off with, I rather reckon that the enterprising salesman was cured of all fancy for boring, for an hour any way. Perhaps Boutard himself felt that he had drawn it rather strong — for he remained, after that, good English to the end of the dinner, only forgetting himself into Hoosier over the almonds and raisins. The next day he settled down into a friend, and on the third made his appearance with a wife — a youngish lady, with a pleasant sort of a pretty button-mouth face and round, good-natured

eyes — a lady whose general look was a plump smile, and whose general faith was in her husband's perfection, and whose mission in life was to keep down his Hoosier talk — to keep up his English and make out that his French was only one of cords of wonderful accomplishments. In fact she was just a round, sound, funny-looking angel — that same Mrs. Boutard.

Hiram Twine was rather flummuxed on Boutard when he first met him. Hiram was talking of Paris, and Boutard being in a state of Frenchiness, he rather knocked Hiram by asking him 'eef ze Franshe were fond of ze Americains?'

'Why, what do you think of them yourself?' was the very natural answer.

'Vhat I sink of zem my-silf? Vy vhat shold I sink of my own com-patriote — eh?'

'Have *you* never *lived* in France?' asked Hiram, rather short, thinking that Boutard was running him.

'Een France! — *bon Dieu!* — I was nev-are out of zis con—tree. Sare — I am one natif Americain — and was born in Mas-souri! Een France — parbleu!'

Well, to shorten things, when Mrs. Twiggles was at Cape May, it was with the Boutards, and it was in their company that we held up at the Lapierre Hotel, in Philadelphia, on our return. And it was in that establishment that Mace Sloper allowed his mighty soul to settle down to a spirit-level after the dizzypations of Cape May, and began to study Philadelphia nature in the visitors received by the Boutards and Amelia.

S U M M E R A N D L O V E .

The summer 's in its beauty now,
Of shrub and flower and tree,
And yet I prize above them all,
One look of love from thee!

The summer birds are singing now,
Their songs so full of glee,
And yet there's music sweeter far,
In a word of love from thee!

The summer sun is beaming now,
On wood and lake and sea,
And yet to me were brighter far
One smile of love from thee!

The summer breeze is laden now
With sweets to tempt the bee,
And yet to me were worth them all
One kiss of love from thee!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT AND SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAIL-ROAD TO THE STOCKHOLDERS, for the Year ending September 30, 1855. Printed by Order of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS. In one volume: pp. 180. New-York: Press of the ERIE RAIL-ROAD COMPANY.

PERHAPS this 'Report' may not be considered as altogether a literary work, and by some persons a notice of it may be deemed somewhat out of place in the review department of the KNICKERBOCKER. But we beg leave respectfully to differ. To *us*, the NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAIL-ROAD is something more than a 'fixed fact'—a great iron thoroughfare, sweeping through some of the most sublime and beautifully-picturesque scenery in the whole length and breadth of our great and glorious State. There is to us a *sentiment* about it: there are memories connected with it, which *we* certainly would not 'willingly let die.' We have heard from our neighbor, Mr. ELEAZER LORD, its first PRESIDENT, and we might almost say its first projector, a detailed account of its rise and progress, from its earliest beginning to its final completion at Dunkirk. We have been an invited guest upon the first 'opening' of every rod of the road, from Piermont to Dunkirk; from Piermont to Ramapo; from Ramapo to Goshen; from Goshen to Otisville; from Otisville to Port Jervis; from Port Jervis to Binghamton; and so onward to its terminus at Dunkirk. Many are the recollections which crowd upon our mind in connection with these celebrations. Chief among them is the remembrance of our old friend, the lamented H. C. SEYMOUR, late State Engineer of New-York, so long identified with the best interests and the most important improvements of this great work. There was a 'good time' at Goshen, when *that* opening took place. OGDEN HOFFMAN was there, with his pleasant smile and reedy voice: Governor SEWARD (they were both on the old 'stamping-ground' of their boyhood) made a capital speech, we remember, to his erewhile fellow-townsmen; and all went off bravely. But passing the 'observances' at the opening to Port Jervis—which, both in the transit, and at that picturesque town, bordering upon three States, was all that could be desired—what a time we had in getting to Binghamton! How poor 'H. C.' felt that winter's night, when with two feet of snow on the track, and a driving, blinding snow-storm from

the north-west, which thickened all the air, two engines toiled up to the 'Summit,' which he had so feared could not be gained! But it was *done*, and down we swept to the lovely valley where hospitable, genial Bing-hamton ('Ch'nan-P'int,) lies nestled amidst its amphitheatre of hills.' There was 'fun' that cold night, and next morning, at Dr. B——'s, over the 'Ch'nan' river. C. M. L., H. L. P., and Ex. Dep. U. S. Attorney E——, will testify to that. Also, buck-wheat cakes and grace at table the next morning. Ah! that was a pleasant time, (although we lost our bag;) and long and lasting have been the friendships there 'inaugurated.' Going and returning, BAYARD TAYLOR and 'Old KNICK' occupied the same seat: and we had occasion afterward to see how safely all his descriptions of nature may be relied upon. His pen is a perfect daguerreotype. When the train, returning, reached the great Starucca Viaduct, how the President, Directors, passengers, *all* of us, in fact, slid down the steep bank, (our friend, Gen. WEBB, of the '*Courier and Enquirer*,' we remember, being the best navigator of the entire 'crowd,') and standing there in the clear cold air of that glorious winter morning, looking up at the lofty stone arches of that massive and beautiful structure, raised three hearty cheers for Mr. KIRKWOOD, the modest, quiet, but most efficient architect and builder! All who saw this, at that time, *ought* to have seen the 'Cascade Bridge' from below. But 'somehow or 'nother,' like the Americans at Bladensburg, 'they did n't seem to take no interest;' but President LODER, the 'Chevalier BAYARD,' and 'the undersigned,' *did* go down, half up to our necks in snow, two hundred and eighty feet, and look up, almost with awe, at that single span, suspended in air, light to the eye, but firm as the everlasting rocks which form its support. There was a merry time returning. Few who were present will ever forget it, especially the fireman's song, given to us by Major BROWN: the refrain of which was:

'O-o-o-h carry me back
To Lackawack,
To Lackawaxen shore.'

'We'd nothing to eat except bear's meat.
We'd nothing to drink at all:
O-o-o-h carry me back
To Lackawack, #
To Lackawaxen shore!'

and much more to the same purport, which we made Mr. 'JOE HOXIE,' by uproarious *encores*, sing about fifty times before we reached town; the last time, standing on a dry goods box, just as we touched dock, surrounded by the 'entire company,' and especially cheered on by a good-natured, pleasant *claqueur*, whom many of our readers have seen in the Mechanics' Bank in Wall-street, during business hours. But how we are running on! Where are many of those who were with us there? Major BROWN is no more; the warm heart of H. C. SEYMOUR sleeps cold and still in the beautiful Rockland Cemetery, and the sun that shines through the vari-colored morning-glories as we write, gilds near by the tall white shaft that records his name and his fame: and of others who imparted life and pleasure to that company, the places that knew them once can know them no more forever! Turn we

now to the 'Report' before us, from which we have kept the reader quite too long. As an abstract of the annual report of such a vast work as that of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road is always given in the public journals, we shall content ourselves with glancing at a few of the remarkable features of the management of this great thoroughfare. Premising that the affairs of the Company, as represented in the lucid report of HOMER RAMSDALL, Esq., the PRESIDENT, are in a greatly improved and flourishing condition, its finances never better, and its vast business constantly augmenting, we pass to a few comments upon some of the details of the management of the road under Mr. D. C. MCCALLUM, the very capable and energetic Superintendent. This officer's able report embodies a very full and intelligent *exposé* of the internal organization and working of the road, and will command the attention not only of all rail-road men, but of all who take an interest in the great artificial avenues to wealth and comfort in our great and growing country. He presents to us a detailed account of the general divisions of the road; of the responsibility and duties of the superintending officers; of the operations and benefits of the telegraph; of the cost of transportation; of the expenditures in construction for the past, and estimates for the present year, etc., etc.

There is *one* feature of this road of which we wish especially to speak: and that is the *Telegraph System*, along the whole line of the road. Let us suppose — but it is no supposition, it is simply the fact — Mr. MCCALLUM sitting in his apartment in the spacious General New-York and Erie Rail-Road Office, at the foot of Chambers-street, on the North River. You are first to pre-suppose that all along the whole line, of nearly five hundred miles in length, are express, mail, passenger, and freight-trains, passing and re-passing each other at almost all hours of the day, with branch-roads sending upon the main trunk-road *their* quota of its great business. All this, you are to understand, is a perfect *system*, laid out with care and caution, and the result of much thought and careful forecast. You observe that in this apartment of the Superintendent, terminate the wires which traverse the whole length of the road. Is a train *delayed*, after leaving a station, or does it fail to *reach* a station, the fact is instantaneously communicated: so of any guard *against* accident, or any accident *itself*: each and all are known 'in the twinkling of an eye,' by the Superintendent, or by a competent and safe-judging *locum tenens*, should the duties of the former require him to be absent from full communication with the line of the road. We have seen a 'Monthly Analysis of Detentions' to first-class passenger, and Numbers one and two freight-trains, on the several divisions of the road, for the month of July. The *time* of detention is accurately put down — the *causes* invariably set forth. Trains delayed in passing; on passenger trains, from slipping eccentricities; breaking parallel rods; hot journals, breaking crank-axes; obstructions on the track; getting off the switch; engines not ready; trains not ready; waiting for trains from other roads; waiting for steam-boats; heavy trains, and wet rails; by taking in wood and water; trains breaking in two; orders received by telegraph; conductors not ready, and waiting for baggage or mails — all these are recorded with scrupulous care and cor-

rectness, from telegraph reports, almost momentarily received at the office. What if NAPOLEON, sitting in his tent, could have commanded his armies by lightning, as does Mr. McCALLUM his Generals, (the LOCOMOTIVES,) bidding them advance or retreat, as the case may be, with all their *followers*, by a wave of his hand!

Well do we remember the pride and pleasure with which H. C. SETMOUE saw the triumph of his 'Broad-Gauge' plan, before the PRESIDENT and Board of Directors of the road, over a persevering and strong opposition. On this subject, Mr. McCALLUM bears the most abundant testimony in favor of the 'Broad-Gauge.' But our review is already too long, although we are not *finished*. Shall we have 'our say' again, one of these days? As MRS. GAMP remarks to Mrs. HARRIS, 'Sich is our intentions.'

SOUTHERN OR PRACTICAL POETRY: Designed for the Benefit of All. By WILLIAM TERRY. In one Miniature Pamphlet Volume: Atlanta, Georgia: KAY'S MAMMOTH PRESS.

THIS is rather a small concern to come from a 'mammoth press;' but as a Southern friend has requested a 'notice of it in our review department,' we hasten to acquit ourselves of that duty: partly 'for fun;' partly to add to the income of the United States' Patent Office; and 'thirdly and lastly,' to serve the purposes of the author; which purposes are thus set forth in a 'Preface to the Reader:'

'I SHALL, in my plain and simple manner, give you the motive which caused me to have the following work published. Having repeated some of my productions (as it is commonly termed) to some of my friends, they requested me to do so; and, agreeably to their request, I consented. I desire to please all, (so far as I think is right,) and I consider it my right to do as I please (allowing all others the same liberty) in all things, so far as not in any manner (unless requested) to interfere with another's rights or privileges — for I consider a busy-body, in other people's matters, a very troublesome character:

'THEIR tongues, with which they tittle-tattle,
And through the neighborhood do rattle,
By telling tales, good friends divide
And all true friendship set aside.'

'Having formed in my mind certain improvements in the mechanic art, which I think would be of use to mankind in general, on which account I have a strong desire to bring into use, as soon as possible, and it is often the case that it is necessary to make many trials or experiments to bring into practical use a new thing, I have adopted this plan, hoping the proceeds of this and others of a like nature may aid me in carrying on said improvements. I would friendly say to one and all, please to assist me in circulating this work, in order to aid me in carrying on my design. In so doing they will confer a most singular favor on the author, and will swell his heart with true and ardent gratitude. Should this edition pass off readily, I purpose (should life and health permit) to have a larger, containing some new matter, printed. I intend using the pen when opportunity may offer. The improvements are a machine for cutting, thrashing, cleaning, and bagging wheat in the field; one for grinding corn and cobbe in a common grist-mill; one for tanning hides; tools for turning large columns; one for sharpening shoe-pegs; one for dressing and tongue and grooving lumber; one for cutting straw or other materials for feeding stock; and one for the printing business.'

The foregoing will afford a fair specimen of Mr. TERRY's *prose* style: turn we now to a few samples of his *poetical* manner. We commence with a mellifluous passage from a 'pome' entitled '*The Bow, or Duty Discharged*.'

'WHEN duty's discharged t' leaves the mind at ease,
It acts as the great calm upon the roaring seas;
As when the bow is bent, and held so by the string,
To send the arrow forth to pierce some distant thing;
Now loose from it the string and thereby set it free,
It then flies back again to first place or degree;
When any thing is bent, caused by some string or weight,
Remove the weight and string and quickly it is strait;
E'en so the human mind may under trouble bend,
Remove the load away, and quickly it will mend;
But let them stay, confined by some idea or a string,
At length it takes a set and looses all its spring;
The mind, it may be bent upon some place or thing,
As when the bow is bent and held so by the string;
Then draw the bow quite tight, with the arrow on the string,
Be sure you have it right on the object or the thing;
Then let the string go free and carry forth the dart,
And if you've aimed aright you're sure to hit the mark;
Then let us strain the mind and cause it for to spring,
To shoot the idea forth upon the place or thing;
And let us steady well, and take a proper aim,
And let us act aright, and happiness we'll gain;
Then let the ideas spring, and quickly perform their part,
With the elastic spring that carries forth the dart;
Whate'er we have to do, whatever it may be,
Let us perform the act, and let the mind go free;
By acting this way we would prevent much dread,
We should not slumber on, but spring up from the bed.'

Have you encountered any 'poetry' lately, reader, that can be fairly said to *compare* with that? We candidly confess that we have *not*. Here are some lines '*For Congress*,' which that grave body would do well to heed:

'THE great that robes of honor wear,
If genuine, they're made of care;
Care brings some trouble to the mind,
For to select the true design;
Responsibility should rest,
With its true weight within the breast;
In justice all your acts be made,
By which you move the present age;
The Constitution is the guide,
Over your acts for to preside;
The line and rule that you should take,
To form and measure all you make;

By using of these Golden Rules,
As faithful men work with the Tools;
You'll fix the building of the State,
In strength and beauty that is great;
How many in this happy land,
Bound to obey your great command!
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Are under your direction all;
For our beloved country's weal,
All should the greatest interest feel;
That day by day — also the night,
All things be done, and done up right.'

The poem '*On Veneration*' next commands our attention. As the editor of the '*Bunkum Flagstaff and Independent Echo*' exclaims: 'How hard it is to write good!' Here we see that 'great moral truth' fully illustrated:

'SOME fancy their good looks which appear to them fine,
Some prize their fine jewels which around them do shine;
Some place their affections on their fine cattle and horae,
Some like their fine garden, poultry, and nice house;
Some look on the clothing that they themselves made,
The flowers in the yard, and the bowers that shade;
Some flatter themselves in their great learning and wit,
Some seem to rejoice that they've not got a bit;
Some men will compare to a great glass-eyed toad,
As to sense in good matters they're green as a gourd,
Some seem to be pleased with fine manner and gait,
Others take pleasure in beholding the great:

Others take delight in what they're to do,
 And a straight-forward course in this life they pursue ;
 Some 's got lying, cheating, stealing, with perfect skill,
 In doing such acts, treats his neighbor quite ill ;
 The debauchee will of his vile acts often boast,
 Notwithstanding the fire in which he may roast.'

And here we must pause : contenting ourselves with the reflection that if we have assisted to cut, 'thrash,' clean, and bag one bushel of Southern wheat in the field ; or to grind one ear of Southern corn, cob and all ; tanned one Southern hide ; made one Southern turning-tool ; or sharpened one Southern shoe-peg, then has our imperfect and inadequate 'literary notice' not been written altogether in vain.

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL JURISPRUDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES :
 Delivered annually in Columbia College, New-York. By WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUEK,
 LL.D., late PRESIDENT of that Institution. Second Edition : Revised, Enlarged, and
 adapted to Professional as well as General Use. Boston : LITTLE, BROWN AND COM-
 PANY.

THE maxim of CICERO, taken by the author of this volume for its motto, that '*It is well for every one to have some knowledge of the State,*' was never more applicable than to American citizens at the present day. In a country where every body is of necessity a politician, and at a time when the interests of politics are more immediately concentrated upon great leading constitutional questions, a book like the one before us, which traces accurately and clearly, with a judicial pen and judicial experience, the principles and practical working of the body of Jurisprudence of the United States, is of prime importance and interest. The knowledge of our own government in its elements and sanctions, cannot be studied too early or too late. The Constitution is the political catechism of the nation, and should be conned as zealously as any religious creed. Judge DUEK, former President of Columbia College, by his studies as a lawyer, his experience as a politician, a legislator, and a member of the State Judiciary of New-York, was eminently qualified to exhibit the bearing of the constitutional law. In a series of lectures originally delivered to the senior class of Columbia College, he has unfolded with brevity and with consummate skill the great principles of the Federal Constitution, tracing its working through the various branches of its Legislative, Executive, and Judicial authority ; its relations with states abroad, and its regulations with and among the several members of the confederacy at home. Introductory to the whole is a sketch of the history of the Confederation down to the date of the present Constitution. An appendix supplies the text of several valuable documents, as the articles of confederation, the Constitution, and, what is now of timely interest, the Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States North-west of the River Ohio. To render this political manual still more available, in addition to its table of contents it has an admirable analysis of the entire subject of the work, exhibiting its strict unity and legal deduction, while a copious

index distributes the numerous topics under appropriate heads leaving nothing to be desired on the score of convenience and easy intelligibility. It gives us pleasure to chronicle this work in a new edition, in a form worthy of the library, and enriched with new addition of authorities and cases. Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, have expended unusual care upon its publication, and the work now goes forth among the most approved and well-appointed legal issues of their house. The 'Outlines' just saw the light in time for the approval of JAMES MADISON and Chief-Justice MARSHALL, and certainly no succeeding commendations could surpass such honorable *imprimaturs*. The numerous editions through which the book has passed, prove as demonstrably its practical value. We cordially commend it anew as an essential volume — for study and reference — to the library of every American gentleman.

HOUSEHOLD MYSTERIES: A ROMANCE OF SOUTHERN LIFE. By 'LIZZIE PETIT,' of Virginia, Author of 'Light and Darkness.' In one volume: pp. 300. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. Numbers 346 and 348 Broadway.

We do not know that 'LIZZIE PETIT' is a real name: we only know that it is an euphonious *nom de plume*. We very little affect the 'flash' or 'botanical' style of authorship nomenclature: but one thing we *do* know; and that is, that 'LIZZIE PETIT,' 'whoever she may be or not,' is a clever woman; a shrewd observer; an accurate describer of scene and character; and certainly an honor to the literary 'force' of 'good Old VIRGINIA.' May Virginia 'never tire' of the books of LIZZIE PETIT! We shall not dwell upon the merits nor the defects of this book. The former abound — the latter are sparsely scattered through its pages: and could we have had the pleasure to see the fair authoress when she did us the honor to 'drop in' at our publication-office, we should have had little hesitation in pointing them out to her. After all, they are but trifles. But 'LIZZIE' shall 'speak for herself:' and few are the women but can do *that* better than any other person can do it *for* them. Here is a picture of an old maid, that is drawn to the very life. We think we see her, as Dr. VALENTINE represents the character in his inimitable personation: 'Ay, ay — yes, *yes!* She *knows* that I know it! When I asked her if it was *so*, she would n't *take*. Then I *told* her right eout: says I to her, says I: 'Car-line, I have been ask't if you was engaged to ENOCH SMITH, and was goin' to be married to him p'utty soon. I said I did n't know, but the very next time I see you, I would ask you. Is it *so*, Car-line?' She was real spiteful: says she to me, says she: 'If any body asks you that question ag'in, you just tell 'em that you don't *know*, and that it is *none o' your business!*' I did n't understand it at first, but goin' hum I thought she meant to insult me. Any way, that was all I could get out o' *her*: but it's *so*, I *know*; because HIRAM HOPKINS told JERUSHA DUSEN —' But to our *present* 'benign cerulean of the second sex:'

'MISS PRUDENCE PRIM SPITFIRE was, by no means, a rare character. Too envious and ill-natured even in her younger days to retain the regard of the most enamored swain for any length of time, in her declining years she was forced to the unpleasant alternative of 'making her home among friends,' and this she did without the slightest

regard to the taste or convenience of the unhappy beings whose households were subject to her incursions; making herself perfectly at home, and interfering, without leave or license, with the most private concerns of the family of which she was for the time being a member.

'Finding Huntingwild more agreeable than most of her other stopping-points, she often, at different periods, spent as much as six months during the year there, and Mr. St. John being too indolent, and Mrs. St. John too benevolent to displace her, she had grown to be somewhat of a privileged character.

'Her strong imaginary claims on the family were founded on what she was pleased to consider the near relationship existing between Mr. St. John and herself, she being the step-daughter of his mother's sister. It was supposed that, at one period of her life, Miss PRUDENCE entertained a visionary hope that the not very musical soubriquet of SPIRITUS might be changed for the more euphonious name of St. JOHN. Be that as it may, she was one of the most strenuous opposers of that 'artful widow's claims; and, indeed, it was rumored that an anonymous letter or two was dropped in Mr. St. John's way, not complimenting the character of Mrs. WALTON in very extravagant terms, but that, of course, was all talk.

'True, every now and then, even at the period of which we speak, a latent spite against the innocent, forbearing woman, who had borne with her ill-temper and caprices for years as none other would, was very perceptible in Miss PRUDENCE's actions.

'A few days after the events of our last chapter, that most exemplary specimen of her sex entered the store-room, where Mrs. St. John, in the midst of raisins, sugar, cut-glass, jelly, etc., was superintending the preparations for the dessert.

'She came in, head tied up and duster in hand, by way of illustrating her domestic virtues and untiring industry, qualities, by the way, which no one, save herself, had ever been able to discover in her composition.

'What's the matter with Ida,' she began, 'that she can't be civil to decent people? Here she has been moping about the house like a ghost, for these two or three days past, and just now I found her in the back-parlor buried in a volume of BYRON's high-flown, floolish trash, or that nasty, immoral BILWER she's so fond of, I don't know which. I asked her ladyship what was the matter, and sat down to have a good, long, confidential chat — but not a word could I get out of her.'

'Good, long, confidential chat,' thought Mrs. St. John, 'Heaven forbid;' but she only glanced at MIRANDA, who was busily weighing cake, and said:

'I am very much engaged now, Miss PRUDENCE, but can send MIRANDA away, if you wish any private conversation with me.'

'Oh! no. I want no private conversation. MIRANDA's no fool, if she is a negro. And as for that matter, any body can see how things are going on. Well, in my time young ladies were brought up differently. They did n't consume their time dawdling over novels, or hanging over the piano pretending to practise, and flirting with haroms-carum fellows not worth the shot 't would take to shoot 'em.

'If you are not in favor of a match with that rowdy CAMERON HAUGHTON, it's time you were looking after your eldest daughter. She's old enough to know better; but she's no more discretion than I had at ten years old. Why, I might have been married forty times, if I had chosen to take up with the like of that.'

'Ida, Miss PRUDENCE has quite discretion enough to quiet a mother's fears on the score of her conduct; and as for Mr. HAUGHTON,' and there was a repressed warmth in her tone, 'so far from being a rowdy, he is a young man whose manners and appearance would render him distinguished in any assemblage.'

'Distinguished for what? gambling and horse-racing? I believe those are his principal accomplishments. Well, that's just like you. You always justify your children, no matter what they do. You'll see what it will come to at last. If I had had the raising of my cousin JOHN St. John's children; well, I'll say no more about that! but Ida, no body to advise her. What a fate hers will be!'

'Even Mrs. St. John's patience was threadbare. MIRANDA gave a torrent of blows to the cake-batter in her indignation, which, no doubt, materially enhanced its lightness, and, on pretence of asking for further directions, whispered:

'Mistress, how can you stand and let that 'oman aggravate you so? Why do n't you tell her to mind her own business, it's no affair o' hers.'

'Mrs. St. John took up her key-basket as if to leave the room, and said with calm dignity:

'I would be very much indebted to you, Miss PRUDENCE, if you would choose some more private opportunity to canvass the affairs of my household, that is, if you deem your interference necessary, which I must say I do not.'

'Well, upon my word! As good as to tell me to mind my own business. Well, you'll not have occasion to do that twice. I'll rid you of my presence, Madam, this evening, if you'll allow me the carriage. I can find plenty of places, as good as my cousin JOHN St. John's house, where I will not be ordered to hold my tongue.'

'I am not aware of having given you any such order; but the carriage is at your disposal this evening, if you wish it, of course.'

'Miss PRUDENCE burst into a torrent of virtuous indignation, while Mrs. ST. JOHN quietly left the store-room, and two hours afterward the injured saint was encountered by Mr. ST. JOHN in the hall, following CÆSAR and ANTONY, who, bearing between them a huge trunk, with every mark on it of thirty years' long service, were grinning with ill-concealed delight at the new prospect of affairs.

'Why, what now, PRUDENCE? You are not going to leave us?'

'Yes; I've been as good as turned out of doors by your lady-wife. Well, it will be long before I darken her doors again.'

'Pshaw! this is nonsense. My wife never ill-treated any one intentionally in her life.'

'Oh! I can't expect but what you'd take up for her. Well, I've got nothing against you, cousin JOHN, and you'll find I've left a pair of socks as a parting gift on my table for you. The white ones are NOBLE's, the blue mixed, with white toes, are yours,' and the carriage rolled off, bearing away the martyred PRUDENCE.

'Here, DASH! Old fellow, you can come in now without being assailed by Miss SPITFIRE's trumpet tones,' said NOBLE, whistling to his dog. 'By what stroke of diplomacy did you get rid of her this time, mother?'

'No one expressed the slightest surprise at her movements. She was in the habit of making her exits and entrances by jerks and starts, leaving at some fancied offence with the unfailing declaration 'never to darken these doors again,' and returning again whenever it suited her convenience with the utmost coolness, and making no allusion to the past.'

This single extract will show the naturalness and force of LIZZIE's style; and it will do more: it will induce our readers to buy her book, which is precisely what we wish them to do: and for that very reason we decline to say one word as to the character of the literary treat they have in store. Let them find it out themselves, from its own fair and beautifully-printed pages.

SPECIMEN PAGES OF DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION: To be published in Two Volumes Octavo, by MESSRS. CHILDS AND PETERSON. Number 124 Arch-street, Philadelphia.

WHAT an appetising lunch is to a delicious dinner at a late hour in the day, these '*Specimen Pages*' are to Dr. KANE's magnificent work, soon to be forthcoming. The pages themselves, although few in number, tempted us, as we read, to anticipate the publication of the work in its entirety, so interesting and full of the spirit of life are they: while the numerous engraving, executed in the very first style of the art of celature, and impressed upon paper of fine texture and color, show that in the pictorial features of the volumes they bid fair to be unsurpassed by any work of a kindred character which has proceeded from the American press. The two octavo volumes, in which this great work will be comprised, will contain some five hundred pages each; twenty-two fine steel-plates; three hundred superb wood-engravings, together with four maps, showing the important discoveries of this humane expedition. Thirty thousand subscribers have already given their names for the work, and one hundred thousand copies are to be printed for the first year's supply. We await with deep interest, not to say impatience, for its early publication. There is one great merit in the style of DR. KANE, as indicated in these pages. His descriptions are exceedingly *graphic*. He gives you a complete picture in a few strokes of the pen, and bores you with no merely dry detail.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR 'UP-RIVER' CORRESPONDENT AT LAKE MEMPHRAMAGOG. — Again we welcome one among the most esteemed of all our old friends and contributors. Hear what a Southern friend (himself an admirable writer and critic) says of him and his writings, in a recent note to the Editor: 'Cherish your 'Up-River,' 'Green-Mountain,' and 'Niagara' correspondent. How quietly humorous he is! — how natural, graceful, *pure* his style; and what a world of *thought* there is in him! I consider this brief passage in his 'Niagara' letter as striking as any thing I ever saw from his pen. It is replete with strength and beauty:

'FROM the creation until now the like smoke and incense of the cataract have been perpetually going up. The voice in which it speaks is the utterance of the past prolonged until now; having no echo, for there is no echo of a voice which is unceasing, and a repetition of one implies that it is itself gone. The words of men die away, the tones of the sweet singer and the cadences of the orator, domestic words in which affection murmurs to the ear and heart, are temporary as the summer-birds. But this, like the deep, broad sea, keeps on sounding, and though continual and present, it seems to come from afar off. It identifies us with an antiquity which is always sublime and solemn, and merges the ages which are past into the brief existence which we are enjoying now. Thus it makes us as old as itself. NAPOLEON, as his army was encamped on the sands of the desert, once stretched forth his arm, and said: 'Forty centuries look down upon you from the heights of yon pyramids.' But this is the identical voice which sounded long before the pyramids were built. When I listened to it each night upon my pillow, it seemed like the deepest base-note of creation. It never varies, and let the wind blow high or low, is never lost to the ear a second.'

But let our lake-explorer be heard. We always feel sensible of some degree of bad taste in introducing his communications to our readers: and yet, some how or another, we cannot help it:

'At the head of Lake Memphramagog, July.

'I STARTED at six o'clock on a bright Monday morning in the early part of July, to ride fifty miles up the country to the northern part of Vermont, on a visit of exploration to Lake Memphramagog, associated with moose, deer, fish, canoes, Indians, and a primeval wilderness, a lake whose sounding title, like some of those great names invoked by MILTON, used to suggest romantic ideas in the early study of geography. Memphramagog and Winnipisiogee! There is an element of poetry in Indian names; but where practical life begins, poetry stops. *Plus and minus*, 1, 2, 3, saw-mills, cotton-factories, common-schools, dollars, and other things, *plus*

dem generis, flatten out the dialect of peoples, and breathe no poetry except what comes through the nose. But what was once fiction will soon be fact, and then fact may become the basis of a grander fiction. We realize what we first dream of, and then go to dreaming again. ICARUS no longer falls away from his waxen fastenings, the winged horse of Arabian story flies through the air, PROMETHEUS has really stolen flames from heaven, and the race of fire-breathing monsters is not extinct. If the spirit of poetry has departed with a race who spoke in hyperboles, they have at least left us some great and high-sounding names which can never be erased from the geography of our land.

'All day we were on the ascent, passing through the wildest and the roughest parts of Green-Mountain scenery. A branch of the Winoski was on the right or the left, for its sinuosities were many; and now and then, where the pools looked trouty, we dropped in a line for the speckled creatures with indifferent success. We had brought no worms for any way-side fishing, meaning to stop short of nothing else than a big muscalonge from the lake. Worms are not to be had at a venture, especially among the dry earth of mountain-sides from which the moisture has run off. In vain we turned over large stones, tore the bark from decayed trunks, and delved with a stick in richer places. A few wrigglers were all which could be obtained. Grasshoppers, which are admired by the 'speckled,' had not yet made their appearance. Wherever you see saw-dust floating in the tide, you may be well assured that there are no trout. I have wandered on the banks of streams in these mountain solitudes and felt almost *scaly*, so trouty did they appear. I had a full basket in imagination, a 'noble string;' but soon the white particles denoted the existence of some saw-mill, perhaps two or three miles off, and no fish were to be had. There is too much civilization in the roughest part of this country for the sport of angling, too many saw-mills, too many district-schools, too many 'smiling villages.' (Villages are the best-humored places in the world, and, according to our orators, must be always on the broad grin.)

'Toward evening we descended into the smooth and extensive meadows of Orleans county, which presented a grateful contrast to the rough hills, and arrived at Irasburgh, the county-seat, which was then full of lawyers, as the Court was in session. This county is celebrated for its horses. Wherever you go you hear the squealing of blood-colts. They are superb creatures, solid, well-formed, well-compacted, strong-winded, with flashing eyes and arched necks, and hides as sleek as a horse-chestnut just out of the shell. Every farmer's boy delights to own one. With what pride he leads him away to water! how he likes to show off his antics at the end of a long halter! He is the theme of all his conversation; and being thus well equipped, there is nothing which makes his eye light up so much as the anticipation of a 'nice little trot.' 'Hallo! BILLY, what you got there next the wheel?' 'Why, don't you remember? That's CHARLEY.' 'I wanty know! I thought you'd swopt him for a gray.' 'Ne-o.' The race of Centaurs is found now-a-days, and nothing is new which has not been once old. This occurred to me from seeing many a little group at way-side taverns curiously inspecting and walking round some clean-limbed nag on the way to Lake Memphramagog, and from finding horse-flesh in the *pot-pourri* of many a social confabulation on the way to Lake Memphramagog.

'The farther you get from the centre of civilization, you expect to find the features of the country more savage. But we were now approaching other centres, for there is a broad sweep of splendid arable lands about the cities of Canada, and the smoothing hand even stretches over the borders. JONATHAN casts a wistful eye across the hedge, and thinks that he could beat JOHN — in ploughing. The worst

of it is, that you can find no wilderness which *howls*. No doubt, if the ear was acute enough, you could hear the faint echoes of the wolve-packs which barked around the first settlers, mixed up with the blows of the axo and the crash of primeval trees. Their undulations and their ululations keep on still, and will never die away. But the ear is dull, and can catch nothing but the clatter of saw-mills, while the more antique and delicate sounds are fairly drowned by the blaring of dinner-horns, and fresh and clarion voices of young Shanghai cocks. Within a few miles of the lake, however, we entered a wilderness which might be called *howling*, *a non howlendo*. There must be yet in it the vocal organs of the humorous grizzly and the lank-jawed wolf, which could get up a respectable chorus on a hungry winter-day. It was as wild a spot as I have ever seen, except among the classic Kaatskills. Just before you reach the Kaatskill Mountain-House there is a place, on the one hand an ocean of white rolling clouds, from which an aeronaut might drop a plumb-line two miles before it would reach the church-steeples and coralizing processes of civilization, and on the other an inextricable and superb solitude. I visited it with J. M. M., a choice friend. We passed into this wilderness, which I shall now describe, through a deep gulf or gulch. Humanity tapers off and dwindles away at the entrance. In a sandy opening at the edge of the woods we saw a log-cabin, and any quantity of villainous rags strewed about, and some seven or eight children, among whom all colors were amicably distributed, from sooty blackness to a dirty cream-color, while their curly pates inclined to flame red. The squalid mother sat at the door, but the patriarch of the flock was absent. French, Indian, and negro all mixed their ingredients in the family cauldron, and a 'slab' compound they made of it. We entered a dense primeval forest by a road which lay at the bottom of the woody gulf, and which for five miles is of most gorgeous and primitive wildness. It would have required a clear conscience to pass through it some fifty years ago, like his who chanted the praise of LALAGE in Sabine grove, for it is *ultra terminum*. With the aforesaid hut, all modes of life for the next few miles terminate, except those known to the fox, the 'possum, and the raccoon. Sheer and steep the mountain towers on your left, perhaps a thousand feet in height, and its sides are covered with a thick vegetation, and the bodies of fallen monarchs, which lie with their crowns downward, or across each other, just as the fury of the storm has cast them prostrate, while above is a dense and massive forest, where the sound of the axe has not been heard. On the right, also, are solemn groves, through which the black waves of a stream, covered with water-lilies and swamp-like, slowly glide. The air has a cucumber-like coolness, and only the 'sun's perpendicular rays can illumine the depth' of this gulf. A few years since my friend met a well-conditioned Bruin in the pass; but the latter was not disposed to be talkative, and gruffly turning about, he scrambled up the acclivity with a great cracking of sticks, while the stones rolled from under his feet as if they had been cast by a catapult. Truly, thought I, this looks like a fitting approach to Lake Memphramagog. How solemn and how massive was the gloom. Many hundred feet above our heads the gigantic roots laid their last grappling hold upon the rocks. 'O DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS! if departed ghosts——' It was, indeed, a great cavern, a grotto five miles long, with a translucent key-stone which just let in the day. With what a decorative effect must autumn paint its hectic colors in the subterranean chamber, when the wild ivy trails over the hemlocks and larches with its crimson and scarlet leaves, and festoons the place with glory! How superb must it be in winter, when a crystal colonnade shall run through it, and the magnificent icy shaft and stalactites adorn it, and the rocks ooze out ices like amber and plum-tree gum! But then would Bruin be hungry, and as some people grab

your hand in their great paw in such a way as almost to break your bones, so do those whom Bruin wraps in his cordial embrace, when he says to them in his affectionate way, 'Come to my arms, my friend, my darling!' fall stone dead.

'Emerging out of these thick shades, we soon caught sight of an arm of the lake, and on ascending a hill the lake itself burst with all its charms upon our sight. Water, water, water! I call out for water with an exasperated cry. If you have ever lived on a beach of the far-sounding ocean, or on an armlet of the sea, where you have been wont to walk upon the white sands and pick up pebbles, to see the flouncing of the big porpoises as they disport them in the brine, to hear the stridulous cry of the wild-duck, to watch the electric vivacity of his movements when he dresses his sleek plumes, or stretches out his long neck, and then plumps with a shrill cry of delight into the delicious waves; if you have watched for hours the sails as white as an albatross' wing, or the shadowy fleets by moonlight sailing noiselessly as if through a sea of phosphorus, and on the confines of the spirit-land; if your eye has got accustomed to the water with its perpetual movement, and you have then been transferred to land, where all things are solid, all is motionless, and nothing but the fogs which roll in the valleys resemble the heaving deep, how does the heart beat with old affection when you look once more upon a broad and glittering expanse of waves. *O pescator dell' unda!*

'We arrived at PAGE'S at the head of the lake, and the place is called Newport. It is as yet destitute of the fashionable follies of its namesake, but it has many charms which have been found out by people in the Canadas, who frequent it in great numbers. The host, among other delicacies, furnishes his table with an abundance of muscalonge. It is a rarity even at the lake, monopolized on the spot, and very few, except as a favor, are sent abroad. The epicure rolls it as a sweet morsel beneath his tongue. A supply of this noble fish had been just brought in. Those which I saw were about as large as a good shad. The host called my attention to a mistake made in THOMPSON'S Gazetteer of Vermont, with reference to the form of the spots, that they are not roundish, but triangular. The muscalonge called forth some remarks at the late Scientific Convention. Professor AGASSIZ knows him, head, tails, fins, and vertebrae. The flesh, I observed, is white, and not red like a salmon.

'There is a little steam-boat which plies once a day to Magog, at the end of the lake, and returns, stopping at Owl's-Head Mountain-House and intervening places; but the captain is very obliging, and will let out any one anywhere; he will also return to the wharf and take you up, if you have tarried too long at your breakfast in consequence of an inordinate appetite for muscalonge. That is more than can be said for any North-River steamboat-captain whatever. I made an excursion in his boat, which is small but comfortable and with a good promenade above:

'This day was fair, the sun shone bright,
And scattered all the gray fog,
When I embarked with spirits light
Upon Lake Memphramagog.
O Magog!
Fair Magog!
When I embarked, with spirits light,
Upon Lake Memphramagog.'

It is Lake GEORGE on a larger scale, although the waters are not so transparent. It is thirty miles long, and three or four in breadth. At the head of it the scenery is bold and grand, and reminds one of the Hudson River in the neighborhood of the Highlands. Owl's Head (of which I inclose a correct drawing taken by a friend)

is a prominent object in the landscape, and the view from that summit is scarce excelled for extent and variety by that of any other peak :



'Having steamed through the lake, and dined at the 'smiling village' of Magog, we set out to return in the afternoon. At Georgeville, half-way back, the captain found a small party of young persons who wished to attend a circus that night at Magog, and he very kindly consented to put back for their benefit, and also to wait with the boat until the scenes in the ring were concluded. We tarried at Georgeville until one o'clock, when the boat with the play-goers arrived ; and at that hour the moon having arisen, and the air being bland and soft, I paced the deck, conversing with a friend, until we reached Newport. Memphramagog is a little gem, and its shores present the most beautiful sites, which are at present unoccupied. The scenery on all hands is exceedingly picturesque. I rode ten or twelve miles to Stanstead, just beyond the line, and there, from a rising ground, saw a most magnificent country, undulating fields as smooth and trim as any in the State of New-York, inclosed by a perfect amphitheatre of mountains whose blue summits were seen all around at the distance of sixty miles. Farther on, when you reach Sherbrook, the landscape is dotted with English cottages. Many and pleasant are the excursions around Newport, and because at present it requires some little pains to reach it, it would be all the more admired as a place of summer resort. I had resolved on starting to fish for muscalonge, and to bring home a large box of them, but it was beyond my ability to catch any. They swim in too deep waters, they are too bashful, too blushing in their modesty as they glide about in the cool, sequestered, and crystalline parlors of the deep. And I wish to confess that to catch many fish is some how or other *not in my line*. Coax them I won't. They must bite quickly, or I'm off; and when, after a fair trial of half-an-hour or so, they do not estimate their great privileges, I 'do n't seem to take no interest in them.'

'I observed no sail-boats at all in Lake Memphramagog, but a number of rude canoes. Indians there are none, although this must have been a favorite hunting-ground in old times. About forty years ago an interesting relic was found in this vicinity, the work of a red brother, a chart of the rivers St. Francis and St. Lawrence, and also of the great lakes, inscribed with charcoal on beech-bark, with all the points and indentations of the shores correctly drawn. My furlough being up

at the end of the week, I mounted the box of the stage-coach in old style, and after travelling all day so many parasangs, as XENOPHON has it, arrived at the 'smiling village' of Stowe. The next morning at six o'clock, with a chain of majestic mountains on the right, among which the peak of Mansfield stood preëminent, I proceeded in the same way toward my journey's end. We had not gone far, when three enterprising girls came out from a house by the road-side, and stated their wishes to ride upon the box. They were assisted up into the highest seat, and were lively and communicative as they breathed the mountain air. One of them directed my attention to an excavation on the bank of a stream. It was made by a returned Californian, who had found some traces of gold, and bought the farm. When the former owner found out that it contained the precious ore he was 'dreadful sorry.' I have yet two more excursions which ought to be performed before the season is at an end. One is to the sources of the Saugenay River, and the other to the romantic regions of the Saranac.

F. W. S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Among the papers in the last issue of our contemporary, *'Putnam's Monthly,'* is one entitled *'The Poetry of War.'* The very name of the article shocks us — the *'Poetry of War!'* In it are discussed the 'ocean style of war,' (generally 'more poetical than land-battles,' more 'picturesque than the regulated movements of a land-armament,') and the more common, 'natural, and congenial land-fights!' Ah! gentlemen, there is but little poetry in war! If there be poetry in it, here it is, as recorded nearly twenty-five years ago in these pages, by the lamented TIMOTHY FLINT:

'AFTER many gorgeous scenes, in which princes have conferred honors and swords upon commanders, who are to go forth and fight manfully for their country and king; after beauty and innocence — strange infatuation! — have smiled upon the future murderers, and with their white hands have waved them on to their bloody purpose; the terrible pageant, externally all glitter, pomp, and circumstance, and within all horror, disease, corruption, and misery, marches with its squadrons and divisions, its cavalry and artillery, banners displayed, pennons streaming, and martial music resounding; and as the squadrons move on in their regular and serried ranks, the admiring multitude from city, village, and field, gaze with quickened pulses and throbbing bosoms, and say, as the host moves on, 'This is glorious war!'

'The grand army, plundering alike friend and enemy on its passage, has passed the broad stream or mountain-range, or frith of the sea, that separate their country from that of the foe. Long columns of smoke stream up from their line of march, indicating that villages are burned, and fields trampled in the dust; that unoffending peasants that know nothing of the cause of the invasion, contribute their last blanket and last loaf; it may be are harnessed to the artillery to drag forth the cannon to fire upon their kindred and countrymen. Their wives and daughters are violated under their eyes; and their fathers and mothers and helpless infants are left to die of destitution and despair, as they are forced away as prisoners of war. These are the exploits which have been consecrated with fasting and prayer!

'In the progress of march, a distance of country many leagues in extent has been desolated with fire and blood. Before them are green fields and populous villages, and a country bright and beautiful, with all the cheerfulness of cultivation and life. Behind is desolation and strife. Their foe has been preparing to meet them; and now hun-

reds of thousands of soldiers, waiting an appointed signal to murder each other, are separated only by a narrow interval, which the desolation of war has not yet touched.

'We are told that it often happens in such cases, that the sentinels of the opposing armies, the night before battle, meet, exchange salutations and mutual kind offices, but a few hours before they are called out to cut each other's throats. In what strong relief do such facts present the guilt of those merciless rulers, who thus convert men, formed to love and help each other, into deadly enemies!

'The signal is given to go forth to the terrible work. Forthwith the explosion of artillery, in long-repeated and terrible bursts, is heard. Squadrons of cavalry thunder over the plain. Steel clangs with steel in the desperate conflict of life for life. In the midst of smoke, darkness, and the infernal din of all that is astounding in the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair, the combatants feel a strange unconcern and indifference to life; a madness like that which arrack and opium give to the desperate Malay; which they feel in no other position; an indifference which renders them careless to consequences, and causes them, with an unblenching eye, to note the streaming carnage, and hear, without feeling, the wild wail of death-groans around them! For a moment the central arena is a *mêlée* of infantry and cavalry in wild confusion, in which the clang of sabres is heard over the fierce shouts and the cries of agony. The veteran mercenary, trained to coolness even in this horrid scene, watches with eye and hand, and braced muscle, the moment to thrust home his steel to his opponent's bosom; happy if, while intent on that issue, an unwatched foe seize not the unguarded moment and vital space, and give *him* the death-blow he was meditating for another. Some of the fallen wretches are uttering loud cries for water. Others implore the passing friend or foe to finish their agony. Over the bodies of the wounded trample the cavalry at the height of their speed. The grinding wheels of the artillery plough over half-expiring victims deep in the soil. Others, still breathing, still supplicating mercy, are thrown beneath masses of the dead into the fosse, to make a bridge of bodies. On this point of fierce conflict, a park of artillery is finally brought to bear: and victors and vanquished, and the untouched warrior in the thickest of the fight, are promiscuously swept away in columns. The loud 'hurrah!' of the conquering assailants, pursuing their foe, is replaced by the low and expiring moans of the dying.

'Such is BATTLE! Forty thousand young and vigorous men lie dead or dying on the field. Thousands of war-horses are scattered in confusion among them. Greedy and heartless plunderers, the vampires of battle, are gathering up the wrecks, stripping the dead, and giving the last fatal thrust to the wounded; while intermingled among them are friends, relatives, children, parents, wives, searching and yet fearing to find among the fallen those dear to them as life. Such is the central part of the picture: while burning towns, and a smoking and a desolated country, in all the visible distance, form the back-ground.

'Extravagant, and abhorrent, and out of nature as this spectacle may seem, it has been represented with the reality of horrors a hundred-fold more revolting in every period of history, and in the fairest portions of every civilized country.

'The battle, however, is past; a battle fiercely contested from the rising to the setting sun of a summer's day. What heart would not sicken at the horrid spectacle? What ruler, whose nature was not waxing fiendish, but would pause before he yielded any contribution of influence to produce a scene thus abhorrent and accursed in the sight of God and men! My heart bleeds at the sight! — for all these fallen were my brethren; with nerves as susceptible, hopes and fears as intense as my own; and they had equal claims to continue to caress their children, behold the bright sun, and exult in feeling life, and admiring God's beautiful creation? I look abroad where yesterday there were so many thousands of men, with hearts beating warm, so many villages, groves, farm-houses, peasants, birds singing in the branches, and the hope of harvest waving in the breeze. It now presents smouldering ruins; a soil polluted with blood, and covered with corpses — a picture all loathsomeness and horror. The scent of carnage has

already allured the birds of prey, and they are sailing above this scene of human madness and depravity, presenting at least one of Cousin's vaunted 'compensations' of the horrors of war — a gale, which has brought the vultures a gratuitous feast.

'Were I to follow the letters and messengers to forty thousand dwellings, announcing to mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, orphans, the names of the slain; were I to attempt to delineate the general result of sweeping disease in all the immediate vicinity of the battle; and of individual poverty, helplessness, and despair, blasting the bereaved cottages, (for most of the fallen were dwellers in humble cabins,) the picture of misery would be too vast and indistinct to produce a clear perception of the result. Life-blood poured out as water may have swollen to a river, without presenting the eye and the heart with a distinct conception of the amount of misery which had been caused in consequence.'

Such, brother '*Putnam*,' is the true '*POETRY OF WAR!*' Read '*A Voice from Sebastopol*,' a work by a Polish captain in the Russian army, recently published by MURRAY of London, and you will see that in no respect is the foregoing picture over-drawn, even in our time, when 'peace on earth and good will toward men' ought to have more nearly approached the accomplishment of its 'perfect work.' Captain HODASEVICH's account of the crawling along the ground, after the great battle, of the hundreds of poor mutilated wretches, all groaning in agony, and such as *could*, holding up the mangled remains of their torn limbs, makes quite a 'verse' in the last piece upon the vaunted 'poetry of war.' - - - A PLEASANT correspondent in Chicago, Illinois, from whom we shall be glad to hear again, writes us 'as per margin: 'In your July number appeared some very graceful lines, entitled '*NIGHT*:' in response to which I inclose a dozen, not so pretty, upon '*MORN*:' and forthwith the writer proceeds to hold forth as followeth:

'I HEAR through the drooping vine-leaves
That over the lattice lie,
The feathered minstrels' carol sweet
Salute the eastern sky,
As the goddess unlocks the gates of day,
And the waking world rolls by.

'It has ceased, but the notes still linger
Upon the fragrant air;
And the gentle lesson is left behind
To teach us everywhere,
To welcome the dawn of HEAVEN's light
With the melody of prayer.'

'THE above is only a pretext for the introduction to the notice of your readers of the following 'hincidents,' *quorum pars minima fui*, having been an eye-witness and participator therein — an accessory before, at, and after the fact. They came upon me 'in a heap,' as stars are marshalled in constellations and great men come in groups; and as a solitary laugh is a very poor sort of thing, here goes:

'On a visit of condolence to my friend M —, suffering under severe affliction in the loss of a beloved mother, I had the misfortune of listening to the ensuing 'consolation' administered to my friend and his father, by a sympathizing female in weeds, something between a MIGGS and a widow WATTLE, who was more than suspected of designs on one or the other, nobody knew which, and she did n't care: 'Oh! it's no use to mourn! To cry for spilled milk never did any good! Depend upon it, nobody gains nothing by sorrowing: and I'm sure I ought to know, for I've buried a father and a mother, two husbands, and *any* QUANTITY OF OTHER

CONNECTIONS.' Ye gods! think of estimating your deceased relatives by the 'QUANTITY'! One might as well compute one's living friends by the gross!

'The end was not yet, however. Turning to the father, she exclaimed: 'And I say the same to you, Mr. W——. It's no use to mourn. It's just as Col. E—— said, when he lost his Third—think he's living with his Fourth, isn't he, Mr. Z——?' (appealing to me.)

'Yes, Madam, I believe he is.'

'Well, as Colonel E—— said when he lost his Third, 'it's no use to mourn for what is passed: we must look forward to what is to come.'

'She killed two birds with *that* stone!

'It so happened that I had the pleasure (I should say so if it were not so melancholy an occasion) of attending the obsequies of this lady's 'Second' some weeks before the above-mentioned advice, and after the service, while partaking of certain 'funeral baked meats,' she inquired how 'the Thing went off?' (not her husband, but the funeral.) I replied that every thing was conducted with marked propriety and the utmost decorum. 'Perhaps so,' was her answer; 'but that red curtain on the middle parlor-window was hung *so* slantin', that I didn't hear a word of the prayer for fear the minister would notice it: he's dreadful observin'!' She mourned for her 'Second' with a vengeance. I am happy to say, however, that she is still looking forward to 'what is to come!'

'She belonged to the same family with the widow who, when the procession quickened its pace a little, declared: 'It's no use to make a *toil* of a *pleasure*!'

The bitter funeral grief recorded above, reminds us of a similar 'burst' which we once encountered in the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, from a correspondent, if we remember rightly, in Indiana. A bereaved husband, standing by the open grave of his deceased wife, 'refusing to be comforted,' said to a friend, as he turned toward him, and laid his head on his shoulder: 'I've lost horses, and I've lost cows—and I've lost likely calves and shoats—but I never had any thing that cut me up like this!' Wasn't that an 'afflicted mourner'? - - - 'I saw a party in a 'saloon,' the other night,' writes a correspondent at Grand Rapids, (Michigan,) 'who were all 'pretty well elevated,' but the most sober, or rather the least drunken of them, seemed to realize his position, and was endeavoring to get his companions to go home. They insisted upon his taking a parting drink, but he 'had got enough, and when he *had* got enough he *knew* it.' Finally, upon their promising to leave if he would take one more 'snifter,' he asked the bar-keeper what it was that the others were drinking. 'Monongahela' was the reply.' 'Well,' said he, 'give me a tumbler-full,' and it *was* filled and *emptied*, too. Pretty fair, I thought, for a man who 'had already had enough, and *knew* it!' They take 'big drinks,' however, in this part of the country. Speaking of 'big drinks': in Oswego, a few weeks ago, several gentlemen were watching the operations of a 'Grain Elevator,' and a discussion arose as to the relative merits of several patents. Various opinions were expressed, and the matter was at last referred, by general consent, to an individual present, who had taken no part in the controversy. His decision was, that the best grain elevator *he* knew was *Old Rye*. He was unanimously pronounced 'a DANIEL,' and the crowd 'elevated' forthwith, in acknowledg-

ment of his wisdom. 'One more,' and then I am done. I think I met the best-natured man in America, recently, on the Michigan Central Road. We had had an inebriated passenger a-board, who was continually rushing about with a brandy-bottle, inviting some body to 'take-nip.' As his attentions were principally confined, however, to a party of Methodist preachers, and one or two elderly sisters, who were returning from a conference, I hardly think they were appreciated as fully as he probably anticipated. After a while he fell asleep — then woke up, decidedly irritable. As the cars made a stop, he staggered up to a mild-looking young gentleman with spectacles, and asked him the name of the station. The mild young gentleman replied, 'I am a stranger here, Sir.' 'A stranger!' said our brandied friend, drawing himself up with intense dignity, and speaking with a force that aroused all present: 'I did n't ask you, Sir, your pedigree, nor where the d — l you came from, but I wan't to know — the name — of this — station!' 'I do n't know, Sir,' was the response, very faintly. 'You 'do n't know,' eh? Then why did n't you say so at first, and not keep me bothering here? I hate a fool!' The mild young gentleman looked anxious, and the next moment was missing, but presently returned, looking perfectly happy, and informed his querist with great apparent satisfaction, that the name of the station, he had learned, was Chelsea. Would n't he make a 'model husband'? We should think he would! - - - HEAR our fair and favorite correspondent, from her new and delightful residence 'among the mighty hills':

'LOVE and MIRTH and BEAUTY meet,
To scatter fair flowers at my feet.'

'ONCE more among the mountains! Six long weeks have I been sojourning by the sea-side, and fairly pining for the sight of them; and the first morning after my arrival here, as I threw up my window and gazed upon the glorious prospect before me, I involuntarily exclaimed: 'Thank GOD for MOUNTAINS!' Most of my time for the last five years has been passed among them, until they seem to have become a necessity of my nature, and to be identified with my very life and being.

'Very dear to me are the 'GREEN MOUNTAINS' of Vermont, whether rejoicing in their summer beauty, or covered with the white snows of December; and many a happy hour have I spent among them. The ADIRONDACKS, the mountains of my native State, hold also a place in my heart; for nestled among them is *Chateaugay Lake*, and our dear 'CAMP COMFORT,' where I have fished, and hunted, and roamed in the grand old forests, or floated upon the bright waters, and dreamed away the rosy hours. The mountains around LAKE GEORGE are like old and faithful friends, and seem always to welcome me with a smile; and my heart is filled with happy, peaceful memories even now, as I write of them; and the WHITE MOUNTAINS of New-Hampshire, ('Monarchs over all,') have their pleasant associations too! Can you wonder, then, dear reader, that I love mountains?

'Well might JENNY LIND call this spot the '*Paradise of America*,' for I know of none that so well deserves the title; and I really wish I could give you some idea of the glorious view which I am now enjoying: but it is perfectly impossible, as no pen could describe, no imagination picture it.

'The Connecticut River is just below us, winding in and out among the mountains, its fertile valley covered with the rich broom-corn, and some fifteen or twenty

little villages scattered about; the houses half-concealed by the beautiful trees which surround them; and the church-spires glittering in the sun-shine. There is a calm beauty in this scene, which cannot appeal in vain to any heart, or fail to call forth its higher and better feelings. And one can never tire of its loveliness, for it is ever changing. Each day I discover some new effect of light and shade upon the mountains—some new bend in the river below. One of my first wishes after my arrival here, was to ascend MOUNT HOLYOKE: and it had only to be expressed to be gratified. Every arrangement was made; the day was bright and beautiful; and we were all feeling in good spirits and good humor. The country was looking deliciously fresh after the recent rains; and for the first mile or two our conversation consisted principally in exclamations of delight at the beauties of the scene through which we were passing. We soon reached the ferry, where a couple of skeleton horses form the motive-power that propels the boat across the river; and we had exhausted our epithets of compassion upon them long before we reached the other side. Soon after we left the river's bank, the road began to grow very steep; and one of our gentlemen, who had quite as much mischief in his composition as was at all needful, was describing the probable result of a breakdown, when a sudden crash put an end to his story, by rendering it a reality! Something had given way, for the horses were capering, and the carriage was sliding down-hill! Of course, one lady out of the three screamed; the gentlemen jumped out; succeeded in stopping the carriage, and getting us out; and then they went to ascertain how serious the injury really was. They returned with the report that we should either be obliged to wait there until the man could go back to the village and get his carriage repaired, or *walk up*! I at once decided to walk, and the rest agreeing, we started up the mountain.

'At first the road was good, and it was all plain sailing; and we thought it strange that people should make such a fuss about walking up Mount Holyoke; but by-and-by the ascent grew steeper, the path more stony, and we began to think that like Jordan, Holyoke was a 'hard road to travel.' And when we reached the place where we could take the steam-car, there were many votes in favor of that movement: and I found myself nearly alone in preferring to continue my walk: but there was one kind friend who preferred accompanying me; and so leaving our utilitarian friends to come up by steam, we proceeded on our journey. The path became gradually narrower and steeper, but with a little assistance from my companion, I managed to get along quite nicely. The air was fresh and fragrant, and the little birds sang as joyously as though they wished to welcome us to their mountain-home, and the soft sun-light peeping between the thick foliage of the tall trees, cast flitting shadows on our path-way; but the gay laugh and lively repartee showed that there was no shadow on our hearts that day.

'Every little while we stopped to rest and enjoy the view, and then went on again with renewed vigor; and long before we expected it, we found ourselves emerging from the woods, and approaching the 'Prospect-House' which is on the summit of the mountain, and found that our friends had not arrived yet, as there had been so many before them waiting to take the car: so we set to work to make ourselves comfortable; enjoyed the glorious view and the delicious coolness; and finally, following the memorable example of our friend DOESTICKS, we 'procured a glass of beer!'

'By this time it was announced that 'our friends were coming up:' so we went out to welcome them. The appearance they presented was perfectly ludicrous! Four people seated in a small sleigh, and being drawn up a perpendicular ascent

by a single cord, and all looking as frightened as though they had just been condemned to be hung; the little engine puffing away, and the little Frenchman who tends it, looking as grave as though the fate of empires was swayed by his *petite* locomotive. Our friends gave such a terrific account of their rail-road journey that it quite inspired me with a desire to try that mode of descent, for I do dearly love a *new* sensation, and terror would have been an entirely new one to me; but I am sorry to say I did not have the pleasure of experiencing it.

'When we were sufficiently rested, we went up into the Observatory; and here the most beautiful scene I ever beheld was presented to my view. It seemed as though I was standing on the highest point of the earth, and that all the world was within my sight! But to come down to actual fact, we *could* see the mountains of five States, and twenty or thirty towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The valley below us, with its fields of corn, wheat, oats, and meadow-land, looked like a patch-work bed-quilt, and the men at work upon it seemed to be so many ants. Pretty little villages were scattered about in every direction; but they reminded me of the toys one buys for children, so diminutive did they appear. Yet I could not help fancying them the abode of peace and contentment; for surely the calm beauty of such a scene might quiet grief and should subdue the passions. That delicious air must bring health to the ailing, and renewed vigor to the weary.

'While I was speculating in this wise, some less enthusiastic individual touched my elbow, and displaying his watch, declared that it was time for us to be on our way homeward. I found the descent in the car perfectly delightful; and was quite charmed with the idea of being carried over the ground without any visible means of locomotion: really I think *that* the 'poetry of motion!' If it could only be brought into general use, what a capital thing it would be for lovers! No horses to attend to; no coach-man, with open ears and eyes over his shoulders; and no troublesomely-curious fellow-passengers to over-hear conversations which are so charming to those for whom they are intended, but so excessively 'flat, stale, and unprofitable' to a third party. I wish some enterprising Yankee would act upon my suggestion: I think he would make a fortune by it.

'We drove home through Hadley, which is the most quiet place I ever saw. I have driven through it many times, and never saw a human being; but this time we were more fortunate; for we *did* obtain a sight of a girl sitting in a window, a cat, and a small boy.

'When we reached home, we took some slight refreshment after our drive; but remembering the serious effect of cold water on our friend DOESTICKS, we religiously refrained from indulging in that dangerous beverage. We all concluded that it had been a delightful day, and one to be remembered; and I only regret that I have not been able to do it more justice: but as well might I attempt to give you a 'realizing sense' of a glass of champagne by mere description, as to put on paper the pleasures of such a party. Indeed, my life here is a perfect succession of indescribable pleasures. I have been just in the humor to find every thing delightful, because I was happy. This place reminds me more of an English country-house full of guests, than of an ordinary hotel or watering-place. There is so much sociability among us, and such a general desire to be agreeable. I have heard people say they did not think a summer resort a good place to choose a wife or a husband. Now I have an entirely different opinion; for I think that it is just *the* place to draw out real character. That is one of my favorite studies, and here I have plenty of material to amuse myself upon, and might serve up one or two for your amusement, if I were not fearful they might be recognized, and give offence to the originals. There are

beautiful woods adjoining the house here, where I loiter away a good many pleasant hours: and indeed I was accused of flying over them the other evening on a broom-stick, and with such a pleasant companion as the report assigned me, I should n't have the slightest objection to try such a trip. I then might probably realize my ardent desire for 'a new sensation;' and I am convinced it would be an agreeable one.

'But I must bid you adieu, for I have half-a-dozen other things to do beside sitting here scribbling. I intend to

'GATHER my roses while I may,
For time is still a flying:
And those that bloom so bright to-day,
To-morrow may be dying!'

'Round-Hill, Northampton, August 30, 1856.

J. E. L'

Written 'like a bird!' - - - OUR old friend 'Dow, Jr.,' in one of his late 'California series' of Sermons for the '*Golden Era*,' weekly journal, of San-Francisco, 'throws himself upon the subject' of 'our colored brethren.' We beg leave to remind brother Dow, however, that he is mistaken on *one* point. He says that 'NATURE or ART might as well undertake to get up a rainbow with a black streak in it, as to bring about a *blue*-complexioned specimen of mortality.' Not so, by any means. We have a '*Blue Man*' in New-York, 'as blue as an indigo-bag,' who can be seen on any pleasant day, in the public thoroughfares. Moreover, we have seen many *another* man 'blue' in the streets of Gotham, and not a few, who were '*very green*;' together with some extremely *red* specimens, a good '*variety*' of which are the jolly ale-bibbers of Old England. But we are 'disturbing meeting' and interrupting the sermon:

'I HAVE a fancy that the CREATOR has produced the different families of the human race *as they are*; breeds and mixtures, all over the world, being as easily distinguished from pure native stock as are mules from horses and jackbottoms. Certain portions are made for certain zones, climates, and localities. Transplant them in foreign, uncongenial soil, and they dwindle, deteriorate, and eventually run out. Who supposes that a flourishing crop of polar bears or Greenlanders could be grown at the equator, and perpetuated sufficiently long for them to turn into a 'horse of another color'? — or that an Ethiopian would ever have his wool straightened and skin bleached amid Arctic frosts and snows? I do n't.

'My friends: climate never made the nigger: on the contrary, the nigger was made for the climate. No climate in this known world possesses such a remarkable peculiarity as to cause a downy fleece to cover caputs well enough adapted to the propagation of hair; to flatten a nose and produce an under-lip capable of seating outside a tobacco-pipe too bulky and ponderous for inside duty. Nor is there a soil upon earth sufficiently productive to bring out a heel from the foot that presses it, of such perplexing length as to place its proprietor in the darkness of doubt as to whether NATURE intended him to go ahead or proceed backward — whether he should draw a shoe on over the heel or over the toe. No, my brethren, the nigger was made for the climate and its attributes, even as the Arab and the ostrich are adapted to the dreary, unwatered sands of the desert. The brush of Nature has painted him black — the prevailing color of all animals that inhabit the torrid zone — in order that he may withstand the powerful influence of caloric. Because why? Black, being a conductor of heat, the latter readily escapes through it, to the relief and safety of the body, just about as fast as the sun with his fiery arrows can shoot it in. And then how a nigger will sweat, and grinningly weather the crisis of a 'heated term,' when nine out of a dozen of the flimsy

'white trash' would lop and keel over from cerebral congestion! Yes; and don't the nigger, thus tested, exhale a most powerful perfume? Asafoetida, burnt shoes, and onions! — the otto of roses, musk and essence of pole-cat are but the weakest of odors in comparison. His instinct is as nothing compared with his outstinct. Who ever heard of a nigger being knocked out of life-light by a sun-stroke? Nobody.* As for old Sol planting his biggest knocks upon a nigger's wool-patch with the expectation of doing damage, he might as well experiment upon a cast-iron dinner-pot, or try his best licks at the big bell of the Vigilance Committee. Of a truth, a nigger can stand *hot* equal to SATAN, or a salamander; and it's this that renders him so useful a biped in the burning fields of the South, where a white-skin, if put to hard labor, would find little or nothing left of himself to take home to supper, at the close of the first day.

'My brethren: there are some who assert that the nigger is, by nature, equal in intellect with the Anglo-Saxon; and that, had he the *same advantages*, he would raise himself to as high a notch in the scale of humanity. I should n't wonder if they could prove it; just as easy as I can prove that my little terrier-dog knows more than I do: he can 'smell a rat' and tell where it is, at any time o' night — and that passeth *my* comprehension.'

We read the above a moment ago to 'Black SAM,' our Rockland County colored orator, and he said: 'Ji jis ask dat ministrum what he might do, s'posin' his rat-smellin' instinct was *educated* like a dog's? Ah! ha! — dere you *see*! Question on *dat*. Guess you git him *dere*, sartin sure! E'yah! e'yah! e'yah! e'yah!' - - - To RECEIVE 'a compliment' is a pleasant thing: but very various is the style of conveying 'that same.' Now, within the short space of time which sufficed for us to pass down the glorious Hudson to our beloved metropolis of GOTHAM — the home of our business, and the scene of all our mature affections — and to return to our little Cedar-Hill Cottage, we experienced *two*, which are memorable. For it was pleasant, (and, as was once remarked to the hazy and mysterious 'Mrs. HARRIS,' we'll 'not denigis of it,') it *was* pleasant to see the compositors to-day, as we were passing through the composing-rooms, playing at setting types over our desultory talk in the 'Gossip:' bobbing as if they were really at work, and picking up ghosts of letters with invisible fingers; their lips moving, and their eyes and faces laughing at something we were saying to them on the slips of paper upon the cases before them. 'T is pleasant to remember that such things *were*, that were most pleasant to us.' (SHAK.) Also most gratifying was it to us, on the same day, at the Cottage, to hear a hasty visitor for a day from town (and a rememberable *night*, too, 'by'r Lady!') say, as he took one of our quill-pens from the 'ten-tined' antlers of the bronze stag that forms our ink-standish: 'I see this is one of the pencil quill-pen holders that your friend Mr. ELLIOTT, the preëminent portrait-painter, gave you, and of which you made mention in the KNICKERBOCKER. They were faithful and true in *his* hands: and what he did with them as a brush, you are doing with a quill!' Ha! ha! Egotistical 'praps:' but *that* compliment 'happified' us for a whole day. If it had been *true*, we would n't have let our children play with the neighbor's children for the next two months. As it is, they commingle promiscuously, and all have the hooping-cough together, including little ABZ, the black boy, whom our urchin wanted us to kiss last winter, when his face was not in condition: *he* has got the 'colored' kind; and sometimes coughs and

whoops to that degree, that he becomes 'black in the face.' 'Hoops' are in great demand for ladies' dresses: a friend of ours says he can supply the market from native productions in his own family; each and all being down with this most uproarious disorder. - - - The following is an extract of a letter from the lamented WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, to his old and warmly-esteemed friend the late DAVID GRAHAM, Jr.; both 'gone hence to be here no more forever.' The letter, which is long, versatile, and exceedingly characteristic, bears date the ninth of August, 1832: 'My dear fellow, the CHOLERA is making dreadful ravages here. The report to-day is one hundred and fifty-four cases, and fifty-eight deaths. How the sublimity of thought; the aspirations of a heaven-lit spirit, panting after immortal renown, and ranging through the long vistas of memory, and the glittering empire of the imagination, are dependent upon the coats of the stomach, and the arrangement of the abdominal viscera! Is n't it astonishing, DAVID? What are we? — what our pride, our ambition, our up-lifted fancies — our hates, our loves? Baubles of an hour; glittering motes in the sun-beam of Health, and betaken myself to rice, well-baked bread, and port-wine. Let me advise you, DAVID, to follow the same course.' - - - 'MACE SLOPER' and 'H. P. L.' (they 'brithers be, and a' that') have often made our readers indebted to them. 'Meister KARL,' one of the most original and sparkling of our modern essayists and humorists, is of the same 'group' and 'formation.' 'Bricks' both. Hear 'H. P. L.' state '*How the Muskrat Question was Settled*:' and when his new book appears, buy it, '*just for fun*':

'WITHOUT farther preface, thus JOHN JARSEY commenced:

"'Taint no use argooing the p'int long with the old 'Squire, coz you know he 's the most opinionated man you ever sec. I guess him and me, fust or last, have talked it all over dozens of times, and he never will 'low as how mushrats are fit to eat. He says it 's agin natur' to cat rats, long as ennything else is to be picked up: mebbe he 's right, a'ter all: but I tell you I took him in on that p'int 'bout the nicest you ever heerd tell on. You now, do n't you ever go to let on to him that I told you 'bout it, less the old man would certain sure get riled, and I don't want no ill feelin's twixt him and me.'

"I'll never say one word to him about it. I would like to hear how you ever got him to eat a musk-rat, for I've heard him often argue the point, and always declare, that although their skins might be worth something, their flesh was only good for crows.'

"'Yes, that's the old 'Squire all over: he 's as contrairy an old creetur as ever run on two legs. Won't never 'low he 's wrong; and he'll call black white till the cows come home if you on-ly set him to argooing. How I showed him that mushrats was good to eat was *this* a-way. You see last Spring-meetin' the 'Squire come down from Squash P'int, (he 's one of the head men,) and, as he always does, come right to my house and puts up. Wal, the old woman she was glad to see

him, and so we all was : fact is, the 'Squire's mighty good company ef he is a leetle opinionated : every boddy has their short-comings. Wal, we all went over to meetin', fust night he come down; and Brother HORNBLLOWER he held forth, and a hull lot of fellers exparienced religion — 'mong 'em old BOB GRIMES' boys; and take it all in all, we had every reason to be mighty cheerful. seein' things on the rise in a relidgius way. After meetin' was out, and while I was gittin' the hoss and waggin out to drive us hum, BILL WOOD he comes up, and a'ter some hemmin' and hawin', he lets on to the 'Squire, how he had a hull lot of mush-rat skins he'd like to sell him. Now the 'Squire's olways ready to bite at a good trade; so he buys them skins off hand; an' that's the way we got talkin' 'bout eatin' the creetures, goin' hum in the waggin from meetin'.

' 'Nex mornin' airly I goes down to the mash, an' while proguein' round I got a shot at some black ducks, and knocked over a couple on 'em. In the traps I'd sot the day afore there was half a dozen mush-rats; so gittin' on 'em all, I went back to the house an' found breakfus' ready: an' the 'Squire, soon as I come in sight, he begins jokin' 'bout my rats, an' wants to know ef I was goin' to turn JOHN CHINAYMAN, and eat 'em up? I seed my ole wooman kind a laugh, as ef she had some fun goin'. Wal, we eat breckfus: then I went out to the barn to skin the rats. Putty soon out comes the old wooman, and sez she to me:

' 'JOHN, do n't go to throw 'way oll them mush-rats; I want one of 'em, a'ter you've got the hide off.' An' then she laughs fit to kill. I did n't 'spicion p'rares what she was at, so I gin her the most fattest one of 'em.

' 'Dinner time come, an we oll sot down, old 'Squire bein' pretty sharp set, an' fell to, lively as could be. Old wooman had cut up the blaek ducks in pieces, and made a brile of 'em. Wal, the 'Squire he could n't praise the old wooman's cookin enuf. He said, 'he'd never eat such sweet ducks afore — was n't nothin' sedgy about 'em; ' an' he kept on eatin', ontel the old wooman had to git up and cook more duck jes to satersfy him, though he 'lowed he did n't want her to make no fuss 'bout him.

' 'We got through and then riz up, and old 'Squire an' me lights seegars an' goes out an sits on the fence under the big willow tree, talkin' over the corn, and oll 'bout the creeturs an the meetin', an' so on. Bime by I goes into the house to git another seegar, an' then the old wooman ups and tells me how she had cooked the mush-rat 'long with the ducks, and we'd eaten of 'em at dinner. Fust go I felt mighty riled up an' kind of mad, coz I'd forgotten oll 'bout givin' her the mush-rat, but the ole wooman she laffed so that putty soon I hed to laugh too, seein' how the old 'Squire had ben drawn in. So I got a seegar and went back to the fence, and a'ter talkin' a while to the 'Squire, I ups and tells him how he had eaten mush-rats for dinner. He would n't believe the fust word of it: sed he could tell 'em *by taste*, though he'd never eat none afore in his life! And a'ter I'd prooved to him he *had*, he was mighty wrothy, an' I was a'most afeerd at one time he'd hitch up and drive off, but he got cooled off 'fore long; had a good strong laff; an' declared to Grashus that I mus n't never let on to a soul 'bout it, an' 'bout how I'd *Settled the Mush-rat Question!*

' 'And I never hev!'

Is n't that a 'slight mistake?' - - - We have not before spoken, although we ought so to have done, of a very excellent and beautifully-executed weekly journal, published in Philadelphia, under the editorial management of J. M. CHURCH, Esq., formerly editor of '*The Bizarre*,' of the same

city, before it passed from under his direction; a literary gazette, edited with decided talent and good taste throughout. It is called '*The Fire-Side Visitor*'—a felicitous title, by the way, suggestive of a pleasant circle of variously-minded but unanimously-pleased readers. The '*Visitor*' makes itself welcome by well-stored columns, original and selected, and by the careful editorial direction and genial spirit which its columns indicate. It has our best wishes—the best we could express—for the success which it has already shown it *deserves*, and for that more ample favor which it bids fair, in its consecutive issues, to earn. - - - Is n't 'Mrs. PARTINGTON a 'perfect bird?' We have always known her as an eminent humorist and a trenchant satirist: but until lately, we were not aware that she was a 'science-woman.' She *is* though. Hear what she says in relation to the great agent, Steam: 'They ought to b'ile their water ashore: you'd never hear of a steam-boat b'ilin' its buster, if they did n't cook their steam aboard!' Is there any doubt of the truth of this? - - - '*Daisy's Necklace, and what Came of It*,' is the mysterious title of a volume by one of the most promising of our young American poets, Mr. T. B. ALDRICH. It will soon appear, from the press of Messrs. DERBY AND JACKSON. We have good reason to anticipate its complete success. - - - MANY thanks to the '*Constant Reader*'—and we are as 'glad' as *he* is, that *he is*, and has *been* so, so long—for the subjoined '*little gems*:' 'I heard a pretty good thing last week, which I think you will appreciate. A young friend of mine was engaged in teaching mutes. He was explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle '*dis*,' and requested one of them to write on the black-board a sentence showing her knowledge of the sense of the prefix. A bright little one immediately stepped forward and wrote the following: 'Boys love to *play*, but girls to *dis-play*. — A LITTLE 'wee' friend of mine was out on the green looking at some fire-works last Fourth-of-July night, and was struck with the height the rockets attained. Just as I started a large one-pounder, which seemed in rising to excel all the others, she exclaimed: 'O Papa! God will catch that, won't he?' I was perfectly satisfied with the success of our private 'Fourth-of-July.' - - - 'THE writer of the accompanying documents,' write Messrs. MILLER, ORTON AND MULLIGAN, the prominent metropolitan publishing-house, to the EDITOR, 'evinces a laudable ambition to get himself 'into print;' and we know of no *vehicle* which will carry him before the public in a manner so satisfactory to all concerned as the 'Old KNICK.' On two or three occasions when he has honored us with a personal interview, and a proffer of his *ms.*, we insinuated as gently as we could, without wounding the tender sensibilities which are supposed to vegetate in the poetic soul, that *poetry* was not at all in our line, and suggested our Boston friends, TICKNOR AND FIELDS. He again turns to us, attracted by our reputation for issuing 'colored books;' and we, as a last resort, appeal to you, hoping you may be able to give him the desired notoriety.' Well, 'here goes:' but we suppress the name and place, because we would n't wound the feelings of even a humble 'colored poet.' Poor fellow!—he is willing to *pay*, too; to stand between his publishers and loss. 'T isn't all

'white folks' that have done that, by a long shot. That's a good joke, though, is n't it, about his *printer* making 'mistakes' in putting the 'true copy' in type? But to the 'pistel':

'TO YOUR HON. SIR:

'D —, Aug. 23, 1856.

'MR. MILBEE AND CO.: I TAKE the liberty to write you a few lines, as you are publishers of books, and as I have seen you once or twice, and have shown you a few peices of my work that was written in poetry, and my life is added to it. So that it is called, by all who has seen any of it, interesting, for they can hear the history of an reformed Runaway, one of their own acquaintance, and can read for themselves a large asortment of poems on slavery, on deaths, tales, anecdotes, and &c. My poems are quite well, noted as to their being a genteel and tasty assortment. I have circulated ballads for near three year, as well as written some for a paper printed here; I have put out many ballads, and gave notice that I ment that they should be published, and I intend that they may be yet: the publick says that it is not common to see a colored poet, and are determined to purchase a book. I have salls almost daly from near and far for to know how soon they can have one: and now I would ask you to be kind enough to send me a correct statement of publishing books, as far as it is necessary for me to know, what you will publish a book for, about two thirds as large as dougllasses book. the life has about one hundred pages on foolcap. I would not recomend my book to any one, but whosoever should publish it will be recommended by prominent men. I give any one the Chance to publish or assist in doing so, because my present situation does not alow me to do so on the account a means: still if it does not Cost too much I may do it in a few months, or perhaps six months or a year.

'I therefore ask you to give me the full particular what you will publish it for, although I will be unable to put out as many coppys as ought to be put out for the call there is for it. I should only put out what few Coppys is necessary for to suiet the people of this town, and not as many as would be sold here if I had them published.

'I send you this Circular to show you the title of my book, the printer made some mistakes in printing the poetry, but that does not interfere with the true Copy.

'Pleas tell me how many Coppys I must be bound to return you the Cash for, in order to have you publish them, and remember, that good recommendations from prominent men will be brought, with full particulars to satisfy you that there is no fraud:

'pleas send me a letter soon, for I wish to have it in some publishers hands some time this winter a coming.'

(Yours, etc.)

Now, reader, when you see announced by any large publishing-house in our Great Metropolis, '*The Old Bog-Meadow House, or, Lonely Cottage, My Life and My Poems, Written by Myself, and affectionately dedicated to the Honor of my Faithful Friends,*' lose no time in securing a copy. It cannot fail to be 'rich and racy.' - - - HAVE we among our readers, in the metropolis or elsewhere, any who are '*united in means*'? If this be indeed so — and the best of securities will be required — we commend them to the following '*speculum*.' It is a veritable document: all *printed*, in the circular, except the name of the *article*, the *plant* whose qualities it *resembles*, and the *country* where it grows! These, with the *locale* of the farm, and the amount proposed to be raised by loans, are all left in *blank*, and in *our* '*speculum*' written in. The names, numbers of the streets, etc., are real; but for obvious reasons are here suppressed. The notes of admiration are not sparse; but one should see the *various* typographical arrangement, fully to understand '*the beauty of the thing*.' But listen: and remember that what may strike you as errors of the printer, are nothing of

the sort: they are simply the *sound* of the words represented, in the ears (they must be long) of the foreigner who uses them:

'MY DEAR SIR!—I HAVE taken the liberty of addressing you in order to being to your notice a new and important discovery, that I have recently made for the production and manufacture of Vegetable *Sweet-Oil*, equal in every respect, if not superior to that imported from Europe. I know a plant! ('I know a bank,' etc.,) possessing precisely the same qualities as that of the (*Olive Tree*) of (*Italy!*) from which (*Sweet Oil*) can be manufactured as one half its wholesale price. It is my desire to introduce into the United States this new and important discovery—but being *united in means*, I am unable to do without assistance, and to obtain this, I appeal to you. The introduction of it will require about five thousand dollars, which will be disposed of as followviz:

For the purchase of a Farm in (<i>Westchester</i>) County, (<i>N. Y.</i>), . . .	\$ 4000
For management and machinery,	" 1000
	<hr/> \$ 5000

this sum I propose raising by loans of \$ (Five) each, for which I give a certificate of loan, bearing 7 per cent interest and which I promise to repay from the second year, secured by a Bond and Mortgage on the farm and a policy of insurance on my life for \$5000—to be held as security by the senders. In addition the senders will receive a share of the profits arising from the manufacture equal to from 10 to 15 per cent on the amount loaned, and on paying in the amount of the subscription will receive gratuitously a lithographie of WASHINGTONS residence at Mount Vernon, Virginia, lithographed by myself, of which is exposed for sight a original painted by myself by F. W. G ———, JR. 293 Broadway.

'The senders who have instruct me to adept this method of introducing the matter, have selected F. W. G ———, JR., Esq., to receive and hold the securities and to receive for myself the monies loaned: he will have the superintendency of the matter and of whom all desirer information may be had. Hoping that you will contribute towards this important object by returning the enclosed slip to F. W. G ———, JR., I shall deliver immediately to you a check as certifiat of indebtiduers.

'I am Sir!

'your humble servant

'O ——— H ———, S^{ENR}.

'*New-York*, 27 *Agst.*, 1856.

'References.

'I WILL agree to accept the superintendency and management of the above manufacture and the oversight of the work, as desired by many of my Friends.

'F. W. G ———, JR., — Broadway.'

'GRATIFIED to see! that Mr. F. W. G ———, JR., Esq., will superintend for the security of share on check-holders the establishment of the above-mentioned manufactory, I beg that I know Mr. O. O ———, since more then two years and think him talented and experimeed enough, to succeed in his undertaking and deserving of the necessary assistance.

C. F. VAN B ———, — William-Street.'

This flattering proposition was accompanied by the following 'certifiat':

— '1, 1856.

'I AGREE to loan to O ——— H ——— the sum of ——— Dollars on the terms mentioned in his printed circular of 27 August, 1856, to enable him to introduce the manufacture of Sweet Oil from his newly-discovered process and to be paid on delivery of the certifiat of loan.'

And *this* was accompanied by the subjoined *private* note to the EDITOR:

'SIR!—Permit me to beg your resolution next days in person, while Mr. G ———, JR., is in his office scarce, which will be closed every day at 3—4 o'clock in the afternoon.
O. H.'

Well, if Mr. G ———, JR., 'is in his office *scarce*' at the hour above-named, we shall make *ourselves* 'scarce' until *after* that hour, in presenting our invaluable 'certificat'! - - - RIGHT 'foreinst' the publication office of the KNICKERBOCKER, in the superb building of the Brothers APPLETON, is the new and noble office of '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' a new journal, after the manner of the old one, (which will be continued as usual by 'THE GOVERNOR,' who, in his last issue, promises additional attractions,) which was so well conducted for more than a score of years, by the 'Tall SON OF YORK.' MR. PORTER is one of our oldest contemporaries. We began our periodicals nearly together, and we have 'pulled together' ever since, in a common cause — have n't we, WILLIAM? Well, success to you, say we, with all our heart! But save the feeling, 'which well he knows,' this is somewhat adscititious; for the very first number of the new journal opens with an actual subscription, as we are informed, of over *twenty-four thousand copies*! We take the subjoined from the '*Express*' daily newspaper, every word of which we most conscientiously and cheerfully indorse:

'If there is any true appreciation among us, for frank, manly feeling, and an honest, straightforward career of usefulness, it should respond in this community to the new effort of Col. WM. T. PORTER, the veteran editor of the *New-York Spirit of the Times*. He is now endeavoring to establish a new '*Spirit of the Times*,' to be distinguishable from the *old* by the prefix of his name to its title, and the exclusive benefit of the exercise of his talents and experience as its editor. Some peculiar circumstances, we understand, have unseated him from the saddle he has so long and so creditably occupied. We are now, it seems, to have him on the same course, with a fresh horse, and with all the old correspondents and contributors for his backers. The vocation of Col. PORTER has been of value and importance. His twenty-six years as the monitor of manly sports in this country, cannot but have had its moral effect. His aim has ever been to humanize and refine those tendencies in this connection, which, without the maintenance of a due standard of manly feeling, are ever tending towards a degrading influence. We are confident, from the well-established character of the editor, his acknowledged talents, and his unrivalled experience, that '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*' will be worthy of his reputation, and the place it will of course occupy, as the organ of the Sporting, and other interests, with which he has hitherto been strongly identified.'

It should be mentioned that, to avoid errors, subscribers and correspondents who desire to communicate with the *old* '*Spirit*,' are requested to direct to 'JOHN RICHARDS, publisher, New-York:' the address of the *new* journal being, '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' APPLETONS' Building, Number 848 Broadway. MR. PORTER's partner in his new enterprise is MR. GEORGE WILKES, who will devote his energies to the business department, to which he brings not only practised capacity, but a liberal supply of '*the wheels*,' and that which oils *other* wheels, and keeps them moving. Moreover, he himself wields a most vigorous pen; having a style, terse, simple, forcible, *direct* and *correct*, always. The new '*Spirit*' is beautifully printed, and has a portrait of MR. PORTER. - - - We have received, through a friend in Buffalo, from the lithographic press of Messrs. WARREN AND BUELL, of that city, a *fac-simile* of the original manuscript of '*Ye Murther by ye Three Thayers*,' which we recently published. The first copy of this doleful ballad is now, and always has been, in the possession of MR. HASKINS, Sen., of Buf-

falo. What a manuscript it is, to be sure! This great 'pome' owes quite as much to the chirographical ability of its author as to his poetical talent. The queer part of it is, that the author's name was never known. Not all the notoriety which he has achieved has sufficed to draw him out of his hole. '*Stat nominis umbra*' must be written of him, as of his 'illustrious predecessor,' the great JUNIUS! - - - 'Eyes right!'—ears erect!—and listen in silence to the following announcement: Some time in the near future will be issued from the press of MESSRS. DERBY AND JACKSON, of our city, the following: '*The Complete Works of Mr. K. N. Pepper, Esq., and his Friends up to Date!*' Won't there be fun *there*? ('Oh! no—*certainly* not!') There will be many novelties: PEPPER's Biography, by PODB; his Juvenile Poems and Letters; with many other matters by 'a friend of his,' one clever 'JACQUES MAURICE.' - - - THE subjoined caused us incontinently to 'snicker:' A tall, green sort of a well-dressed fellow, walked into a Broadway saloon the other day, where they were talking politics upon a high key, and stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed, in a loud voice: 'Where are the Democrats? Show me a Democrat, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!' In an instant a man stood before the noisy inquirer, in a warlike attitude, and exclaimed: '*I am a Democrat, Sir!*' 'You are?' 'Yes, Sir, *I am!*' 'Well, just you step round the corner with me, and I'll *show* you a fellow who said I could n't find a Democrat in the ward! Ain't *he* 'a liar,' I should like to know!' - - - We hear, with sincere and deep regret, of the recent death of Dr. SAMUEL L. METCALF, late of Philadelphia. All the early readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will remember the remarkable papers which he wrote for this Magazine upon 'Life,' 'Atmospheric Electricity,' 'A New Theory of Magnetism,' 'Molecular Attraction,' etc.; papers which attracted the attention of the first scientific minds in England, and made their author widely and most favorably known abroad. He repaired to London, where he lived for several years, assiduously engaged, often under difficulties of no common order, in the preparation of his great work on *Caloric*, which stamped him at once as one of the scientific lights of the age. This work, we hear with pleasure, his bereaved widow purposes to re-publish in this city or in Philadelphia. It could not fail to be received with the highest favor by the scientific world. We learn that numerous marginal notes to the English copy, in pencil, impart a greatly-added value to the work. The reviews of the volume in England were in the warmest degree commendatory; and the letters written to the author from the first scientific minds in England and America were of the same exalted character. Dr. METCALF was a man of great simplicity of character, and his style was a model of purity and directness. He was a most kind husband and a devoted father, and was warmly esteemed by all who knew him. For such a loss we can only offer to his bereaved family our sincere condolence and sympathy. - - - A PRETTY French girl, a resident of Reading, (Pennsylvania,) who had not *quite* mastered the English language, wrote the annexed 'power of attorney' to be sent abroad, and submitted it to the 'obliging correspondent from whom we receive it, to ascertain whether it

was in 'due form.' He gave her another, and kept the original 'as a curiosity'—and a 'curiosity' it is, 'and no mistake.'

'I UNDER written PIERRE JOHANNES, blacksmith, living in Reading, Pennsylvania, (United States of America,) constitute for my general and special mandatory Madame SCHLOSSER ANNA, (my mother,) widow of PIERRE MARTIN, living in Hombourg district, St. Avot. (dept. de la Meuse) to whom I give power of, for me and in my name, to touch and receive of all which belong to me, all sums which are or which will be owe to me, by any persons, for any cause, and for any title that it may be.

'I bear and arrest all account, with all debtors in fix the remainder: *accept in payments all debts, Merchandise, and others values, which may be offert, to grant terms and delay, take all agreements with all debtors, and make same to them all a part of the remittance.*

'To the default of payments, and in cas of contestation, exerceer all pursuits, constraints, and diligence, to cite and to appear before all offices and conciliations, to reconcile one's self, else to make application before all superior tribunals, constitute and repent all avowee, plead, oppose, rise, obtain all judgments and decrees, to get set them at execution by all ways of rights, same by those of the inseparable seizure; of all sums received, give receipt, give rise hand and consent to the eradication of all inscriptions, oppositions, and other empeachments, remit all titles and pieces substitute.

'Made in Reading, June 23, 1852.'

Clear and pellucid 'as mud!' - - - To a 'poor and proud' person who was perpetually boasting, in the worst possible taste, of his ancestors, an industrious, successful tradesman observed: 'You, my friend, are proud of your descent: I, on the other hand, am proud of my *accent*.' This was said in England, and reports 'progress' there. *Here,*

'Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.'

A true American sentiment. - - - A 'SMART' Debating-Club in Indiana are engaged in discussing the following question: 'Which is the proudest, a girl with her first beau, or a mother with her first baby?' As if there could be any comparison! Why, the mother, of course. STUPID! Ask the first young mother you meet. - - - THE nomination of Mr. JOHN N. GENIN for the Mayoralty is warmly advocated in many of our metropolitan journals. We 'second the motion' cordially. Mr. GENIN has indomitable energy, and would labor indefatigably in the discharge of his duties as Mayor, while his private character is above reproach. Every New-Yorker will remember the way in which he 'went to work' when all 'corporate' efforts had been asked for in vain, and kept that great thoroughfare, Broadway, as clean as a house-floor. That's the way in which he would 'signalize his office.' We trust he will have the opportunity. - - - 'A VERITABLE 'knick-knack,' (so says 'ARMONCK,') 'occurred at a recent camp-meeting at Portchester, N. Y., which is well worth a place in the 'Editor's Table' of the KNICKER-BOCKER Magazine. One afternoon during 'religious services,' and while a 'preacher' was in full blast in the middle of an exhortation, a pious-looking 'brother' stepped up to the 'stand' or pulpit, and after telling the preacher to 'hold up' for a moment, made the following announcement, in a clear, ringing tone, but with the usual Methodistical 'twang:' 'Sister Stevens is in

tent No. 49; and if brother Roberts is on the ground, SHE WANTS THE KEY OF HER TRUNK! Brother ROBERTS immediately arose and proceeded to the tent of sister STEVENS, and the preacher resumed his exhortations, as if nothing unusual had happened.' - - - SOME years ago, 'so we hear,' in one of the back counties in Pennsylvania, BARENT VAN NUYS 'fell out' with BROM VAN PELT 'concerning of' the misdeeds of BROM's dog, and in his wrath swore he would, at the first opportunity, kill that valuable animal 'deader as ter Tuyvel.' Horrified at the threat, and solicitous for the welfare of his quadruped, BROM went 'full chisel' to the Justice of the Peace, made oath of the facts of the case, and prayed sureties of the peace against BARENT. Deeply impressed with the turpitude of BARENT's conduct in the premises, the 'Squire issued his warrant, and shortly afterward BARENT appeared before the offended majesty of the law, 'supported' by a constable. After sternly reprimanding the defendant, and inveighing in fitting terms against the infamy of 'sich doins,' His Honor took BARENT's recognizance in the sum of one hundred dollars, conditioned 'that he the said Barent Van Nuys would keep the peace toward all the good dogs in the State of Pennsylvania, but especially toward Abraham Van Pelt's dog!' A 'true copy from the record,' as we are credibly assured. - - - LET us say, in all kindness, to the author of '*George Washington Pigge in Gotham*,' 'THOMAS TICKLE, Esquire, of the Country-Bar,' that if there is any thing in the literary world of America, that has been literally 'done to death,' it is the pseudo-Yankee dialect that he has adopted. We are 'sick and tired of it,' and never wish to see or read (but the last we *won't* do, to please any body) a line of it again in the world. There, Esq. TICKLE, 'put that in your snipe and poke it!' - - - THE 'Fall of the Old Charter-Oak of Hartford,' (Conn. ;) PETERSON's new and very beautiful duodecimo edition of DICKENS' Works; opening of the 'Rockland County Female Institute;' MABRY's Forthcoming Poems; 'The Catholic Church in the United States;' Rev. T. H. STOCKTON's new and important Religious Enterprise; 'Souvenirs of Saunterings Abroad;' 'The Power of Argument on a Dutch Baker;' 'The Genius of the Practical;' 'September Scenes at Cedar-Hill Cottage;' DIX AND EDWARDS's Advance Edition of 'Household Words:' 'American Manorial Architecture and Park Culture'—these are papers and subjects, with other matters, which have been literally *crowded out* of the present number.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. — The ITALIAN OPERA has opened this season with unprecedented success. Those who believe with us that we have not amusements enough, will rejoice at the liberal support our enterprising friend MARETZKE is receiving. As Brother FULLER truly and sagely remarks of music, 'One can be intoxicated with its delicious draughts of an evening with no resulting head-ache in the morning. It is better than cards, or billiards, or the gossip and oysters of an evening party.' The STAR OF THE NORTH, which is now in active preparation, with new scenery and decorations, will be sure to have a run, and, long may it shine.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 5.

SOUVENIRS OF SAUNTERINGS.

POLITICAL HAIR.

THAT a man's politics could get into his hair, was an idea that never got through mine until in my wanderings I reached 'the Eternal City.'

As a matter of convenience, while travelling I had allowed Dame Nature to have her own way with my cheeks and chin, and she had thatched them most effectually against 'the biting of the bitter blast' with a covering, beneath which the lower half of my visage reposed in silent security. Occasionally, however, I had to call in the aid of the scissors to cut a hole for the point of my spoon, so that the fringe upon my upper lip might not interfere too seriously with my soup.

After having, with the kind aid of Dr. G —, procured rooms and board in the house of an Italian family, so as to become familiar with 'that soft bastard Latin,' as well as the antiquities of the Seven Hills, I sallied forth to find a barber who might redeem me from my barbarism, and make my chin 'new-reaped' *not* 'show like a stubble-field at harvest-home,' but tame its martial bristlings to smooth-visaged peace.

But alas! how true is the French proverb: 'L'Homme propose, DIEU dispose!' When I went back that afternoon, and expected to take my ease in my room, I was met by eyes wide open in wonder at my impudence, and a polite hesitation, which finally shaped itself into words, from my host and hostess, who, partly in French, partly in Italian, and partly in the universal language of signs and looks and shrugs, informed me that this room had already been engaged by a foreign gentleman, an American, and that I must have made some mistake.

Have you ever been in a situation that made you doubt your own identity? It is a curious feeling. I looked down at my legs. They seemed to me the same that I used to have. My vest, with what it covered, seemed to have preserved about the same proportions. There was no glass near in which I could see my face, so that I was compelled to look at theirs, and I suspect it must have been with a most

amusing expression of blank dismay. At last a light like sun-light broke over the countenance of my host, and, with a pleasant smile, he raised his hand to his chin. The same light broke at the same moment upon the hostess and myself, and with smiles and nods, mingled with broken French and Italian, we separated for the nonce.

Shortly after this little embarrassment, I met in the street my Italian friend, Dr. G —.

‘What *did* you cut off your beard for?’

‘So as to be more civilized.’

‘The best thing you can do is to let it grow again.’

‘Why so?’

‘All the Liberals wear beards, and all the smooth-faces are presumed to belong to the party of the priests.’

Here was a difficulty! Beards will not grow in a night like Jonah’s gourd, and I was thus forced, for a time at least, to bear about sad stubble on my chin, that my appearance might not belie my principles, for the liberal feeling was high in Rome, Pius Ninth having just granted a general amnesty, a state council, etc., etc., with the usual magnanimity of these kingly Jeremy Diddlers, who condescend occasionally to grant a portion of their ‘appropriations’ to their ‘beloved subjects,’ secure of reappropriating them when the stale farce is over.

There were, therefore, two parties in Rome, the party of progress, and the retrograde party; the party of the people, and the party of the priests; the bearded and the beardless, the shorn and the unshorn. While meditating on these things, I was quite surprised to find myself carried back to the days of infancy, and amid the striking antiquities of Rome was strikingly reminded of the antiquities of the nursery, for I found these time-honored verses ringing in my ears:

‘This is the priest all *shaven* and *shorn*,
That married the man all tattered and torn;’ etc.

To think that *the shaven and shorn*, over whose representation I had ‘crowed’ in the cradle, should at this late day rise up to ‘crow’ over me as a convert, and that I should, by the mere scraping of a razor in the hands of a Figaro, be transformed *presto, prestissimo* from a rooted radical into a panderer to priestcraft! This, it must be confessed, was rather startling, and I mused much thereon. With my musings came increased astonishment, but still relief; for, on reviewing history, I found that hair had been so often political that the wonder ought to have been that I should be at all surprised at it.

Our old friend Homer, for example, constantly calls the Greeks ‘long-haired’ (*kareekomootes*) to distinguish them from the Trojans, a distinction thus beautifully Byronized:

‘THE god-like son of the Sea-Goddess,
The unshorn boy of PELEUS, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus, rolled o’er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vowed to SRECHUS as they were — behold them.’

The Abantes, whose origin is ‘lost in the night of antiquity,’ distin-

guished themselves from the surrounding nations by cutting their hair short in front and leaving it long behind.

The ancient Scythians made long hair the badge of a freeman, and closely cropped the polls of their poor slaves.

The Spartans, in later days, made the same distinction, and it must have been a curious sight at the battle of Thermopylæ, to see the closely-shorn Helot leading that blind Spartan with his long hair into the thickest of the fight.

The Romans evidently wore the hair and beard long in the days of the 'intonsus Camillus,' when Brennus, with his long-haired and long-mustachoeed but beardless Gauls, took Rome, invested the Capitol, and penetrated even to the Forum.

It was then, (that is, if we hold on to Livy's toga, and scorn the skirts of Niebuhr,) that Papirius, that 'irate ancient,' showed in what esteem he held his flowing beard, that had often, no doubt, in the senate-house wagged well for him in many a wordy war. Had it not been for that one impertinent Gaul, that gallows-bird that laid his rough although respectful hand upon the 'wintry weeds' of old Papirius's chin, all might have been well; but the same strong constitution that nourished such a beard, brought him that sound whack upon the scone, so dearly paid for in the blood of eld; for the mustachoeed slew the bearded, until there was not left alive one silvered chin to wag defiance at them more.

A change, however, came upon the later Romans. They could no longer have been 'intonsi,' for when their conquering foot-steps had reached the northern verge of Etruria, they called the land beyond Gallia Comata, (long-haired Gaul,) which would have been no mark of distinction, had they also worn long hair themselves.

The Britons, who fought against the conquering dandy, Cæsar, had also long hair and long mustachoes. As Roman subjects, they followed Roman fashions, which shifted at the imperial will, until the last gleam of the last Roman's spear was glinted back upon the chalk cliffs of old Albion.

Then came the bearded Saxons, and they drove the beardless Britons at the sword's point up among the mountains of rough Wales, and out on the peninsula of Cornwall, and up among the Highlands of Scotland, where the wild Celt still grates his teeth, and growls his guttural curses on the lowland Sassenach.

During the hundred and fifty years that this was going on in England, the Franks, kindred of these same Saxons, carried the same fashions over the Gallic border, and 'Les Rois Chevelus' made kingly dignity to lie in lengthened locks. Scant hair met with scant courtesy. The people were in fact commanded by law to cut it off at the middle of the forehead, ('ad frontem mediam circumtonsos,' *Jus Capelletii*.*) How desperately political was this poll-thatch is shown by the well-known tale that when (533) Childebert of Paris and Clothaire of Soissons sent a pair of scissors and a dagger to Clothilde, the widow of their brother Clodomire, and the mother of three boys, whom these

* PLANCHÉ'S 'British Costumes.'

greedy uncles wished to be quickly rid of, fire flashed from beneath the widow's veil, and she exclaimed: '*J'aime mieux les voir morts que tondus,*' (I'd rather see them dead than shorn.) The bloody brethren took her at her word. Two were stabbed, and one was cropped and made a saint, sanctifying with his name the palace of St. Cloud, where another blood-stained villain now revels, unheeding the low moans and the fierce curses of his victims, though they freight every breeze that blows from hot Algiers or pestilent Cayenne.

The Danes are said to have delighted in long hair; and that it marked a freeman from a slave, is squinted at by the story of a young Danish warrior, who, when about to be beheaded, begged of his executioner 'that his hair might not be touched by a slave, or stained with his blood.'

When Rollo and his Normans first came up the Seine, they were no doubt as rough and hirsute as the bears they bothered on Norwegian hills, but they appear to have gone through somewhat the same mollifying process with Witikind the Waster, 'that grim convertite'; for when the 'Bold Bastard of Falaise' conquered Saxon England, he and his heroes bore unshadowed chins: and, as before, the bearded smote the beardless, so now on the same soil the beardless smote the bearded, and on the red field of Hastings many a bushy chin dinted the dust before the fell blows of these 'outremer' warriors, who are described as '*tout rez et tondus,*' (all shaven and shorn.)

'The Normans not only shaved the face entirely, in contradistinction to the Anglo-Saxons, who left, at any rate, the upper lip unshorn, but before the time of the conquest had adopted the Aquitanian fashion of shaving the back of the head also, which occasioned the spies of Harold to report that they had seen no soldiers, but an army of priests. This anecdote has been quoted by all the historians as proving only the absence of beard and mustache amongst the Normans, as they say it was considered indecent in priests to wear them; but clerical personages are, notwithstanding, continually represented at this period with both, and the absence of them, therefore, would not have borne out the reports of the spies, but for the other singularity, which is distinctly represented in the Bayeux tapestry, and is one of the strongest proofs of its authenticity. William and his Normans are therein distinguished by the backs of their heads being closely shaven, so as really to give them a monkish appearance; while the Saxons are represented with hair as usually worn, and mustaches as described by William of Malmsbury, and a few with comely beards.'*

'That the nobles of Aquitaine had been distinguished by this extraordinary practice for many years previous to the conquest, we find from the following circumstance: Robert, King of France, who came to the throne in 997, married Constance, Princess of Poitou. Many of her relations and countrymen followed her to Paris; and Glaber Rodolphus describes them, at that time, as full of the most conceited levity; their manners and dress equally fantastic, their arms and trappings without taste; bare from the middle of their heads, their beards shaven like minstrels, etc., etc.'*

* PLANCHÉ'S '*British Costumes.*'

No political signification appears to have attached to hair from this period in England, until the rise of the Puritans, whose closely-shorn capitals brought them the names of 'Round-heads' and 'Crop-eared Knaves'; the last of which may be quoted as an example of the '*lucus a non lucendo*' idea, for, instead of appearing cropped, their ears must have loomed luxuriantly from the sides of their unthatched soonces.

The short-haired Puritans, though so much ridiculed, proved more than a match for the long-haired Cavaliers, making wild work in their ranks at Marston Moor and Naseby, and soiling their scented love-locks with the sanguine tribute of their own well-fed veins. Cromwell, however, 'protected' the Puritans out of existence, and his death made room for love-locks to flourish once more, Puritanism taking flight to Plymouth Rock; and even now, one may occasionally see a boy from the interior districts of New-England with his hair cut in a way marvellously resembling the pictures of the Round-heads of a by-gone age.

In the sister kingdom (Cinderella?) of Ireland, the ultra-Irish always have been, and are still somewhat distinguished from the English by the cut of their hair.

Here is an extract from an act passed in the reign of Henry VI., (1422, 1461:)

'Wherefore it is ordained and agreed that no manner of man that will be taken for an Englishman shall have no beard above his mouth, that is to say, that he have no hairs upon his upper lip, so that the said lip be once, at least, shaven every fortnight, or of equal growth with the nether lip; and if any man be found amongst the English contrary hereunto, that then it shall be lawful to every man to take them and their goods as Irish enemies, and to ransom them as Irish enemies.'

An act of Edward IV. ordains that 'the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Wrial, and Kildare, shall go apparelled like Englishmen, and wear beards after the English manner, swear allegiance and take English surnames.'

'In the reign of Henry VIII. an act was passed ordaining 'that no person or persons, the King's subjects within this land, (Ireland,) being, or hereafter to be, from and after the first day of May, which shall be in the year of our Lord God 1539, shall be shorn or shaven above the ears, or use the wearing of haire upon their heads like unto long locks, called glibbes,* or have or use any haire growing on their upper lippes, called or named a crommeal.'

The poet Spenser is also very bitter against these glibbes in his pamphlet about Ireland; but alas! for poor human nature, those three thousand and twenty-eight acres of plundered Irish land which he received sadly mystified his mental vision, and made those whose paternal acres he so much enjoyed seem black as mid-night to his eyes. He says:

'They have another custom from the Scythians, that is, the wearing of mantles and long glibbe, which is a thick curled bush of hair hang-

* And also, if I mistake not, cullieen.

- ing down over their eyes and monstrously disguising them, which are both very bad and hurtful.'

And elsewhere :

'But for the Irish glibbs, they are as fit masks as a mantle is for a thief; for whensoever he hath run himself into that peril of law that he will not be known, he either cutteth off his glibb quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it so low down over his eyes that it is very hard to discern his thievish countenance.'

In the reign of James I., May 20, 1615, Lord Deputy Chichester instructed the Lord President and Council of Munster 'to expel and cut off all glibbes.'

'For some years this statute was rigorously enforced, but Charles I., in the tenth year of his reign, caused an act to be passed at Dublin repealing this and other statutes, and allowing the Irish to indulge in mustaches and glibbes as well as their national dress.'

The distinction between the cuilleen and the glibbes may have been that the former were ear-locks, and the latter a mass of hair covering the forehead. In fact I have a vague recollection of having heard some such explanation given of the cuilleen, and after reading and hearing about them often noticed precisely the same style of wearing the hair among some of the newly-arrived Irish on our wharves and in our streets; that is, cutting it very short behind and on the crown, but leaving long ear-locks, with sometimes a sort of curling fringe along the top of the forehead.

The Orangemen have for many years designated their opponents of the native Irish party from this time-honored custom, 'Croppies,' and one of their means of 'getting up a faction fight' was and is, to march in procession behind music playing 'Croppies, lie down,' 'The Battle of the Boyne,' and other such tunes, until the opposite party can endure it no longer. It is indeed but some three or four years since, that some Orangemen got up a procession here in New-York and played these very tunes along the streets, but happily without the result they wished for.

In the beginning of the French Revolution of 1789 the Republicans wore their hair short (*à la Titus*) to distinguish themselves from the court-party; and after the taking of the Bastille, some of them amused themselves by seizing in the streets those who wore the courtly queue, and with a block of wood and an axe going through all the ceremony of beheading, with the somewhat important difference of cutting off the queue in place of the head.

The German student-party, just after 1815, were marked by their long hair; and the liberals generally throughout Europe incline toward it at the present time. It must be loose, however, upon the shoulders, for when tied up so as to form a queue, it becomes the mark of ultra-conservatism, and its German name, *Der Zopf*, is emblematic of the most rigid and unbending adherence to all that is antiquated.

In Italy 'La Coda' has the same significance, and *I Codini* is the name applied to the enemies of progress. In Sicily, last July, (1866,) the Viceroy, Prince Castelcicala made a furious onslaught upon beards, ordering every male inhabitant to shave.

The Court of St. Petersburg following out the policy of the 'Shipwright of Saardam' requires short hair, short whiskers and a smooth chin, *à la militaire*, but the old national party cling with stubborn tenacity to their beards. When drafted for the army they are shorn like sheep. It was stated in the newspapers that to make the recent war more popular with the peasants, a ukase was issued allowing recruits to retain their beards, but this must have been a newspaper *canard*.

Nor is political hair confined to the old world. Rosas, the bloody butcher of Buenos Ayres, would not allow the whiskers to run continuously under the chin, because they then made the letter U, the first letter in the name of 'the accursed Federalists, (los Malditos Unitarios.)

The different tribes of the red rovers of our forests were and are distinguished by their different ways of wearing the hair and dressing the gallant scalp-lock.

Catlin says: 'The fashion of long hair among the men prevails throughout all the western and north-western tribes, after passing the Sacs and Foxes, and the Pawnees of the Platte who, with two or three other tribes only, are in the habit of shaving nearly the whole head.

. Most of them (of the Upsaroka or Crow tribe) were over six feet high, and very many of these have cultivated their natural hair to such an almost incredible length that it sweeps the ground as they walk, giving exceeding grace and beauty to their movements. The present chief of the Crows, who is called 'Long Hair,' and has received his name as well as his office (?) from the circumstance of having the longest hair of any man in the nation, I have not yet seen, but I hope I yet may ere I leave this part of the country. This extraordinary man is known to several gentlemen with whom I am acquainted, and particularly to Messrs. Sublette and Campbell, of whom I have before spoken, who told me they had lived in his hospitable lodge for months together, and assured me that they had measured his hair by correct means, and found it to be ten feet and seven inches in length, closely inspecting every part of it at the same time, and satisfying themselves that it was the natural growth.'

'On ordinary occasions it is wound with a broad leather strap, from his head to its extreme end, and then folded up into a budget or block of some ten or twelve inches in length, and of some pounds' weight; which, when he walks, is carried under his arm, or placed in his bosom, within the folds of his robe; but on any great parade or similar occasion, his pride is to unfold it, oil it with bear's grease and let it drag behind him, some three or four feet of it spread out upon the grass, and black and shining like a raven's wing.' Voila! Un Roi Chevelu de la Prairie!

I shall conclude by quoting a most recent and most curious development of political hair from '*The History of the Insurrection in China*,' by Messrs. Callery and Yvan, translated by J. Oxenford, and published by Harper & Brothers, (p. 61.)

'It is well known that the custom of shaving the head, so as to leave no hair except the long tail of the *sinciput*, is a Tartar fashion, im-

posed by the conquering on the conquered race. It was thus that the former marked their new subjects. Now the insurgents, to show that they had thrown off the foreign yoke, cut off the tail, allowed their hair to grow, and decided that all who joined the insurrectional movement should leave off the Chang and the Tartar tunic, and should wear the robe open in the front, that their ancestors had worn in the time of the Mings. The mere act of applying the scissors to the demolition of the ordinary fashion of wearing the hair, constitutes in China an act of high treason, which it requires no little courage to perform. Cutting off the tail is in fact throwing away the scabbard of the sword.

The New-York '*Tribune*' of July tenth, furnishes a sad pendant to this picture, and shows how one hundred and seven lives might have been saved if the captain of a Coolie vessel had paid a little more attention to the subject of political hair. Listen and learn :

'On March twenty-first, 1852, the '*Robert Bowne*' left Amoy with four hundred and fifty Chinese for San-Francisco. These passengers becoming too filthy for the health and safety of themselves and the crew, the captain ordered their tails to be cut off, and their bodies to be washed in sea-water. On the thirtieth of March the loss of their pig-tails impelled the Chinese to murder the captain and six of the officers and crew. The vessel was taken into Formosa. One hundred of the Coolies, or more, were handed over to the Chinese government, and about forty committed suicide ; the rest died of starvation or by other means.'

So ends this rambling legend ; and now farewell ! Whiskers, Hair, Mustache, and Beard. I have traced your political vagaries from 'tall Troy' to suffering Shanghai ; through the dead past and the quick present ; from the wild Upsaroka on the banks of the Yellow-Stone to the hitherto tame John Chinaman by the waters of the Yangtse-Kiang and the Hong-Ho, in 'the Celestial Empire,' 'the Central Flowery Kingdom.' How curious it is to reflect that not only the lives of individuals, but the destinies of mighty kingdoms and broad empires, should sometimes hang on hairs !

J. M. M.

MEMORY.

'T is sweet to remember, I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw ;
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion that shines to deceive ;
We know not the future, the past we have felt ;
Its cherished employments the bosom can melt ;
Its raptures anew o'er pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul !

L I N E S : ' D U M B . '

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I.

SOUL! soul! why art thou dumb?
 Voices within thee struggle to break forth.
 Wilt thou forever rest, while on thy frozen tongue
 Hosannas sleep, and songs that wait their birth?

II.

Must I forever stand so statue-like,
 With compressed lips and folded hands at rest;
 And eyes tear-heavy, searching through the dark,
 Searching till blinded, for an angel-guest?

III.

Speak, speak, my soul! cry out in all thy pain!
 Oh! let thy wail break through this prison gloom!
 And then, perchance, some angel-guest will come
 And raise thee, living, from the silent tomb:

IV.

And take from off thy lips this mystic seal,
 And grant thee power holy things to speak:
 Sweet words of comfort, giving blessed weal,
 And strength to cheer the fallen and the weak.

V.

And then, mayhap, those dear unspoken things,
 Words could not tell, with all their noble art,
 Would burst this tomb like angels on the wing,
 And fold around some tempted brother's heart;

VI.

And hover there on pinions pure and white,
 To shield him from all harm and earthly sin:
 To bide with him e'en to the gates of light,
 And walk beside him when he entered in.

VII.

O soul! why art thou dumb?
 Why stand so statue-like, with lips compressed?
 Is there no toil to lift the hands that fold
 So like to those upon a throbless breast?

VIII.

Speak, speak, my soul! though sorrow's wail be heard:
 When fluttering thy faint utterance hath its birth:
 Hosannas sleep upon thy frozen tongue,
 And praise to HIM that ruleth heaven and earth.

T H O U G H T S A T S U N - S E T .

I.

THE sun sinks in the west,
Lulled by the music of the ocean-wave :
Which, like an echo from some distant cave,
Sings him to rest.

II.

Far on the trackless sea,
There gleams a long, broad line of golden light ;
Showing his path hath been with glory bright ;
His end, from shadows free.

III.

So men have lived and died :
Yet some have left upon the path of Time
A light which ne'er shall lose its glorious prime,
Which darkness cannot hide.

IV.

Though dead, their memories live
In hearts that know and love their noble worth :
Although no longer seen by us on earth,
Their thoughts a presence give.

V.

They are a constant guest :
The fireside group's attention to engage,
Beloved and welcomed by both youth and age,
Their lot indeed is blest.

VI.

He cannot be alone,
Who peoples with ideal forms the air,
And loves to think they live and still are here ;
Who makes their thoughts his own ;

VII.

Who feels each high desire,
Each noble impulse that their words express ;
Who all their truth and ardor would possess,
And to their deeds aspire.

VIII.

Thoughts on the wide world cast,
In thinking hearts a home have often made ;
From memory's flowery chaplet ne'er to fade,
Their bloom is never past.

IX.

Then let us ever strive
To grave our names on Time with Truth and Love,
That so, when God doth call us home above,
Our thoughts in hearts may live.

MAY.

Power of Argument on a Dutch Baker.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

MR. GAY sat down to the breakfast-table with Mrs. Gay as *vis à vis*. 'My dear,' said Mr. Gay, with a gentle smile, in a pleasant tone of voice, 'how long since you became a homœopathist?'

'My dear,' answered Mrs. Gay, with a duplicate smile, and an exquisite second-fiddle accompaniment of voice, 'I am not a ho-mœ-op-a-thist. What makes you ask such an odd question?'

'The appearance of those diminutive bread-pills on that plate,' and Mr. Gay indicated, with a severe wink, the plate he alluded to.

Mrs. Gay was an artless woman; that is to say, she had art enough, she only wanted a little less. 'I do not see them,' she replied, looking over the coffee-urn. Hereupon Mr. Gay triumphantly raised the plate containing half-a-dozen baker's rolls, exclaiming:

'Now, my dear, look sharp! They're very small, but you can see them if you will only try.'

'Oh! yes, dear. I see the rolls, but I thought you asked me to look at bread-pills.' Artless Mrs. Gay! I see the germs of any amount of 'spats' in this 'artlessness.'

'When flour is only eight dollars a barrel ——'

'Seven dollars and seventy-five cents, my dear,' interrupted Mrs. Gay.

'How do you make that out, my love?'

'Twenty-five cents for the empty barrel — if the head is whole!'

'Pon my honor, my dear, you are an ornament to your sex! Where did you learn such domestic economy? Here we've been married nearly a year, and I never suspected such a thing before.'

'Necessity, dear Bill, and the high price of Honiton lace and whale-bone, have taught me several severe lessons.'

'*Dear Bill!*' — if she had only made this last word in the plural number and not used a capital letter to commence it with, she would have hit it exactly.

'Well, to return to these rolls, you must tell the waiter, to tell the cook, to tell the baker's boy, to tell the baker, that unless he increases his rolls, we shall decrease our *rôles* as customers.'

'I am afraid that pretty speech would be lost on Mr. Stieffelblitz, but I will see that he is told to send larger loaves and rolls.' And thus the subject was dismissed for that day. The course of breakfasts, like true love, seldom rolls smooth, and it is not therefore astonishing that a few days afterward Mr. Gay, coming down to breakfast, again found small rolls on the table.

'More bread-pills, my dear! I thought old Snigglesfitz ——'

'Stieffelblitz, my love,' interrupted Mrs. Gay, who knew 'Dutch' up to the handle.

'Old Stingyfits, then, intended to mend his ways, enlarge his rolls, re-construct his twists, and all that and so on.'

'Yes, my dear, I called in person at the baker's the other morning in the carriage, after attending Mary Teafite's wedding reception; had Mr. Stieffelblitz come out to the carriage, it was quite an undertaking for him, he weighs twice as much as you do ——'

'So he ought to, with flour at eight dollars, and he selling it at ——'

'— and when he came out I spoke to him in German ——'

'We gaits, my schoeny Dytcher!' interrupted Mr. Gay, quizzically.

'I spoke to him grammatically and correctly, my dear; and the good fat man was so delighted that he promised we should have no further cause for complaint, and until this morning, you must acknowledge there was an improvement in the size of the rolls.'

'Why, Kitty, my dear, you have energy — I like that! What a blessed man I am! every day I find out some new and adorable quality in you. As I used to say a year ago, when I was young, and wild, and dissipated — you are a brick! Pour me out another cup of coffee, 'swy glass lager!' and I'll give you a kiss before I go down-town. I'll call on Stealoffbits myself, it's on my way, and reason with him. Tell him the papers are beginning to grumble ——'

'You can't frighten him that way. He's used to it; it's a habit of the papers to have periodical spasms about small loaves; nothing ever comes of it. You say you are going to reason with him! Why, my dear, the few German words I spoke to him the other day were better reasons with him than all the logic you could find in Whately — that dry old book we used to study at school.'

'Excellent!' said Mr. Gay, 'I too, will go and talk German with him!'

'O Bill!' and here Kitty gave herself up to a long and hearty laugh. 'You an't in earnest?'

'I'm going to talk Dutch with this old Stiffasbricks, sure as you're born! I'm going to talk his rolls into twice, yes thrice their present size. You see if I won't!'

'How absurdly you talk, Bill! You don't know two dozen words of German. How can you expect to argue with that amount of capital, as father used to say?'

'It is n't the number of words you use in argument, but the powerful reasons that win the victory. That same Whately, that dry old book, would have taught you that. Now, I distinctly assert, that the power of argument I intend using with old Squizzlewig, will blow these rolls into rolls as are rolls — twice as large as they now.'

'I'll bet you!' said Kitty. Those were her very words. Remember, reader, that Mrs. Gay was only in her twentieth year, had no family; a very lively, jolly, good-natured husband; moreover, that this conversation was 'at home,' where young married people act and talk as they please! 'I'll bet you our trip to Saratoga you don't! And if you *do*, why we'll go and spend the summer with father, up in the country.'

'Done,' said Mr. Gay; 'I take that bet and book it. And now, I'm off for Sizzlejig and large rolls, down-town, and business. But I think I told you I would give you something before I started.' And suiting his conduct to his speech, (new reading!) Mr. Gay, approaching Mrs.

Gay, bestowed a smack, sounding like the warning *crack* of the postilion's whip as he dashes into the busy streets of a bustling town.

'The idea of my arguing with a Dutchman!' thought Mr. Gay. 'Well, if that is n't excessively rich, I lose my guess, that's all. I might as well try to put up a rail-fence by argument as move that man by any reasoning I can make use of; but let's see, here we are. Nice clean little house; front-door open; glass-window in the wall at the side of the entry. Loaves and tallies in sight.

'Herrmann Stieffblitz.'

· B A K E R .

'That's the sign. And there's the old Dutchman in person. How can he ever get out of that house through any common-sized door? He's a second-rate Daniel Lambert.' At this point of Mr. Gay's meditations, Herr Stieffblitz's voice came rolling out of the window, deep, full, sonorous, clear; he was speaking to some one in the back part of the house. What a voice for a fish-woman! I think I hear him singing for her: 'Bass, O!' After this, Mr. Gay entered the baker's shop.

'Good morning, Mr. Stieffblitz. You supply Mr. Gay's family in Dash street, with bread——'

'Ah! yaw. S'bly Mis'r Kay mit brate.'

'The rolls are very small.'

'Och! nott so varree schmol: te vlour pin so varree 'igh!'

'Yes, but it's cheaper now, much cheaper; and I want you to make them larger. My wife—Mrs. Gay——'

'Herr Gott, ter Missus Kay pin your wife? So! bote she is sehr schoën, varree fine letty. Ach Himmel, bote she spakes ter charman so goot!'

'We gaits mine leeber!' spoke Mr. Gay at this juncture, ambitious of airing his Black-Dutch.

It would be an act of injustice to Mr. Stieffblitz to say he laughed on hearing Mr. Gay, for that might imply only a movement in his face, whereas his great joy and delight extended down to his slippers and up to the crown of his head. He laughed all over, so heartily, so generously, that two little chimney-sweepers passing along the street—under charge of a decayed 'cullud gemman,' far gone in green spectacles and a long wand with a gold head, or at least a brass door-knob highly polished—also caught the laugh, and kept it up till out of sound, as well as sight.

'Good!' added Mr. Gay, 'and now that we are all Dutch together, I want to tell you somethings,' (the idiom was affecting him!) 'You make the rolls all so good, one size quite large! Kreutz donnerwetter! Then you put them in the oven, good! Aber Hair Yasoos! the draft is so strong that a great deal of the flour in them flies up chimney, and when you take them out of the oven they are so small!' pointing to several very diminutive rolls lying on the counter.

Herr Stieffblitz appeared in a dark-brown study; he carefully watched Mr. Gay's face: he could see no trace of any joking there, only a steady, satisfactory, trusting belief in the theory he advanced.

'Ter Herr Kay is rite; dere am too crate traft to dem chimmalees.'

'Now listen, Hair Stieffelblitz. I want you have a fine sieve put up so that the flour won't go up chimney any more. I want you to have your rolls just twice as large as they are now, and if next July when you send in your bill, you really find you have not saved any thing by keeping the flour from being drawn up! why, add twenty-five per cent to the amount of my bill, and I will willingly pay it, rather than see you suffer unjustly, by having people suppose the flour did *not* go up chimney!'

The Herr (mann!) Stieffelblitz here saw the intense fun of the thing — at least a part of it; the rest he studied out in the course of a week, and an explosion of laughter followed, threatening all the panes of glass in the neighborhood. A week after this, in one of the morning papers, there was a shocking article on a slight earthquake, felt in a certain portion of the city. On tracing up this rumor it was found to have come from the neighbors of Mr. Stieffelblitz. For the especial benefit of gentlemen having accounts current with weather, shocks, and so on, we must correct this rumor. It was not an earthquake but a Dutchquake that took place. Herr Stieffelblitz, waking up at mid-night, a week after his interview with Mr. Gay, suddenly saw the full force of this gentleman's argument, and bursting into a roar of laughter, 'shook the adjacent earth with the intenseness of his mirth.'

In justice to some body, let us conclude by saying that the rolls were doubled in size after this talk, at least those that Mr. Gay received, and no additional twenty-five per cent was made in his July bill. Mrs. Gay lost her bet, and has had the greatest curiosity to this day to find out 'how Bill, who only knows two dozen words of German, could do so much with them!' Mr. Gay has repeatedly assured her that he found them 'amply sufficient,' assisted as they were by a POWERFUL ARGUMENT!

S O N N E T .

TO A W UNAPPRECIATED PORT.

How like a vanquished game-cock's, noble bard!
 Thy sleepless eye, serenely stern and sad,
 Flashes beneath thy napless Shocking-Bad;
 Fortune's deserted babe, the Muses' ward,
 The single-shirted, and the evil-starred!
 Thy seedy garment buttoned to the chin,
 Thy redolence of genius and of gin,
 Thy haggard features, 'bearded like the pard,'
 All move my heart to deepest throes of grief;
 The callow fancies in thy brain that fledge
 Like hungry chickens chirp and ask relief:
 I see thee tottering on destruction's edge
 And I must speak, and must my speech be brief:
 Neglected brother! sign the Temperance Pledge.

E. P. F

Washington, (D. C.)

S T A N Z A S : ' G O D B E L O W . '

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM AND HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS.

I.

LEAD me in paths of love, let the soft rays
 Of heavenly gladness light my onward way,
 And may my heart be ever tuned to praise
 The mercy that has kept me day by day :
 Oh ! may I never swerve from THEE aside :
 Be THOU my constant and untiring guide.

II.

Lead me in paths of joy, so may the light
 Of inward happiness upon me shine ;
 That I may walk with THEE in garments white,
 Showing to all around that I am THINE :
 Oh ! let me follow where THY feet have trod,
 And draw me daily nearer THEE, my GOD.

III.

Lead me in paths of peace, my SAVIOUR GOD,
 Oh ! lead me home into THY perfect rest ;
 Though rugged be the steps that make the road,
 Still let my heart with calm delight be blest ;
 That so, with faith serene and undismayed,
 My soul may pass through sorrow's darkest shade.

IV.

Lead me in paths of truth : e'en here below,
 Grant THOU some knowledge of THY ways to me ;
 Though strange at times they *seem*, yet make me know
 That THOU art perfect truth ; ever in THEE
 Let all my trust be placed, that I may win
 The victory triumphant over Sin.

V.

Lead me in gentle paths safe to THY fold :
 Kind SHEPHERD, in THINE arms let me be borne ;
 Heal with THY love, whose strength may not be told.
 The wounds which Sin within my heart hath torn :
 Increase in me THY spirit more and more,
 Until the warfare of this life be o'er.

VI.

Lead me to THEE, the Life, the Truth, the Way :
 Oh ! let the guerdon striven for be won ;
 Approaching nearer to the end each day,
 Soon shall the heavenly race be fully run ;
 Through THEE, O SAVIOUR ! be the victory given,
 In THEE, my happiness be found in Heaven.

MAY.

E L L A S - L A N D .

NUMBER ELEVEN.

POOR in manner was your father's part of the interview with Mr. Standish, and poor in spirit. Loving and open-hearted as he would choose to be in all things concerning Ella, the avenues to his better nature were closed at the approach of this new experience, as are shut doors and windows at the approach of a storm. Nor was it altogether a fearful or unhappy approach; he was not displeased to hear its sounds upon the roof, to see it patter upon the windows. But the memory of it is not sweetened by a single consciousness of acting well. A farther postponement of the rehearsal, however, would be the beginning of a reserve more, far more, irksome than the acknowledgment of one's faults.

I think my last account of Mr. Standish left him stiffly and uneasily seated upon a sofa, while, with equal uneasiness and stiffness, I was reading Friend Rachel's letter. The next thing was to lead the conversation upon a variety of indifferent topics, but none in which Ella was even remotely involved. Your father ungracefully avoided expressing any interest to hear of his daughter. For any thing said or hinted by him, he might have been childless and solitary as a blasted tree. Mr. Standish's replies to all these topics were brief and almost impatient. At length I touched upon the incidents of his journey, which he appeared to think were a shade nearer to being relevant.

'This being your first trip to the West,' I inquired, 'you probably took a peep at Niagara?'

'A very hurried one,' was the reply.

'Perhaps,' said I, 'you intend returning to it. One does not fairly experience its best effects at a glance.'

'Never!' said Mr. Standish. 'I never will again go near it. I was eager to see it. My ears were intent to catch the first sound of its eternal unrest. But it is only another form of drama, in which the forces of Nature represent a troubled and unhappy existence. One sees enough of that sort of thing.'

'Here,' said I to myself, 'is a young fellow, trying to hang a moral to Niagara Falls. It would be comparatively a sublime adventure to tie a tin-can to a dog's tail, or a string of fire-crackers to a donkey's ears.' I sat perfectly silent to know what he would say next.

'One sometimes feels the flow of a great tide, which might be deep and tranquil, and bear safely on its bosom all the freightage of life. Presently its channel becomes rough and uncertain; the stream plunges and breaks upon hidden rocks: it falls into an abyss.'

'I wonder,' thought I to myself, 'whether he has it written out. Here I have blundered upon the very topic which he means to manoeuvre upon till he comes to the point, as it were his parade-ground. Very well. He has gone over the falls. He will now seek to land himself.

But no ; I will jump aboard and scull him down the stream. I said :

'That mode of getting down is certainly very prompt, but soon over with. It enables the stream to 'define its position.' The water of Niagara is the water of Lake Ontario, and is covered with the tracks of travel and commerce.'

'I am told,' said Mr. Standish, 'that the occupations of life are mostly afloat upon a smooth upper surface, stagnated from more lively currents, bordered with wrecks, *debris*, and scum.'

'There are to be sure,' I replied, 'turbid and unhealthy appearances on the upper borders of the lake, but as you approach its broad bosom, and especially toward its outlet in the St. Lawrence, it is pure and beautiful.'

'The St. Lawrence,' said Mr. Standish, 'is a free and spreading current, flowing among green islands, leaping among rocks, gradually becoming broader and broader, till it reaches the perfect freedom of the ocean ; but until it reaches the ocean, its shores are obdurate, and its bed uneasy.'

'Now,' thought I, 'his stream has run out. He cannot very well get back over the rapids. I will fix on a moral that shall fasten him as tight as the canal-locks, and send him floating outward.'

'Herein,' I said, 'I think I see your meaning. Vivacious youth ; tranquil middle-life ; lively and green old age ; sublime eternity : all the stages of life guided by a superintending Providence, flowing with religious strength and fidelity toward rest and peace.'

'Perhaps so,' Mr. Standish replied. 'At least it might be something of the kind : a noble spirit flowing powerfully on ; broken, dashed, engulfed, enshlmed, muddled ; stagnated and called beautiful, perhaps useful ; then starting again down its descent, with a tranquil flow, between verdant shores, but rock-bound, internally perturbed, and at last mingled with the old brine, drifting sea-weeds and refuse of all the centuries. Such a fate, the highest courage, the most undaunted will, the noblest soul, combat in vain. The fiercest agony of conflict produces only roar and spray. The rainbow, if the sun shines above, is for spectators only. The troubled stream of a dark fate hurries on. I have dreamed of Niagara. I have thought that strife were noble, that I would combat fate ; but one glance at that roaring chasm, and its fearful pools, wearied me for life. I would prefer a quiet retreat, tranquil scenes, and repose. The little brook, winding through meadows, laying the roots of cowslips, finding its way noiseless to the end, is far more pleasing than that wintry roar of torment.'

'Presto !' thought I. 'Here he is again, at the head of navigation : back at a jump, over rapids, and morals, and the old Harry knows what : clear back to the very point. He is a fellow that permits himself to sculled down stream but does not stay. He talks like a Sophomore ; like a Virginian ; like a book ! The object of all this was plain enough, and I knew very well, that as a gentleman, I ought to have aided him to approach the subject of his errand. But I felt a perverse pleasure in leading off the conversation into channels remote from his

purpose. Those legends of the bottomless pit, which represent Satan as turning his victims on a spit, or holding them in torment on the fork of his tail, appear no longer incredible. I had Mr. Standish, as it were, in my power. I turned first one side to the fire, and then the other. I roasted and tormented him. Perhaps no man ever performed a meaner thing than I did, in affecting to put a business construction upon his professed love of retirement and quiet.

'In that event,' said I, 'the business of teaching would probably be congenial and pleasant. The West offers to teachers a most inviting field.'

'Excuse me,' replied Standish, with impatience only partially suppressed. 'My occupation is chosen; but if it were not, teaching is one of the last things I would do for bread. It is essentially an inferior calling. It is almost a mechanical process. The mind obtains knowledge of the branches taught, and the modes of explanation; then day after day, and year after year, rehearses the same formula. It is like travelling round and round at the end of a sweep.'

'In some branches, however, it seems to me,' said I, 'the mental process is exceedingly interesting. The deaf and dumb, the blind, the idiotic, require instruction, and afford opportunities of investigation in the most primitive and elementary rudiments, so to speak, of mind. What can be more interesting or instructive than to watch the dawning upon a human mind of the idea of a SUPREME BEING? The gardener who watches the germination of his seeds sees DEITY as plainly as the astronomer who traces the journey of the stars. They travel in opposite directions around the circle of truth, but their paths coincide: they both become simple-hearted as children, humble, devout.'

'It is all very well for the unfortunates themselves,' said Mr. Standish, 'but it seems to me like throwing away good minds to improve those which never can be good. The sound mind loses much to help the diseased one a little. It may be an interesting sight to behold the dawning of an idea of the SUPREME BEING on such a mind; but to the mind itself, the dawning of the idea of the letter A is just as portentous: the notion of a comma to such a mind, appears to produce as much joy as the notion of DEITY. The gardener and astronomer both seek the possible, the true, and they find it. But in the case supposed is an attempt against God and nature to convert a burdock into a marigold, or to transform an *ignis fatuus* into a planet.'

Here the conversation, or rather debate, for it assumed something of that character, came to a halt. I waited for him, and he waited for me. After an embarrassing pause, he inquired if Rachel had written me the object of his journey?

'She wrote me,' said I, 'that you have thought of seeking a home in the West, and a field for the practice of your profession.'

Another pause ensued, and increased embarrassment of manner.

'Is that the only object she explained to you?'

It was my turn to be perplexed. I said it was not the only object she mentioned. Another pause ensued. Mr. Standish rose, made a few steps toward the door, paused, and said:

'I perceive that the only subject I wish to speak about is not an agreeable one to you. In that fact I find my answer. I came to bring an offering, poor enough in itself, but which implies all that one can value, of hope, or pride, or sensibility. A kind word from you would have established every thing that is uncertain in my character or my aims. It would have almost humbled me with an immeasurable gratitude. The word is not spoken. I see only indifference and pride. I did not think I could bear it, but I find there is another pride as obdurate as your own.'

With this language he bowed himself out. Was there ever worse taste than that? In his manner the expression of defiance was perceptible; but he obviously struggled with a sense of discomfiture and wounded pride. Through his suffering gleamed a stern and fierce resolution to suppress it. I relented so much as to follow him down the gravel walk, and overtake him at the gate. My design was to reopen the subject, deal kindly and frankly with him, and restore, as far as possible, his wounded self-respect. But when I reached him, I was conscious that I assumed a manner somewhat cold and magisterial.

'Perhaps I owe you an apology, Mr. Standish,' said I, 'for avoiding the subject you came to talk about; but I confess it seemed to me premature and out of place. Ella is young and at school. You are not yet established in your profession. This fancy may and probably will pass away. Such an arrangement as you seek would be an encumbrance to both of you. I do not know what she herself would say to it, but I know that at her age she cannot choose intelligently. She has seen little of the world, and her taste is immature. Let us be friends, Mr. Standish, but let us drop this subject. Some years hence, if you both live, will be early enough to renew it. She will then be more likely to have her views formed. In the end, Mr. Standish, Ella will decide all such questions for herself.'

'May I infer from this,' inquired Mr. Standish, 'that you do not forbid me to hope for success; that your objections to me personally are not insuperable?'

'How could I have personal objections to you? My dear Sir, I do not know you. I doubt if you know yourself. It is very kind of you to think so highly of us, and to offer to stake your happiness on that opinion. I hope you will continue to think of us as friends. I shall tell Ella all you have said, all that has taken place, and I shall tell her that it is a vagary not to be seriously thought of. But I hope, Mr. Standish, you may be successful in your profession. I shall always be glad to hear of your good fortune.'

'If I do struggle and do succeed, may I then come back and renew this topic?'

'That must be as the future shall determine. You are at perfect liberty. I am at perfect liberty. Ella is at perfect liberty. There let the subject drop.'

'But I am not at liberty,' said Standish. 'I am nearly disgusted with life and tired of it. This one object alone seems to me worth living for. If I work it will be for this. If I hope it will be for this. Please tell Ella this also. She is free, perfectly free. If I live, and

if I succeed, so that I can come back with health and triumph, she will hear from me. But if I meet with discouragements, and things look gloomy, she will hear of me no more. If I achieve victory, I will ask her to share it. If I fail, I will die and make no sign.'

'And I will also tell her,' said I, 'that you are just as liable as other folks to change your mind.'

Upon this we parted. I do not well perceive how an interview on such a subject could have been more stiffly and preposterously conducted, or how it could end with less satisfaction to either party. He would either talk in monosyllables, or make speeches and arguments. The more I thought of it, the more I was dissatisfied. Toward evening I called at his hotel, and took him riding about the city; and finally took him again to *Ellas-land*. Meanwhile, Elwood Nathans, Emily, Father Green, and Mr. Heminway the elder, the Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., and Antinous Weaver, were informally invited to a sociable cup of tea.

Mr. Antinous Weaver is a person whom you do not know. He has come among us since you left. I shall have occasion to mention him more than once. You will perceive that this company must have been selected under a malign influence; it was incongruous in itself, and as badly as possible adapted to confer pleasure on Mr. Standish.

None of them knew the object of Mr. Standish's visit, unless it were Father Green and Emily. After receiving Friend Rachel's letter, Father Green and I had a conversation which commenced at or during tea-time, and lasted till

'The wee sma' hours ayant the twal.'

I have no recollection of telling him any thing about this matter. Your mother sometimes shows him Friend Rachel's letters concerning you, but is under the impression she did not show him the one referring to Mr. Standish. Both your mother and myself agreed to keep the matter strictly to ourselves, and neither of us can recollect any departure from this agreement. But some how or other, Father Green has seemed to know all about the affair ever since that evening. It is true as a general rule, that what Father Green knows, in affairs of sentiment, whether of love or religion, Emily knows. But they are both very discreet. When Emily reached *Ellas-land*, she took your mother's hand and kissed her tenderly, as if something mournful had happened, and said:

'I do hope, my dear friend, that this — that nobody will be much pained or discouraged.'

Your mother said nothing. A drop trembled one moment on her eye-lid, and was with a smile brushed away. Seeing this, Emily's eyes filled and overflowed, and then she laughed. She and your mother retreated to some of the bureaux in another part of the house, and looked at some 'things.' I think there was a piece of new fringe in the house, and something on which the fringe was expected to be sewed.

When I drove up to *Ellas-land* with Mr. Standish, it happened that no one was in sight but Father Green, who met us at the gate. I introduced them to each other. Father Green said to me that in case I

had any thing requiring my attention for a short time, he would show Mr. Standish the grounds, and endeavor to entertain him. What now ? thought I to myself. They were soon absorbed in a conversation of their own. I am not obliged to tell you how I know what they said, not being myself present ; but I do know. It has always been to me a matter of wonder and surprise, how easily Father Green will unlock a person. Whether he carries a different key for each person, or unlocks every body with the same skeleton-key, I do not know. The keys never jingle in his hands or pocket ; but a greater burglar, opening the closed rooms of every body's hearts, I never saw. One frequently thinks, here is a lock which none but the maker can open ; and watches the process when an effort is made to open it. Father Green comes along, and lo ! there is no effort, no process at all, but the book opens as it were of itself. Perhaps he is in the confidence of the great lock-maker.

'And so,' said he to Mr. Standish, 'you are about to embark on a career. I am glad of it. I love to see a vessel set sail and put to sea. I am absolutely glad to get acquainted with you. How did you leave Friend Rachel ?' My dear Sir, Friend Rachel is a pure woman, a pleasant woman, a good woman——'

'A motherly, noble old soul !' interjected Standish.

'Good ! you love her !' said Father Green, seizing his hand. 'I love her. Ye or you love her. He, she, or it loves her. We love her. They love her, and I think God loves her. That's just what she is, exactly ! A motherly, noble old soul. Were your legs often under her mahogany !'

'It's not mahogany at all,' said Mr. Standish. 'It's a plain pine table. Not much of goods or pelf has Friend Rachel, but her table is like herself, and her house very unadorned and inexpensively provided. No, I was not much there, and perhaps fortunately. In her plain garments, and with her countenance full of affection, self-respect, and inward rest, she seemed to me so serene and grand, that not the white-armed Hēzē, nor any other myth was ever such fit companion for the gods. It was rest and replenishment to cross her threshold : what business had I in that atmosphere of rest and peace ? What motive for ambition and strife, when all that is capable of giving content lies before that heavenly soul without money and without price ?'

'Tell me also,' said Father Green, 'about Ella. Was she there ? Is she well ? Is she handsome ? How does she fill out, as they say ? Is she intelligent ?'

'Yes !' answered Mr. Standish. 'She was there !'

'Well ! I long to see Ella,' said Father Green. 'She was a favorite here. I loved her very much. I shall be glad when she comes back to her friends.'

'I think she has friends there,' said Miles. 'Nobody would allow harm to reach her. Ella is as well known there as here. Nobody that sees her forgets her. Her manners are so gentle, and her heart so unselfish, that were she sick, her bed would be surrounded with unpaid nurses, competing for the pleasure of losing their sleep for her.'

'Good !' said Father Green. 'I believe that. But you do not tell

me how she looks. I thought she would look well, not perhaps beautiful, but something near it.'

'I never thought about her looks,' said Mr. Standish. 'Now that I reflect upon it, I believe she is fine-looking. I like her very much; but I confess I had thought chiefly of her agreeableness generally. She is the most agreeable person I ever met.'

'I see then,' said Father Green, that you are a friend of hers. I will tell you that I am a friend of her friends. What you have said already makes me know that I shall like you. A young man of good courage, and good principles, and good hopes, and good dispositions, is to me an object of interest. Here is a voyage across a broad ocean which nobody crosses but once. I remember my own outfit, my commodity of ambitions, hopes, principles, dreams, and so forth; what a flutter and triumph I felt when, the sails first given to the wind, I saw the craft leaving shore and moving into the unknown! I am now far on my voyage. Every new craft that I see starting, especially if well rigged, I follow with vague hopes and fears. What rocks, what ice-bergs, what gulf streams, what islands, and monsters of the deep, may be found! What bays may open their green arms to receive him; what tropical fruits, what enchantments! Well, Sir, nobody can sail the vessel for you, but I wish you well, I do indeed.'

'Perhaps you may be willing to give me a chart of that part of the journey over which you have sailed,' said Mr. Standish.

'No, my friend, the journey is all written in water. No one can learn of another. One moves on, opening up new regions of discovery, combating storms and the like; he thinks he has learned something valuable, and wishes to tell it; but just when he has learnt it, he finds every body else has learnt it, except those who might be benefited by the knowledge, and they never will learn except by experience. No, Sir! It is a journey of every man for himself. The great secret, I think, is, not to convey too much freight, not to load the vessel. I know that I had a rough time, and must, I think, have gone down but for throwing overboard every thing I had.'

'Principles, and hopes, and all?' inquired Mr. Standish.

'Every thing!' said Father Green. 'Nor do I think I lost any thing. I am satisfied the stuff I started with would be of no value in the port of destination. none.'

'That being so,' said Mr. Standish, 'I am as well off as others. I start empty. I can hardly say I have no principles, but of hopes I am empty.'

'Hold!' said Father Green. 'Of hopes empty! Quite an uncommon start. Is there no hope, none? No hope of wealth, of fame, of happiness? Above all, is there no name which brings a slightly quicker pulsation, no existence which, added to yours, would complete it! Nothing down in the hidden caverns of your heart which breathes of love!'

'The voyage,' replied Standish, 'presents itself to me as absolutely dreary. Nothing that could enliven it is left to me. Any dreams of the kind you name, I am forbidden to indulge. I start under bare poles, without object, or compass, or rudder.'

'In very truth?' inquired Father Green, pressing Standish's hand. 'I will change the figure. One expects an old tree to lose its foliage, but to see a young, vigorous growth stripped of all its leaves, is painful. I have no right to your confidence, but if life looks dark, I would be glad to be your friend.'

Mr. Standish, I have reason to believe, confided all his troubles and wishes to Father Green. Their conversation ended, they came back to the house hand-in-hand like two children.

The Rev. Mr. Motherwort did not appear, and there was nobody to shade the occasion. Mr. Standish being introduced, Mr. Nathans said:

'Standish! Standish! are you a descendant of Miles Standish of the Puritans?'

'I have seen the Standish family tree,' said Mr. Standish; 'our branch grows behind the other branches, and only its extreme twigs are visible. I believe I am one of those twigs.'

'That is to say,' said Mr. Heminway, 'your Standish blood runs like spring-water in a lime-stone country, most of the way under ground? It falls into a seam or cavern near the spring, and runs in the dark?'

'So that,' answered Miles, 'when it comes to the surface, you cannot tell what spring it comes from.'

'I am sorry to observe,' said I, intending to be playful, but making an entire failure, 'that your family is consumptive. Rose Standish died of consumption.'

'*But she came over!*' said Miles. 'She was frail and feeble, and she was beautiful. Nevertheless, she had constancy to brave an unknown sea, and a hostile wilderness. I would consent to inherit her consumption, on condition of also inheriting her brave and trusting spirit. Rose Standish came over!'

'*She came over!*' said Father Green, improving the fine animation of Miles's manner when speaking of the heroism of Rose Standish. 'The brave Col. Miles Standish looked upon his Rose, about to wither. Who can tell the result if she had refused to come? Perhaps the Colonel himself would have staid back. His strong heart flinching might have excused others. There might have been no Mayflower, nor any Plymouth Rock.'

'With deference,' said Mr. Heminway, 'since Mr. Standish claims so little of that blood, I am under the impression the world might have been spared a great deal of cant and talking through the nose, if Rose Standish had staid in England.'

'They buried her,' said Father Green, 'on that wintry coast where the winds and waves come moaning from the Equator and the Arctic seas; but there went forth a tide of population up into the land throughout from sea to sea, whose reflux waves roll back upon Plymouth coast, and mingle their endless praise for the memory of Rose Standish with the rhythm of the winter seas and the summer seas.'

'That's jest exactly what they do,' said Mr. Antinous Weaver, 'and every one on 'em spends nigh upon a quarter, tradin' for pieces of such, or goin' to see the picters in Plymouth Hall. Rose Standish started a

new line of trade. If she had n't a come over, that rock mightent a been worth a dime, or a red cent. It would a been an old dirty boulder.'

'My friends!' said Father Green, 'let us taste wine temperately. Let us taste to the memory of Rose Standish, who, though frail and feeble, nevertheless *came over* — ROSE STANDISH *came over*!'

'Look not upon the wine when it is red,' said Rev. Mr. Motherwort, in a sepulchral voice, which suspended our glasses in mid-air. A kind Providence had caused him to reach the house just in time to lay his face upon our exuberance of spirit. 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.'

'Jess so!' said Mr. Antinous Weaver; 'that's scripiter. But this wine an't red. It's nary red. Buy the red stuff anywhere for fifty cents a bottle. Can't get this short of a dollar; but it pays a good profit at a dollar.'

'Friends!' said Father Green, 'we are sorry not to have the approbation of Mr. Motherwort. He comes late, and does not understand us. Let us drink the wine, and then explain. Mr. Motherwort, this is to the memory of Rose Standish, who *came over*.'

The glasses were emptied.

Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., felt constrained to say that since the event had passed, however much he regretted it, he would not run the risk of saying any thing more to mar the festivity; but he believed if the spirit of Rose Standish were present, as it might be —

Rap! — rap! — rap! went the under side of the table near Father Green. This unexpected occurrence caused Mr. Motherwort's eyes to protrude, as if his cravat had been tighter than common, and, I must acknowledge, startled us all.

Mr. Motherwort had the floor. 'These raps may be a device of Satan. Sure am I that spiritual rapping is a delusion, so far as they may be imputed to any divine origin.' (Rap! — rap! — rap!)

This repetition of knocks under the table caused universal surprise.

'My idea was,' continued Mr. Motherwort, with pertinacity, 'that the spirits of departed friends may become warning voices, (Rap! — rap! — rap!) and be invisibly present. And if the spirit of Rose Standish were now present, I think it would admonish you as I did: 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.''

Here followed a close inspection of the table, without making any discovery. Mr. Antinous Weaver summed up as follows:

'Wal now! I'll be hanged if that an't curious. I tell *you* if I could make that thing go, jest accordin' to Gunter, it might do an amazin' deal of good. It would be worth followin' for a livin'. Now! I tell *you*, I allers thought I had my eye-teeth cut, (Rap! — rap! — rap!) *but* (looking with great perplexity at the table) if there did n't any body *do* that, I should raily like to know how it happened. Look here, Mister!'

This appeal was made to Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., as a new idea struck the enterprising brain of Mr. Weaver.

'Look here, Mister! a man feels want of ejjycation sometimes. If this thing'll *work* right, if it's the real grit, it would make lecters go off

like griddle-cakes. I'll go you halves on it. You shall be the professor, and I'll tend to business management? I'll go it.'

Rap! — rap! — rap!

'Cre-e-e-a-m t-a-r-ter!' ejaculated Weaver. 'It'll knock camp-meetings all hollow! Convert a whole county at six-pence a head, and make a good thing of it. Warrant 'em done brown or no trade!'

Rap! — rap! — rap!

Mr. Weaver subsided in overwhelming astonishment, whispering to himself in long-drawn accents:

'S-a-int He-le-na-a!'

I am not able to explain those raps. I thought your brother was less impressed than some of us. If contrived by him, it must have been done for a general experiment, and not for that special occasion, and he has disclosed nothing. If contrived by your brother, Father Green was undoubtedly in his confidence; but if Father Green knew about it, although he might have consented to see the trick played for amusement, he would have explained it afterward, unless constrained by some governing motive to withhold an explanation for a short time. You know he would not become a party to a trick. As yet no disclosures have been made. It is a mystery. Your mother and Emily were so much affected by the unexpected raps, in connection with current reports of supernatural communications in the neighborhood, they were in danger of no longer being good company for the evening.'

Father Green said:

'This is certainly an unusual event. If it be one of those rappings reported to be caused by supernatural influence, then we are in the presence of unseen spirits, but I suppose we are in the presence of unseen spirits always. The only difference between now and other times is that these invisible influences have chosen a physical mode of signifying their presence. This mode of action does not impress me. I receive with greater profit the influences of spirit-land which come in silence, perhaps in solitude. But let us, as children say, *play* that Rose Standish is here. I would rise this way and reverently make her a little speech:

'Gentle Rose, forever dear and honored! You have bestowed upon the world a benefaction, a sweet and pure example of womanhood. You sought only the regards of one brave man, on whom fortune smiled not; whose life you sweetened and adorned. Turning away from friends and ease, loving one God and one husband, you cast your life upon the darkness of an obscure fate. Yet are you famous; honored above your sex, and the love of thronging generations waits upon you.'

Father Green resumed his seat, appealing to Emily to repeat some lines of Mr. Tupper, which she had read to him; and being thus called out, she recited with earnest simplicity and feeling:

'A man's heart is a sacrifice to heaven; should it stoop among the creepers in the dust,
To tell them that what God approves is worthy of their praise?
Never shall it heed the thought! But flaming on in triumph to the skies,
And quite forgetting fame, shall find it added as a trophy.'

'Is the play ended?' said Mr. Hemmaway.

'It is ended,' said Emily.

'Thar's a great Yankee brag in that play. This yer notion of the Pilgrims I go in for. They are a 'cute people,' (speaking through his nose.) Now let us have something *national*. Let us play Pocahontas, and 'Old Virginny never tire.''

After due attention to Pocahontas, the company separated.

On this occasion Father Green multiplied himself and helped us through all difficulties. I almost enjoyed the evening. I think we have now got rid of Mr. Standish. Father Green agreed upon a correspondence with him, and secured him two or three business agencies, not lucrative but encouraging. I regard him as substantially off our hands and done with. The fellow appears to be well enough, after his kind, but I do not like him, that is to say, I wish he would mind his own business.

C A T U L L U S

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO UPON HIS RETURN TO HIS COUNTRY-HOUSE THERE.

O SIRMIO! thou sweetest gem
Of all peninsulas and isles!
Whether in lakes, or on the hem
Of ocean, decked in rippling smiles.

Oh! with what joy I look on thee!
And scarce believing it is true,
That safe I see thee now, and free
From Bith'nia and from Thynia too.

What joy is like release from care,
When the tired mind lays down its load.
And weary with its pilgrimage,
Comes to its own long-loved abode?

O joy o'erpaying peril's dread!
Beneath our household gods at last,
And on our own long longed-for bed,
Lay down and dream of labors past.

Hail, beauteous Sirmio! and rejoice,
Your lord returns: ah! nothing loth
He comes to thee: let every voice
That knows of rapture shout it forth.

Joy, every thing that lives and grows:
Joy, water of the Lydian lake;*
And every thing that laughter knows,
Within the house the joy partake!

* LAKE of Como.

AN EVENING PICTURE IN AUGUST.

BY H. C. ALEXANDER.

A COOL wind crisps the gliding brook,
And flutters round our leafy nook
With perfume bland and rare:
How sweet this rustic solitude,
How sweet the brooklet's interlude,
How calm this evening air!

No sound disturbs this peaceful dell,
Save the sweet chime of distant bell,
And dripping water-fall;
And now and then a sober thrush
Pipes through the tangled underbrush,
And echo hears the call.

Below, the noiseless ripples flow,
And wash the bank where the violets blow.
And drench the cresses green;
The brown stones glimmer through the wave,
And gloom aneath the current grave,
O'er which the willows lean.

Hark! from the corn the partridge calls:
His mellow whistle sweetly falls
On the attempered air:
The light streams out from yonder hill,
And tints with more than limner's skill
A picture wondrous fair.

Seen through the copsewood lattice brown,
Yon sunny vale and breezy down,
And yonder hills of blue;
Yon grassy summit's sweeping rise,
And yonder liquid azure skies,
Make up an enchanting view!

Hark! the choir of rural praise
Swells the wind with artless lays,
Music of the skies!
Robins yonder in the grove,
Pipe their note of grateful love:
What a sweet surprise!

Here in this hollow cool recess,
Romantic little wilderness,
Caressed by woodland gales —
Let us return our note of praise
To HIM who lengthens out our days,
Ere this blest radiance pales.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER NINTH.

RESPECTABILITY.

THERE is nothing like binding up the wounds of others to make us forget our own. I found one more alone, more oppressed, more heart-broken than myself, and in soothing her I was soothed. Poor Lina! I felt when listening to her wailings that I had looked on the last degree of human wickedness and human suffering. In her cup there was nothing but bitterness, and in her sky not a ray of hope. If there was any indulgence she could obtain by art, deception, or falsehood, she did not scruple to avail herself of it. Her stratagems were her only diversion, and wicked as they were, one would scarcely have been willing to deprive her of the power of using them, for she must have sunk into idiocy, or been frenzied to madness, without some safety-valve for her pent-up passions. Aunt Dolly had a peculiar terror of ridicule, and was withal strongly tinged with superstition, and the spiritual knockers were a sad trial of her credulity. She had no idea of believing, however. 'She knew perfectly well that it was all the work of the devil or of his emissaries, or else there was nothing in it all.' She would not go to see any of the performances, for it was 'an awful sin.' 'God did not give human beings any such power, and the days of miracles were past.'

Intelligence came that one of her children was sick in a distant part of the country, and it was of course to her a proper occasion for manifesting great grief. I do not mean to say that she did not really grieve, but a nature so thoroughly selfish could not be made unhappy, except by something that affected personal comfort or some selfish indulgence. She wept, and she wept just the same if she could not have the carriage at any specified moment, or a new hat for any grand occasion.

It was evening, and the house was still. No tidings had come all day to relieve anxiety concerning the child. Aunt Dolly had sat up late and alone, and was resting her head against the marble mantel, thinking perhaps of her son, and perhaps of what she should wear the next day to church. But whatever occupied her mind, she was suddenly startled by three slow, distinct knocks, in a little room adjoining, where no human being slept, and where there could be no earthly noise.

She could not venture there alone, but called her husband; and not only the little room, but every other, great and small in the house, was examined. The servants were in bed; Lina fast asleep, and so entirely dead to every thing in the waking world, that a light held to her eyes did not make her start. Again all was still, although anxiety was not quite lulled, and they listened, dreading and yet almost hoping, that the mysterious sounds would be repeated. Fifteen minutes had

just elapsed, when slowly and distinctly came again three unearthly knocks. They did not sound as if the instrumentality were human: this time they knew it could not be, yet again they opened the door, where all was dark, and looked out into the hall, and up the stairs, where human footsteps could not evade detection, but they were not there. So they seated themselves by the fire in solemn silence, feeling that some evil portended, and this must be the premonition, and when the third time it came in the same form, they had no doubt. The last rap was made just as the clock struck eleven. In half-an-hour they retired, and sleep had fairly settled on their eyelids, when the whole house was startled by the ring of the door-bell. When it rang in the day, a servant attended to it, but at this time Lina only was expected to jump quick enough to answer its summons, and the jingle had scarcely ceased, when she appeared in the hall at the bottom of three flights of stairs, and with no manifestation of timidity demanded: 'Who's there?' 'A messenger to the gentleman of the house,' was the reply. She opened the door and took a letter containing a telegraphic dispatch, which she carried to her uncle's room, holding a light for him while he opened and read: 'Your son is dead.' Then, without betraying any emotion, she departed to her room. Who now could doubt the spiritual premonition?

A deep and abiding impression it made on the minds of the afflicted, which has never been effaced. The good woman was as sure now that it was the work of the Lorn, as she had previously been that it was the work of the devil. The next day she departed to attend the funeral of the lost one, and soon we heard that his spirit took its flight at precisely eleven o'clock on that Saturday evening.

When I descended to breakfast on Sunday morning, the strange events of the night were related to me, and it is not confessing one's self weak to say that such a marvellous coincidence seemed to me impossible upon any other principle than that of spiritual agency.

I listened solemnly, and solemnly believed. I did not see Lina till we were left alone, and the first moment she was without restraint in my presence, she exclaimed: 'What shall I do? If they should ever know what I did, they will kill me. Who would have believed any thing so dreadful could have happened?'

Without any idea to what she referred, I said: 'What has happened so dreadful?'

'You will never tell. You promise never to tell?'

'Certainly.'

'It was I that made the knockings. Just to think that I should happen to make them at the very moment when Samuel died. Why, I was frightened almost to death.'

'Lina!' said I. 'How could you do it undetected? How did you dare to practise such an imposition on Uncle Simeon, to say nothing of Aunt Dolly?'

'Oh! I thought it would be nice fun. They had said it was the devil so many times, I thought they would think, 'to be sure the devil has come,' and it would give Aunt Dolly something to talk about, so she

would n't scold for half a day. If only Samuel had n't died just then ! Dear me ! I almost believe the spirits sent me.'

'But how did you manage to come down-stairs and knock, and get back so fast asleep before you were seen ?'

I did not need to ask this question, for she was like a cat or a squirrel, an exemplification of omnipresence such as we never saw. There was no wall so thick that she could not see through it ; no barricade that did not echo every sound to her ears.

She waited till all were in bed but the one she wished to frighten : had every thing prepared beforehand, and ran down barefoot, entering the little room by a side-door, knocked, and ran to bed. They might have held ten blazing chandeliers before her eyes, and she would not have winked ; she had become so skilful in schooling her muscles to composure. She knew how to feign sleep, how to breathe, and needed only an instant in order to assume any attitude for sleeping or waking, necessary to her purpose. She heard them go all over the house, heard their remarks, but jumped as if it were a death-knell, when she heard the bell ring, for she was not prepared for any thing so entirely out of her programme. She stopped a moment to breathe before entering the presence-chamber, and resuming her stoicism, played her part so well that no suspicion rested upon her. She busied herself in all the mourning preparations, and heard the solemn warning discussed, and 'the wonderful designs of Providence,' without endangering herself by a trembling nerve. We thought to ourselves she would make an invaluable addition to the spiritual corps, whether in the body or out.

'But if they should ever know it,' she continued, 'what would become of me ?'

'I do not see how they can ever know it, unless some of your confederates in the ethereal world make it known. I am astonished at your audacity, but I shall not betray you, for sure I am it would be the last time you would have the privilege of knocking in this house. Just think of Aunt Dolly placed in such a ridiculous light by you !'

'I know it ; but would n't it be fun to hear her scold, after having found that the Lord had n't taken to knocking in order to warn her of calamities, after all ? What a knocking I should get !'

Poor child ! I was amused, and yet almost frightened at the exuberance and elasticity of her spirits. What a gay, blithe, happy creature she might have been made by kindness ! A sun-beam to lighten all the house.

For a few days at least, she enjoyed her freedom, going and coming whenever she pleased. She went to church, and a Hindoo could scarcely be more amazed than she, on entering the house of God, and a Hindoo could scarcely be more of a heathen as regarded all knowledge of the religion of the Bible. She had heard a chapter read, and a prayer made every morning since she had lived in the family, but scarcely knew the meaning of the form. Aunt Dolly invariably rose from her knees to utter — not curses, this would have been something within her definition of wrong, but every thing that stopped short of this, that was not actual profanity. Not to her servants, for they were independent, and would not stay where they were not kindly treated.

But it was a part of the discipline she considered necessary in the 'training of her children,' and it was a discipline from which they could not flee, although they writhed under it, and hated and loathed the author of it. They were gone now, and Lina was the only one on whom she dared pour out the venom which seemed to generate in her heart, and rise like the scum upon a seething cauldron, with this difference, that no clarifying process could diminish the slime.

One of her most oft-repeated reproaches to Lina, who was then fifteen, was, that she was so homely, so hateful, and so uninteresting, that she could never get married. 'You will be an old maid,' she would say, as the climax of scorn and hatred. In the next breath, perhaps, she would accuse her of wishing to run in the streets 'to be seen of men,' of manifesting desires which made her unfit for respectable companionship, and to the poor child it was a philosophy she could not comprehend, that to be married to a man was so necessary to respectability, but to think of one an unpardonable misdemeanor.

'Why is it,' she said one day, with a timidity which scarcely permitted the question, and a simplicity which was proof of her innocence. 'Why is it so disgraceful not to be married?'

'It is only disgraceful to vulgar minds, and nothing *should* be more disgraceful in the eyes of every woman than to be married in the way Aunt Dolly thinks respectable. What is the life she is living herself? What is the life to which she has compelled her youngest daughter, whom she educated with the same vulgar ideas? Yet it is, Lina, a sad life for a woman to live without love, without the exclusive, absorbing love which the devotion of one heart alone can give. But those who most appreciate it, who most need it, are often those who must spend life without it. A legal ceremony in the eyes of one so gross as your aunt, is all that is necessary to constitute a marriage: in the eyes of the law and society this is respectable, though the parties feel only aversion for each other; but in the eyes of God it is a crime.'

There could be nothing more gross and corrupting than the whole conversation, life, and associations of such a woman, and those whose society she enjoyed were of the same moral stamp. The young girl who was the frequent occupant of the sewing-room had attracted my attention, first for her quiet industry, and shrinking manners, and afterward from the allusions made to her by the pattern women who made her the subject of drawing-room scandal.

'What a fool a woman must be to think a man loves her till he has said so in so many words,' said Mrs. Pelham during a morning call, as I entered the room, in the midst of a *tête à tête* between herself and Aunt Dolly, of which poor Sarah Milford was the subject. Mrs. Pelham was a notable woman, very scrupulous about propriety in others as the way to impress the world that she was the pink of propriety herself. She married a widower with three children, because he offered himself to her in so many words, with no previous acquaintance, and because no lady else did, and her friends thought: 'On the whole she might as well have him: he was well off, and girls could not always stay at home; and she was not so young as she once was. She would be settled in

life, and women must n't expect perfection in a man, else they might as well make up their minds not to get married at all.'

Nobody will dispute that this is a good reason, and though it was whispered that she was not the happiest person in the world, nor the most amiable wife, she evidently thought it better to be Mrs. Pelham than Miss B., and infinitely more respectable to be married for any mercenary and grovelling motive than to remain single.

It was not for her to initiate us into the secrets of Sarah's heart, or the romance of her life : we knew it already. That James Riven loved her or professed to, was evident only to herself. She alone had felt the power of those stolen glances ; it was her hand alone he fondly pressed ; on her ear alone fell the soft accents that thrill the soul. He had not said to her in so many words, ' I love you,' but Love's most eloquent language is not words.

Many hours I had sat with her, but could only extract monosyllables from her lips, and in many ways had endeavored to assure her of my sympathy, but in vain. She felt that my position was above hers, and would not trust me. But there is a key to every heart, and I at length found the one which would unlock hers. It was a word, which has many times since proved the talisman for a similar purpose, and brought the crimson blush to her cheek, and made her tones tremulous. She saw that I was on the threshold, and started back with what a maiden often feels to be conscious guilt, when a stranger is permitted to look within her heart. But there was no need of fear, because I had found she had a true woman's heart. I loved her. Her cold manner had been assumed for concealment, and the indifference to all around her was in consequence of the intensity of her own thoughts and feelings. She had once enjoyed what society calls position, a position equal to that enjoyed by those who now spoke her name lightly, merely because she was deprived of it.

What can be more cruel than to judge a sensitive woman in a matter concerning which she must die rather than speak the truth ! She was loving one to be sure, who now said, ' He had never loved her, never thought of doing so.' But it was not for love that she was dying. How could she prove that what he said was false, or else that all his intercourse with her was a living falsehood ? The tones so eloquent are not uttered in the presence of others ; the looks so full of meaning are carefully guarded from the gaze of other eyes. In the purity of her heart she had trusted and been deceived, and was this something to blush for ? The world says, Yes, something to be imprisoned for, something to die for. But we shall venture for once to disagree with the world.

Mrs. Pelham was sure that no woman of proper self-respect and dignity, would be guilty of any thing so unwomanly as trusting a man, unless he had formally committed himself by words. If I were a man I should consider such a remark the greatest libel on my sex. But Mrs. Pelham had grown so old that she supposed the events of her youth were forgotten, and certainly had no suspicion that any one would repeat them to me and that I should print them !

How true it is I cannot tell, but ' it is said ' that in her youth this

good lady, who is now so censorious concerning others, did actually love one who spoke no words of love to her, and professed to be exceedingly surprised when he learned the preference which had been bestowed on him ; and when she was called upon to give the reasons for her conclusions, certainly seemed to exhibit very shadowy premises for inferences so important. Yet she thought she had been greatly wronged, and pronounced him who had deceived her, or rather had allured her to the unpleasant position of indulging in unrequited love, 'A coquette, an unprincipled trifler.' And she had never forgiven him. I have heard her speak his name with a terrible bitterness, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, though she little suspected that I knew its source.

Now she goes from house to house gossiping about poor Sarah Milord, wondering she could be so weak and thus lower herself. How little she knows of the world if she thinks thus to divert suspicion from herself, and what a lack of true and noble feeling she manifests, for any reason thus to lend her influence to injure one whose sufferings are sufficient without the taunts of a heartless world. What more contemptible spirit can there be than that which prompts a woman to prove false to her sex, and pour bitterness instead of the oil of healing into a wounded heart ? Alas ! that it should be something of which woman is so often guilty. Poor Sarah ! she knew what every body was saying : she knew some were blaming, some were pitying, and all were gossiping ; and he who had wronged her knew it, too, and triumphed in her sufferings. But he did not know how thoroughly he experienced the contempt of every noble mind.

Poor Sarah ! Day after day it seemed to her that life could not be supported, and I often trembled for her reason when I witnessed her fits of passionate weeping, and was more fearful when for days and weeks she could not weep at all.

Bulwer says : 'Of all the agonies in life, that which is the most harrowing and poignant, which for the time annihilates reason and leaves our whole organization one lacerated mangled heart, is the conviction that we have been deceived where we have placed all the trusts of love.' But the sentiment was woven into a novel, therefore it will seem to many not worth repeating, at least very weak and foolish. It is very weak and foolish in the eyes of some to love at all !

But to be married is necessary to respectability. These are some of the proofs of the delicate manners in which the blessing is sometimes sought. We know of several married gentlemen who are in the habit of amusing themselves by advertising for wives. Every evening they are in the habit of meeting to compare notes, and there are sometimes a hundred letters from women of all ranks in society, 'hoping the descriptions they give of themselves will prove satisfactory.' Often the real name and residence are given in full, and to one single advertisement there came four hundred answers in all sincerity. Does any woman who reads this blush for her sex ? In order to judge rightly of things, we must go back to causes. Why are all these women so anxious to get married ? Some of them because of their isolated and deso-

late condition ; some to be supported, and more to be respectable — because so terrible a disgrace not to be married to something. She must not compromise her delicacy by the slightest token of interest in any man she knows ; but she will venture to solicit the acquaintance of those whom she does not know, and if she is rejected it will not be gossipped about, and if accepted, why she will get a husband and a position in the world ; she may not be happy, most probably will be miserable, but she is miserable any way ; it is a venture in which there is at least a hope. We will not condemn those who resort to it, nor those who bring about the same result in a conventional way for the same reasons.

But let those who are continually insisting that this and this only, is the 'sphere of woman,' ponder for a moment these facts. There should certainly be some accessible and proper avenue for all to the only proper sphere, and one that will certainly lead to it. It cannot be disgraceful to reach in any honest way the only respectable position, and those should not be blamed who are tempted to 'climb up some other way,' rather than not attain to it at all ! Educated as they are, how can they deserve censure for acting in accordance with the sentiments instilled with every breath they draw ?

This is one of the proofs, and one of the least exceptionable that might be given, to show that 'womanly delicacy and reserve' are not entirely secure in the present state of things. If it is answered that only 'shop-girls' and servants lower themselves in this way, I shall be obliged to say that these are the very women who are the least likely to sacrifice themselves on such an altar. It is the women who have nothing to do but think, talk, walk, and dance, who are in most danger, guard them as you will. It is useless to talk of watchfulness and negligence in the education of children. Something more is necessary than care, more even than 'good religious and moral principles.' Snares and temptations allure the firmest, and in an hour of weakness they may fall. Idle hands are sure to fall into mischief, and the labor which occupies ladies of luxury is little better than idleness, and so liable is every woman to misfortune, that there should be some refuge for her, that sorrow may not darken and utterly corrode her spirit.

Love is neither crime nor folly. Unrequited love may be inexpedient, and she may be weak who indulges it ; but there was never a heart in which true love had dwelt that was not purified and made noble by its influence. The sin and crime in the world, ordinarily ascribed to love, should be ascribed to the absence of it.

'Oh ! that there were more love in the world, and then these things which we condemn would not be. Love implies an infinite respect, and the man who has once loved any woman, will feel some tenderness for all. All that was said or done by chivalry of old, or sung by Troubadours, but shadows forth the feeling which is in the heart of any one who loves. Love, like the opening of heaven to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope, charity for another being, perhaps but a creation of his imagination. Still it is a great advance for a man to be

profoundly loving even in his imaginations. Indeed, love is a thing so deep and beautiful, that each man feels that nothing but conceits and pretty words have been said about it by other men. And then to come down from this and to dishonor the image of the thing so loved ! No man could do so while the memory of love was in his mind.'

These words we have quoted, not from a novel, but from a very serious religious book, so serious and religious that few who will read this would think of taking it up. There is no subject concerning which there is so much false education and false sentiment as this. Among many, love is synonymous with degradation ; among those, too, with whom marriage is necessary to respectability. The mother thinks, when she has married off her daughter, she is safe. This was the feeling of Aunt Dolly. Let us look in upon the daughter whom she felt was secure when the law had pronounced her the lawful wife of Mr. Grimm. On a velvet lounge, in a little boudoir which opens out of the saloon, reclines the lady whose respectability is unquestioned. As we gaze at her she might be taken for one of those languishing creatures who repose in Eastern harems. How elegantly she is dressed ! how delicate is her form ! how graceful is her every motion ! To how many is she the object of envy ! If she wishes to ride, the carriage is at the door, so daintily cushioned and adorned that a fairy might consider it a paradise. There is an attendant for every want, and gold, which she may never be at the trouble of counting, is always at her command. When she married that old gentleman, who might well be her father, her parents could not sufficiently express their joy that their daughter was about to become so honored : she at least would reward all their care and anxiety. This is what the world sees. What we behold, when the curtain is lifted, may be the fruit of their false training, or a corruption engendered by neglect.

Her love was bestowed on another ; but she was taught that love was folly, and wealth absolutely necessary to position in married life. It was expected that she would entirely give up the one and take the other. That she resolves on a compromise, may be in consequence of her own exceeding wickedness ; but this wickedness is a natural consequence of the principles she has imbibed. Do not start back with horror as I repeat it. You have read of such things in French novels, and very likely French novels have been banished from your libraries, as they were from those to which this degenerate daughter had access. But characters for the French novelist do not flourish alone in France.

This is the resolution made and deliberately repeated to her lover, by one who had been taught to make respectability her standard, and wealth her god :

' You have not money, and therefore I cannot marry you. I must be rich. I must live in ease and luxury. I need to please my parents, and gratify the tastes which their indulgence has fostered. They approve of my choice. I will marry this old man for his money ; but in all that truly belongs to a husband, I will be ever yours.'

And when in the midst of all pomp, and parade, and bridal array ; amid the rejoicings and festivities of the wedding fêtes, her legal husband is

congratulating himself on the possession of a beautiful and true-hearted wife, and her parents are laying aside all anxiety because their daughter is WELL MARRIED and has a *protector*, she is planning secret and safe meetings with her paramour ! And this, in the eyes of the world, is an honorable, a legal and respectable marriage ! And what is it in the sight of Heaven ? How many will be shocked at this, who are training daughters by their false estimates of life, and especially of love, for just such a step !

Let us look again upon the poor girl in the sewing-room, and again contrast her in her humility and desolation with this shameless daughter of fashion.

'She will probably never marry,' said a shallow butterfly of society, who did not know her story, but knew she was dependent on her toil for daily bread. She herself had married a dissipated, dissolute spend-thrift, who had wasted her fortune, and so ill-treated her that she was now divorced. But this she seems to think an infinitely more honorable and desirable position than not being married at all, and in this is far from being alone. 'Sarah is not one to please gentlemen,' adds Mrs. F — ; 'there are some girls men never *do* take a fancy to.'

What a pity she seems to think it is 'not to be taken a fancy to.' So much better it is to be dandled a little while as a toy, and then cast out like rubbish, to be fancied and forsaken.

No, it is not likely Sarah will marry, but not because she is entirely unappreciated even by gentlemen. Marriage and money have been offered her many times, but she will not requite them with a blighted heart.

And what will she do ? What has she to live for ? She can only live for herself and those whom she has it in her power to bless. She goes from house to house to sew. Those who employ her treat her as an inferior, and in every *coterie* is repeated the story of her unfortunate love as a testimony against her self-respect ; but though she feels keenly the sting of the viper, she does not swerve from her high purpose and strong resolution. She is perhaps guilty of the folly of feeding upon her sorrow, but is ever patient, diligent, and efficient. Her taste is in requisition to give symmetry and beauty to the arrangements of many a drawing-room, to design the toilets for many an opera, ball, and party at which she is not invited to be present, not because she is not graceful, pretty, and educated, too, but because misfortune visited her family, and she is dependent upon her needle for support.

But she will not sew many years : the hectic is upon her cheek, and the pallor upon her temple. Those who read this may not know her, but you may yet meet in your daily walks or employ in your families some gentle maiden, whom you comment upon as dejected, unhappy, and perhaps disagreeable, whose heart you have never tried to understand, and whose noble purity it should be your study to encourage and commend. Who would not prefer to see a daughter like her, rather than the polluted thing whom the world calls fortunate and honored ? Yet families like this, and the society of which they are the exponents are training hundreds and thousands to follow her example.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

A LEGEND OF THE COAT-OF-ARMS OF MAINE.

BY GEORGE BLANCHARD.

On old Katahdin's rocky side
A giant pine-tree grow,
And proudly o'er the forest wide
Its spreading branches threw.

The winds among its dark boughs sang,
Like ceaseless water's flow;
And murmurs as of ocean came
From the dim woods below.

For centuries that noble pine
Had stood in lofty pride,
Though winds had rolled the forests green,
Like ocean's billowy tide.

And oft its spreading arms on high
Had wrestled with the storm,
Nor time, nor winds, nor lightning's flash,
Could scathe its noble form.

But when the snow lay cold and deep,
On hill, and vale, and plain,
Along the glistening, trackless waste,
A sturdy woodsman came.

And as he viewed the tapering spire,
Like Grecian column true;
A vision came across his mind,
Of ships on ocean blue.

With lofty masts and cordage trim,
And swelling canvas white,
The starry banner of our land,
And fluttering pennons light.

The woodsman stood beside the tree
And wide his axe he swung;
Till with the heavy, measured strokes,
The forest echoes rung.

Anon he paused to breathe, and wiped
The big drops from his brow.
He listened as the echoes died,
And heard in murmurs low,

Strange and commingled whisperings,
That came from far and near,
As if the spirits of the wood
Was gathering round in fear.

His task resumed, the axe he plies,
Until, with rushing sound,
From his proud height the giant pine
Came crashing, thundering down.

A deep, sad moan ran far and wide,
Through every forest glen;
As when in death some noble heart
Falls from the ranks of men.

Spring came, and now the sun's warm rays
On broad Penobscot gleam:
A branchless trunk the pine is borne
Adown the winding stream.

Far from its native hills away,
It floated silently
To where the sparkling waters meet
And mingle with the sea.

At length on shore again 't is drawn,
And shaped by skilful hands:
The main-mast of a gallant ship
The lofty pine now stands.

Firm braced with hempen cordage strong,
And block, and chain, and line,
It rises from the oaken deck
Above the sparkling brine.

Around the forest-king no more
The rolling woodlands sweep.
But foam-capped waves that rise and fall
Upon the ocean deep.

No more his dark green boughs shall sing
To every passing breeze;
But his white sails shall clasp the winds
That bear him o'er the seas.

Go forth, proud ship, and win thy fame,
The fleetest on the waves;
The strongest, when around thy form
The wildest tempest raves.

And long mayst thou as proudly bear,
O lofty mountain pine!
Our nation's honored stars and stripes
Above the foaming brine.

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA.

With a little band of faithful followers, we find freedom tempest-tost upon the Atlantic in 1620. After a long, perilous voyage, the May-Flower is safely moored. Consecrated to her holy cause, the banner of Liberty is planted on the barren rock of Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers kneel in gratitude to the God of their sires, and the welkin rings with their psalms of thanksgiving.

‘THOUGH years
Eclipse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts
Which overspread all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.’

Free from institutions that were repugnant to their feelings; far separated from the corrupting influence of a court remarkable only for its debauchery, with a profligate monarch at its head, the Puritans, with a rigid faith and a firm reliance upon Providence, laid the foundations of a mighty empire of freedom, that was destined to command the respect and admiration of the world. The plough soon furrowed the virgin soil, and the ring of the axe was heard in the forest. School-houses were erected, colleges were founded and endowed, and the spires of their churches pointed to their eternal home. The rocks and the glens of New-England that once echoed with the horrid war-whoop of the Indian soon rang choral with the stirring songs of freedom. Industry was encouraged, and labor was rewarded. Colonies sprung up rapidly, and flourished in different parts of America. Virginia and the Carolinas were settled by the English, and New-York City was founded by the Dutch in 1612. States were formed, and entered into a bond of union, adopting the title of United States, September ninth, 1776. The blood that had been shed at Lexington and at Bunker-Hill, quickly aroused the whole people to a sense of their danger. The Declaration of Independence was the consequence. That immortal instrument emanating from the collective wisdom of the country, and boldly subscribed to by the great and good men of the times, immediately inspired the people of every state and territory with perfect confidence in the ultimate triumph of freedom, and in the honesty and unbending resolution of those who pledged ‘their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,’ to maintain the liberty of their native land, or perish in the attempt.

‘EASIER were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determined to be free.’

The press in the trying times of the revolutionary struggle, contributed in no small measure to the achievement of national independence. The first newspaper that was started in the United States was in 1704. It was styled the *Boston News-Letter*, and lasted for seventy years. Simultaneously with the first number of the *Boston Gazette*, in 1719, commenced the *American Weekly Mercury* at Philadelphia.

Six years afterward the *New-York Gazette* made its appearance. Shortly after that period every State could boast of its printing-presses and its newspapers. Liberal principles were diffused throughout the land. The entire freedom of the press was secured by the Constitution of the United States. What has been the consequence? Every religious denomination and every political party has its daily and hebdomadal organs. Apart from newspapers, the number of original works now published, the reprints of the works of foreign authors, the sectarian, political, scientific, and literary periodicals, is wholly inconceivable and unparalleled in the history of literature. By the liberty of the press, freedom is secured and perpetuated. Tyrants dread its influence. Honest men can face the truth with a clear conscience, and court investigation into their actions. Bad men hate the means that give publicity to their rascality. A free press will speedily tear a crown from a despot's brow, and overthrow the institutions that are oppressive to mankind. Give continental Europe the liberty of the press, and every blood-stained throne will tumble down. Paper bullets, when freely levelled against tyranny and corruption, do more havoc than the leaden messengers of musketry. Experience tells us 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'

Isolated as we are in California, with no youthful associations to attach us to the State, at the same time feeling a cordial interest in its growing prosperity, there is nothing so conducive to its welfare and the happiness of its people, than the cultivation of social virtues; the education of the rising generation; the elevation of good men to offices of trust and responsibility; the purity of our legislative halls and courts of justice; the fearless administration of our laws, and the encouragement of a high-toned and incorruptible press. The press when unfettered is an omnipotent engine of power, and when directed against oppression, must inevitably prostrate the haughtiest system of despotism that the ingenuity of man can frame. As lightning purifies the air, so an independent press will impart a salutary tone to the moral atmosphere around us. It protects the sanctuary of the fireside, and places on the pedestal of scorn the sacrilegious scoundrel who would dare to blast its happiness and peace. It is a shield to the ballot-box; it is 'a terror to evil-doers.' It exposes state and municipal abuses. It tears the mask from hypocrisy, and seeks to send the criminal to the bar of justice. Trumpet-tongued it demands the penalty of the law to be unequivocally carried out to the assassin and the robber. It breathes not vengeance, but insists upon justice being done. If the necessity of a gibbet be suggested by a free press, it is not that the innocent may suffer, but that guilty wretches, reeking with crime, may die the ignominious death which they deserve.

There never was a State where the influence of a free press was more needed than in California. Unprincipled adventurers have come in swarms to these shores with no loftier object in view than the perpetration of crime. They find their advocates in our courts; they find corruption presiding on the bench. The consequence is, that we see murderers swaggering in our streets, smoking with the blood of their victims, bidding defiance to the laws, and laughing at the futile at-

tempts of baffled justice to send them to prison or the scaffold. We see men, occupying high official positions, cordially taking them by the hand and congratulating them upon their escape. The heart sickens at the contemplation of such a state of things. Can we wonder that our population does not increase? Can we be surprised that so many respectable families leave California with no intention of returning? Shall we invite people to the State, and welcome them with Bowie-knives and revolvers? Old, worn-out political demagogues from the East, with no respectable antecedents, and notorious bullies, swindlers, and gamblers have been appointed to office, and in many cases been blindly elected to frame State and municipal laws for the government of the people. No man whose private character is associated with vice and dishonesty, ought to be trusted for his public virtue. The man who is *morally* bad cannot be *politically* good. He who would wrong his neighbor would swindle the public. The man who would hazard the means upon which a family may be depending for support at the desperate game of chance, would not scruple, if in power, to gamble away the liberties of the people. Are such men fit to be legislators? Ought such men to fill our public offices? Heaven and earth unite in saying, God forbid! Through fear or interest, the newspapers generally have been dumb on this subject. Stock-jobbing, banking, speculating, office-holding, and advertising influence muzzle their independence. The *Bulletin* was a splendid exception. All honor to the man of irreproachable character, who, with clean hands and uprightness of motive, buckles on the armor of moral courage, and from the citadel of freedom hangs out 'his banner on the outer wall' and hurls defiance to the besieging foe. The sword of truth was a terrible weapon in the hands of James King of William. Cowards and ruffians trembled at its glance. Corruption staggered at its touch. He did not court respect, but commanded it. He boldly faced threatened danger and treated with dignified contempt his paltry traducers. He was a public benefactor and felt perfectly secure in his editorial career, sustained as he was by the whole moral strength of the community. In the full vigor of manhood he was shot down by an infamous felon from the prison of Sing-Sing. Tens of thousands weep his loss in California, and millions will yet live to bless his honored name. Had the murderer of the lamented King not been hung by the citizens, the scaffold never would have been erected for him by the constituted authorities. They were his friends and his boon companions. No doubt future honors were in store for the assassin. Little did his abettors dream that Casey, the chosen instrument of their infamy, when he aimed the fatal bullet at the breast of King, was giving the death-blow to all the schemes and intrigues of his corrupt associates, that he was securing the gallows for himself and banishment for his friends; that he was invoking a terrible power, which, when organized, would sweep, irrespective of position, every villain from the State.

Impudent and unprincipled lawyers prostitute their talents in the advocacy of vice, and in eloquent metaphors attempt to justify the deeds of atrocious criminals at the bar of justice, and to gild the dens of infamy in our midst with the charms of virtue. They glory in their

triumphs and proudly receive the wages of iniquity. Such a deplorable state of morals, so unblushingly promulgated by perverted genius, is dangerous to our institutions and utterly subversive of all that is good in society. The grand and leading objects of a free press ought to be, to elevate the standard of social morals in the State; to stem the tide of political corruption; to increase the means of education; to support Christianity undefiled by sectarianism, and to pull from her altars the cobwebs of an antiquated superstition; to attack and expose abuses wherever they exist; to drag crime from darkness into light; to illuminate ignorance; to banish ruffians from our boundaries; to support candidates of good character for public offices; to reduce the burden of taxation under which we groan by a system of wholesome retrenchment; to break up oppressive monopolies and corporations; to purify our Legislature and our courts; to protect private rights, and to hold sacred the domestic roof; to shield from danger the innocent, and to inflict the penalty of the law upon the guilty; to encourage every project that aims at the glory of our common country and the prosperity of the people; to make California the home of an enlightened freedom, where industry is rewarded and contentment and peace reign in every dwelling, and to earnestly labor in the cause of transmitting unimpaired to posterity the blessings of liberty.

JAMES LIVES.

L A T E A U T U M N .

THE glory hath departed from the year:
 The rain is falling from the sombre sky;
 And the wind's greeting as it sweepeth by,
 Hath a strange tone of sorrow and of fear;
 While loud above its wailing voice I hear,
 With a deep thrill of awe, the ocean's roar,
 As break the waves against the desolate shore,
 Sounding like far-off thunder to the ear.

The leafless branches of the stately trees
 Are writhing as with anguish in the blast;
 The heavy clouds are drifting slowly past,
 Like storm-beat vessels on the wintry seas;
 The vale is desolate: the hills are bare:
 And mark at times how savagely the rain
 Smites the sad earth, that seemeth to complain
 Of having lost all that was once so fair.

And the gloom deepens as the by-gone days
 Come thronging back: for in the olden place
 I see a fair and young, but saddened face;
 We parted early, taking different ways,
 And yet there was but little cause for strife;
 But when, too late, my sinful pride was gone,
 I found that I had madly trampled on
 The only happiness of a weary life.

H O F E R .

WHERE the giant mountain-shadows from the blue Inn's swelling breast,
 Frowning off the longing sun-light in their sullen grandeur rest;
 In that fair and happy valley, sentinelled by Titan bands,
 Quaint offspring of centurial years, the town of Innspruck stands:
 Rich in the lore of a mighty past, in legend and in story;
 Rich in high-hearted, honest sons, a country's truest glory;
 Rich in its old Cathedral Church with clustering ivy spread,
 The Santa Croce of the land, where sleep her noble dead;
 Rich in the memories which haunt its columned aisles like prayer,
 Which sanctify the vast, dim nave, and pictured oriels there.
 Oh! a solemn thing it is to tread at twilight's shadowy hour,
 Its marble floor, with spirit hushed by its spells of mighty power;
 When a golden glory hovers o'er the pale Madonna's brow,
 And sculptured saints, in robes of light, before her presence bow;
 When Kaiser MAXIMILIAN still a kingly homage claims,
 And stalwart knights, in glittering steel, wait round, and jewelled dames;
 When the bold Crusador's red cross gleams, and sword and helmet shine,
 As when from trampled Paynim hordes he wrested Palestine.

But I turned from these, and pacing slow o'er the pavement rainbow-strewn,
 Sought where the brave Tyrolean chief in stainless grandeur stood,
 With his own loved banner's blazoned folds drooping around his head,
 And the falchion in his strong hand grasped, in the twilight blushing red.
 As I gazed upon the stately tomb a grateful emperor gave,
 To grace his patriot in death, whose life he scorned to save,
 The thrilling memories of the past trooped forth before mine eye:
 In green Passeyer's quiet vale I saw the hostelrio,
 Where HOFER pledged his jovial guests beside the festive board,
 And the merry jest and laugh went round, and the generous wine was poured;
 Or where the westering sun his burning bulk had hid
 Behind the old dead earth-quake's tomb, the mountain pyramid.
 And the village magnates clustered round in the gentle vespertine,
 Where the long way-side grew green beneath the over-arching vine;
 While their locks were wet with the fragrant dew, a pleased attention gave
 To HOFER's manly bursts of cheer or words of wisdom grave.
 When the lurid sun of Austerlitz went down in blood and shame,
 And bitter Presburg's hollow peace with a deadlier anguish came:
 And FRANCIS HAPSBURG's honor as king and man lay low,
 When he sold like sheep his loyal friends to an old and hated foe;
 And the smothered indignation burst with a volcanic swell,
 When the fierce conscriptor's bugle blew their liberty's wild knell;
 And the mountain torrents from their heights leaped with a madder spring,
 As they bore the signal saw-dust on for the nation's gathering.
 And the Eisach and the Inn, the Adige and the Drave,
 To the leader's sign, a deeper roar and a swifter current gave;
 And the star-communing snows flushed with the beacon light,
 Which, kindled on Seriolis, caught every tower and height;
 And the messengers of fate from chalet to chalet,
 From house to house cried, 'It is time!' when dawning brought the day.
 And the mountain cohorts gathered with their trusty rifles there,
 And each bullet held a death which gave no space for prayer;
 And the gallant HOFER led them on for 'God and Father-land,'
 With the crucifix upon his breast and the red wine in his hand;
 And beside the roaring Eisach they beat the Leaguers down,
 And taught the dying DITTFURT in Innspruck's rendered town,
 'They need not school-trained generals to lead to victor-fights,

Who strike for hearths and altars, for God and human rights,
 When the hope which rose at Essling at Wagram lay full low,
 And dread Vienna followed with two-fold emphasis of wo:
 Then swelled the granite-purpose in gorge and mid-night glen,
 To scale the deeper depth their king had sunk for them;
 And they filled their ancient larches and bound with iron o'er,
 And sent defiance and quick death with the cannon's thunder-roar;
 And they slung the eager rocks o'er the mountain pass below,
 'In name of the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST now let the good ropes go.'
 And Dantzie's picked Bavarians found a bloody fate, unbought,
 For what the avalanche had spared the deadly rifle sought;
 And the Glockner and the Breunner gave back the victor cry,
 As from Pontelag and the Yama a hundred years gone by.
 So won the peasant-braves each fight by the noble HOFER led,
 While the timid lord,* with knightly spurs, ingloriously fled;
 So ruled the patriot-chief o'er his native land that day.
 And no foe was there, save the sleeping hosts who mingled with the clay;
 While 'neath the flaunting tri-color, in his shattered home once more,
 The wretched FRANCIS sold friends, child to the haughty conqueror.

But there came at last a fearful time of darkness one might feel,
 A cup of trembling to be drained, their king had helped to deal:
 When the eagles of their mountains sent forth despairing cries,
 As the Gallic standards floated their golden-ringed eyes.
 And their hope grew stark despair, and their hearts so high and bold,
 Turned chill and gray in their mighty wo like the NOISE of old,
 When the luckless brave who failed to make his grave in the blood-stained snow,
 Met the hateful doom of the red brigand from the proud, chivalric foe.
 And the chief who had fought his country's fight so fearlessly and well,
 When the strife was done, found no resting-place where his wearied foot might dwell;
 But they tracked him forth in the bitter cold from Alpine height and glen,
 As ye track from his mid-night foraging the wolf to his bloody den;
 And they set a price on his honored head with their fear commensurate,
 As brutes bid for scalps, or men for brutes they seek to exterminate.
 And when the frozen mid-night lay dark upon the earth,
 With a quick, sharp tread, a goodly troop of grenadiers came forth:
 And the false friend and traitorous priest — may his name be cursed! — DONAY,
 Showed the perilous path up the dizzy height to the ice-entombed châlêt;
 Then statelier swelled his lofty form as he stood before them there,
 And named his name in a voice that rose electric on the air.
 But they loaded him with shackles in ignoble hate and dread,
 And bore him through the pleasant places where his golden youth had fled:
 And they tore his stricken wife and children from his side,
 While the torrent of his tears swept down the barrier of his pride;
 And where the Mantuan fortress, like a murderer scowls unshriven,
 They shut him from the goodly light and the blessed air of heaven.
 Then in wretched mockery of law in bootless judgment sate,
 For an iron will and a stony heart had preordained his fate.
 So a file of grenadiers came up before the blushing sun,
 And the rattle of their muskets told when the direful deed was done:
 And another noble spirit the crystalline city tread,
 And the voice of blood cried out once more to an avenging God.

Long years went by, and that mouldering form came back to the haunts of men:
 Gaul's vulture now was stiff and stark, and the nations breathed again;
 So they bore him from his quiet rest by Mincian murmurs spelled,
 Through the 'Via Dolorosa' back, while mournful music swelled;
 And war-scarred veterans stood forth, companions old and dear,
 And his broad-brimmed hat and trusty sword they laid upon his bier:

* CHATELIER.

And a weeping nation followed through that quaint old Innspruck town,
 'Till they laid their honored burthen in the Santa Croce down;
 And high and solemn rose the mass and the requiem gently died,
 As they left him to his rest by Kaiser MAXIMILIAN'S side.

So a dreamer and a wanderer from the land beyond the wave,
 Mused beside the sculptured marble rising fair above his grave,
 And the lesson laid to heart amid the gathering gloom:
 The cold light of a monarch's grace shines only on the tomb.

ASIA.

A MONTH AT THE RACKET.

THE overture to 'Donna del Lago,' which was given with great effect, being over, the first question was, what shall we do now: have tableaux, charades, recitations, or tell stories? The Captain proposed the latter, to which we all assented, provided he would commence first.

As the suggestion came from him, he could not refuse, and therefore began as follows:

THE MOOSE FIGHT.

'You all recollect, in going up the East-Inlet, about four miles from its mouth there is a large bend, known as 'Moose-Bend.' This name was given to it by our valued and valiant friend Higby, from its being the scene of a terrible encounter with an enormous moose, one of the largest of his species, in which he and my brother Stephen were the heroes. The Lieutenant was of the party, though not in the boat at that time, and will vouch for the truth of the story, as I have it from my brother's own lips.

'They had floated all the way up the Inlet without seeing a deer, and were on their way back, when reaching this bend, they descried, as they thought, the eyes of a large buck not ten rods off, which, to their astonishment, took to the water, and was making direct for their boat. Before they could recover from their surprise, the animal was nearly on them. Stephen fired, as he said, right between the horns, which, looming up in the obscure light of their dimly-burning 'Jack,' appeared like two huge hemlocks stripped of their leaves. This had no effect but to make him snort a little, not even changing his course; so, on he came, until within three yards of the boat, when Stephen let him have the other barrel. This time he sent forth a terrific roar, and plunging forward, upset their skiff, spilling them, of course, both into the river.

'Higby made for the shore, and my brother for the boat, kicking away lustily in the direction of the hunter's voice, for it was as dark as Erebus, their 'Jack' of course being extinguished, apprehensive that the moose might attack him in the water, for they now knew it to be a bull-moose, and of the largest kind.

'They were both very much mortified that the animal should have escaped, as they now heard him bellowing through the woods at an awful rate, fairly 'making night hideous.'

'From the gurgling sound he made when roaring, they were satisfied he was mortally wounded in the throat, and that they would find him not far off in the morning, so they marked the spot by the stake, which you see yet remains, (although it is ten years since the occurrence,) turned the water out of their skiff, and supplying their lost paddle with one of the seats, (leaving their rifles and every thing sinkable at the bottom of the river,) made the best of their way to camp, which they reached at day-break.

'John and our friend the lieutenant here, were startled from their beds by the shouting and whooping they made, and supposed they had killed at least a half-dozen deer: so you can imagine their surprise when they related their adventure.

'After warming themselves thoroughly, and taking a cup of hot tea, they all started off again, taking the hounds with them and two boats, feeling confident they would bring home a moose weighing not less than half a ton.

'In this they were doomed to be disappointed. After tracking him for over a mile, through bushes covered with blood, they came to a swamp, so thick and miry that even the dogs could not enter it. It was, in fact, impenetrable to any animal but a moose, and for that reason no doubt he had sought refuge in it.

'After making several ineffectual attempts to penetrate the thicket, they were obliged most reluctantly to give up the chase, all sadly disappointed, and Stephen mortified, as he could not understand why, when so near to him, he had not killed him instantly.

'Thus ended this famous moose encounter, and this is the reason why that spot is called Moose-Bend; and it is now for the Lieutenant to say how near I have stuck to the truth in the relation of it.'

'Too near by half, my dear Captain; not a word of exaggeration or of embellishment. Had I told it, I should have seasoned it with a *little* of the marvellous, such as a death-struggle in the water between Stephen and the moose, with Higby swimming to the rescue, just in time to save his life, by plunging a knife into the throat of the moose, etc., etc., or something of that sort, just enough to make it spicy.'

'Well,' exclaimed Onkahye, 'you can *spice up* your own story as much as you please, for it is now your turn, as we must proceed according to rank.'

'The story that I shall relate is one that will not require any addition of fiction to render it spicy, for the naked truth will so tax your credulity that I am afraid you will even doubt the testimony whence it was derived, namely, my *own mother and aunt*, both of whom I have heard relate it so often, that I almost fancy I was myself an eye-witness of the facts which they solemnly attested occurred in the old homestead, and before their own eyes.

'It will also prove to you that this doctrine of 'spiritualism,' which has set the world agog for the last three years, turning the heads of lawyers and professors, and even of divines, is of no modern origin, as these events occurred as far back as the last century.

Story of the 'Knocking Girl.'

'ABOUT the year 1790, there lived in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie a very respectable family of the name of T —, with whom resided, in the capacity of domestic, a young girl whom we shall call Sarah.

'This girl had the misfortune to possess great personal charms, which had won for her the title of the 'Belle of the Village.'

'Among her numerous admirers there was one, a thriving Dutch shoe-maker, Hans Van Tassel, whose attentions to her amounted to persecution, as she could not endure him, and would never give him the least encouragement, for she was no flirt.

'One day when Hans was urging his suit with more than usual ardor, and would not listen to her entreaties to cease his persecutions, she playfully slapped his face. Like a touch from an electric battery, this blow seemed instantaneously to turn the current of his passion from the warmest love to the direst hate, and with the remark that 'he would be revenged for this,' left her, his heart swelling with evil passions.

'Sarah felt relieved that she had so easily got rid of him, (as she thought,) so that his remark made no impression upon her, and for the two weeks following, felt happier than she had done at any time during the past year.

'It was not, however, to be of long duration, for on a bright Sunday morning, while walking to church with one of her more favored suitors, she heard a noise behind her, precisely like the sound of a hammer on a cobbler's lap-stone. On looking around, and seeing no one, she thought it very strange, as the noise appeared so close to her. Supposing it might be imaginary, she asked her companion whether he heard it. 'Yes,' he replied, 'quite distinctly; but probably it may proceed from your shoes on this hard road, (for it was winter time;) let us step into the adjoining field.'

'They did so; but there it was, still, rap, rap, rap! They crossed a pond that was frozen, and even there, as if from *under* the ice, came the same mysterious knocking.

'Her companion then suggested riding, as he thought it might proceed from something about her person, and would cease when not in motion. So they hailed a neighbor, who was going by in his wagon, also on his way to church, and getting in, what was their horror to find the noise even louder than ever, rap, rap, rap! as if knocking on the bottom of the wagon.

'She now became so nervous, that on arriving at the church-door, she dared not enter, and entreated her friend to accompany her home again.

'The noise pursued her all the way to her house, and even within its walls. Up-stairs or down, in the garret or the cellar, sitting or walking, on the bed or on a sofa, was this continuous, monotonous, unearthly sound ringing in her ears.

'It was not a disease of the imagination on the part of the poor girl, for every one in her vicinity heard it just as distinctly.

'This state of things continued for a week, when her tortures were increased by perceiving that every thing she approached would fly from her. Chairs and tables would move from their places, pillows fly from the bed, and *even her shoes and stockings would be pulled from her feet* by some mysterious agency.

'This last was witnessed by my mother in her own father's house. (where she was brought by Dr. T — on a visit, the families being intimate,) in presence of at least a dozen persons, three of whom are still living, and who I have heard frequently corroborate the above facts.

'During all this terrible persecution, the afflicted girl never once thought of her discarded lover, until it occurred to some one that he might possibly have an agency in it; but on going to his shop they found it closed, and ascertained that he had left the village on the very same day the knocking was first heard, and could discover no traces where he had gone to.

'Under this mysterious dispensation the poor girl became reduced to a mere shadow of her former self, and unless some means of driving out the demon which possessed her was discovered, it would soon prove fatal.

'At this time there was living in the neighborhood an old woman, who had long been famous for her prescriptions, and was looked upon with a degree of awe by the villagers from the surprising cures she had effected. As a *dernier ressort*, she was applied to, and Dr. T — was prevailed upon to try an experiment which she recommended, and which, strange to say, was successful; for after six weeks of intense mental suffering, the evil spirit left her, and in a short time she recovered her former health, but never her usual spirits. Thus ends my story. I am not astonished at that smile of incredulity, Metoah, for I would not believe it myself dared I doubt the testimony of a mother's lips. Beside, there are no doubt many other witnesses living, as it created an excitement at the time which reached even to Philadelphia, (where Congress was then in session,) so that many of the members went up to prove with their own eyes whether such incredible events could be true.'

'But how was she cured? what was the experiment?' all the ladies exclaimed in a breath.

'This the Doctor would never reveal, and always avoided any allusion to the subject.

'Now, ladies, 't is your turn,' said the Captain, commencing with the eldest. At this there was some dispute who was entitled to the precedence on that account, but finally Onkahye said that if a recitation would answer instead, she would try and recollect a piece of poetry composed by a young lady of seventeen, and which she believed had never been in print. It is called the

'LITTLE PET PLANT.'

'A FLORIST a sweet little blossom espied,
That grew like its ancestors by the road-side:
Its perfume was simple, its colors were few,
Yet this flower looked fair in the spot where it grew.
The florist espied it and said: 'I'll enchant

The botanical world with the sight of this plant :
 Its leaves shall be sheltered and carefully nursed,
 All the world shall be charmed, though I met with it first
 Under a hedge.'

'He carried it home to his hot-house with care,
 And said: 'Though rarer exotics are there,
 This little plant when I've nourished its stem
 In tint and in fragrance shall imitate them.
 As none will suspect from the road-side it came,
 'Rhodum-sidum' I'll call it, a beautiful name;
 While botanists through their glasses shall view
 Its beauties, none will suspect that it grew
 Under a hedge.'

'But when this little plant first shook off the dirt
 Of its own native hedge, it began to grow pert,
 And tossed its proud head on seeing that none
 But exotics were round it — thought itself one.
 As a wild flower, all would have owned it was fair,
 And praised it, though handsomer flowers were there;
 But when it assumes hot-house airs, we see through
 The false tint of its leaves, and suspect that it grew
 Under a hedge.

'In the by-ways of life, oh! how many there are
 Who, being born under some fortunate star,
 Assisted by beauty or talents grow rich,
 And bloom in a hot-house instead of a ditch,
 And when they despise not their own simple stem,
 The honors they grasp may gain honors for them;
 But when like this little plant they begin to grow pert,
 We soon trace them to their original dirt
 Under a hedge.'

Onkahye had scarcely finished her recitation when a shout like an Indian war-whoop was heard from off the lake, starting us all on our feet. We rushed from the camp, seized our rifles, and ran to the shore to see what untimely visitor came thus to intrude upon our little band. What was our delight on recognizing the voice of an old friend, and when his boat reached the shore, out jumped Andrew Newcome into the arms of Hawkeye, who embraced him as a brother. We were all rejoiced to see him the more that we knew he must bring letters for the ladies, for we had now been nearly three weeks in the wilderness without any tidings from home.

Those who have been a long time at sea, when homeward bound, and speak a vessel recently from the port they are striving to reach, can judge of the anxiety and joy we experienced as we awaited the answers to the thousand inquiries we put to him in a breath.

Then came the reading of the letters, (for he brought some for all the ladies,) which fortunately contained naught but good news.

Afterward the papers were glanced over. Sebastopol not yet taken. No deaths among our friends. An accident, however, had occurred to one of mine, which came near proving fatal, and from the noble conduct of a little boy only thirteen years of age, deserves more than a passing notice.

The father, Mr. B —, an artist of great merit, went out fishing near Hell-gate, accompanied by his son and another gentleman. By some carelessness the boat was upset, and after struggling some time in

the water trying to regain the boat, the noble little fellow cried out: 'Never mind me, dear father, but save yourself for mother's sake.'

Providentially they were seen from another boat, and were rescued just as they were going down for the last time locked in each other's arms; for what father could desert *such* a child in that awful hour, even for a fond wife's embrace?

Brave boy! such a speech is worthy of a Lawrence or a Nelson. May you long live to be the pride of your parents and an honor to your country!

The excitement produced by this advent being somewhat subsided, we repaired to the supper-table, which the ever-provident Higby had covered with all the 'delicacies of the forest.' 'T is needless to say that our new-come visitor did most ample justice to it, for he had not eaten a mouthful since morning, had ridden thirty-five miles on horse-back and rowed five, performing in forty-eight hours from New-York, what took us four days to accomplish.

20th August. — Clear, with a young moon. No floating to-night. Being our last night at the Racket, we manned all the boats and went upon the lake to take of it a last farewell. Bon-fires were lighted on the several islands and points in the vicinity of our camp, not of rejoicing, as they are generally demonstrative of, but to dispel the gloom that pervaded our hearts at leaving a spot that had been endeared to us by so many delightful scenes and so much unalloyed pleasure. What a calm and lovely night it was! The stars shone with unusual lustre, paling the youthful moon just struggling into existence as it sank behind the distant hills. Not a ripple marred the brilliant reflections of our bon-fires, which (as they burnt so near to the water's edge you could not distinguish the reflected from the real light) appeared like vast comets, floating with the stars on the surface of the lake, while Schenedau with his flute waked up the echoes of those silent hills, until the beauty of the original music was lost in the thrice-repeated notes the nymph gave back, as if overjoyed at an opportunity of speaking after the long silence to which she had been condemned by Juno.*

So enwrapped were we by the beauty of the scene and the consciousness that it was our last night of forest-life, that it was mid-night ere we retired to our camps to seek that repose so necessary to fit us for the toilsome journey on the morrow.

The morning of the twenty-first was the saddest of any yet experienced in the camp. Long and dismal were our faces when we assembled at breakfast to partake of our last meal on our rude pine table.

After placing the baggage, (which had been marvellously reduced,) we proceeded to demolish our camps and dining-shanty. This was a melancholy but imperative duty, otherwise they would be used by other parties, to the destruction of all the fine wood in the vicinity, which, as I before mentioned, was the property of our respected commander. While the demolition was going on, we received a visit from our neigh-

* Euno, one of the nymphs, was punished by Juno, for playing a trick upon her, by depriving her of all control over her tongue, neither able to speak *before* another has spoken, or to be silent when one has spoken.

bors on the other side of the lake, Si Wood, wife and daughter, on whom we bestowed all our superfluous clothing.

At eight o'clock the Captain gave the signal for departure, and in a few minutes boat after boat pushed from the shore, and, forming a line, six in number, advanced in solemn procession toward the North-bay, leaving 'Sand Point' and all its delightful memories behind us, never perhaps to be visited by the same party.

The day was most lovely, and as we rounded the point, from each boat was discharged a 'farewell gun,' which, like a volley o'er a soldier's grave, was the loudest demonstration we could make of our grief at departure.

With the assistance of a fine southerly breeze we soon reached the point of debarkation, but what was our dismay to find no horses to convey our luggage to the wrecked wagon which had broken down three miles beyond Albany Mountain, to which (a distance of fourteen miles) we of course had to walk. We had no alternative but to leave the baggage behind us, careful, however, to take the provisions with us, which Higby carried in his pack.

We had not proceeded more than two miles when we met the teamster riding at a killing pace, having found the horses about four miles back on their way home. On reaching Beach's Lake, we had recourse again to the boats, for the use of which I would here thank Dr. Brandreth, especially in behalf of the ladies, who found great relief from them after walking four miles.

We reached Albany Mountain at five, without any accident or incident worthy of note. The Captain, with Higby, immediately went to examine the broken wagon, which lay about three miles further on, and returned with rather long faces, being doubtful whether it could be repaired so as to be strong enough to carry the ladies or even the baggage. This news, however, did not dishearten our fair companions in adventures, although much fatigued by their walk of twelve miles, and nine miles boating.

25th. — Broke up camp at seven. On reaching the wagon, found that Higby (who had been to work at it since sun-rise) had succeeded in making it stronger than ever, and that too, without a nail, screw, or rope, using in their stead wooden pins and withes of birch.

Our troubles did not end here, for we had a balky horse, who would either not go at all, or else with such a rush as to stave every thing to pieces over the rocks and gulleys which constituted our road. The ladies soon found it was less fatiguing to walk, so they accomplished the remainder of the distance to Stillwater on foot, regaling themselves with raspberries which lined the road in great abundance.

We here made a halt of two hours to dine and bait the horses. All started again to walk, the Captain ordering me to remain behind to bring on the baggage, as it required the greatest care and skill to keep our unruly team from dashing the wagon to pieces. The teamster walked behind to pick up the articles that were constantly thrown off by the violent jerks and succussions, which frequently came near plunging me headlong into the bushes.

I had proceeded in this way about three miles, when I met Puffer

running toward me with the tidings that Onkahye had fainted and was lying in the road about a half-mile ahead.

On reaching the spot I found the Major bathing her temples with water, which in a few minutes brought her to.

After administering a few drops of the only medicine we took with us, (brandy,) she revived sufficiently to be placed in the wagon, and the Major taking a seat alongside of her, we proceeded on; the horses having exhausted somewhat of their fire, were rather more tractable.

About a mile further on we met the other ladies, who reluctantly obeyed the orders of the Captain, to ride; as there was evidence of an approaching storm, it was desirous to get to Fenton's before night-fall. This we accomplished without any other incident, just as the storm commenced.

We were rejoiced here to find some friends who had driven thirty-five miles that day especially to meet us.

After giving satisfactory answers to the multitude of questions with which we deluged them, we sat down to a most sumptuous supper, to which 't is needless to say we did ample justice, as our walk of twenty-two miles had given us somewhat of an appetite.

23d August. — Left Fenton's at eight, in the rain; ladies in the carriage, (which was sent here to meet us,) and the gentlemen in the baggage-wagon.

Had not proceeded three miles before the carriage made a grand 'smash-up,' and was obliged to send one of the hunters back to Fenton's for his farm-wagon.

In about two hours the old gentleman himself made his appearance, with a nice strong *topless* wagon, not quite so comfortable in a pelting rain as if it had been covered.

Leaving Goodale (the driver) to take care of his horses and wreck, we continued on and reached Constableville at eight o'clock that evening without further accident.

Thus ended this famous expedition, to which uncle Robert alluded, and to whom you are indebted for the *ennui* or pleasure derived from its perusal. It was productive not only of a vast deal of enjoyment to all the party, but conducted wonderfully to their health, especially of the ladies, who gained so much in weight as scarcely to be recognized by their friends. With a *resumé* of the game killed, I conclude.

One bear; twenty-four deer; five hundred and forty-three pounds speckled trout, beside a quantity of small game, such as partridges, pigeons, and rabbits.

LINES BY OUR 'THREE-YEAR OLD.'

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN, and he had a LITTLE GUN,
And he shot a LITTLE RABBIT wid it;
And there was a BIG MAN, and he had a BIG GUN,
And he shot a BIG ELEPHANT wid it!

E. B. C.

SERGEANT WALLIS' 'GOOD LONG REST.'

BY MEISTER JOHANN.

'SERGEANT WALLIS, an English soldier, who had seen bloody work in the Crimea, and was a survivor of the entry of the Redan, returned in safety to his native land with his war-worn comrades. Entering the camp, he threw down his knapsack, exclaiming: 'Now I am safe in good old England, I shall have a good long rest.' Scarcely were the words uttered ere he fell upon his knapsack dead.'

HE had braved Crimean dangers:
 He had entered the Redan:
 Side by side with Britain's bravest,
 Fought her foemen man to man;
 Before the rough, dark Malakoff
 He heard the grape-shot rattle;
 He faced Death's blazing cannon-throat
 In the red heat of battle.
 In the wars of the Crimea,
 At storming of Redan,
 Death forbore to make a victim
 Of the hero in the van.
 Death was busy at the Malakoff,
 He spoke in cannon's rattle,
 But quailed beneath that Sergeant's glance
 In the red hour of battle.

He walked forth among his comrades,
 On his own dear native shore:
 The fair sun of peace had risen,
 And war's tempests all were o'er;
 And down he threw his knapsack then,
 And said with joyous breast:
 'I'm safe in good old England now,
 I'll have a good long rest.'
 There amid his war-scarred comrades,
 On his country's much-loved shore,
 When the storm of war was ended,
 And the grape-shot whizzed no more,
 There he fell upon his knapsack,
 And that man of dauntless breast,
 Never more to leave Old England,
 Found in truth 'a good long rest.'

Death, who shrunk from grappling with him
 In the strango Crimean land,
 Now was proud to do him honor,
 Proud to serve at his demand.
 He desires a lasting furlough,
 Death responds to his behest,
 And safe in his 'good old England,'
 Seals the soldier's 'good long rest.'
 Guard, ye Britons, guard his ashes,
 Plant the laurel o'er his breast:
 Let no hand of friend or foeman
 Ever mar his 'good long rest.'

E P I T A P H I N T H E D E S E R T .

'OUR ONLY CHILD,

'*DEAR LITTLE MARY,*

'FOUR YEARS OLD.'

THAT was the epitaph, cut plain and fair
On a thin slip of board, and planted deep
Where a slight mound arose.

The tents were spread
Of a dense throng, that toward the land of gold
Toiled like a caravan. And many an eye
Of those rude campers moistened as it traced
Those simple words, left by a father's hand,
Like pearl-drops in the desert.

Full of glee
Was little MARY, when at first she left
The spreading elm-trees at her grand-sire's door,
For childhood loveth change, and leaps to go
Where'er the parents lead. Well pleased was she
With the large, gorgeous prairie-flowers to fill
Basket and pinafore. But day by day
Long, weary travel wore her, and her cheek
Lost hue and roundness.

As the evening star
Week after week looked forth, her drooping heart
Longed for the nursery and the downy bed —
To whose white pillow Sleep so sweetly came,
Wooded by the mother's hymn. When stern Disease
More sorely smote, her mind went wandering back
To its far home, and simple rural joys.
The merry kitten that with her would play
At hide-and-seek, amid the mantling vines;
The sparkling water in its rock-bound fount,
Where she might freely drink; her own fair bush
Of berries in the garden; each of these
Murmuring she named, with faint and wildering words.
— 'Mother! the cow 's come home!' and eager reached
Her little cup for the fresh draught of milk.
Alas! poor mother! oftentimes will she weep
Wild, gushing tears, at that remembered face,
So pale and wishful.

When, for the last time,
Her arms around that tiny form were wrapped,
Shuddering she heard that cold lip say:

'Good night!
Good night! The candle 's out! Put me to bed!
— Yes, yes. And thy good morning shall be spoke
By sweet-voiced angels that shall bear thee home
To the Divine REDEEMER.

Innocent lamb!
'T were better for thy parents to have kept
Thee in their bosom, and forsworn the gold
Of Californian mines.

Thought they not so,
As slowly toward that stranger clime they fared,
Bearing the grief-load?

L. H. S.

Hartford, (Conn.), Oct. 1, 1850.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART TWELVE.

'Ho for Kansas!' These bloody skirmishes, the winged words of telegraphic report ever and anon tell of, frequently recall to my mind the events of a visit I once made to the battle-field of Lexington. In the month of May, 1843, I walked from Cambridge and stood on the 'battle-ground' that had so often filled the vision of my childhood. I now recall the uneasy feeling that overcame me as I tried in vain to grasp and realize the astounding fact that my feet trod this soil so fearfully consecrated to liberty. There was a plain green sward, and over it hung a wide-spreading tree. The wind was soft, the sky over head was calm and blue. The country around and about, the fences, fields, trees, houses, looked old and not too carefully looked after. There was nothing to distinguish the spot from many other road-side places. Yet it would be hard to find a man with 'soul so dead' as to stand here unconcerned. I was not unmoved. 'Could I embody and unbosom now' the vague half-mental half-physical sensations that crept and wandered through myself at that moment, I should be glad to do it. Their evanescent shadows eluded my grasp, but a reverential awe, solemn, dumb, and inarticulate, prevailed.

I encountered upon the battle-ground an aged man named Harrington. He was, I believe, the sole surviving living spectator of the battle. He was then a lad some fourteen years of age, and was an eye-witness of the whole affair from beginning to end. He told me in a frank and simple manner all he saw, for he was too young to have participated in the event. 'Some forty or fifty men,' said he, 'had assembled in the morning, long before the break of day, in anticipation of the approach of the British troops, for martial law had already been understood to be declared, and a body of men were expected to march that day toward Lexington and Concord, to get possession of stores supposed to be there. After waiting a long time without any signs of their appearance, some of the Americans dispersed and went to their homes, while others remained upon the ground.

'About sun-rise the 'red-coats' came up the road and formed in a line, a few rods distant, opposite the sturdy little band of Lexingtonians. Major Pitcairn rode up and gave his men the command to 'fire.' The British soldiers, believing themselves not quite degraded to the character of butchers, stirred not a muscle. It was an awful pause. The hand of brother was raised against brother, but no blood had been spilled. The red sun was just rising to set upon the mutual wrath of many who were yet bound together by strongest bonds of peace and good-will. The sky was as calm and the grass as green as now, and it was hard to con-

ceive how many, many years of regret must pass away, how many prayers must arise to heaven from the good and great, before the little blood now about to gush forth at the call of patriotism and liberty, should be dried up and forgotten. It was an awful pause.

‘‘Damn you,’’ cried Pitcairn in a towering rage; ‘‘why do n’t you fire?’’ Upon this further suggestion, the British soldiers discharged their guns over the heads of the Americans. Pitcairn was now almost beside himself with passion. ‘Hell!’ he shouted. ‘Shoot the damned rebels!’ At this, his soldiers levelled their pieces and fired upon the little band of volunteers. Many returned the fire. Some fell dead upon the spot, and some fled, while others remained standing their ground and returning the fire again and again, until, under the descending shower of balls, their brains bespattered the ground. This was the first blood shed in the war of the American Revolution. Ah!’ said Harrington, ‘it was but a little blood spilled upon that ground, and the earth greedily withdrew it from the sight; but there went up from it an incense that reached even to the throne of God. That God who said, ‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay,’ granted beyond the capacity of their wishes, the dying prayer of the brave spirits who fell before my eyes in that merciless massacre.’ The old man’s lips quivered as he spake these impassioned words, and it was a marvellous thing to see how this terrible event had taken hold of his youthful mind, and clung to it as a poisoned garment through the torrid heats of manhood, and the wintry snows of age. Pray Heaven may ever avert the spilling of fratricidal blood upon American soil again!

PART THIRTEEN.

We have a ‘*philosopher*’ who rides in our cars. He generally rides in those hours when we have few passengers, and he has found in me so profound a listener, I believe he selects my car for that. I dare not offend him by calling his name in public, for he has a shyness that tells me nothing could mortify him more. I shall call him Pembroke. He is certainly a thoughtful-looking man, and much of his talk sounds so strangely in this Babel-like city, (where there is such confusion of tongues, and all about ‘money,’) that I must be pardoned for thinking his ‘wise saws’ are good sense. He is a man of at least forty-five years of age. He is of a dark, saturnine complexion, prone to melancholy, I guess, and to fits of abstraction I cannot fail to see. His dress is of sombre hue, with little diversity of color, yet he is always neatly attired, and evidently very careful of his person. His carriage is not erect enough to indicate bold, manly firmness, and I judge there is a cautious, shrinking timidity at the bottom. He must be something of a scholar, or reader, at least if I may judge from the allusions and illustrations he uses, many of which I am not able to understand or appreciate. He has a winning smile when he chooses to put it on, which, to tell the truth, is not as often as I, for one, should wish. Whether he has any occupation, I am at a loss to conjecture. His control of his own time would seem to indicate he had not. Yet he seems not to be a man without a purpose of some sort. I will say no more of the man, for I have said all I know, beyond his conversation, which is never concerning himself, except his own thoughts.

In these days of 'Ana' and 'Table-talk,' I have fancied some of the 'good things' of our philosopher might not be wholly worthless to a public of not very discriminating appetite. If he were a *wit* withal, I should trust his 'sayings' to the dangers of type with more confidence, but I cannot claim that for him, although he certainly has valid claims to some *humor*. He often talks with seeming precision and profundity of the wit of others, and doubtless understands all about it, if he cannot attain to it himself. I do n't think he will thank me for my apologetic introduction of him, ('damning with faint praise,' I fear,) for, like most solitary thinkers (as I fancy him) he does not by any means lack self-conceit. But I'll venture now to let him speak for himself.

'PREJUDICES. — Prejudices are the anchors of weak minds. Let no one rashly tell the weak man to 'think for himself.' It is far better he should take the chance of adopting received opinions. Entangled in the web of his own sophistry he may speculate himself into a wide sea of doubts and be a

'WANDERER o'er eternity

Whose bark drives on and on and ne'er shall anchored be.'

'PROFANITY. — The vulgar profanity and obscenity that breaks over the lips of careless men as an ebullition of passion seems scarcely to admit of classification in the nomenclature of language. It cannot be properly classed among interjections or exclamations. The words uttered have intrinsically a fixed meaning, but utterly foreign oftentimes from the use to which they are applied. They seem to grow up in the mind (or rather in the mouth) upon the instant, spontaneously, as if thrown up by hot blood, just as a mushroom or toad-stool is shot up, nobody knows how or when, in the dark soil of a rich meadow. They are in truth not strictly words or language, but a species, so to speak, of *verbal fungus*, coming we know not whence, and growing up we know not how, and going we know not whither.'

'DISSIPATION. — Dissipation speedily makes a mean man look prematurely old. It is a deadly foe indeed to the noblest countenance, but I have observed that it works miracles of distortion in a mean face.'

'WIT, HUMOR, AND PUNS. — WIT, not as a faculty, but as a production of the mind, is a sudden association of *ideas* in a natural manner, but in unusual and striking *relations*, so as to produce surprise, joined with pleasure or pain, and tending to excite mirth or anger. HUMOR, not as a faculty, but as a production of the mind, is a sudden association of *images* in an unusual and striking *manner*, so as to produce pleasure, and tending to excite mirth. A PUN is a sudden association of *words* in an unnatural *manner* and in unusual and striking *relations*, (partaking of the nature of both wit and humor,) so as to produce surprise, joined with pleasure or pain, and tending to excite mirth or anger.'

There is an *inkling* of 'quality' of our 'table-talk.' Our philosopher seems to think that I thoroughly appreciate him, inasmuch as I listen attentively (except when my routine of duties interrupts) and never dissent. I sometimes, however, catch myself fancying he uses me as a sounding-board to try his ideas upon. Be that as it may, I shall give them to the world as well as I can recollect them, and have yet some variety in store if my readers care to hear them, by-and-by.

S T A N Z A S : A R T .

THESE STANZAS WERE FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE FORM OF A POEM BY AMOS D. HENRY.

I.

In the glimpses of morning a messenger came,
The envoy of Nature, all eager for fame;
He dealt in the beautiful, taught of the true,
And the soul of perfection unfolded to view.

II.

He toys with the light and the lustre that glows
In the bloom of the stars — in the blush of the rose.
He dwells in the dream when the shadows go by,
In the sighs of the heart — in the tears of the eye.

III.

When the meadow comes out in the greenness of spring,
And the bird fans the air with his newly-stretched wing,
He lifts the sweet flower, and bids it to vie
With the hues that embellish and brighten the sky.

IV.

From the mind's dark recesses he summoned at will,
That strange conception, the serf of his skill;
The raw and repulsive, that promised no good,
He invoked, and the graces in symmetry stood.

V.

His thought was a deity, and could impart,
To canvas emotion, pulsation and heart;
He spake, and wild herds peopled hillock and lawn;
He smiled, and bright garments the mountain put on.

VI.

And still a new wonder! the sculptor's loud tones
Calls demigods up into richly-wrought thrones;
From the breast of PENTELICUS bursting gods break,
And majesty they — beauty goddesses take.

VII.

Along the entablature, pediment, arch,
Goes genius exulting — his paragon march;
The fair and the lovely, encircled with charms!
The strong and heroic, arrayed in their arms!

VIII.

A wider escape from law's vigorous sway,
The Poet's foot wanders by night and by day;
He goes in the garb of strange fantasy drest,
Truth flashing her beams like an orb from his breast.

IX.

In the days of the muses, that sisterhood knew
Where his altars were spread, and his minstrelsy grew;
He rained on old Hellas heroic fire,
And taught the young Trojan to out-match the sire.

I.

Creation! Invention! oh! how he will sketch
The light of the happy — the hell of the wretch!
How lovely is morn when he kindles the hills!
How hateful is night when he blackens the dells!

XL

The lord of the scene where, terrific and wild,
The earthquake is spread, and the avalanche piled!
Alike when the hurricane tramples the wood,
Or Arctic winds rouse up the ocean's cold flood!

XII.

He passes the visible — treads the unseen —
Through pathless recesses his searches have been;
On the waste where the wolf and the wild panther scream,
On a cold wintry night, he will linger and dream.

XIII.

He gives no soft hours to ease or to rest,
With plans undeveloped his nights are possessed;
The dark and perplexed that the lazy forego,
He scans as if sun-beam, and pierces them through.

XIV.

In the atoms we tread on we see him behold
What his genius transmutes into genuine gold;
Thoughts sparkling like diamonds, brilliant and new,
From themes the most common and trite he will hew:

XV.

Bestows on the shapeless both comeliness, form;
He breathes on decay, and her wan features warm;
In the woof of his stanza the wizard is wound,
In his airy creations new wonders are found.

XVI.

The haunts known to none but his mystical crew,
He treads like a fairy, and beckons to you;
The long-buried legend he gives to your gaze,
And the grave of old Romance he tears from its haze.

XVII.

The intellect shattered, and drifting aside,
The sport of mischance or a treacherous tide,
May find itself anchored in safety again,
In a haven of peace, in his sensible strain.

XVIII.

The maiden grown restless, by sleeplessness torn,
The prey of a passion, and looking forlorn,
May find in the lyre a consoler, a balm
That shall reach her sweet wounds, and her bosom shall calm.

XIX.

From the dawning of morn till the evening-shade's glow,
To the heights that swell grandly from valleys below,
Her peace shall be like the fair river at rest,
When the sunny hills glow on its fathomless breast.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER TEN.

CONTAINING A FEW MOVES IN THE CHECKER-BOARD CITY.

THIS is a great country, and New-York is a great village, and it would be hard to make your uncle Mace Sloper believe that there's much discount on either. I know that the world's a pretty sizeable orange, or to give the shape more correctly, 'some pumpkins,' since, as they say of the cause which loses at an election, it's flattened out at the *polls*. But I don't believe that in all the world such instances can be found of people who are like what you may call three or four rolled into one, as in the United States.

Mr. Doolittle was one of this sort, though he went no further than being a Yankee amongst folks of his own stripe, and a New-Yorker among the Gothamites. Felicien Boutard was a more complicated specimen, and I am sorry to hear that some folks do n't believe in him, being as they've never seen the like, which is a very poor rule, and do n't work no ways. *Seen!* Lord bless your soul! you've seen five hundred as queer fish here in these very United States; yes, and spoke to them, too: and I'll bet a new hat, you never noticed the first speck of the fancy-colored mosses which grew on the rough rocks of their souls. But get to writing about them, and you'll find the *queer* speerooting out of their talk and minds like molasses out of a hog'shead-bung of a hot day.

Talk of Injuns! There's a good many people who've read Injun novels and books of the Far West, and who've seen 'serraps,' likewise, a-hanging round groceries, piling on the steam pretty considerable tall, with a dime's worth of tom-a-whack whiskey, and have, maybe, struck a tent-full of three squaws, one of them good-looking, and all trying to stick him with bead-work, huckleberry-baskets, and other delicacies. But such an Injun as Okonemathla Penny, you never noticed. Well, to my certain knowledge, when Okonemathla Penny stopped at our house there were at least four hundred folks saw him, and of the whole lot, there were n't three who cared any more about him than to take a glance and say: 'H'in Injum!' But if there ever was a character, it was that same heathen savage.

Mr. Penny sat next to me at dinner one day, and I must say, that beyond his being of a dry-boiled-pumpkin-shaded-coppery-red-tan-color, I did n't observe any thing unusual in his appearance. He was dressed in plain black clothes, called for cayenne-pepper, and behaved, in all respects, like a Christian. I got to talking with him, and found out that he was bobbing around on an inspectivorous tour of observation, which, like a great many American journeys, for health and mental improvement, meant planting dimes in the hope of reaping dollars.

Mr. Penny had the care of the money and finances of his tribe, and either for their good or his own, concluded that it would be safer if partly invested somewhere in the East, where, I suppose, he intended retiring finally to educate his daughter Josephine, who had never mixed with the tribe, but who had been civilized in New-Orleans, and wore hoops which would have scared a Sioux, and who shut down on every thing that was n't aristocratic.

I went about considerable with Penny, and was struck with his general 'cuteness at a bargain, and the corulative way he had of squinting round at the bearings of a thing before he closed on it. (I may mention, by the way, that he purchased of me a small lot of 'Wamsquatequa,' now the best stock in the market, and a little 'Yonkville,' also an admirable investment, of which, as but very little is to be had, those desiring should apply early). Not being naturally one of the 'cute sort myself, I thought all the more of an Injun who was. Hiram, in fact, thought considerably of him, and even composed some poetry on him, which, as it was original, was not so bad. It began with :

'Lo the poor Ingine, whose riproarious mind,
Is up to Wall-street tricks of every kind.'

Well, Penny looked around, picked up two or three good investments, inquired about sending his daughter Josephine to Spinster Institute, Mme. Chegarray's and other feminological seminominaries, bought himself a top-coat, a Tribune almanac, and a box of 'Operas,' and finally went off one fine morning in the Ferry-boat and Camden Amboy cars, manifesting his civilization to the last, by holding as he went a temperance tract in one hand, and a free ticket in the other, each of which he alternately jerked at the conductor with the words : 'Me dead-head ; Injun no pay ; *poco mas arriba !*'

It was a long time before I found out what Penny had been before he had sowed his wild oats and taken down the raising bush. I must say that I had a mighty small notion while we were perooting round town together, talking business, investing the 'ochre,' or maybe piling on a mild jag of 'Mumm's, that my tan-colored friend had once been a devil incarnate on the war-path, that he had shot and speared his enemies by wholesale ; that he had dried scalps by the score in his lodge, stolen horses, kicked up thunder, and permitted miscellaneous things to rip generally, until one of those queer turns in life, which will happen sometimes, even to a savage, had set him to trading, financiering, and civilizing promiscuously. There he was, with the recollection of more heathen deviltry, murder, and horse-stealing on his mind, than would have set up seventeen dozen novel-writers, dining at a Christian hotel-table, buying Wamsquatequa shares at the lowest possible rates, and going round town with his hands in his pockets as calm as a pumpkin !

There are a good many folks of this kind, who, if you could find 'em out, are several in one, like the fellow I once saw riding in a circus, and who every round or two would whap off a suit in a second and come out all revived, changing from an old nigger to a young angel and then transmogrigrating into a Greek or a fireman. And I thought

of this when Gurney Grayberry and his son Ellis called on Mrs. Twiggles in her parlor at La Pierre House, Philadelphia.

Gurney Grayberry was a Quaker of a very pleasant stripe, and not exactly by any means one of the crank stage properties called Ephraim, which are regularly served up to be laughed at in minor theatres and sixpenny song-books. It was easy to see that he had considerable music in him, and the sharp, snap-look he gave every body, in which he seemed to do up the greatest possible amount of observation in the shortest possible extent of time, showed with all the perceptibility of mud that any body who shot *him* wouldn't be indicted for killing a fool, whatever might happen. He was short and lively in his motions, dark in his Quaker clothes, neat all over and very noticing in his ways.

Ellis Grayberry was very well made, rather tall, dressed in the height of quiet fashion, had an immense black mustache, which he occasionally smoothed down with the head of a very French-looking cane, being as it was the white ivory carving of a woman's arm with a gold bracelet on just above the wrist. Ellis had lived about fourteen years around Europe, and had just returned from a prolonged batter in Paris, in consequence of which he looked rather sleepy round the eyes. Mrs. Twiggles whispered to me on the sly before I saw him, that Cousin Ellis was a 'gay' Quaker — if she had said *fast* it might have done — but a more *blasay* specimen of gayety never appeared to the optics of MACE SLOPIER. But the old man was gay as a hot bun.

'We are very glad to see thee, Amelia,' says the old man; 'and if thee *won't* come and stay at our house, and as thee *says* thee won't, why of course thee *can't*. But thee must come and dine with us often, and ride out with us every day, and let us see thee a great deal; and don't thee say no till thee has thought it well over, for we would be sorry; and when we get such pretty relations as thou art, in town, we are in no haste to lose them.' Saying this, Grayberry Senior turned to salute Mrs. Boutard who was just coming, and bowed and darted round her like a polite old fly over a doh of honey.

'Pon my soul, the old gentleman's expressed a fact, cousin Amélie,' exclaimed Grayberry Junior, as if amazed at his governor's genius. '*Touchee au blanc*, rung the bell of my own opinions with the bullet of his well-aimed remarks. Am not poetical myself, leave all that sort of thing to *notre père* — if I were, would get up a grand ode, fireworks in faint imitation of your glances, and so on, to celebrate your arrival and invite you to peaches and cream round at the *chateau* Grayberry in Arch-street.'

'I declare, Cousin Ellis, you have n't changed a bit,' exclaimed Mrs. Twiggles.

'Changed a bit! — course I have n't here in Philadelphia — if I had, should have got two lips for it, and been same old sixpence after all.'

'But cousin Ellis, you've been such a traveller all over the world, and lived in Paris and everywhere —'

'Do n't call it travel nowadays; iron-horse cats up space like oats; grand tours just like game of checkers; leap from town to town; sometimes jump a city or two without stopping to examine, just as you New-Yorkers rush through Philadelphia by night — Owl-Line, you

know — without honoring it with a look. Too bad, really : when I think of the bright eyes and uncommonly neat figures, that are whisked through the city without my getting a look, really feel as if I would like to take a pick-axe, dig up the track, and when the cars come along with the belles, call for a sight. *Would* do it, if it was n't for the dividends.'

'But, cousin Ellis, do you never visit New-York yourself?'

'Oh! yes; go over the road sometimes to get breakfast at Delmonico's. whenever there's any body in town there to breakfast with. Go there sometimes to make calls — parties — opera in winter — and buy things at Tiffany's. Very useful place, New-York.'

Here a new idea suddenly seemed to dawn on Grayberry Junior, and turning suddenly to his parent he exclaimed, in such a changed tone that you'd have thought some other man was speaking :

'Poppy, does *thee* ever go to New-York?'

'Nay, Ellis, *thee* knows I never go.'

'But *why* don't *thee* go? *Thee* ought to. *Thee*'d be such an original there. Why, *thee*'d run for a whole season. Not but what *thee* could do much better though in Paris.'

And the exquisite idea of his bringing his governor out as a lion, fairly seemed to knock Ellis from time, and he lolled back on the sofa and plunged the little woman's arm up to the elbow in his great mustache, and was silent, evidently travelling in his own mind over an extensive crop of rich incidents and hard-baked sells, which would form the net profits of such an investment. And returning to the charge with a sort of pertinacity which I reckoned was natural to him, he said :

'But, Poppy, *thee* *ought* to go, now — it would improve *thee* so.'

'But, Ellis, my son, I can't see that it has ever improved *thee* any : and I hardly think that the old tree would flourish where the tender sapling has grown stumpy.'

'*L'arbre vert* — LAFONTAINE,' murmured Ellis, not at all moved, and rather pleased at waking his governor up. 'Cousin — ah! Amélie, when I next ride out to New-York, I'll — ah — do myself the honor of discovering you. Think we've met before. Sir,' said he suddenly, but very amiably, to me. And I may as well say, by the way, that Ellis had a very pleasant manner of speaking to strangers, and with all his ways was as really a gentleman as you ever knew.

'Saratoga? Mr. Grayberry?' I replied.

'Yes; but that isn't anywhere, though, you know : every body goes there. Oh! yes; do n't you remember — supper at Léonie's — changed hats once at Niblo's — saw a man try to stick you with a bad bill once at Harlem, (he could n't do it, though.) — Century-Club one night when Thackeray was there — dinner at the Brevoort with — let me see — Twine — dined smart chap — invited us — Wall-street many a time.'

Before Ellis had got half-way, I was amazed at his memory. I found out afterward that he actually never forgot any thing or any body. Under all the brushwood, leaves, and fancy flowers of his outside style, there was running a pretty deep stream.

'Well, Amelia,' remarked the old gentleman, 'now that *thee*'s here, we shall show *thee* all the curiosities. First, there's Fairmount——'

'Yes,' murmured Ellis, 'Belmont in French — got one of 'em in New-York — bought bills of him — nine per cent. Bills come from this one, too — bill for water-rates. Poppy forgot to pay the last one; let it slide — got advertised in all the papers and at the corners 'defaulting debtor' — did n't thee, Pop? Paid about five thousand dollars taxes and then had the hydrant turned on thee head after all?'

'Then, Amelia,' said Grayberry Senior, 'thee must go to Girard College.'

'Yes,' quoth Ellis, with his unchanging voice and serious look, 'stupendous infant-school — disseminate information — like a gigantic newspaper, *North-American* or *Evening Bulletin* in marble; great columns with large capitals at the top — more little boys running round the College now than ever — circulation greatly augmented. Nice place, but Poppy can't go in, though — preaches sometimes in meeting — clergymen not admitted.'

'Well, Ellis, thee preaches all the time, and very dull sermons at that, so that thee may find the door shut in *thee* face some day when they find that thee's not one of the world's people. According to thy views *all* Friends are clergymen, and thee must be a clergyman, too.'

'*Diable n'importe* — but Pop had me there!' said Ellis, who seemed to have an affectionate idea that the great aim of conversation was attained when he had fairly provoked a successful rap from 'Pop.' 'Must travel on my face after this when I want to go through the College — fellows generally have to, to get through any college, you know — got to sink the Quaker — Cousin Amelia —' Here Ellis twisted his mustache down in most elaborate style, displaying in the operation a superb antique cameo on his little-finger, and gave his *cravat* a final set. 'Cousin Amelia — it's a great pity that you're a worldling — one of the world's people — given up to the pomps and vanities and that sort of thing, you know. Why don't you do like Pop and I, and return to the fold that your ma left, and enter yourself for sobriety, simplicity, India lute-strings, and plain friendly goods generally? 'Pon my soul I believe you'd find it would pay — Poppy does — do n't thee, Pop?' he inquired of the old gentleman.

'That depends very much whether thee *attends* to the business, Ellis, my son,' answered Grayberry Senior. 'When thee *do n't*, it pays middling well.'

And with this the two gentlemen bade adieu: Ellis evidently immensely delighted at the parting correction he received. Before leaving he privately assured me that so far as the town went, he'd put me through it from Vermouth to *chasse-café* — and a cigar after. 'It is n't lively, Sloper,' said he, 'but it's very nourishing. We're quite peaceable here, but we an't dead yet, for all that.'

As the door closed I turned to the widow and asked: 'Are they a fair sample?' But Mrs. Boutard jumped up to answer, for she had an odd way of always jumping up when among her intimate friends, whenever she spoke. Even when seated she insensibly raised herself when talking, and she could hardly think without throwing her head back. And as she was a pretty and graceful woman, it was n't unbecoming. But her pretty circular face, and bob-cherry mouth, and round,

flashing eyes, and Betsy Button figure, worked in so queer, with all this commanding way, that one never knew whether to laugh or cave in to dignity, when she thus arose and went forth. And it may be made a note of that there are a great many ladies in the United States who, owing partly to the fact that they have lived a great deal among niggers, and Injuns, and married men, and beaux, who have a great deal of diffidence and respect for the fair sect, have picked up an amount of domineering dignity, which in Europe would set up three queens and a half-a-dozen duchesses very comfortably in trade. And as it is perfectly natural, it's all right.

'Yes, Mr. Mace Sloper,' said she, 'they are not an unfair sample of Quakers, for I was partly brought up among Friends myself, and know them. You had no idea that they could be so lively! Oh! if *you* had seen the fun that I've seen when a girl at school in this city; *the* sleigh-rides, *the* little parties, *the* tea-fights, *the* walks in Washington-square, *the* nice rides to Wissahiccon in the dear plain old Quaker carriages, the elegant little pound-cakes of Mrs. Widdifield. Oh! I *do* love the Quakers so! and I just tell Felicien sometimes that I wish he had been me; and oh! *such* times as we used to have at cousin Grayberry's at yearly meeting when all the house was full as a frontier town in Indian war-time. I have been at both.' And here Mrs. Boutard sat down and cried, apparently overpowered by conflicting memories of Indian fighting and Quaker meetings. She was a great character, that same Mrs. Boutard, but even her mighty soul had to knock under to such an awful contrast of recollections as was involved in the comparison of scalping and tea-parties.

But she had scarcely settled down before new visitors were announced and in due time summoned. These were three ladies, one elderly and two young, all dressed, as a New-York lady might say, rather quiet, but in a way which no living woman could pick a flaw in. And, by the way, it's rather a point in Philadelphia that whatever you may think fit on the whole, it's the hardest place in existence to find any thing in that is n't done up shipe-shape and O. K. And if you do conceit that you've discovered something of the sort, the natives will soon argue you down flat on it. I was once walking and talking with a Philadelphia editor, who was expatriating on the purifrous tendencies of his fellow-citizens to keep the streets clean. 'In fact,' says he, 'our people are so fond of cleanliness that they even break the law in their zeal to wash the pavements.'

'Well,' says I, 'you must admit then that we're much more orderly in New-York, for if we have such a law, I'm tolerably certain it an't broke -- much! But how do *your* folks do up the illegal hydropavement jobs?'

'Why,' says he, 'Mr. Sloper, it's against the law here to wash pavements after eight o'clock in the morning, or before eight p.m. But the good housewives, not satisfied with a good scouring-down in legal hours, can't resist the temptation and have to do a little extra swashing out of regular time. In fact, Sir, every thing here is done up perfect of its kind and may-be a touch over.'

While we were talking so, we came to a lot on which we saw, and otherwise observed, a dead horse. I stopped.

'Colonel,' says I, 'if you've got every thing here so perfect, what do you think of that bit of perfumery?'

'Why,' says he, coming up to time in a second, 'I do de-clare! I believe it's a *dead horse*! It's the first I ever saw in my life.'

'Well, but,' says I, sticking to the text, 'where *does* the perfection come in here?'

'Easy enough,' he answered; 'the horse's dead, an't he?'

'Exactly so.'

'And did you ever see a deader horse? Do you believe that there ever was a deader one?'

'No — never.'

'Well then, he must be the deadest horse going, and they've put him here for a *superlative specimen of equine mortality*.'

I paid the champagne that time, and, never undertook after that to argue with a Philadelphian.

The elderly lady, Mrs. Dyeton, was one of that sort who might have passed, as I once heard Hiram say, for a Madonna just growing old. But the others — her daughters — were not troubled with that complaint. Without being beauties, they were wonderfully 'taking,' and a strong illustration of the superiority of interestingness and style to the greatest given amount of mere 'pretty.' And I might as well say, by the way, that a young gentleman came with them, but the 'muslin' always puts every thing else out of Mace Sloper's head. And he was also very neatly got up, and performed without difficulty the feat of sitting down on the spider-leg-gest-looking chair I ever saw, with as much ease as if it had been one of the big, stuffed, easy, leather-covered affairs in the Astor parlor.

'Such a delightful time as we had at Sharon, two summers ago, in your company, Mrs. Twiggles!' remarked Mary Dyeton.

'Yes, the time passed there was all pastime,' interpolated the young man.

'For shame, Dick; our cousin has passed most of his life in Philadelphia,' she quickly added by way of explanation. Amelia had lived a good deal in Philadelphia before, and to her it seemed quite satisfactory.

'And we are so delighted to see you again here in Philadelphia!' cried Hennie Dyeton, her sister, who was younger and more irregular in her sentences; 'you *can't* think.'

'Yes she can, Hen,' exclaimed the cousin, looking at his glove; 'quite a brilliant mind, I assure you.'

'For shame, Dick. It seems to me now as if it were only yesterday that we were at Sharon, sitting at the dinner-table, our parties *vis à vis* in two rows —'

'The *rose* of Sharon,' murmured Richard.

'For shame, Dick; and now that you *are* here —'

'You certainly must make our house your home,' added Mrs. Dyeton. 'We have hoped for a visit from you —'

'Yes, be our 'Family Visitor,' 'appealed Richard. 'We have got one, but it is n't *read*, it wants the charming glow of Mrs. Twig —'

'For shame, Dick. But say you'll come — do say so! —'

'Duce ace, oh!' repeated Dick; 'that ought to take the queen.'

'For shame, Dick. But will you come?'

The offer was declined, as Amelia proposed returning before long to New-York. But while she remained in Philadelphia she was constantly called on, driven out, tea-partied, and conveyed around promiscuously not only by the Grayberrys and Dyetons, but by all their friends and by all the Philadelphians who had ever been friends of Amelia. And the whole course of this attention came so easily and naturally that I am half afraid that Amelia was often hardly conscious of an obligation. That's why Philadelphia people are said to lack warmth. The fact is, they do n't blow enough; they do their little politenesses too easy. I once knew an old darkey who was very charitable and who never passed 'pore pussons,' white or black, without giving them a penny. But he never handed over the copper until he had thrown it about fifty feet high, and this done with a loud yell, he used to catch it again and hand it over to 'de objic,' with the remark, 'take dis, my Crestian frend.' Hiram once asked him if he could n't do as much without going through such a course of gyratics.

'Mars Twine,' says he, 'wheneber I gibbs any thing I like to 'tract 'tention to my 'stonishing lubberality.'

And after all, Mace Sloper is such an abandoned sinner as to like the New-York way of showin' up de 'stonishing lubberality. Rattle-dy — bang, hoop hurrah! 'Sloper my boy, just be round at my house this day week and I'll show you the hospitalities till you're ready for the hospital. Hard up, did you say? out of brads? nothin' over? want four or five thousand — hey? 'Course I'll let you have it and not charge you one per cent a minute either. There's nothing small about ME, Sloper, my rose-bud — hey? You do n't see *my* name down in the Stingy Directory? No *Sir-ree!* Hurrah, boys, let's drink to Sloper's luck — it's my treat — here goes to liberal fellows and true-hearted friends!'

Amelia Twiggles generally took attentions from old friends pretty easy, because she was used to them, and because it was so natural to her to be kind herself that they did n't seem out of the way. But there was one glorious brick among us who never in her life had let the least kind word or compliment, (if so be it came from the heart,) or even pleasant look, slide, without feeling her heart go bumpy-bump, and this was Mrs. Boutard. The grand little trump, with her round eyes and little round chin, and puckered mouth, and jet-black shiny hair, with a straight line of light on the side next to the window, and her clear, pure olive complexion, how she would bounce up-right, and twitch off her glove, and go to preaching, when some body or something would touch up some old-time recollection of some body's kindness. She never had a home, she said, till she got married — one must always live among strangers to feel kindness.

A queer notion has just come into Mace Sloper's head, before he con-

cludes this chapter. When he begun it he meant to have filled it all pretty much with one subject — Mrs. Dyeton and her daughters. They struck Mace more than any thing or any body he had noted down, and after all he has let 'em slide out like mere side-figures. And yet I never shut my eyes and think of Philadelphia without seeing Mary and Hennie, and mother — most of Mary, however — she all but troubles me sometimes — do n't know why — glad I do n't.

There's nothing I like better than the smell of roses, or the taste of Seckel pears. They form an immense item in the sum total of the things I've enjoyed in life. But I should make a poor hand of it — not being one of your 'cute sort — if I should try to give an idea by writing *how* it is that I enjoy them. And it is something the same way with some of the nicest people — or with all the very nicest — that I've ever known. Amelia herself has n't come out much of a character as yet in these Observations — and she the cap-sheaf of every body. Worst of all, I can't remember any speeches of the Dyetons worth making a note of ; or any thing remarkable they ever did. They must pass away with the smell of roses, and the flavor of pears ; and the singing in the little meeting-house where Mace heard it when a boy, and people can never learn from print what they were like, unless Brother Shelton should meet them and describe them with some of his own delicate shades in a River sketch, or unless Mr. Boker will bring them into a play, which, as he lives in the same town, he will have a chance to do. But for Mace Sloper, they are beyond him — far down in the sun-set — lumps of sugar lost in wine.

R E G R E T S .

FALL, fall, O autumn rain ! so cold and chilling,
 Upon the dying leaves, your gorgeous bed,
 At the appointed time your work fulfilling ;
 But what can it avail these tears I shed ?

Upon the dead and withered leaves your fingers
 Work speedy desolation and decay ;
 Yet in the earth the life of beauty lingers,
 And springs with glorious promise to the day.

But for these flowing tears of bitter sorrow,
 Shed o'er dead hopes and dreams now mine no more,
 What promise do they bring me for the morrow ?
 What dream of beauty shall their fall restore ?

Alas ! for such a hope in vain we languish ;
 Our brightest buds of love and joy depart :
 And all our tears of pain, remorse, and anguish
 Can bring no second summer to the heart.

M. L. R.

V O Y A G E O F L I F E : M A N H O O D .

WRITTEN ON SEEING 'COLE'S VOYAGE OF LIFE'

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

I.

WRECKED upon life's rapid river,
Cloud and storm around thy way,
Thou art gazing through the darkness
To the light of perfect day.
'T is the star of Faith that guides thee
To that only saving POWER,
For no mortal arm can aid thee
In this dark and fearful hour.

II.

While the billows surge around thee
Doth the light of hope grow dim ?
As thou near'st that dread hereafter
Fainter grows thy trust in HIM ?
Nay, thy gaze is turned to Heaven,
In this hour of fear and strife,
And thy faith in HIM will save thee
On thy troubled path of life.

III.

Thou art near that peaceful ocean,
Where the dangers all will cease,
Soon the angels will enfold thee,
And HIS voice shall whisper 'peace.'
Even now thou hear'st the murmur
Of HIS footsteps on the wave,
HE hath trod life's way before thee,
And HIS arm will surely save.

IV.

Voyager on life's troubled ocean,
Is thy frail bark tempest-tost ?
Brother ! has thy guardian spirit
Left thee to be wrecked and lost ?
Do temptations dark surround thee ?
Hath thy star of hope grown dim ?
Bless thy GOD, who sends thee sorrow
But to win thy heart to HIM.

V.

Though thy manhood brings no gladness,
As thou dreamed in early years ;
And the golden veil is lifted
From thy path of sin and fears,
Still that unseen hand doth guide
O'er life's storm-enshrouded deep :
O'er thy wanderings in the darkness,
Loving hearts their vigils keep.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

A MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR. In one volume : pp. 145. New-York: 1856.

'He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.'

A PRIVATELY-printed memorial of family affection is a book which does not challenge criticism ; yet, if we were to look upon the present volume, testing it by the application of the law which should govern its production — since every work must have its own law — it would be found amply to meet the requisition. A memorial volume should be true to fact and to sentiment ; and both have been preserved in the present instance. Mere eulogy may gratify friends whose memory gives body to the thought, but to justify the emotion to strangers, to give vitality to the record for the future, the personal, individual example must be presented. The memoir of this volume, in which may be recognized the pen of one of our most accomplished authors, an intimate friend of its subject, is every thing which could be desired for an occasion involving much of peculiar interest. The life of that subject wanted nothing to perfect its hold upon the affections of a large circle of friends and relatives, while it promised largely to the world. The tastes, the studies, the principles of a noble youth are here more than indicated. We can vouch for the truthfulness of the sketch. Wide sympathy with a parent whom New-York delights to honor, extends its touching appeal. The pen has also been admirably seconded by the pencil. A likeness, recalled by the ardent affection no less than by the true touch of the artist WENZLER, has been engraved with unusual care as a frontispiece.

JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR., the son of the eminent physician of that name, was born in the city of New-York, and died here at the age of twenty-two, in January of last year. His early education, with every advantage of instruction, a diligent and honored four years at Columbia College, a course of medical study, cut short by a fatal fever, taken in charitable attendance on the poor : these are the few incidents of a brief life, the true history of

which lay in the private, unwritten records of home and the heart. Many are the traits which may be recalled by the friends of this richly-gifted youth; of his habits of study and observation, his powers of memory, his knowledge of languages, his earnestness, his humor, his fine social qualities; but none are more touching to the heart, or satisfactory to a judgment solemnized by the event, than the recollections excited by the following passage:

'If there be such a phase of natural benevolence as the love of affording protection, it was specially developed in his nature. Toward the humble, the poor, the aged, and even toward his parents and mature friends, this beautiful feeling was habitually manifested. He constantly formed plans to have those he loved partake of his future home, claimed from them promises to submit themselves to his care in illness, to apply to him in misfortune, and to share whatever of prosperity he might hereafter enjoy. He believed thoroughly in the ultimate success of those he loved; and recognized, with such heartiness, their aims and abilities, whether artistic, literary, or professional, that more than one baffled aspirant sought him for the encouragement his confident sympathy yielded. "One of my great regrets in this bereavement," said one of these friends, is, "that he whose faith in me was so implicit, who cheered me on when others were indifferent or scornful, and beheld my triumph ere it was achieved, will not witness the result of labors which he, more than any one on earth, gave me the courage to persevere in." He had many *protégés* out of his own sphere, who only revealed their obligations by grief at his loss. In one institution with which he was temporarily connected, he found a poor drudge, whose self-respect had long been subdued by heartless ridicule: between this harmless victim and his persecutors, he instantly took a firm stand; and, in a few weeks, they were shamed into more manly conduct, and the object of their thoughtless badinage grew cheerful and self-possessed. There was an old lame beggar, who, for years, had daily taken his station in front of the New-York Hospital; so constant was his kindness to this poor fellow, that the mendicant watched regularly for his benefactor, and when he was so far off as not to be recognized by less devoted eyes, took off his hat to welcome "Master FRANCIS," as, to the frequent amusement of his companions, he continued to call him, long after his school-days were over.'

'O Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.'

We would not here unfold private sorrow; but alas! there are few such peculiar griefs 'due to a single breast.' Humanity has a common interest and a common fate in them; nor had the biographer to look far among his books for kindred examples in literature, as he writes:

'FROTHING and song, my dear Doctor, have made classic in the literature your son so loved, the peculiar sorrow that has fallen on your heart — exhibiting the universality of the grief which seems, at first, quite individual and unparalleled. Years after the event, S. truly alluded to the death of his son, in conversation with an American visitor, who saw "the heart of the father still rising in half-suppressed sobs, and sometimes overflowing in tears." "Had it pleased God to spare him," said the poet-scholar, "he would have taken my place in all respects." The late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH was called to meet a similar bereavement, in the death of his eldest son DORGLASS, just as he had reached maturity, and gave promise of every excellence, both of heart and mind. "My son," writes the good Canon of St. Paul, "had that quality which is longest remembered by those who remain behind — a deep and earnest affection and respect for his parents." The most elaborate elegiac poem in modern English verse, celebrates the excellencies and bewails the early departure of HALLAM's gifted son, in terms so exquisite, in images so touching, in the light and shade of a grief so acutely intelligent, as to blend emotion and thought, music and wit, in the most plaintive and permanent artistic beauty. Such a bereavement shrouded in gloom the evening of BURKE's illustrious career; how affecting is the utterance of personal anguish in the midst of the general arguments in debate of his public course! "The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; and am torn up by the roots and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and, in sorrowing submission to it, I live in an inverted order. He who ought to have succeeded me, has gone before me; a son, who excelled in all points in which personal merit can be valued, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity,

in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. He had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty.'

In the words of the poet alluded to :

'PEACE, come away : the song of wo
Is after all an earthly song :
Peace, come away ; we do him wrong
To sing so wildly : let us go.

' Yet in these cares, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes.'

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES: A Sketch of its Ecclesiastical History.
By HENRY DE COURCEY. Translated and enlarged by JOHN GILMANY SHEA, Author of
the 'Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi,' etc., etc. In one volume: pp.
590. New-York: EDWARD DUNIGAN AND BROTHER.

THE history of the Catholic Church in the United States, to those wishing to understand the history of the country, is an important branch of study ; and the man who overlooks it or passes it over with a mere cursory glance, will find that he has left behind him a rich store of materials, and will be compelled to retrace his steps. To any one who has at all looked at the matter it must have appeared that the labors of the French and Spanish Missionaries, the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Recollects, and others, form the ground-work from which to date much of the earliest history of America. Portugal, Spain, France, and England, might dispute and war with each other as to the civil rule over the country, but through all their disputes the Catholic Church kept onward, civilizing and converting the Indians and extending Christianity to points which it was impossible for the soldier to reach. The missionary knew no repulse ; no danger could deter him, no obstacle force him from his path ; but, fired with a holy zeal in his MASTER'S service, he kept onward until cacique after cacique, chief after chief, and tribe after tribe acknowledged the living and true God. The history of these holy enterprises, little thought of in these days, except by the few who delight to follow those glorious soldiers of the Cross in their path of self-denial, show instances upon instances of the most heroic suffering and endurance, often ending, it is true, in a glorious martyrdom by the torture of the red man, but still having no effect to deter others from crowding to fill the places left vacant by the murdered missionary, until there was scarcely a tribe on the continent of America but had received from them the 'knowledge of the true faith.'

The history of the Catholic Church in America, extending from the landing of PONCE DE LEON in 1497, down to 1856, when the Catholics numbered in the United States upward of three millions and-a-half, is presented to us in the work before us. The contents originally prepared by M. DE COURCEY for the '*Ami de la Religion*,' and other French publications, have been col-

lected and put in their present shape by Mr. JOHN G. SHEA. The latter gentleman, himself the author of a History of the Catholic Missions, has made considerable additions to the work, and has furnished to the public an historical volume of great interest, displaying great research and particularity, and furnishing a great deal of information, which, were it not for this work, it would be very difficult to obtain. M. DE COURCY, no doubt, has had access to materials which the general reader would seek in vain, and without which no satisfactory account could be furnished of the earlier French and Spanish Missions. And even as to a more recent period, he has collected facts which render his work a valuable addition to one's library. Commencing anterior to the arrival of COLUMBUS, he refers to the efforts of the missionaries in Iceland and Greenland, and the causes that led to their abandonment: then to the Spanish missions in Florida, New-Mexico, Texas, and California: to the settlement of Maryland by the Catholics under Lord BALTIMORE, and to the Church during the Revolution. After peace was declared he takes up each diocese, as successively formed, giving full information as to all matters relating to them and their establishment, from the consecration of Bishop CARROLL, of the Diocese of Baltimore, in 1790, to the year 1856, when the prelates of the Church number seven Archbishops and thirty-five Bishops. In these sixty years, during which the Catholic Church has increased to such a great extent, she has not always been a 'Church triumphant.' The Maryland Catholics had scarcely declared liberty of conscience when persecutions were commenced against them, and from that time onward the Church has been subject to opposition of various kinds. The work before us goes over the whole ground, and claims to show that the charges made against her are unfounded. Various declarations of Councils of the Church in the United States are referred to in answer to these charges. In 1849, at the Seventh Council of Baltimore, it was solemnly and unanimously declared by the Bishops: 'That we are not subject to the Sovereign Pontiff as a temporal prince, and are devoutly attached to the republican institutions under which we live.' We are also given the testimony of the 'Father of his country' in reply to an address presented to him by the Catholics on his election to the Presidency, when WASHINGTON said: 'I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.' Among other things we find it recorded that LEAHY, who represented himself as an ex-Trappist, and who lectured some few years ago in the Tabernacle against the Catholics, is now sojourning in the Wisconsin State Prison at Fond du Lac, under sentence of imprisonment for life; and strange to say, has repented and was received again into the Catholic Church on the twentieth of January, 1856. The difficulty in regard to the Public Schools is also referred to and treated at length; and there is a notice of that good man the Very Reverend FELIX VARELA, whose deeds of charity and self-denial will long be remembered by the poor of New-York. To conclude: we have read this volume with much interest, and the reader, be he Protestant or Catholic, will be well paid for its perusal.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the October Quarter, 1856 : pp. 250. Boston : CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY : New-York : CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 55½ Broadway.

It was our wont to present a synopsis of the contents of each recurring number of the '*North-American* : ' but the multiplicity of new works, the issues of the ever-laboring American press, has not unfrequently of late frustrated this design. The present number of our old and time-honored Quarterly contains thirteen 'Reviews' proper, with a concluding one, embodying several briefer critical notices, as usual, in one paper. In their order, they are as follows : HENRI HEINE's 'Lutèce' ; 'Biographical Dictionaries,' with APPLETON's Cyclopædia, by Dr. HAWKS : 'A Chapter on Novels,' (embracing 'Zaidee, a Romance ;' 'Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome,' and 'RACHEL GRAY, by JULIA KAVANAGH ;) 'Present State of the Jewish People in Learning and Culture ;' 'WILSON's Treatise on Logic ;' 'The Character of FRANKLIN ;' 'LESLIE's Hand-Book for Young Painters ;' 'EDGAR ALLAN POE ;' 'Portugal's Glory and Decay ;' 'Literature in France under the Empire ;' 'Recent Books on England ;' 'Life of Governor PLUMER of New-Hampshire ;' 'Consolations of Solitude ;' with, as we have said, the usual 'Critical Notices.' Not the least noticeable among these papers — not to pass by the merit and interest of three or four others — will be found the articles on HEINE's 'Lutèce,' FRANKLIN, and POE — a curious antipodeal association, these last names, in every respect. The article upon HEINE is a most comprehensive and admirably-written *résumé* of the work — of the time and events of which it treats. Take a single passage for an 'ensample,' and say if we speak not sooth :

'LUTÈCE is not, as some critics have thought proper to call it, a 'daguerreotype' of the political and social scenes exhibited by France under the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE ; for a daguerreotype is the mere reflection of an object, which object borrows nothing from the surface that reflects it — whereas the picture in question owes half its value to the medium through which it becomes manifest. *Lutèce* is France — nay, France very faithfully mirrored ; but it is France mirrored in HEINE, and your attention is enchain'd to the object reflected and to the reflecting medium at once. If it were not HEINE that spoke them, you would, however true, find much less to interest you in the words that are spoken, and many of the judgments acquire their sole importance from the quality of the judge.

'More than twelve years have gone by since the latest of these letters was written ; fifteen or sixteen have elapsed since, in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, the first of them appeared ; and there is a species of solemn curiosity in their attraction. They are as it were a prophecy of the past. As you refer to the date, you cannot help recurring also to the fact that this 'conjurer MERLIN,' as he somewhere styles himself, was walking about among ordinary people with this magic mirror always before him, and clearly seeing what to you and your purblind brethren was invisible. What guessed our countrymen and countrywomen, when they were presented to LOUIS PHILIPPE in the Hall of Marshals at the Tuileries, of the tottering foundations of the whole governmental edifice ? Or, when they flocked to Colonel THOIX's aristocratic *fêtes*, and thought how fine a thing was an 'old noblesse' — provided, like danger, it no longer was and only had been ! — what guessed they of the fire that smoldered beneath the soil, and was soon to burst forth in flames, whirling away, in a cloud of smoke and soot, king, throne, aristocratic *fêtes*, 'old noblesse,' Colonel THOIX, and all ? They said nothing, neither did the Parisians, who were divided into two classes : those inflated with satisfaction and those inflated with disgust : the optimists and the pessimists, — those to whose minds nothing could go better, and those to whose minds nothing could go worse, for

to the latter stability was the direst evil of all. All saw nothing, and yet here was a man rubbing elbows with them upon the Boulevards who discerned the black point upon the horizon — saw far — years far away into the future; and, giving shape to his dreams, sent them, 'nothing extenuated,' to Germany, where they lived out their day, were read, commented upon, and not profited by. And there they are now, staring us in the face, solemnly curious, as we said before, and only to be designated as a Prophecy of the Past!

'When HEINE first came to Paris, the ground was still hot under his feet, so that what lava had been thrown up by the eruption of 1830 he was in time to study and appreciate. In a very short time the soil was made to look so uncommonly smooth, the fissures were so closed up, the dust and ashes so swept away, that a more than casual observer might easily have been deceived, and have really adopted the *crédence*, that 'an impossible *régime* had merely been replaced by the best of all possible governments,' and that all was forever for the best. But the exiled author of the *Reisebilder* came in time to see the beginning. He watched the 'putting in order' of the whole, and built his apprehensions of the future upon his experience of the past. He is there before the rising of the curtain, and sees the actors dress. So, it may be said, did the French people themselves; but the French people forget every thing, and are incapable to-day of remembering what were yesterday's events. 'Forgiveness,' says HEINE, speaking of them, 'is a ready virtue in the French, because it is a form of forgetfulness. Lucky, perhaps! for if they did not forget so easily, they would infallibly all fall to cutting one another's throats; for scarce a man exists here in Paris who has not some cause of mortal hatred toward another, if he did but remember it!'

'It was, therefore, of no use to the French nation that it should have witnessed the beginnings of its affairs and of its men; it had already forgotten both, and took men and things for what they looked like at the moment. But HEINE, with his German tenacity, lost no impression he had once received, and deduced the present from the past, and the future from both, aided therein as much by his memory as by his poetic instinct.'

The article upon '*The Character of Franklin*,' based upon the new and improved edition of SPARKS's noble collection, in ten volumes, of '*FRANKLIN's Works*,' is extremely well and tersely written. Without comment, which the reader will perceive is not required, we pass to the brief extracts for which we can find space. And first, how many thousands in our country will admit the following to be well set forth:

'If the prime of FRANKLIN's life was the critical era of our national fortunes, it was no less a period of literary and political transition in Great Britain. It was the epoch when History assumed a more philosophical development under the thoughtful pen of HUME, when sentiment and humor grew bold and vagrant in expression through STERNE, when the greatest orator of the age recorded its events in the '*Annual Register*,' when humane letters rose in public esteem by virtue of GOLDSMITH's graceful style, when GARRICK made the stage illustrious, when Methodism began its work, when the seer of Stockholm proclaimed spiritual science, and the bard of Olney sang the pleasures of rural and domestic life. Yet how diverse from them all was the renown their American contemporary won, and the method of its acquisition! It is the clear vista to a humble origin and the gradual rise from the condition of a poor mechanic to that of a statesman and philosopher, opened by FRANKLIN in his artless memoir of himself, which gives at once individuality and universality to his fame. Who can estimate the vast encouragement derived by the lowliest seeker for knowledge and social elevation from such a minute chart of life, frankly revealing every stage of poverty, skepticism, obscure toil, dissipation, on the one side, and, on the other, of manly resolution, indefatigable industry, frugal self-denial, patient study, honest and intelligent conviction, by means of which the fugitive printer's boy, with no library but an odd volume of the '*Spectator*,' an Essay of DE FOE's, translations of PLUTARCH and XENOPHON, the treatises of SHAFESBURY and LOCKE, an English Grammar, and the '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' trained himself to observe, to write, and to think, while earning often a precarious subsistence in Philadelphia and London by type-setting and pen-work? The play-house alternating with the club made up of vagabonds and steady fellows, equally 'lovers of reading,' a swimming-match and experiments in diet, conversation with 'ingenious acquaintances,' hard work, constant observation, and the habit of 'improving by experience,' exhibit the youth as he develops into man, who, with remorse for the 'errata' in his life, goes on to reveal the process — available to all with self-control and understanding — whereby from a printer he became a shop-keeper, then a journalist, and subsequently launched upon an unprecedented career of public usefulness and honor.'

We commend especially to our readers, what we regret to be unable to quote, the brief record of the variety of subjects identified with human welfare, and apart from political interests, which, from first to last, employed FRANKLIN'S mind, and elicited either sagacious conjectures or positive suggestions. The reviewer is not unaware, however, that there are faults in all eminent pictures, even the greatest; and he does not hesitate to set them forth. *Apropos* of certain 'effects' in FRANKLIN'S portrait, the critic says:

'If there were no blemishes in this picture, it would scarcely be human; but the blemishes are casual, and like flitting shadows, of vague import, while through and above them the bland and sagacious, the honest and wise lineaments tranquilly beam. The spirit of calculation, the narrowness of prudence, the limits of a matter-of-fact vision, the gallantries tolerated by the social standard of the times, the absence of that impulse and *abundant*, that generous and ardent mood which seems inseparable from the noblest and most aspiring natures, sometimes render FRANKLIN too exclusively a provident, utilitarian, and a creature of the immediate, to satisfy our loftiest ideal of character or our sympathies with genius as spontaneously and unconsciously manifest. Gossip has bequeathed hints of amours that derogate somewhat from the gravity of the sage; partisan spite has whispered of a too selfish estimate of the chances of expediency; and there are those who find in the doctrine and practice of the American philosopher an undue estimate of thrift, and an illustration of the creed that man 'lives by bread alone,' which chills enthusiasm and subdues praise; but when we contemplate the amount of enduring good he achieved, the value of his scientific discoveries, the uprightness, self-devotion, and consistency of the man, the loyal activity of the patriot, and the interests he promoted, the habits he exemplified, the truths he made vital, and the prosperity he initiated, our sense of obligation, our admiration of his practical wisdom, and our love of his genial usefulness, merge critical objection in honor and gratitude.'

We have often thought, although living in the age of steam-locomotion and harnessed lightning, what latent powers may yet be sleeping in Nature's capacious and fruitful bosom, which by-and-by shall be bared to the day, and eclipse them all. Such a thought, the reviewer infers from his own mind, might also have been the great philosopher's:

'We cannot but imagine the delight and sympathy with which FRANKLIN would have followed the miraculous progress of the modern sciences and of those ideas of which he beheld but the dawn. 'I have sometimes almost wished,' he writes, 'it had been my destiny to be born two or three centuries hence; for inventions and improvements are prolific, and beget more of their kind.' Had he lived a little more than another fifty years, he would have seen the mode of popular education initiated by the Spectator, expended into the elaborate Review, the brilliant Magazine, the Household Words, and Scientific Journals of the present day; the rude hand-press upon which he arranged the miniature 'form' of the New-England *Courant*, transformed into electrotyped cylinders worked by steam and throwing off thirty thousand printed sheets an hour; the thin almanac, with its proverbs and calendar, grown to a plethoric volume, rich in astronomical lore and the statistics of a continent; the vessel dependent on the caprice of the winds and an imperfect science of navigation, self-impelled with a pre-calculated rate of speed and by the most authentic charts; and the subtle fluid that his prescience caught up and directed safely by a metallic rod, sent along leagues of wire, the silent and instant messenger of the world. With what keen interest he would have followed DAVY, with his safety-lamp, into the treacherous mine; accompanied FULTON in his first steam-voyage up the Hudson; watched DAGUERRE as he made his sun-pictures; seen the vineyards along the Ohio attest his prophetic advocacy of the Rhenish grape-culture; heard MILLER discourse of the 'Old Red Sandstone,' MONSIEUR explain the Telegraph, or MAURY the tidal laws! Chemistry — almost born since his day — would open a new and wonderful realm to his consciousness; the Cosmos of HUMBOLDT, draw his entranced gaze down every vista of natural science, as if to reveal at a glance a programme of all the great and beautiful secrets of the universe; and the reckless enterprise and mad extravagance of his prosperous country elicit more emphatic warnings than POOR RICHARD breathed of old.'

'His memory' continues the reviewer, 'is still enshrined in the popular heart; he is still the annual hero of the printer's festival; his name is asso-

ciated with townships and counties, inns and ships, societies and periodicals; with all the arrangements and objects of civilization that aim to promote the enlightenment and convenience of man. The press and the lightning-rod, the almanac, the postage-stamp, and the free-school medal, attest his usefulness and renown; maxims of practical wisdom more numerous than DON QUIXOTE's garrulous squire cited, gave birth under his hand to a current proverbial philosophy; and his effigy, is, therefore, the familiar symbol of independence, of popular education, and self-culture. Those shrewd and kindly features, and that patriarchal head, are as precious to the humble as to the learned; and in every land and every language, FRANKLIN, though the *prestige* of a brilliant discovery in science and the fame of a wise patriot, typifies the 'greatest good of the greatest number.'

The notice of the '*Writings and Character of Edgar Allan Poe*' we regard as just and well discriminated: and we say this, not because its conclusions coincide with those which we have expressed in these pages, but because its facts and its inferences are alike irrefragable. We shall make an extract or two from this able paper, and then close our hurried reference to an excellent number of an excellent Review. Speaking of the characteristics of POE, in a 'critical' point of view, the reviewer says:

'In his determination to be precise and to avoid generalizations, he frequently failed to grasp the spirit and the total effect of a work, while diligently engaged in hunting to the death some awkward expression, or carping at some ill-chosen word. He saw all the faults a writer had, and many which he had not. Thus, in his frequent forays against those whom he especially labelled 'plagiarists,' he detects proofs undiscernible to all other eyes—including many of those who were well enough disposed to see all that he saw if they could. This charge of plagiarism was his favorite weapon, and one which he wielded with no very strict regard to the rules of honorable warfare, for he was constantly in the habit of insinuating the charge, instead of proving it. . . . This is the more audacious, when it is well known that, far from being immaculate himself in this respect, he was a most bold and unscrupulous plagiarist—if plagiarism is not too mild a word for the appropriation, in one instance, of a *whole book*, which he pirated from a Scotch author, and to which he merely wrote a preface, signed by himself, in which he thanks certain (nameless) gentlemen for their assistance, without giving the slightest intimation that it had ever seen the light before. The work was a text-book on Conchology, by Captain T. BROWN, originally printed in Glasgow in 1833. For other plagiarisms on a less extensive scale, we would refer to the Memoir by Mr. GRISWOLD. The fact was, that on this matter of plagiarism his personal feelings were early involved, and became so interwoven with his critical opinions, that he was necessarily inconsistent; and many of his charges were frivolous, while others were absolutely void of meaning. In referring, for instance, to Mr. LONGFELLOW's 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year,' and 'The Beleaguered City,' he must have meant to say, that these poems, with all that he alleges against them, either were or were not justifiable productions. If he would concede that they were so, why did he condemn their author? But if he implied that they ought never to have been written, then we are free to confess that we hold him the only man in Christendom who could have entertained that opinion. Indeed, all the poems which Mr. POE has selected for especial animadversion on this account, are exactly those which of all others the lovers of the true and beautiful would be least willing to lose.'

True, every word of it: as is also the subsequent remark, that the secret of 'POE's impotency over the public taste'—for he had *no* literary influence whatever—'lies in the fact, that his critical reviews, like all that he wrote, were destitute of moral sentiment. He stood on narrow, technical ground, and not on the broad plane of human hopes and interests.'

Of POE's personal character, little need was there to say any thing. Every body *knew*—every body *knows* it. As the reviewer remarks: 'The list of witnesses is long, and some of them are weighty: among them is MR. ALLAN,

his guardian, who charges him with wanton insult and ingratitude; the Faculty of Maryland University; the President of the Military Academy at West-Point; the officers of the regiment from which he deserted; the publishers, WHITE, BURTON, GRAHAM, and GODEY, whose business he had injured or neglected, with others, who, being superfluous, are excluded. But one we must not omit — the state's evidence — *himself*; for none have accused POE of more numerous indefensible motives and actions than he admitted to be true. He accuses himself of deliberate falsehood, for the sake of sustaining appearances; of insulting a respectful audience, and a respectable literary association, solely in order to avenge himself upon a small clique, who he fancied had slighted him; of making public, unjust, and untrue allegations against an individual, without any evidence, satisfactory to himself, of their truth; and of experiencing a 'superior relish for a row, over all sublunary pleasures.' Here the prosecutor may be content to rest the case, though but a small fraction of the evidence is in; and we are glad to hear his counsel call for the rebutting testimony.' And 'here, may it please the court, we leave the case,' and the — 'North-American Review' for October: commending its entire perusal, however, most cordially to our readers.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS: THE SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, 1853, 1854, 1855. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U. S. N. In two volumes. Philadelphia: CHILDS AND PETERSON.

Not a foot of land nor fathom of water on the great globe but shall eventually be subdued to the sovereignty of man. The tiger is hunted from the shade of his jungle, and the Polar-bear, afar off in regions of ice, where day and night alternate in prolonged cycles, is driven from his crystal courts by the fierce energies of Humanity. This unceasing yearning after conquest; this desire to battle with the storm, and enslave the elements; to control the appalling intensities of climate; to plant the symbol of nationality on unfructifying points of eternal desolation; to penetrate beyond the utmost limits, which even the down-covered birds of Arctic skies dare not pass; to disturb and dispute possession of waters with the walrus and the seal, whose title dates back to the creation, and all for a sentiment, is characteristic of the *Picked People of the World*, impelled by the instincts of nature in their most active manifestations. Ross, and PARRY, and FRANKLIN, and others, sustained by the liberal aid of a great government, and the acquiescent favor of a great people, have pushed their penetrating prows far into the ice masses, past all the natural conditions for the sustenance of human life, and have left, to mark the successive discoveries they have made, monuments in the graves of martyred comrades. Such daring enterprise has its aspect of nobleness; but it is a relief to trace the track of similar adventure, induced by motives that permit no question as to their sufficiency. And so Dr. KANE sets out in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN.

Fill up the grate this raw October night and close the doors and windows ; draw up the cushioned chair, and listen to the wind torturing the rheumatic siga-boards in the metropolis, or the trees which surround your country cottage, and then read of Dr. KANE and his small band, in their huts of snow ; feeding upon blubber and rats ; only too glad to get enough of *them* ; *some* lying sick for weary months ; and *all* weakened by privation, in a temperature that compares with our mid-winter as our mid-winter does with the sweltering days of July ; where the mercury congeals as stiff as steel before it gets half-way down to record the degree of cold ; where the ice burns the naked hand or lip, and a very godsend is a shield of snow ; where the wide waters freeze over and down to the bed of the sea, and the rivers are changed by the wand of the Ice-King, and lie upon the land in broad bands of glittering glass, mirrors for the white stars and the cold moon to see their pale faces in : read of all *this*, and let your blazing coal snap, and crackle, and roar in mad exultation, that you are snugly housed, with all the 'modern improvements,' in the comfortable latitude of 41°.

Dr. KANE is no less a capable chronicler than a daring explorer : his descriptions are *pictures* ; and without pretension or affectation he *reproduces* the exciting scenes through which he has passed with the effective power, if not the art (which is the art) of the masters of literature. The tight little brig that bore them safely through so many perils, and which they were compelled to abandon in the ice, behaved bravely in its many struggles with the elements. Long before the real starting point had been reached they had passed death on either hand. The following extract gives a specimen of early experience :

'By Saturday morning it blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

'S all it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others ; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

'Halt a minute more, and 'twang, twang !' came a second report. I knew it was the whale-line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its seal-skin boot, when MCGARRY came waddling down the companion-ladders : 'Captain KANE, she won't hold much longer : it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge.'

'The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck ; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Eolian clout, swelling through all the rattle of the running-gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death-song ! The strands gave way with the noise of a shattered gun ; and in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.'

What we have quoted and that which follows, is equal to any thing we remember to have read, and what we best remember is COOPER's famous scene in the 'Pilot.' We are able to do but imperfect justice to these volumes in the way of extract : at the most, we must be content to offer a few passages, not so much for superior comparative merit as for their variety. Exposure and want had reduced all these hardy men to the brink of death ; some succumbed ; probably none of the survivors but will carry with them through life the effects of what they then suffered. While discipline was in a measure preserved, its etiquette of necessity ceased. The commander and those under him who had sufficient strength, performed all

the offices which care for the invalid demanded, and with fraternal affection ministered as far as possible to the wants of the unhappy sick. The fore-castle was transferred to the cabin; the cook occupied the Captain's bunk, and the Captain discharged the duties of the cook; each contributed as best he could to the comfort of the others, and the rude sailor, with a woman's kindness, if not with a woman's skill, attended upon his dying comrade:

'EARLY in the morning of the seventh I was awakened by a sound from BAKER'S throat, one of those the most frightful and ominous that ever startle a physician's ear. The lockjaw had seized him—that dark visitant whose foreshadowings were on so many of us. His symptoms marched rapidly to their result: he died on the eighth of April. We placed him the next day in his coffin, and, forming a rude but heart-full procession, bore him over the broken ice and up the steep side of the ice-foot to BULLER Island; then passing along the snow-level to Fern Rock, and, climbing the slope of the Observatory, we deposited his corpse upon the pedestals, which had served to support our transit-instrument and theodolite. We read the service for the burial of the dead, sprinkling over him snow for dust, and repeated the Lord's Prayer; and then, icing up again the opening in the walls we had made to admit the coffin, left him in the narrow house.'

Amid all their calamities the interests of science were not neglected. Their observations were carefully and minutely made and recorded, and accurate information was obtained of the habits of the few people who even there had found a precarious home, and of the animals upon which they subsisted. Their life was not destitute in minor incidents of interest. The chase of the polar bear, the killing of seals and walrus, the catching of birds, foxes, and hares are vividly described. From these we take an account of walrus-hunting. MORROX, one of the crew, had joined some Esquimaux for that purpose:

'The party which MORROX attended upon their walrus-hunt had three sledges. One was to be taken to a cache in the neighborhood; the other two dragged at a quick run toward the open water, about ten miles off to the south-west. They had but nine dogs to these two sledges, one man only riding, the others running by turns. As they neared the new ice, and where the black wastes of mingled cloud and water betokened the open sea, they would from time to time remove their hoods and listen intently for the animal's voice.

'After a while MYORK became convinced, from signs or sounds, or both, for they were inappreciable by MORROX, that the walrus were waiting for him in a small space of recently-open water that was glazed over with a few days' growth of ice; and, moving gently on, they soon heard the characteristic bellow of a bull auk. The walrus, like some of the higher order of beings to which he has been compared, is fond of his own music, and will lie for hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the mooing of a cow and the deepest bayings of a mastiff: very round and full, with its barks or detached notes repeated rather quickly, seven to nine times in succession.

'The party now formed in single file, following in each other's steps; and, guided by an admirable knowledge of ice-topography, wound behind hummocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolorations, recently-frozen ice-spots, but surrounded by firmer and older ice.

'When within half a mile of these, the line broke, and each man crawled toward a separate pool; MORROX on his hands and knees following MYORK. In a few minutes the walrus were in sight. They were five in number, rising at intervals through the ice in a body, and breaking it up with an explosive puff that might have been heard for miles. Two large grim-looking males were conspicuous as the leaders of the group.

'Now for the marvel of the craft. When the walrus is above water, the hunter is flat and motionless; as he begins to sink, alert and ready for a spring. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before every man is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the beast returns, all are motionless behind protecting kaolls of ice. They seem to know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the very spot at which he will reappear. In this way, hiding and advancing by turns, MYORK, with MORROX at his heels, has reached a plate of thin ice, hardly strong enough to bear them, at the very brink of the water-pool the walrus are curvetting in.

'Mrouk, till now phlegmatic, seems to waken with excitement. His coil of walrus-hide, a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely by a socket upon a shaft of unicorn's horn: the other end is already looped, or, as a sailor would say, 'doubled in a bight.' It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon: the water is in motion. Puffing with pent-up respiration, the walrus is within a couple of fathoms, close before him. Mrouk rises slowly, his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side. The walrus looks about him, shaking the water from his crest: Mrouk throws up his left arm; and the animal, rising breast-high, fixes one look before he plunges. It has cost him all that curiosity can cost: the harpoon is buried under his left flipper.

'Though awuk is down in a moment Mrouk is running at desperate speed from the scene of his victory, paying off his coil freely, but clutching the end by its loop. He seizes as he runs a small stick of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and by a sudden movement drives it into the ice: to this he secures his line, pressing it down close to the ice-surface with his feet.

'Now comes the struggle. The hole is dashed in mad commotion with the struggles of the wounded beast; the line is drawn tight at one moment, the next relaxed: the hunter has not left his station. There is a crack of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walruses, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male, is excited, and seemingly terrified: the other, the female, collected and vengeful. Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field; and on the instant Mrouk has changed his position, carrying his coil with him and fixing it anew.

'He has hardly fixed it before the pair have again risen, breaking up an area of ten feet diameter about the very spot he left. As they sink once more he again changes his place. And so the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half-exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler's reel.

'The instinct of attack which characterizes the walrus is interesting to the naturalist, as it is characteristic also of the land animals, the pachyderms, with which he is classed. When wounded he rises high out of the water, plunging heavily against the ice, and strives to raise himself with his fore-flippers upon its surface. As it breaks under its weight, his countenance assumes a still more vindictive expression, his bark changes to a roar, and the foam pours out from his jaws till it froths his beard.

'Even when not excited, he manages his tusks bravely. They are so strong that he uses them to grapple the rocks with, and climbs steep slopes of ice and land, which would be inaccessible to him without their aid. He ascends in this way rocky islands that are sixty and a hundred feet above the level of the sea; and I have myself seen him in these elevated positions, basking with his young in the cool sunshine of August and September.

'He can strike a fearful blow; but prefers charging with his tusks in a soldierly manner. I do not doubt the old stories of the Spitzbergen fisheries and Cherie-Island, where the walrus put to flight the crowds of European boats. Awuk is the lion of the Danish Esquimaux, and they always speak of him with respect.

'I have heard of oomiaks being detained for days at a time at the crossings of straits and passages which he infested. Governor FLAISCHER told me that, in 1830, a brown walrus, which, according to the Esquimaux, is the fiercest, after being lanced and maimed near Upernavik, routed his numerous assailants, and drove them in fear to seek for help from the settlement. His movements were so violent as to jerk out the harpoons that were struck into him. The Governor slew him with great difficulty, after several rifle-shots and lance-wounds from his whale-boat.'

We cannot close this review without bearing testimony to the great spirit and liberality by which the enterprising publishers have succeeded in making these volumes in respect of typography, illustrations, and general getting-up, perhaps superior to any work which has ever issued from the American press. And it is no less gratifying to national pride than to the personal sympathy which every reader of taste must feel, to learn that its success is commensurate with its deserts. The engravings from the drawings, *made on the spot*, with all the rare effects, so new, and so the more wonderfully striking, are, for the most part, masterly executed: while the paper, printing, etc., as we have said, leave absolutely *nothing* to be desired. It is a work, reader, when we are dust, which will be read and cherished by thousands upon thousands of our countrymen — the descendants of our nearest posterity.

DAISY'S NECKLACE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT: a Literary Episode. By T. B. ALDRICH. In one volume: pp. 225. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

A most charming volume this; and although not of equal or continuous merit throughout, it is a work which no man of our acquaintance, of the writer's age, including all the critics, whose notices we have seen, could have written. Mr. ALDRICH is a very young man and author, and yet there have already proceeded from his pen some of the most delicate, tender, and beautiful poetical conceptions of this our modern time. We think he gives evidence of being a 'born poet;' for 'if these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' He has only to 'fulfil the promise of his spring,' to become hereafter a proud ornament to the literature of America. He has an affluence of imagination, and a style which, although evidently not altogether formed, is yet exceedingly attractive. Faults he certainly has, but so *generally* correct is his taste, that we look to time and self-correction for their amendment. We have not room or leisure for a criticism of this little book, nor for a synopsis of it: we shall simply permit the writer to 'speak for himself' in two instances, and then dismiss the volume to the public favor. The subjoined is from the 'Prologue:' Mrs. MCGGINS, the author's landlady, has just been informed that he is engaged in writing a novel:

'Mrs. McGGINS ambled out of the room-door, to which she had been summoned by some peremptory appeals of my bell. I was somewhat shocked at the cool manner with which Mrs. McGGINS received the literary intelligence; but she, poor, simple soul, did not know that my greatness was a-ripening.

'Some of these days,' said I to myself, turning toward the window, 'some of these days, mayhap a hundred years hence, as the stranger passes through Washington Parade-Ground, this house—wrinkled and old then—will be pointed out to his wonder-loving eyes as the one in which my novel was written; and the curious stranger will cut his name on the walls of the room which I never occupied, and carry away a slice of the door-step!'

'I immediately fell in love with this fascinating thought, and followed it up.

'The slender trees which now inhabit the Parade Ground had grown immensely—the trunks of some were three feet in diameter, and around them all was a massive iron railing. The brick and brown-stone houses on Waverley-Place and Fourth-street had long been removed, and huge edifices with cast-iron fronts supplanted them. I looked in vain for the little drug-store on the corner with its red and green bottles, and the fruit-man's below, with its show of yellow bananas and sour oranges. The University, dimly seen through the interlacing branches, was a classic ruin.

'Every thing was changed and new.

'All the old land-marks were gone, save the Parade-Ground, and one quaint old house facing Mac Dougal-street: the which house was propped up with beams, for, long and long ago, before 'the memory of the oldest inhabitant' even, an author, a sweet quiet man, once wrote a famous book there, and the world of 1956 would preserve the very floors he trod on!

'And so I sat there by my window in the autumnal sunshine, and watched the golden clouds as the wind blew them against the square white turrets of the University, which peered above the trees.

'Ah! Mrs. McGGINS, thought I, though you only said 'yes, Sir,' when I spoke of my novel—though your name is carved in solid brass on the hall-door, yet you will be forgotten like a rain that fell a thousand years ago, when *my* name, only stamped with printer's ink, on ephemeral slips of paper, is a household word.

'So I came to pity Mrs. McGGINS, and harbored no ill feelings toward the simple creature who was so speedily to be gathered under the dusty wings of oblivion. I wondered how she could be cheerful. I wondered if she ever thought of being 'dead and forgotten,' and if it troubled her.'

From '*The Little Castle-Builders*' we select two passages. 'They were,' he tells us :

'THEY were two strange children — nature, and perhaps circumstances had made them so. They were born and had always lived in the old house. Their mother was in heaven, and their father was one of those who go down to the sea in ships. With no one to teach them, save the old house-keeper, NANNY, their minds had taken odd turns and conceits ; they had grown up old people in a hundred ways.

'The roar of the winds and the sea had been in their ears from infancy. In the summer months they wandered late on the sandy beaches, or slept with the silent sunshine under the cherry-trees. They had grown up with nature, and nature beat in them like another heart. She had imbued them with her richer and tenderer moods.

'BELL was the wildest and strangest of the two. She was one of those aerial little creatures who, some how or other, get into this world sometimes — it must be by slipping through the fingers of the angels, for they seem strangely out of place, and I am sure that they are missed somewhere ! They never stay long ! They come to earth and sometimes ripen for heaven in a twelve-month ! The sweetest flowers are those that die in the spring-time : they touch the world with beauty, and are gone, before a ruder breath than that of God scatters their perfume. BELL was a *Gipsy angel* — one of those who wander, for a while, outside the walls of Heaven, in the shady pastures and by-ways of the world.

'MORTIMER,' said BELL, after a long silence, 'how nice it is to sit here and watch the bits of sails coming and going — coming and going, never weary ! I wonder how long we have sat at this window and watched the white specks ? I wonder if it will always be so ; if you and I will still be here, loving the sea and stars, when our heads are as white as NANNY'S ?'

'No !' cried the boy impetuously. 'I am going out into the broad, deep world, and write books full of wonderful thought, like the *Arabian Nights* !'

'And he repeated it, the broad, deep world ! Ah ! child ! what have such dreamers as you to do in the broad, deep world — the wonderful, restless sea, where men cast the net of thought and bring up pebbles ?'

'I would like that, MORT !' cried BELL, clapping her hands. 'But then, what a grand place this would be to write them in ! You can have your desk by the open window here ; and when your eyes are tired, you can rest them on the sea.'

We ask attention to a single passage from a chapter of the work entitled '*The Phantom at Sea* :

'The blood-red sun had gone down into the Atlantic. Faint purple streaks streamed up the western horizon, like the fingers of some great shadowy hand clutching at the world.

'Huge masses of dark, agate-looking clouds were gathering in the zenith, and the heavy, close atmosphere told the coming of a storm. Now and then the snaky lightning darted across the heavens and coiled itself away in a cloud.

'A lone ship stood almost motionless in the twilight.

'The sails were close-reefed. Here and there on the fore-castle were groups of lazy-looking seamen ; and a man walked the quarter-deck, glancing anxiously aloft. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, and that dreadful stillness was in the air which so often preludes a terrific storm in the tropics. A rumbling was heard in the sky like the sound of distant artillery, or heavy bodies of water falling from immense heights.

'Then the surface of the sea was broken by mimic waves tipped with froth, and the vast expanse seemed like a prairie in a snow-fall.

'The lightning became more frequent and vivid, and the thunder seemed breaking on the very top-masts of the vessel. Then the starless night sunk down on the ocean, and the sea raved in the gathering darkness. The storm was at its height : the wind,

'Through unseen sluices of the air,'

tore the shrouds to strings, and bent the dizzy, tapering masts till they threatened to snap. But the bark bore bravely through it, while the huge waves seemed bearing her down to those coral labyrinths, where nothing goes

'But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.'

'The thunder sent forth peal after peal, and the heaven was like 'a looming bastion fringe'd with fire.' On through the slanting rain sped the ship, creaking and groaning, with its ribs warped, and its great oaken spine trembling. The sailors on deck clung to the bulwarks ; and below not a soul could sleep, for the thunder and the creaking of cordage filled their ears.

'At mid-night the storm abated; but the sea still ran dangerously high, and the wind sobbed through the rigging mournfully. The heaven was spangled with tremulous stars, and at the horizon the clouds hung down in gossamer folds—God's robe trailing in the sea!'

Will some body tell us whether that is n't 'very fair' for a young writer, or as an English cockney would say, 'elevaw?' *Macte virtute*, MR. ALDRICH! Study the good old English models of simplicity and purity of style, as you pass along the second arch of the 'Bridge of Years;' keep your freshness of heart and the 'dew of youth;' and 'defy the foul fiend,' and also—the critics and hypercritics. (Well printed, on good paper.)

THE GOLDEN DAGON: OR UP AND DOWN THE IRRRAWADDI. Being Passages of Adventure in the Burinan Empire. By AN AMERICAN. New-York: DIX, EDWARDS AND COMPANY.

THE special peculiarity of this traveller is, that he adapts himself with extraordinary facility and naturalized ease to the conditions in which he may be placed. Whether smoking cheroots on the verandah at Baooks's in Hong Kong, or acting as surgeon on board H.B.M.S. Phlegethon, or listening to AY-CHUNG talk 'broken China,' he appears equally content. 'When you are in Burmah do as the Burmese do,' seems to have been his adaptation of a time-honored proverb; nor was he disposed to make an exception against certain customs, which however they may shock our double-distilled morals, the primitive man has a natural inclination to. Still we are not anxious to take charge of the Doctor's post-mortem arrangements, and so leave the ethics of his book to the kind care of our theological contemporaries. It may be that our traveller has voluntarily placed himself in a confessional by way of penance. Perhaps he could n't be expected to live with little MAYOUK for ever; and if he still preserves her silver spittoon as a remembrancer, and if she has fulfilled her promise of sending an offering to the Pagoda every new moon, they may be forgiven for that little business transaction! Ah! Doctor! if you had n't had it all printed in a book, we never could have believed it! Who could have suspected that the six-feet of humanity coming after a pair of spectacles down the long circular stairs that lead to the Parnassus of the New-York *Tribune* was any thing but a 'soul,' or had more of the animal than was absolutely necessary to envelop the spiritual? We knew very well, long before your book was printed, what a very clever book it would be; but, to tell the honest truth, we expected plenty of fancy without any fact to speak of. Here we have both. And though you came not from any particularly 'Holy Land,' nor carry a palm as an emblem, none the less are you a 'PALMER' in its modern, 1856 sense. Speak for yourself, dear Doctor, and tell the ladies and gentlemen all about Penang and that pleasant Malay amusement of 'Running Amok':

'PENANG!—Paradise and Peridom attainable by steam! And yet, for all its pools of silver, and its bowers of balm and beauty, and its bird-bells tinkling tunefully, and its orchards of Araboid aromas, and its drowsy palms nodding tipsily over brimmers

of spiced ether, and its bamboos rippling where long shadows sail, that Eden also hath its fiend.

'While we were there, a Malay ran amok. The fellow—a familiar vagabond who hung about the skirts of the town—had been bamboozed for a theft. Next morning, even as the golden sun began to glorify the garden, he snatched his wicked krees, and with black locks streaming in the astonished air, and back and loins bare and slippery with palm oil, with staring eyes, and visage all-bedeveled, crazed with shame and spite, and drunk with opium, he reeled like a mad dog, down the thronged lanes between the bamboo hedges, where blind old men, unwitting of the horror, crept from hut to hut, and maidens came singing from the groves with great plantain clusters on their heads, and shiny brown youngsters ran races for cocoa-nuts. He rushed through flying men shouting for their weapons, and women screaming to *GRADMA* and *BOODU*, and children laughing at the funny man—stabbing and chopping and slashing, and spattering the bamboos with blood; till at last, down, and wriggling in a fit, he was dispatched, and his steep-chase of death was run.

'Pardon! I relate these things in course. No more than my reader have I a taste for horrors; but in those lands, where spiced sauces are every thing, they do not serve these separate, and you must take them chow-chow with your music and loveliness and love—all or none.

'Next morning we lifted the anchor and, under 'full power,' sped away to Burmah—for coals and water, so they said—the kidnappers! to serve me so, a poor Yankee waif!

'Passing the scare-crow Andamans, content to take their injured look for granted and believe them innocent of cannibals, in a few days we ran up to the custom-house wharf of Moulmein, so suddenly that an elephant took fright at us, and ran away with a field-piece.

'Our coming had been looked for, for many days. Rumors of war, between the East-India Company and the Burmese nation, were agitating the motley community of Moulmein and lending to the advent of the *Phlegethon* more than her share of interest. Already a British Commodore, with a frigate and a Company's steamer, was at *Bangoon*.

'In fact, in less than six weeks our guns were 'conciliating' Burmah; and as it is my own story, and not the history of a war of annexation, that I have set out to write, I have gathered from this Burmese campaign—wherein I was a volunteer in spite of myself—a few passages of personal adventure which, here and there in the progress of my rambling story, will turn up for the entertainment of my reader. For the rest—the policy, the diplomacy, and 'all that sort of thing'—I shall hand him over to *CORBEN* and *ELLENBOROUGH*, with one introductory chapter, more free than flattering—and then go ashore.'

GRISWOLD'S ILLUSTRATED LIFE OF WASHINGTON. Published in Numbers: Part one: pp. 64. New-York: VIRTUE, EMMINS AND COMPANY, Number 26 John-street.

THE multiplication of editions of the *Life of WASHINGTON* is a good 'sign of the times.' Never was a wide diffusion of his virtues and counsels more needed than at the present moment. The work before us promises to be one of rare beauty and value. That Dr. GRISWOLD has performed his portion of the enterprise faithfully and in good taste, may be safely assumed from his literary antecedents. The publishers will emulate him in *their* department. The paper is fine and white, the type large and clear, and the engravings, of which there are three in this 'First Part,' promise to keep pace with the other external features of the work. We append a few of *WASHINGTON*'s 'Practical Maxims for the Government of Conduct in Society,' in the hope that they may interest, as well as prove useful to many young men among our readers:

'1. EVERY action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

'2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

'3. Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, and walk not when others stop.

- '4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking ; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes ; lean not on any one.
- '5. Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.
- '6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company ; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unasked ; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.
- '7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.
- '8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.
- '9. They that are in dignity or office have in all places precedency ; but while they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.
- '10. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort, we ought to begin.
- '11. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.
- '12. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.
- '13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.
- '14. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.
- '15. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes ; it savors of arrogance.
- '16. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.
- '17. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, also in what terms to do it ; and in reproving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.
- '18. Mock not, nor jest at any thing of importance ; break no jests that are sharp or biting, and if you deliver any thing witty or pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.
- '19. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precept.
- '20. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curses nor revilings.
- '21. Be not hasty to believe flying reports, to the disparagement of any one.
- '22. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration. Keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.
- '23. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.
- '24. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.
- '25. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.
- '26. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.
- '27. Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grown and learned men : nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.
- '28. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table : speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.
- '29. Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.
- '30. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest or earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.
- '31. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous, the first to salute, hear and answer, and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.
- '32. Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commending.
- '33. Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.
- '34. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your opinion : in things indifferent be of the major side.
- '35. Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.
- '36. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.
- '37. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language ; and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar. Sublime matters treat seriously.
- '38. Think before you speak ; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LETTER FROM 'DIE VERNON' AT ROUND-HILL. — We cannot better introduce the communication for the month, of our fair and gifted correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' than by prefacing it with the following lines from a friend in the 'Literary Emporium':

To 'Die Vernon.'

DIE VERNON you're called by men and the gods:
She was given to horses and flirting;
In this I can't tell if you're nick-named aright,
But I know that you're mighty *Die verting*.

DIE VERNON was known for a capital whip,
Though the quadrupeds thought her too urgent:
But if you hold the 'ribbons,' and I am alive,
May our pathways be never *Die vergent*.

DIE VERNON rode, drove, and on horseback would fly,
But she died, for we must take our turn all:
But may you never die, and your star in my sky
Rise and shine di-uturnal, diurnal.

DIE VERNON they call thee, but *not* with good reason,
For beauty and wit are eternal:
But if you *can* die — whatever the season,
God grant you at least may *Die vernal*.

M. M. M

'Come, dear reader, take a seat beside me at the foot of this great beech-tree, just on the out-kirts of this beautiful wood, and let us while away an hour or so of this delicious morning in quiet musings.

'Certainly, no spot could be more enchanting than this cosy little nook, where I have established myself. Come then, and enjoy it with me! Forget the city with its busy cares, its heat, and dust, and smoke, its brick walls and burning pavements, its hurry, noise, and bustle, and here in this cool shady wood, come and refresh thy weary spirit, and let thy soul drink in nature's loveliness, and recognize in all *His* works the beneficence of the great CREATOR! Trust me, thou wilt be the better for such communings; it is a blessed thing to feel the melody of silence in the woods,

where each verdant leaf is a volume, teeming with the ALMIGHTY'S praise! Thou shalt learn to look into thine own heart and read its mysteries, its holy longings, and its high aspirations, for there is a power within the soul, which makes it yearn to soar up to the Infinite, and, eagle-like, bask in the unveiled glory of the sun, but this poor frail clay clogs all its aspirations, thwarts all its pure longings, and keeps the struggling captive down!

'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her,' and in these sweet solitudes we may pour out the secrets of our over-burthened souls, sure of finding a solace and a sympathy. Listen now to the murmur of the wind among those old pine trees, see how it sways their tall tops to-and-fro! Now it grows louder, and sounds like the distant roaring of the ocean; now it lulls again, and is coquetting most gracefully with the coy tops of those birches. Is it not sweetly musical? And now it is dying away again into gentle breathings, like whispers from the spirit-land. Does it not carry thee back into the past, reminding thee of hours when the voice of the loved one by thy side was sweeter music to thine ear than the softest murmur of the breeze? You think it a mournful sound, it makes thee sad? Then that loved one is far away, and thy heart longs in vain for the sound of that dear voice; or, perchance, its melody is hushed, its sweetness stilled in the silence of the grave; but better, far better so, than that thou shouldst live to find its sweet notes false, its music turned to discord! But let us not dwell on these saddening themes; this world is too bright, and there is too much happiness within our grasp, for us to pine for that which is beyond our reach: let us enjoy the present, take warning from the past, and rely on ourselves and on our God for the future!

'Could any thing be more exquisite than that flood of golden sun-light streaming through the trees, and bringing out their moss-covered old trunks in such bold relief, but mellowed and softened by the intervening branches, till it rests upon the pale wood-flowers at our feet, like a smile on the face of a sleeping infant! And now it steals in upon that poor blasted chestnut, and seems to cheer it like a kind word to a sad heart; and see what touches of life and beauty it throws upon that old gray rock yonder, and then glances off upon the delicate tendrils of the grape-vine, which hang in such graceful luxuriousness from that cedar-tree, and gilds them all with its magic light! Love is to the soul as sun-light to the outer world! and methinks that life were a curse, if separate from loving of the good and beautiful. Notice the dark outlines of those evergreens against the clear blue sky; is it not grand? It might be too sombre, were it not relieved by the delicate foliage of the locust and maples, which form such a network of verdure below. There is something sweetly soothing in the sound of that little stream, rippling over its mossy bed, and now and then you catch a glimpse of it between the trees, as it sparkles in the sun-light; what a graceful oriental look those large fern-leaves have, bowing over the water's edge, to view their own delicate reflection in its glassy surface. There is a peculiar fascination to me about a brook rushing and roaring over its stony bed, dashing and leaping from rock to rock in glistening cascades, and boiling up impetuously in the dark pools below. Oh! that's the kind of a brook for me, and many an hour have I lingered beside such a one, indulging in sweet reveries, full of hope, and trust, and love unchanging — hopes, which by their brightness illumined the dark and dreary present; trust, which knows no doubting, and a love, which neither time nor absence can weaken — not day-dreams now, but blessed realities. If we follow this little brook, it will lead us to a beautiful spot, named most appropriately 'Paradise,' though I believe there is no serpent lurking there. Let us take this grass-grown road, which looks so inviting with the sun-light streaming in upon

it; the turf is as soft and warm to the tread as velvet, and how gracefully the trees bend toward each other from either side, forming over-head a transparent arch of moving green; and there is no sound to disturb the perfect stillness, save the chirping of a cricket, or the twittering of the wren. See those little yellow butterflies circling round and round in the sunshine; how gay and cheerful they seem; life for them is all brightness and flowers; yet I for one would not like to lead the life of a butterfly; let there rather be mixed in my cup enough of shade and sorrow to develop and draw forth the depths and capabilities of my heart; for just as surely as 'circumstances make men,' sorrow develops a woman — her heart is her world; she lives in her affections; but there are many who float on the bright current of a peaceful existence, and never show forth any of the better qualities of their natures; but let the touchstone of sorrow be applied to their hearts, and it brings out bright and glorious qualities of which they themselves never even dreamed! And now our pathway leads into a pine grove: do n't you like that spicy, aromatic fragrance? How smooth and clean the ground is under them: let us sit down a moment, and listen to that surging, sighing sound, which is always heard in a pine wood, though not a breath of air be stirring; there is something sweetly mournful in those low wailing cadences. Is it not some prisoned Nereide, weeping for her ocean home, or perchance some captive lover, sighing for the absent one? But we must not linger here, our little brook is inviting us in its sweet gurgling tones; let us follow it: here we are again in this nice old road, and the bright sunshine is cheering after the gloom of the pine grove, and these glowing leaves, scattered round, serve to heighten the effect. Here our capricious little brook crosses the road, and a bridge of old moss-covered logs is thrown over it. Let us leave the road and follow the brook, for its race is nearly run, for now it rushes more eagerly onward, and mingles its brightness exultingly with the river below, its identity lost, its beautiful tribute despised, for the river flows unheeding and unrecognisant on its course. So does pure and trusting woman often pour forth her whole life, her soul's wealth of affection, to be rewarded with the same ungrateful, unappreciating neglect! But pray do n't let me prejudice you against the river, for it is such a spirited creature that I have not the heart to blame it for not deigning to notice that insignificant little brook. There can be no sympathy between them. What can the brook know of the river's glorious past, its high aims and ambitions for the future? Do you not know men of genius, men calculated to make a mark in the world, and write their names high on the tablet of fame, who are tied to insignificant women, perfectly incapable of appreciating them, and who by their senseless efforts to aid, serve merely to retard their progress? Well, that's the other side of the picture! Let's follow the river. Is n't that a pretty bend, and what a beautiful effect those brilliant trees have reflected in the clear glassy surface: a little further up there is a fall; don't you hear it? Those hills on the opposite bank are exquisitely gorgeous in their autumn coloring, and the meadow in the foreground with the gay golden-rod, and the crimson sumac contrasted with the bright and shining laurel and the graceful wreaths of the running blackberry; then that group with the brilliant yellow of the chestnut, the deep mulberry of the oak, and the vivid green of the pines, all in such bold relief, yet harmonizing so exquisitely, and those scarlet maples, shooting up like flames from amid the stately lindens, is it not all like a scene of enchantment! Stop, now, and get a glimpse of that old farm-house with its stately poplars, its well, spacious barns, and, a little beyond, that dilapidated mill, and the bridge across the river. Is n't that a scene for a painter? I want some of these bright leaves, Autumn's golden treasures, they so remind me of my childhood, when I always returned from

my autumn walks with my little apron filled with the gayest specimens, and spent hours in weaving wreaths to decorate the nursery.

'But childhood's frolic hours are brief,
And oft in after years
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eyes with tears.'

'There! I've torn my dress reaching after those barberries, but no matter, they will make a pretty wreath for my hair this evening. And now, dear reader, let us turn our steps homeward. This delightful walk is another link in the chain which binds me to this lovely place.

'Oh! pleasant thoughts of Round-Hill
Will always dwell with me,
One of the sunny spots upon
The track of memory!

'The happy days passed 'neath its shades
Will woven be with flowers;
I'll cull from out the fragment past,
To enliven lonely hours!

'The forest trees of Round-Hill,
The river's brightening gleam,
The very clouds were beautiful
As in a fairy's dream!

'And if I find, as down the vale,
I tread in future years,
That words may harshly spoken be,
And naught is cared for tears:

'I'll turn in thought to Round-Hill,
No matter where I be,
And list again to memory's tones,
In welcome greeting me!

'Northampton, Oct. 8th, 1856.

J. K. L'

A WARNING 'VOICE FROM THE STOMACH!' — '*Hutchings' California Magazine*' succeeds to the '*Pioneer*,' which has been discontinued. It is neatly executed, and judging from the only number which we have seen, promises to prove an attractive magazine. It opens with an amusing illustrated paper of the fabulous school, entitled '*Adventures in the Farallone Islands*.' One article, something after the 'CAUDLE Lectures' in style, arrested our attention. Its called '*A Voice from the Stomach*,' and contains not a few sensible suggestions and satirical 'hits.' Take the subjoined 'hash' from the article as a 'specimen-brick':

'I HAVE gently hinted that *this* don't suit me, and *that* don't please me; that *this* comes too late, and *that* too soon; that you give me too little of this, and too much of that; and, rather than complain without cause, I have worked off load after load, time after time, until I can bear it no longer — and I won't. I hate to complain as much as you hate to hear me; but if you take me to be a sausage-mill, and able to chew up any thing — from a rat to a sea-lion, or from sheet-iron beef-steak to India-rubber cheese — I say, again, that you are mistaken.

'Now, I want to ask you, in all candor, what you take me to be? A stomach — a stomach to digest food — to make whatever you choose to give me into good, healthy blood, so that you may have the materials for building up a vigorous and healthy

body, and which my neighbor, the heart, can receive, and circulate to every part of it, for that purpose.

'Now, let me ask why you — knowing me to be a stomach, and a *stomach* only — will impose upon me the duties of the *teeth*?

'Would *you* like to do another's work, when it is quite as much as you want — and perhaps a little more — to do your own? No; I know you would n't. Then why do you seek to compel me? *You don't compel me?* But I know you do; at least, you leave me but one alternative — to digest whatever you like to give me, in whatever shape it comes, or pass it to my neighbor for him to work off; and rather than do that, I have many times *cast up my accounts*, and *thrown up* the contract; and I want you to understand that if we are your servants, we are not your slaves — or, at least, we ought not to be — and as we are fellow-servants, we do not wish to be so mean as to shirk our part of the labor — to put it on the shoulders of the next beneath us — and it is *your* fault that the teeth do it, and *they* are not to blame.

'*You have n't time?* Shame on you! Have you time to live? — time to suffer all the pains that we necessarily inflict upon you? You find time to loll about; time to pick your teeth; time to smoke cigars, or chew tobacco; in short, you find time to do *nothing*, yet every thing you should n't.

'Then, again, do you suppose that I can make good blood out of any thing? or every thing? or nothing? *You don't suppose it?* One would think that you did suppose it, by the vast varieties of odds and ends you give me, but which, often, your dog would not eat! . . . I want to be a reasonable kind of stomach, and a good servant, and it may be possible that if you are willing to do what is right by *me*, I may do my best to serve you: I do not want to be all the while grumbling, and giving you headaches, cholice, dyspepsia, and, in short, nearly every disease to which men are subject, but wish to lead a peaceable life with you as well as with my neighbors.'

The STOMACH 'throws out' a few suggestions as to how it thinks it ought to be treated, some of which certainly seem very reasonable and proper:

'As soon as you are out of bed, give me a glass of good water.

'In about half-an-hour after that I suppose *you'll* want your breakfast, and I some work to do, as I don't believe in working with an empty stomach any more than you do, when I am well. You sit down then to breakfast, and give me something tender and nutritious as meat, and something light and wholesome as bread; and I suppose *you* would like a cup of coffee, but I do n't *need* any thing of that sort. Be sure to be very moderate. Do not, as the head of the firm, keep importing cargo, because there happens to be plenty, nor keep *storing* it down as though the warehouse was made of India-rubber; because if you do, I have no alternative but to put it in some place that does not belong to me, or unship it by the way it came; neither of which is very pleasant either to yourself or to me.

'At dinner, also, be very moderate. Soup, if good, is not amiss, as I prefer this to cold water, for the reason that cold of any kind lowers my temperature, so that I cannot work willingly until I am warmed up again.

'Then, after soup, take something that I can do something with. Don't load me with all sorts of messes and mixtures, from all parts of the world, merely because you would appear of importance to those who may be on a visit to you. I am, in such a case, and at such a time, of much more importance to *you* than can possibly be your guest, and I wish you to remember that; and the moment I begin to be felt, let nothing tempt you to giving me more, for I have then as much as I know well what to do with.

'At supper — be most careful, for as the day draws to a close, I, as well as other members of the firm, am weary with my day's labor, and do not like to be taxed with additional work when I should be at rest; therefore, give me something very light to do, and something that does not want steam employed for its transit, that I may not torment you with horrid dreams, or tossing and unrefreshing sleep. What I have suffered from this cause no one can fully tell; for, will you believe it, even late at night, I have been obliged to hear piles of heavy and indigestible stuff, that I could not dispose of in a morning, without fatiguing me with more labor than I ought to be called upon to perform all day. And then my next-door neighbor lays the blame at my door. If all sorts of diseases arise, as they do, from my being abused, do you not think the 'time' and attention well employed that is bestowed upon me?

'Yes, verily it is; and when you arise next morning with a violent headache, and a mouth uncomfortable, with heaviness and languor having possession of your whole body, don't you put the blame on me, for *you* are to blame, and *you only*. For, if you will over-load and over-task and abuse me in all sorts of ways, by all kinds of things, then remember that *sooner or later* I shall serve you out — perhaps in some way you don't expect of me.

'Then, again, when you — my professed master — are doing comparatively nothing, do you suppose that I need just as much to supply me, and those who receive their supplies from me, as though you were a hard-working man?'

'Certainly not.

'Yet you have acquired the habit of eating much, when, perhaps, you worked at the hardest kind of labor, and follow the one habit, that of eating, after you have abolished the other habit, that of working. Now I say that you ought to be more consistent—you *had*. I must say, too, that I am always better, healthier, and stronger with a working-man than I am with a man that don't work. The *worker* always has good, plain, wholesome food, (excepting some very heavy bread sometimes,) and as soon as he has finished his meal, he don't keep eating all sorts of foolish and indigestible messes, as some do. And moreover, with him who labors I am always at home, for *his* labors very much assist mine.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We rather think, upon the whole, that we shall violate no confidence, nor do any particular hurt, by permitting the reader to have a peep at the following passages from a private letter from 'JOHN PHOENIX,' *alias* 'SQUIBOB,' dated from Portland, Oregon Territory, the latter part of August last. His epistle ends with a poem, which is scarcely less characteristic than the letter itself:

'It gives me unfeigned pleasure to inform you that I am about to quit the gloomy and never-to-be-dried-up sky of Oregon, and 'repair without unnecessary delay' to D——, on our borders. Yes, Sir, I'm off; 'services' no longer required on these inclement shores — shores which, when you read of in IRVING'S 'Astoria,' you naturally wish to behold, and admire old ASTOR'S pluck in making establishments thereon, and which, when you reach, you wish you had n't, and admire still more old ASTOR'S good sense in breaking his establishments up, and quitting while there was yet time.

'Rain is an exceedingly pleasant and gratifying institution in its way, and in moderation; it causes the grass to grow, the blossoms to flourish, and is a positive necessity to the umbrella-maker; but when you get to a country where it rains incessantly twenty-six hours a day, for seventeen months in the year, you cannot resist having the conviction forced upon your mind that the thing is slightly overdone. That's the case in Oregon; it commenced raining pretty heavily on the third of last November, and continued up to the fifteenth of May, when it set in for a long storm, which is n't fairly over yet. There's moisture for you.

'The consequences of this awful climate are just what might be supposed. The immense quantity of the protoxide squirted about here causes trees, buildings, streets, every thing, to present a diluted and wishy-washy appearance. The women lose their color, the men their hair, (washed off, Sir,) and the animals, by constant exposure, acquire scales and fins, like the natives of the great deep. In fact, all the inhabitants of this territory have a generally scaly appearance, and rejoice in a peculiar smell, a combination, I should say, of a fish-ball and a fresh mud-sucker. The rains of Oregon beat every thing in that line I ever beheld or conceived of. Those that fell on Noah's ark were not more heavy; those of NERO, CALIGULA, and I. NEELY JOHNSON, not more terrible; nor those of Lady SUFFOLK and MOSCOW longer or stronger, which is a slightly mixed metaphor of a very happy description. So, upon the whole, I'm glad I'm off; yes, I am quite sure of it; and I long to get to D——, where the people enjoy the light of the blessed sun, and where I can enjoy it also, and dry my things, and read IRVING'S 'Astoria.'

'Howbeit, there are many interesting and curious things in Oregon; many odd and entertaining people also therein; and I have seen much that was funny, and

laughed thereat, and should have laughed louder and longer, if my mouth had not filled with rain before I had half finished; and I might perhaps regret leaving a country in which I have had so much positive enjoyment, were it not that I have chronicled all these amusing things and peculiarities, and shall be glad to get somewhere where I can have a dry laugh over them. Such a thing as 'dry humor' in Oregon is, of course, a physical impossibility.

'I received my KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for the month of August yesterday, and felt extremely tickled at your most kind notice of my unworthy productions. A slight history of the Oregon war, with some incidents from the life of PIKE, is now in course of preparation, which, when finished, I will submit to you, with the hope that it may prove entertaining and improving to your readers. The information, certainly, is valuable, whatever may be the style. I inclose a short 'Pome,' which tells its own story. Set to music, ('suthin, slow, and melancholy-like,') and accompanied by the *swinette*, I should think it might be well adapted for the parlor, the *boudoir*, or the concert-room. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, not only founded on facts, but with all three stories, and the attic, built of those materials.

'STanzas: Lines: Song: Ballad.

'AMONG THEM THAT COME UP TO SPECULATE IN STOCK AND SUPPLIES.'

'A OREGON LAY.

'BY A SURVIVING SUFFERER OF THE WAR.

I.

'Among them that come up to speculate in stock and supplies
Was a fellow named STUART, a man of enterprise;
He bought him a switch-tail sorrel two-year old, which hed a white face,
And he bantered all Portland, O. T., for a three-hundred yard race.

II.

'Thar was a man hed a horse, which he thought her pretty fair,
She was generally know'd as MILLARD's thousand-dollar mare;
He had n't no idea, he said, of doing any thing so rash,
But he took up Mister STUART for two hundred dollars, cash.

III.

'So every soul in Portland, O. T., went straight down to the course,
And every cent we borried, we bet on MILLARD's horse;
And thar was that speckilating STUART, with his hand upon his hip,
And two men a-following with a tin pail full of dollars and a champagne-basket
full of scrip!

IV.

'Wal, they measured off the ground, and the horses got a start,
And come running down right pretty, about four foot apart;
And the MILLARD mare had it all her own way, so every body said,
Till just as they got to the eend of the track, that are Sorrel shot suthin' like ten
feet ahead!

V.

'Arter we seen that there riz a most surprising din,
And remarks like this ere followed, 'Dog my everlastin skin,'
'I'll be dod-derned, and dog-gorned, and ding-blamed by Pike,'
And thar was such a awful howling, and swearing, and dancing, that many old
people said they never had seed the like.

VI.

'And that are speckilatin STUART, he made matters worse;
He packed the money in a hand-cart, and did n't care a cuss;
And sweetly smiling, pulled it off, as though he did n't mind the heft,
And since then we haunt paid no taxes, nor bought nothing, nor sold nothing, for
I do suppose that in all Portland, O. T., there ain't a single red cent left.

'HERR SMASH,' so forcibly described by the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' was hardly equal to

'WILDHOSS ON THE PIANO.'

BY HENRY T. LIND.

'SALUTATORY.'

'READER! I, ROBERT WILDHOSS, being in sane mind, wish to hand in my experience of a small tea-fight, in which I was bombarded by a piano, and came near the fate of that old bachelor who died of pianos on the mind, a discordant disease.

'The Invitation.'

'I MET her at TIFFANY'S, where I was buying more shirt-studs and sleeve-buttons. She looked at me twice from the top of my well-brushed hat to the tips of my patent-leather boots, embracing, so to speak, my canary-colored kid-gloves, run over my coat, touched on my waistcoat, skipped over my stone cameo shirt-studs, and landed on my 'ewawat;' which journey being ended, she asked me how long I had been in the city, glanced a small compliment at my appearance, and invited me to meet one or two young ladies, '*sans ceremonie*, you know, quite *en famille* next Wednesday evening. I will make no stranger of you, it shall be to tea. Cousin KITTY, don't blush!' (*Idlio giveto!* blush!) 'Cousin KITTY shall be invited. And oh! she plays the piano so delightfully. Such talent!' Reader! I am human, to err is human. I went to that Tea-fight. It is possible you would like to know who the lady was — the 'extendress' of the invitation — before you go with me to look on and have a barmecide feast. She was the daughter of the COUNT DE GRABALL. 'COUNT DE GRAB —!' I think I hear you say; nevertheless, such was the case: that was her sire's name round town, behind his back! Face to face, men called him Mister GOIT, and he 'went it blind' on stocks, made a pile, and retired. Being a distant relation of the WILDHOSSSES, I cultivated him and his pretty daughter SALLIE, (she was christened SARAH, but *che sara sara* — won't be!)

'The Combat of Tea.'

'I AM indebted to a French friend, an amateur of English slang, for this heading. Come, put on your hat, it's Wednesday evening, and let us go to Miss GOIT'S. We arrive there, and I hang my hat up on the rack, something warns me that some day it will hang there, as SALLIE says, quite *en famille*! Oh! no matter about taking off your hat, you're invisible: keep it on your head, and take things easy, don't create a disturbance, or pocket the spoons and then put them in the piano, so that it may sound like a banjo! Before we enter the parlors let us listen for one second to that peal of merry laughter, and the noisy, chattering, lively voices. We are going to put a stop to all that, for a second. Don't be in such a hurry; wait till I give a twist to my mustache: hang NAPOLEON the Third, for turning his up at the ends! I have to do it or go out of fashion — and the 'world.' We enter, pass the compliments of the evening, have one more brush at that good old stand-by, the weather; introduce one or two diamond-pointed puns, old but valuable, touching this last subject, and flud silence has vacated the premises, and talk-

ing and laughing reign with undisputed sway. It's a very sociable little circle only two beaux, RASH TROTTER and I, BOB WILDHOSS; and six belles, matronized by Madame GOIT. Among these belles conspicuous stands Miss KITTY VAN DAM, she of piano-forte celebrity, and as I notice her fair, white, good-sized hands and taper fingers, I am convinced, that like a certain Western belle, she can 'paw the ivory,' (Gotham. Play the piano,) with ability. We shall see. After a reasonable time, WILSON, the gray-headed colored man, who always looks as if he had just walked out of a large band-box labelled 'RESPECTABILITY, and for thirty years servant to the GOITS,' enters with coffee, etc. This over, conversation rolls on *L'Etoile du Nord*, and finally the musical spirit is thoroughly aroused, but before the piano-battle begins, conversation sends out its Zouaves. Thus discourses Miss SALLIE (christened SARAH) GOIT:

'O n t h e p i a n o .

"BUT surely Mister TROTTER, you must be fond of music. Instrumental if not vocal. What do you play on?"

"The billiard-table!" answers the rash young man.

"Military as usual," says CLARA LIVINGSTON; "he delights in the noise of 'cannons.'"

"CLARA plays billiards like a *carabin fini*!"

"And you?" continued Miss SALLIE, (christened SARAH,) looking me in the eyes, "I am sure your answer will be: 'I play on the piano.'"

"I once played on the piano when a mere child."

"Oh! that's delicious!" said CLARA; "we have an infant phenomenon among us."

"Indeed you have!" I answered. "Before I was one year old I played with the greatest ease on the piano, in fact, on top of it. We had an old one up in the nursery, and they used to establish me on it to keep me off the floor!"

"Wicked man!" said CLARA; "he says funny things and bothers people."

TROTTER, surnamed HORATIO, abridged to RASH, at this juncture, handed Miss KITTY VAN DAM to the piano with all the ease of a courtier, time of LOUIS QUATORZE, one too who never got his sword between his legs, and was always graceful, even while shaving! I have not one word to say against that elegant Morceau pour le piano, *La Pluie des Perles*, only that for the hundred times I first heard it I reversed the umbrellas of my ears so as to catch every pearl of a note, afterward I turned the umbrellas back again, and let the pearls run down—I had plenty. Now, it so happened that at its termination, Miss KITTY VAN DAM received a *bis* encore especially from TROTTER, who loved music, because, as he sagaciously observed to me, 'a man need n't talk, you know, while they're strumming away, so he saves himself up for a brisk brush at the end of the race, and may-be takes the stakes by it.' So at the *bis* encore away went Miss KITTY at the piano, scattering pearls right and left; after the '*Pluie*' came '*L'Eclair*,' a piece composed by some body, published somewhere, and played at the expense of two strings and injury to a pedal; and that, too, to one of ERARD's noble pianos. 'Grand?' said Mr. TROTTER, dilating on this instrument; 'it's more than grand, it's 'gloomy and peculiar!'" after which he subsided.

"Miss SALLIE," said I in a whisper, "did you receive a little note from me when I was in Washington?" Madame GOIT here enjoined strict silence. VAN DAM was preparing the 'musical battery.' Fancy my state of mind, waiting just for five minutes' talk, quietly, with Miss SALLIE GOIT, and then to have *Le Feu d'Enfer* waltz poured into my ears. What torture! I thought of that odious female who

murdered I do n't remember how many husbands, by pouring molten lead in their ears.

'Won't you keep quiet, VAN DAM? Oh! you've got out of *Le Feu d'Enfer*, and are taking airs on *Les Bords du Rhin*, on the banks of the Rhine, fine, divine, wine, moonshine! Oh! yes, we've been all through that, too, from Eau de Cologne to Ville de Mayence. I begin to grow nervous, the five other belles are magnificently happy in listening to this playing; Madame GOIT reclines in an arm-chair overwhelmed with joy; TROTTER looks like MOHAMMED in the Sixth Ward! (vide KORAN in the original.) I begin to think of decamping, the notes fall thicker and faster, the piano thunders, lightnings; the cannons roar in basso, and the musketry crack in alto, she sends out the forlorn hope from the treble, it enters the citadel of my ears, crash! bang! a tremendous explosion and VAN DAM; SAEVA and VISHNU floats away from that musical eupboard like a lotus leaf down the Nile.

'There was an elderly gentleman at my elbow, and a carriage at the door. The father of VAN DAM, *pianiste*, came and bore her away, from piano and gas-lights out into the night; and her conquered enemy, the WILDHOSS, only followed her with his gray eyes in wonder, awe, astonishment! A little white note was in my hat — who put it there? As I, ROBERT WILDHOSS, left the GOIT mansion that night, it soothed the wounds inflicted by cruel VAN DAM, and harmony once more reigned over the battle-field of WILDHOSS's brains, cruelly tattered by a Grand Piano Bombardment.

'CURTAIN FALLS.'

Good again for 'H. P. L.' - - - GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in his '*Oration before the Literary Societies of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut*,' gives the following as the popular idea of a scholar. It is as truthful as any thing in the 'POTIPHAR PAPERS,' in PUTNAM's popular periodical publication:

'The popular idea of the scholar makes him a pale student of books, a recluse, a valetudinarian, an unpractical and impracticable man. He is a being with an endless capacity of literary and scientific acquisition. He is only a consumer, not a producer; or, if so, only a producer of useless results. Learning is supposed to be put into him, not as vegetables into the ground, whence, as they spring again, covering the earth with beauty, and feeding the race, so learning is to flower into heroic deeds, and consoling thoughts; but it is absorbed by him, as vegetables are thrown into a cellar, where they lie buried, not planted, producing only some poor, pallid, useless shoot, as his learning only germinates in some treatise upon the ablativ absolute.

'In the old plays and romances we have the same picture of an absent pedant, the easy prey of every knave, the docile husband of a termagant; who, because he could read a tragedy of ÆSCHYLUS, could not tie his shoes. He belonged to great establishments as an encyclopaedia, in the same way that the fool belonged to them as a jest-book. Scholars were popularly ranked with women, having all their weakness, and none of their charms.

'This estimate grew naturally out of their exceptional character as monks; for, at the beginning of modern history, learning came out of the monasteries with the ecclesiastics. By religious vows the monks were separated from all secular interests, including the family relation. The reputation of the scholar arose from the character of the monk. The monk was a man who dealt professionally with ideas rather than men. He was therefore held to know nothing of men. Dreamer, poet, vagabond, and scholar, grew to be synonymous names. But while the mass of monks undoubtedly justified this judgment, it is in the few and not in the mass that their characteristics are to be sought; they were accused of not knowing men, but GREGORY was a monk, and they belonged to the most sagacious organization in human history. They were called pedants and moles, but ABELARD and MARTIN LUTHER were churchmen and scholars. To call grammarians, formalists, and swollen sponges of learning, scholars, is to call a parish clerk a statesman. To call BENTLEY and PARR scholars, is to insult JOHNSON and MILTON. SYDNEY SMITH tells of Dr. GEORGE — who, hearing the great King of Prussia highly praised, said that he had his doubts whether the king, with all his victories:

knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in *mi*. If you call Dr. GEORGE, and WOLFF, and HEYNE scholars, what name have you for GOETHE and SCHILLER?

'In any just classification of human powers and pursuits, the scholar is the representative of thought. Devoted to the contemplation of truth, he is, in the state, a public conscience by which public measures may be tested: the scholarly class, therefore, to which, now, as of old, the clergy belong, is the upper house in the politics of the world.'

'TECHNICAL scholarship begins in a dictionary and ends in a grammar. The sublime scholarship of JOHN MILTON began in literature and ended in life. Graced with every intellectual gift, he was personally so comely, that the romantic woods of Vallambrosa are lovelier from their association with his youthful figure sleeping in their shade. He had all the technical excellences of the scholar. At eighteen he wrote better Latin verses than have been written in England. He replied to the Italian poets who complimented him, in purer Italian than their own. He was profoundly skilled in theology, in science, and in the pure literature of all languages.

'These were his accomplishments, but his genius was vast and vigorous. While yet a youth, he wrote those minor poems, which have the simple perfection of productions of nature; and, in the ripeness of his wisdom and power, he turned his blind eyes to heaven, and sang the lofty song which has given him a twin glory with SHAKESPEARE in English renown.

'It is much for one man to have exhausted the literature of other nations, and to have enriched his own. But other men have done this in various degrees. MILTON went beyond it to complete the circle of his character as the scholar.'

'Jus' so—yes: but we don't want to read 'Paradise Lost' to-night. It's getting a little late; and even light reading, like that, is somewhat burthensome. In our boyhood we parsed our first grammar-lessons from MILTON. His style is very simple. His antecedents, to be sure, are sometimes a good way off, but they can be *found*, and brought back, though the hunt must needs be long, and the 'luck' uncertain. But here's to MILTON, whom every body praises, and nobody reads! - - - A CORRESPONDENT, writing from 'Blossom Coal-Bank, Rock-Island, Illinois,' under date of September the seventh, says: 'In looking over your agreeable *Gossip with Readers and Correspondents*,' in your September number, I noticed a statement by a Cincinnati correspondent prefacing some verses *à la* 'Sir JOHN MOORE,' found in his uncle's port-folio, which contains an error; an error, by the by, widely disseminated; which I feel bound to correct. I make the correction for an all-sufficient reason: namely, to vindicate my native well-beloved State from the charge of ingratitude. Would that I were able to do it more satisfactorily. Having been born within a stone's-throw of Baron STEUBEN's tomb, I claim to speak, so far as my recollection serves, 'by the card.' The Baron DE STEUBEN's remains lie in the centre of a ten-acre lot in the centre of the township of Steuben, county of Oneida, State of New-York, about five miles west of the village of Remsen: which lot, by the BARON's direction and will, was set apart and reserved as his burial-place, and was to be left in a perfectly natural state. It so remains to this day: a perfect little wilderness in itself; a dense forest '*in puris naturalibus*;' not a stick or limb having been removed, or even molested, from the day of the BARON's death to the present time: the inhabitants of that vicinity, mostly of Welsh origin, of the pure North-Wales stock, entertaining and exercising the most profound respect for the wishes and memory of the 'good old BARON.' It is difficult to penetrate the lot, except by the one beaten track which leads directly to the tomb in the centre. The lot is inclosed by an ordinary rail-fence. Fine meadow-lands adjoin it on either side. The tomb, however, is in quite a dilapidated condition; the frost having partially thrown down one

side. The tomb originally stood about four feet high; slab, or inscription-stone, lying flat-wise on the top. Upon it is inscribed the title, name, birth-place, (Prussia,) supposed age, (sixty-four,) and date of death, (1802, I think) of the Baron DE STEUBEN: also, that the monument was erected by order of the State of New-York, in gratitude for, and in commemoration of, the eminent services rendered by the deceased during the Revolutionary War. It is now nearly three years since I visited the spot. I trust that ere long some one of your indefatigable correspondents will pay the BARON'S tomb a flying visit; copy the inscription verbatim, and describe to the public the present condition of the monument, lot, fence, etc. It's a 'crying shame,' as you intimate, 'that the rich and munificent State of New-York should suffer this brave old patriot-soldier's last resting-place to tumble into ruins: a few dollars judiciously expended, would amply repair it. Speak out, dear KNICKERBOCKER: *your* voice will be heeded. The Oneida County delegation to the Legislature should take the subject in hand: they have but to move in the matter, and the good work will be done.' To all which we say, with all our heart, We *hope* so. - - - We receive, not unfrequently, 'poems' which really are not so simple and descriptive as the following, which literally 'tells its own story.' The production is warranted original and perfectly genuine: 'The compositors were so struck with its beauty, that they wisely refrained from attempting any little embellishments in punctuation or orthography, so customary and often necessary, in the manuscripts of our 'first writers.' Its style is unique and comprehensive, showing clearly that

'T AINT every man can make himself a poet,
No more 'n a sheep can make itself a go-at.'

Its author, we are told, was so well pleased with the result, that he immediately had two hundred copies printed for circulation among his friends!'

'In a short time if I are blest
I think i'll go out West
time's advancing every day
I think i'll start the first of march
then i'll step into the stage
down penobscot river goe
soon in Bangor I shall be
Buy my ticket go to see
shape my course and bear away
around cape ann up the bay
When at Boston we arrive
if I should the trip survive
then i'll mount the iron horse
o're to albany i'll cross
through the valleys o're the ridge
to the grate suspension bridge
up saint lawrence on the track
view the mammoth cataract
see the waters plunge below
then pass up through Buffalo

onward through ohio state
up around a pretty lake
of chicago take a view
on my Journey start anew
o'er the prairie I will skipp
to the river mississipp
here again I'll take the Bote
miles 400 for to tote
up the mississippi creeping
through the narrows and lake pepin
to the city of saint paul
Just below the water fall
if perchance I meet the stage
with the driver i'll engage
to take me on without day
up into saint anthony
passing on by river rum
to elk river i will come
meet my friends that went before
settle down and move no more.'

'How does *that* strike you,' reader? - - - 'THOUGH I have been for years a 'constant' and 'admiring' reader of your periodical,' writes 'LUKE,' a new Rochester (N. Y.) correspondent, 'I have never flattered myself that I could contribute any thing worthy of a place 'within its borders;,' but something so ludicrous was said in my presence recently, that I have per-

haps unwarrantably thought it worthy of perpetuation in the KNICKER-BOCKER. A number of us young married men, rejoicing in our first babies, were discussing the delights of incipient paternity; when I, in a moment of inadvertence, made the following absurd misquotation: 'Oh! yes, you know good old SOLOMON says, 'A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure!'' Think of confounding SOLOMON and TUPPER! O Crimini! 'inadvertence' is a poor excuse for that offence! The laugh which was raised at my expense had subsided, and I had 'treated' all round in acknowledgment of 'the corn,' when the SOLOMON of our party was led to remark as follows: 'How often the more common quotations in use become mutilated by constant handling, and are copied and repeated erroneously, until the misquotation is commonly received as the genuine article, and the real phraseology condemned as wrong: for instance,' he continued, 'how often you see written, 'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing,' when any one, with a moment's reflection, will see that it *should* be, *sermons in books, stones in the running brooks, and good in every thing.*' — As I have started, I must give you one more fun-let, concerning a little 'four-year-old' friend of mine. It seems that a clergymen had been staying for some time at his father's house, and on going away, called little EDDY to him and asked what he should give him for a present. EDDY, who had been brought up in the fear of God, and had a great respect for 'the cloth,' thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature; so he answered, hesitatingly: 'I — I — I — *think* I should like a Testament, but I KNOW I should like a *squirt-gun*!' P.S. — What a 'mighty good fellow' MACE SLOPER is! - - - WE have been favored with an '*Eulogy on the Life and Character of Theodric Romeyn Beck, M.D., LL.D.*,' delivered before the Medical Society of the State of New-York by FRANK HASTINGS HAMILTON, M.D. It is published by order of the Senate; and is a noble tribute to the character and memory of one of the first men among the intellectual benefactors of our State. Much as we had known of the high estimation in which Dr. Beck was held by the public, we had never been made aware of the great extent and value of his attainments and public services, until we had perused the pamphlet before us, which is characterized by great feeling and an uncommon ease and force of style. In 1829 Dr. Beck was elected President of the New-York State Medical Society, and was reelected to the same office on the two succeeding years. His annual addresses were models in their kind, and attracted much attention. His last annual discourse was upon the subject of SMALL POX, and embraced a rapid history of this terrible scourge, and urged the value and necessity of thorough vaccination, with a view to its ultimate extinction: 'Selecting always those themes for his discourses which were of the largest interest to the largest number, he was able to discuss them in a manner which indicated an intimate acquaintance with all their relations and bearings. His suggestions are constantly such as might become a physician, a philanthropist and a statesman; and that they were not Utopian is proven by the fact that very many of them, either in their original forms, or only slightly modified, have been adopted as measures of state policy and general hygiene, or,

if not adopted, they still continue to commend themselves to the intelligence of enlightened men everywhere, and physicians still continue to reiterate his sentiments, and to urge their adoption upon those who have the care of the public interests.' We select the following from among the additional facts set forth in this address :

'In 1826 Dr. Beck was made Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, at Fairfield Medical College, instead of lecturer, and in 1838 he was transferred from the chair of practice to that of *Materia Medica*, in accordance with his own request ; and these two chairs he continued to occupy until the abandonment of the College in 1840.

'Immediately on resigning his place at Fairfield, Dr. Beck was elected to the chair of *Materia Medica*, in the Albany Medical College. The chair of Medical Jurisprudence, to which he would most naturally have been chosen, being already occupied by a very able teacher, AMOS DEAN, Esq.

'This professorship Dr. Beck continued to hold until 1854, when his declining health, together with an accumulation of other pressing duties, induced him to resign his place as an active officer, having now taught medicine in some of its departments for thirty-nine years, and the trustees then conferred upon him the honorary distinction of *Emeritus Professor*.

'In 1817, Dr. Beck was made Principal of the Albany Academy, an institution which has furnished the community with more mind than any other academy in this country. A distinction that is doubtless due to the admirable discipline, and well-stored brain which Dr. Beck brought with him into the institution, in 1817. In 1848, Dr. Beck resigned his place as Principal of the Academy, and on the death of JAMES STEVENSON, Esq., he succeeded him as President of the Board of Trustees.

Dr. Beck's services in the 'Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts, and Manufactures' were many and great, and their value universally acknowledged. He was also the first Vice-President of the Albany Lyceum of National History. Since 1841 he has occupied the office of Secretary of the Board of Regents ; a position of great honor and trust :

'In 1823, Dr. Beck published his work entitled '*Elements of Medical Jurisprudence*,' in two volumes, octavo ; which, at the time, attracted great attention, and has since continued a standard work on the subject of which it treats. The science of medical jurisprudence is one of great interest and importance. It treats of all those questions, in which the testimony of a medical man may be required before courts of justice, and from the nature of many of the questions, it is obvious that their discussion requires the widest range of medical and scientific knowledge. Although deeply studied in Italy, France and Germany, this science had scarcely attracted any attention, either in this country or in England, previous to the publication of the work of Dr. Beck. To him is certainly due the high credit, not merely of rousing public attention to an important and neglected subject, but also of presenting a work upon it which will probably never be entirely superseded. In foreign countries, its merits have been duly appreciated and magnanimously acknowledged. The work has already passed through five American, and four London, besides a German edition.

'There is no testimony more pertinent as to the rank occupied by Dr. Beck in the literary and scientific world, than the large number of societies, both abroad and at home, which conferred upon him either honorary or active memberships. Among others less known we may mention the New-York Historical Society, of which he was elected a member in 1813 ; Physico Medical Society, N. Y., 1813 ; Antiquarian Soc., Mass., 1816 ; Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, 1816 ; Lyceum of Natural History, N. Y., 1817 ; American Geological Society, New-Haven, 1819 ; Natural Hist. Soc., Montreal, 1821 ; Hon. Member of Med. Soc., London, 1824 ; Medical Society, Quebec, 1824 ; Cor. Member Linnean Soc., Paris, 1826 ; Hon. Member Med. Soc., Conn., 1826 ; Society of Emulation, Charleston, S. C., 1827 ; Med. Soc. of New-Hampshire, 1823 ; Associate of the College of Phys., Philadelphia, 1829 ; Hon. Member of Royal Med. Soc. of Edinburgh, 1832 ; of Meteorological Society, London, 1838 ; of American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, 1839 ; of Med. Soc. of Rhode-Island, 1839 ; National Institution for the Promotion of Science, Washington, 1840 ; Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1841 ; Amer. Ethnological Soc., 1842 ; Northern Academy of Arts and Sciences, Dartmouth, 1845 ; Cor. Fellow of New-York Academy of Medicine, 1847 ; Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen, 1848 ; Histor. Soc. Vermont, 1850 ; American Statistical Soc., Boston, 1851 ; State Historical Society, Wisconsin, 1854. The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon him by the Mercersburg College, Penn., and by Rutgers College, N. J.

'Dr. BACK enjoyed during his life, almost uninterrupted health, the result of a good natural constitution, and of temperate, regular, and, so far at least as his literary pursuits would permit, active habits.'

Such was the distinguished man whose death the State has been called upon to lament; while to his family the loss of a loving friend and most kind father is indeed irreparable. - - - We have a word to repeat (for the *third time* in the pages of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER) to our correspondents. We CANNOT return communications. Sometimes — indeed often — we look over our port-folios, for manuscripts, in prose or verse, to oblige a distant friend. The other day, to comply with the wish of a lady in a far Eastern State, Dame KNICK and 'the GIRLS' closely scrutinized four port-folios, full of 'matter,' (as publishers term it,) awaiting insertion — much of it *long-promised* insertion — for a single piece of 'poetry,' so called, that was not worth the paper upon which it was written, and which was at last found, and restored. It will never be done again. There is *no* one who writes an article, in prose or verse, that is worth *publishing*, the first copy of which is not worth *keeping*. We speak as 'one of the craft,' ourselves; not arbitrarily, nor in ill-humor. Not at all. But one thing is quite certain, we do not say it in any spirit of vain-boasting. The fact is simply *so*: there is not a periodical in America — no matter how large its circulation — which has *one-half* the number of communications sent to it, which come to the KNICKERBOCKER. Now how are we to look over all these *at once*, as soon as received — *decide* at once — and then write to the authors, and give our hasty verdict — often wrong, as it might easily be, with such celerity of judgment? Let us hope that no one will see any thing like harshness in this. It is not felt — it is not meant. If our correspondents could only know how often we have endeavored (and successfully) to make the first efforts of new and inexperienced writers acceptable to our readers, *this* thought would never enter their minds. We can return *very long* prose articles. - - - 'I HAD the pleasure, two or three years since,' writes a friend from New-Orleans, 'of enjoying the intimacy of a very companionable gentleman, who might have been a great man but for something — I knew not what. He was either born too early in the New World's history, or his advent happened too late in the annals of his native continent; or he should have seen the light of France or Italy, with his infant eyes: by nature he was too sensitive for England or America. In fact, he had wandered in many portions of the ancient world, seeking a society adapted to his wants, and had returned desponding. I will attempt to give the subject of an evening conversation as nearly as possible in his peculiar language.

'It was my misfortune to have my nativity cast in the dark and bloody ground of the Western States. Brought up in a promiscuous library of books of all sciences, and written in several languages, I became a great book-worm and a passable linguist. Some knowledge of modern languages brought the desire of travel, which was gratified to my heart's content. I went through the four faculties of a university: philosophy, law, medicine and divinity, or theology, as it is more properly called; and found the last the greatest vanity of all.

'My first attempts to put my thoughts in writing were crude enough! I found what ROUSSEAU said to be very true: *Quelque talent, qu'on puisse avoir, l'art de bien*

écrire ne vient pas tout d'un coup. I translated *Romances* from the French; *ständchen* from the German; *letrillas* from the Spanish; and *sonnetti* from the Italian, for the village journal. Next I tried my hand at prose, and translated a French novel (*Le Solitaire Philosophe*) and a Spanish history of Cuba, (*Historia pintoresca de la Ysla de Cuba por Andueza*.) I tried to sell one to a publisher in New-York, and the other I offered to another publisher of Cincinnati. Failing in these first attempts at literary speculation, I have had a horror of books and writing since. I commenced the practice of the healing art, and saw just enough of it to cure myself of Therapian ideas, and drive me to the jurisprudential profession for occupation. I had secluded myself so much from the society of business men, that the money-making world was a *terre inconnue* to me; and I had become so excessively timid, I trembled at the idea of making a speech.

'I attempted to quit my books and seek the society of females, but I found myself so awkward in ladies' company, and was subject to so much mortification, I resolved to abjure that pleasure also, and return to books. I now sought those I had never heard of, when I could find any in old libraries, and delighted particularly in French and Italian. To hear every-day authors mentioned, was unpleasant to me. I delighted to hear anecdotes of men not generally known to the reading world; and felt a contempt for the ignorance of listeners; while, I have no doubt, they pitied my bibliomania.'

'Such men do not enjoy life. They pant for the pleasures of the worldling, and have not the capacity to feel them. If they write a book, it may become famous, when it is no longer known where the bones of the author rest. How many similar men are yet living, unknown and unappreciated?' Alas! true enough! - - - The following is a 'true and original copy' of a *Love-Letter*, picked up in one of the streets of Seneca Falls, in this State. As usual, we omit names. We have been compelled to 'punctify' somewhat, else who could understand the missive?—and who can now, as to *that* matter:

'Seneca Falls, July 20.

'Miss R. A. R.: DR. GIRL:

'I tak the oppertunity to In Form you that your Beauty And Beheayer I Admyre; and furthermore when I am in my Losom Owers and maditate on your Alliquans I think that you are one of Godes of Lov on the *Ilert* Hill and I hope that Nater will bless me with your sweet and Allaquant presens: and I hope that your Oner Except of my request Because I love you Beyond all Erthle treshurs. Your Eiquantans with me has been short—But Notwithstanding I admireit to the Hiest degree of the human mind: and Furthermore I hope you will grant my Compene in your presens. Dr. Girl and I hope the time will Com when you and I shall wak in some shady growv and here soft fut steps of some anciant quean And vue the Butes of the moun and Confabulate on sweat matrimonie and goin our Hands and Harts until deth dos us part.

'And no more at present But may the Heavens Bles you until time is no more From your frend yours and so forth I wish to Anser this without fail. J. A. B.

'Miss R. A. R —'

As DICKENS's inebriated character at the London police-station says: '*Waristallabou?*' When the two lovers 'goin hands and harts,' and 'wak in some shady growv, and here the soft *fut*-steps of some anciant quean,' (sure an' would n't that be *Irish* a bit, now?) we shall doubtless know, 'what's all about?' - - - ONE day last summer, at our little Cedar-Hill Cottage, there came up a sudden and violent rain-storm. Among those flitting down the lane which leads by the house, and so on hr ough the cedars, was a well-dressed young man, with two sweet little .

boys. They looked just alike ; were very neatly and tastefully dressed ; with their pink French-calico shirts, little Talma-ish round-about, and fair white hair, curling all around their temples, underneath their small braided straw-hats, from which flaunted jauntily a black ribbon. As the big premonitory drops of rain had begun to fall, we asked the father and his little boys to take chairs upon the piazza until the rain had ceased and the storm was over-past. The offer was accepted : and as they came up upon the 'stoop,' the fond parent took off their little hats, and ran his fingers through their golden curls. He said they were TWINS, and 'nobody could n't tell 'em apart.' It touched *us*, for *we* are a twin — and 'one is not.' Well, the rain continued to fall for at least an hour : and our little folk brought the wee boys some bread-and-butter, and cake, and made them 'feel at home.' The father was gratified — the children pleased. The next day came up a gift of four little glass-birds, such as they blow in museums, as a present from the little twins to our 'sma' bairns.' The father was an Irish mechanic, who worked in the machine-shop of the New-York and Erie Rail-road. One day returning from a brief call we had been making upon a most worthy prelate of the Catholic church, we met the unhappy parent going thither. One of his little boys was very ill with the dysentery, he said, and he feared might not survive. We reassured him, finding his son had been sick for only two or three days, and he passed on. We heard nothing farther of the little patient until two days after ; when one morning bright and early, as we were picking cucumbers in the garden, the afflicted father leaned over the pickets, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, said : 'O Mr. C — ! one of my little twin-boys is dead !' Was there 'any sorrow like unto *his* sorrow' at that moment, save that of the little boy's mother ? The lost one was laid the next day in Rockland Cemetery ; and last Sunday we met the bereaved father leading his surviving little boy — sad-looking, we thought, as if he was enjoying only a 'maimed life' — amidst the falling leaves and fading flowers of October, as they took their way over the hill to the Cemetery. But his little brother was gone to a world where they shall no more say, 'I am sick : ' and

'THERE, 'mid day-beams round him playing,
He his FATHER's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
'Little children, come to ME.'

THE subjoined 'speaks for itself.' It is an authentic document, and is 'on the record :'

<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin-bottom: 5px;"> <p style="text-align: center;">One Hog <i>vs.</i> The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, <i>ex-reluione</i> MOORE.</p> </div>	<p style="text-align: center;">Certiorari.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">In the Common Pleas of Berks County, Certiorari.</p>
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Mengel for Plaintiff. (Defendant below.)

Defendant had no right to take up my client.

Offered in evidence : Depositions to prove that MOORE said he had a right to take up hogs whether they had friends or not ; that MOORE is a 'mean rascal' ; that when MOORE 'is spiteful he is a very spiteful neighbor.'

The case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Fourteen Hogs, (10 S. & R., 898) decides that a

hog is not an outlaw, a boar is not an outlaw, but a civil domestic animal — not an animal *feræ naturæ* — has a right to his own bed of straw, and is not to be shot down or snapped up.

In the second place, hogs do not travel early, unless they are after something. It is proved that this hog was not *anywhere*.

PARKINS for Defendant. (Plaintiff below.)

By the Court. — These proceedings must be quashed, for the reason that they do not state the offence committed by the plaintiff.

And they were 'quashed accordingly.' - - - THE subjoined comes to us all the way from Brownsville, Nebraska Territory. It purports, and we have no doubt truly, to record an authentic anecdote of Colonel —, of —, who came to Kansas for the purpose of becoming a candidate for Congress. During the consequent excitement after his arrival, he managed to 'keep his spirits up by pouring spirits down;' and gathering a crowd around him, he made a speech as follows: 'GENTLEMEN, it's beautiful to talk about our 'wild, picturesque scenery;' it forms the subject of many delightful encomiums. There is a great deal of poetry, too, in the Indian maidens sporting with the spotted fawn among the wigwags of their tribe: but, gentlemen, this is the best place for *mean whiskey that I ever saw!*' Speaking of Indians: we have an old chap here who has lived a number of years on the frontier, and whom we shall call Captain PERRY. He occasionally takes rather too much of the 'inspiring fluid,' and like others who have passed through an eventful life, is fond, when in this state, of relating his 'hair-breadth escapes;' and also, like most others, magnifies them to a somewhat unwarrantable extent. Being in the 'Grocery' the other day, while the Captain was relating one of his adventures, which happened near some lake, the name of which I do not now remember, he stated that it occurred on the Fourth of July. After performing unheard-of prodigies of valor, he was finally forced to run. This he did: and shortly afterward found himself on the bank of the lake, which was 'frozen solid all the way across.' Without a moment's hesitation, he started over, followed closely by the Indians, three in number. When about a mile from the shore, he perceived the Indians were becoming scattered; and stooping down he picked up a hoop-pole and killed them, one at a time, as they came up. 'Why, Cap-ting,' asked a by-stander, 'how could the river be frozen over on the Fourth of July? — and how came a hoop-hole that far from shore?' 'Um!' 'Um!' grunted the old man ('with a hic!') '*what do you know about Indians!*' - - - D'you recollect 'constant reader,' a little description we gave recently in one of the subsections of this our *Omnium Gatherum*, of our 'water, mush, and other millions?' — and of the passers-by our small garden, who looked over the pickets admiringly at 'em? Well, they *did*, and to some purpose too, as you shall presently hear. One night we had two guests from town — old friends. In the morning, before breakfast, we dwelt with just pride upon our crop of melons; of such rare varieties; the 'Borneo' musk-melon, as large as 'some pumpkins,' and sweeter than the sweetest nutmeg species; and the *Orange Water-melon*, which peels like an orange, leaving the juicy and luscious pulp in sections, like a striped orange — the seeds a present from a friend at Hyde-Park, in 'Old Dutchess.'

We took our friends out to see them. In the night they had been 'conveyed' away, by some — We never felt so vexed before. If they had *asked* us for one or two, they should have had — We hoed them for weeks with our own hands, when the dew was on the vines; and while at breakfast used to look out upon them with a pleasure that knew no satiety. Confound their blasted — And they might have had as many *nutmeg-melons*, and the old green style of water-melons, as they pleased; but the infernal thief — 'It is no use: we can't do justice to the subject:' but if ever we catch 'em again — But winter is coming on — and let 'em *slide*, now: but *would n't* we like to — Done so *sneakingly*, too: why did n't they come in the day-time? Never mind: we'll fix 'em *next year*, if we live. We'll plug 'em, (the melons,) and put in some of the '*Vox Populi*,' which a neighbor told our friend Mr. EDMONDS to give to the dogs that made night hideous about his house in Sixteenth-street. *Nuz Vomica* is just as good — but the man had forgotten that. Expect every body must 'feel cheap' at *some* period of their lives; but we do n't wish any enemy of ours to feel as cheap as *we* did when we found our melons, upon which we had so enlarged to our friends, all gone at one fell swoop. We are 'not strong man to be angry — we were s-i-c-k!' - - - 'A few days since,' writes welcome 'J. D. E.' of Saint Louis, 'in company with one of the best of his race, and a resident of Chanton county, of this State, he told the following anecdote concerning a local preacher in his section; who, being a veritable personage, I will suppress his name. At a social meeting of his fellow church-members, among other things each was relating his causes for joy and sorrow, when Rev. Mr. — said: 'In my family of children I have much cause of joy, and also much to distress me. There's my son —, a good, reverent, dutiful boy: but there's my son BILL, he's an audacious scamp. He left his poor old gray-headed father many a day ago; and it's been a long time since I've heard on him; and when I last heard on him, he was 'way up to the Galeners, a-raftin' saw-logs; playing 'seven-up;' and hoss-racing; but thank the Lord he's *makin' money* by the trip! *An't* he, sister?' 'Yes, brother, he *is*, and *no* mistake!' This is strictly *true*; but to be properly appreciated, you should hear it *told*, as *I* did.' You have told it sufficiently well yourself, Sir. - - - Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, an eminent American banker in London, recently arrived from England, we are glad to perceive has been most warmly welcomed by his countrymen in New-York. A gentleman of refinement, of most liberal and genial hospitality to all Americans who visit the English metropolis, with ample means to carry out his generous designs, he has won 'golden opinions' from all who have had the pleasure to meet him in London. His visit to 'the Old Folks at Home' is his first in over twenty years. We shall hear more anon of his cordial and well-deserved welcome. — The foregoing was in type for last month, and was among the little matters 'crowded out.' We are glad to perceive that Mr. PEABODY's welcome in his native town *was* of the most cordial description: Hon. EDWARD EVERETT doing the honors, with his accustomed — we might rather say invariable force and felicity. We observe by the journals that Mr. PEABODY is also to be received in Baltimore,

his residence during a portion of his early career in the United States, with distinguished honors. These eminent courtesies are most worthily tendered, and are but a reciprocation of Mr. PEABODY'S numerous kindred kindnesses to his countrymen abroad. - - - A WASHINGTON (D. C.) correspondent sends us the following. His 'Marketing' 'comes to a good market:'

'SHE stood by his stall in the market,
The fairest of the fair,
A-chaffering with the huckster,
And cheapening his ware;
But he gazed entranced as she murmured:
'Sir, is n't a levy enough?'
An epitome she seemed to be
Of his fruit and garden stuff.

'Ah! eyes like purple damsons,
And cheeks like tomatoes red!
Ah! lips like melting strawberries
Fresh from their dewy bed!
Ah! teeth like white corn kernels
In orderly rows arrayed!
Ah! bust like a ripened melon!
Ah! lovely, luscious maid!

'Ouch!' an awkward darkey's basket
Hit him a thump in the eye,
And stars are flashing before him,
Like the orbs in a wintry sky;
And when he looked up with a stifled oath,
Both darkey and maid were gone;
An eye and a heart sore battered both,
The huckster bore that morn.

M O R A L.

'Right often thus is my spirit
With a radiant vision fraught,
But it flies in its maiden beauty,
From some ugly Ethiop Thought.
In vain, when the shock is over,
Would I call it back with a sigh:
Too late, like the wounded huckster,
I find it is all in my eye. ASOV.'

THE following records an actual fact; for it comes to us, at second hand, from the very lips of the counsel for respondent:

'In one of the cities of the 'Old Bay State,' a strong attempt was made, a few years since, to enforce the so-styled 'Maine Liquor Law.' If a straggler was caught out o' nights with an infirmity of gait, or hesitancy of speech, he was forthwith marched to the watch-house by the vigilant police and duly questioned as to the place where he obtained his potations, and with the hope of an easier passage through the meshes of the law, the victim would usually give the required information.

'An old and hardened offender was seized one night about ten o'clock, and upon inquiry, stated that he bought the 'fluid' at the — Hotel. Accordingly at nine o'clock the next morning the gentlemanly proprietor of said hotel appeared with his attorney before the Judge of the Police Court, to answer to a complaint for selling spirituous and intoxicating liquors, contrary to law, etc. The witness was placed upon the stand, still laboring under the excitement of the previous evening; and in reply to questions by the Judge, stated that he bought, paid for, and drank, two glasses of gin, at the — Hotel, and that he bought them of the proprietor. The respondent's attorney then asked him if he knew Mr. D —, the proprietor of the hotel. He replied, rubbing his eyes and staring at the attorney, 'Yes, I *kind* o' know him.' But the proprietor was confident he never saw the witness before that morning. The following examination then took place:

'ATTORNEY: 'Are you *sure* you know Mr. D —?'

'WITNESS: (With eyes still fixed on the attorney,) 'Wall, *purty* sure.'

'ATTORNEY: 'Well, Mr. Witness, if you are *purty* sure you know Mr. D —, am I him or not?'

'WITNESS: (With eyes still fixed and with a hiccup,) 'Wall, you *look* like him!'

'ATTORNEY: 'Do you not *know* that I am Mr. D —, the proprietor of the — Hotel, and the person who sold you the gin, and will you not swear to it?'

'WITNESS: (Stretching himself up,) 'Yes sirée — you are the man: *I will swear to it!*'

'The Court-room was in a roar of laughter, in which the dignified 'Bench' could not refrain from joining; and he acquitted the defendant, for the reason, which he stated with as much gravity as he could command, that the complaint was erroneous, inasmuch as it charged *the wrong member of the Bar.*'

Good, 'for a judge.' - - - '*Skinner's New-York Portable Gas-Works*,' for private residences, churches, factories, schools, hotels, villages, etc., has attained unprecedented success, having already a great and constantly increasing demand. The apparatus has been thoroughly and satisfactorily tested. It is perfectly simple, requiring no more skill than is necessary to build a fire and turn a faucet. The experience of the past three years has fully demonstrated the fact that gas can be manufactured in small quantities with the greatest economy, and with less labor than is usually bestowed in cleaning and trimming lamps. Heretofore gas-lights have been considered a luxury, obtainable only from large gas companies; the high price of sperm-oil and candles, the dangerous nature of camphene and burning fluids, have now rendered them a *necessity*; and these Portable Works are admirably adapted to bring this luxury within the reach of every family. Country and suburban residences can be supplied with a superior illuminating gas, from rosin, rosin oil, grease and other substances, at less cost than any other artificial light known. The Manufactory is at Spuyten-Duyvil; the town office at No. 374 Broadway. - - - 'Some years ago,' writes a Southern correspondent, 'when a sermon was considered short that continued less than two hours, and 'meeting' often held till the small hours in the morning, three ministers of different denominations, held a meeting together. It was customary for every minister, after preaching, to 'call' for members. The first took for his text the words of PETER: '*I go a fishing.*' He preached about two hours; then called for members, but received none, and sat down. The second remarked, that as he followed his brother, he would take the words following for his text: '*I also go with thee.*' He likewise preached a long discourse — called for members, (as it is 'called') and sat down. The third, who was in favor of short sermons, arose, and remarked that he would follow the example of his brother: and HE chose for his text: '*And they toiled all night, and caught nothing!*' He rather '*had*'em!'

THE LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE have been issued in a neat volume by MESSRS. MASON BROTHERS, as the first of the series in their '*Library of Standard Letters*,' edited by MRS. SARAH J. HALE. It embraces such portions of MADAME DE SEVIGNE's voluminous correspondence as best illustrate her character and genius and the peculiar features of the age in which she lived. Although the delicate graces of composition for which these letters are remarkable must disappear even from the most successful translation, their lively pictures of French manners and their trustworthy accounts of passing historical events will always secure to them a large circle of intelligent readers. MADAME DE SEVIGNE was born in 1627. Her education was far more complete than was usual at that day. At the age of eighteen she was married, and in seven years was left a widow, by the fall of her husband in a duel. From that time, she devoted herself to the care of her two children, a son and a daughter, the latter of whom was the object of the most enthusiastic affection throughout the protracted life of her mother. Most of the letters in this volume are addressed to her, and they are by far the most valuable of any in the collection. In arranging the materials of the work, the editor has judiciously brought together the letters of the same correspondent, instead of placing them in chronological order.

New Publications: Art. Notices, Etc.

THE TANGLETOWN LETTERS: Being the Reminiscences, Observations, and Opinions of TROTHUS TRAP, Esq., including a report of the GREAT MAMMOTH REFORM CONVENTION. Edited by the Author of 'Records of Bubbleton Parish,' etc.

THIS is a series of letters purporting to be written by an old gentleman, Mr. TRAP, who had retired from business, and, being purely benevolent and philanthropical, spends his time and money in doing good. There is mention made of most of the popular follies of the day, and a vein of quiet sarcasm pervading the whole, makes the book, to us, exceedingly attractive. In visiting the poor, Mr. TRAP finds a widow with children, sick and destitute. He offers her aid, but she rejects it with fury. 'You must have suffered much to have brought you to this state of mind,' I said, 'but God has not forgotten you, after all.' 'Don't talk to me about God,' she ejaculated. 'I have been mocked enough with His name already.' Then, with an indescribable ferocity, she continued: 'No, Sir, don't speak to me of God, for if there be such a being, He is the God of the rich, but not of the poor. Here, these twelve long years, have I suffered, me and mine, and looked to Him for help in vain. Where was He when my first-born died, after weeks of racking pain? Where was He when ALFRED — that's my brave and kind husband — was washed over-board in the mid-night tempest, and swallowed up in the cruel waves? Where was He, I say, when I cried to Him in my widowhood and want, in all the dreary years that came after? Where was He — that God that priests and hypocrites prate of — while the rich were oppressing me, and my children were crying for bread, and we all sat shivering in the winter blast, and sickness fell upon us, and despair gnawed away all that was good in our hearts? Answer me all this, and then I may believe that the poor have a God, and that He hears them when they cry to Him.' Meantime the doctor had made out his prescriptions, and the nurse had taken possession of her charge. It was time for us to be gone. A cry detained us. It came from the woman we had befriended, who, suddenly falling upon her knees, sobbed loud and long. Her congealed nature had thawed at last. 'Who are you that have come to me in my extremity?' she cried, 'and melted my heart as it was turning into stone?' 'Your neighbors, your friends,' I answered. 'What does it mean?' she exclaimed, weeping and clasping her hands; 'I never had friends before. Through all these years have I struggled and suffered, and nobody cared for me; nobody gave me even a friendly look, or tried to put a ray of hope in my breast. I have been alone with hard work, and trouble, and my own bitter thoughts, and so I've grown cold and hard — colder and harder every day. Oh! what does it mean, that I have lived to know what human kindness is?' 'It means,' said I, 'that God has not forsaken you, though He has suffered your life to be darkened by affliction. While you despaired of His aid and denied His goodness, He prepared means for your deliverance. This little child was his messenger.'

Mrs. HARROWSCRATCH, a female reformer, visits Mr. Trap, and lectures to the denizens of Tangletown. During the lecture an 'amazing consummation took place. A lank, awkward, destitute youth, stole timidly toward the speaker's desk, and, addressing the fair lecturer in a strain of filial entreaty, begged her to come home! It must have been the rarest spectacle! There stood the poor boy in the full splendor of gaslight, ragged, travel-worn, embarrassed, disconsolate, a picture of pathos. And there stood the woman whom he called *Mother*, in possession of the rostrum, arrayed in the badge of reform, disdaining all domestic offices, and decrying all domestic charms, absorbed in the equivocal work of enfranchising her sex.'

Mr. TRAP takes a journey in company with a Jew, BELSHAZZAR, who, maddened by jealousy, is in furious pursuit of his wife. His description of the 'dark, malignant heathens,' bent on murder, is very forcible, and the thoughts that the unexpected sight of his birth-place engenders, relieve the gloom of his story as the patches of sunshine on the meadows did the landscape that we viewed a few days since from your cottage.

door. 'Within those gray old walls I first breathed the air, and saw the light of this unresting world. There my boyhood was spent. Yonder are the fields in which I played and toiled, blithe and hale with the exuberance of new life. There, in the valley, was the rustic school, whose privileges I as often slighted as shared, a thing to smile over and regret. Further still, I see the spire of the old church, whose sermons were long, and theology was grim; where the deacons slept in the assurance of sound doctrine, and the children waited for the *amen* as prisoners wait for their release. Sad old tabernacle of error and fanaticism! I have little cause to rejoice in its ministry to me and mine! I stepped out upon the platform, and transgressed the rules for the sake of a long look at the dear old place. There I was to have spent my life in quiet, rural pursuits, blessed and attended by the love and beauty of my unforgotten wife, and ripening for the better world in the genial sun-shine of a virtuous home. Those rooms have been illumined and consecrated by *her* presence: without her they must be to me forever dim and cold. My eye lingers upon that narrow inclosure yonder at the left, just where the line of foliage unites itself to those graceful elms. I see the white stone gleaming through the leaves. I see the face that we entombed beneath — no, the face that shines upon me evermore out of HEAVEN. So be it, O inscrutable God!'

The way that Mr. TRAP at length obtains control over this BELSHAZZAR by telling him ghost-stories, is well conceived, and a description of the spiritualists, and an exposure of their charlatanry, are admirably given. The best letter in the book is one stating Mr. TRAP's religious opinions, and the reasons therefor.

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. — The following notice of this work is from the last North-American Review:

'MR. EMERSON'S book, did it profess to describe all of England, would be justly open to the severest criticism. It ignores pauperism, ignorance, and crime, aristocratic pretension and plebeian sycophancy, sinecure laziness and under-paid labor, — in fine, all the inequalities of condition, realized right, and availing privilege, which assimilate the moral and social landscape of Great Britain much more nearly to the broken surface of Switzerland, than to the gentle alternations of hill and valley on its own soil. But all of the less pleasing 'English traits' have been set forth with ample minuteness of detail by the greater portion of recent travellers, and we are glad to open one book that revives our early pride in our mother-land, and makes us feel anew the unparalleled queenliness of her position and belongings. We by no means say that the tourist who beholds only the glory of England, and is blind to her shame, possesses our moral sympathy. This we must reserve for itinerants of the HERACLITUS school; but while we read their writings with heightened emotion, they do not entertain or edify us.

'With the intense *subjectivism* of Mr. EMERSON'S philosophy we are at swords' points. We hesitate not to say, that, pushed to its legitimate consequences, it neutralizes moral distinctions, eliminates duty and accountability, obliterates religion, and excludes the conception of a personal and self-conscious DEITY. And even in the book before us, when religious or ethical subjects are touched upon, (which they are but seldom, and lightly,) we discern traces of the indifferentism which proceeds from the author's philosophy. But this very element is propitious to merely æsthetic observation and impression. Mr. EMERSON threw open his own broad, rich, delicately-organized, and generously-cultivated intellect, with an ARGUS-eyed passiveness, with a receptivity which no emotion or affection weakened or distorted, to take the exact impress of what he heard and saw.'

'The greatness of England is in fact the theme of all his chapters. And there are many aspects in which she is the greatest of the nations. She has enriched herself

with the spoils of every zone and soil. Her language, a conglomerate from all the tongues of ancient and modern civilization, is the type of her national personality and genius. With hardly a tithe of the learning of Germany, she is the fountain of elegant scholarship. With often a paucity and never a redundancy of creative talent, her literature embodies the wealth and beauty of all times and lands. Inferior to France in science, she immeasurably transcends her in its concrete forms and practical uses. Later than the Continental nations in almost every branch of lucrative industry, she has domesticated all their processes, and has made her manufactures the staple of the world's commerce.'

Special Notice.

OUR readers will see that Mr. SPARROW-GRASS is to contribute a story for our Magazine the coming year, and others of our old and favorite contributors will return to their first love. We cannot tell you how much we are gratified at receiving articles from Mr. KIMBALL and Mr. COZZENS; and as no pains or expense will be spared to make the KNICKERBOCKER for the ensuing year better than it ever has been, we hope that every reader will not be able to have a quiet conscience until he has secured one or more subscribers for the coming year. If you wish to make us able to bear the increased expenses we incur by these efforts to gratify you, do not fail to send us one, and as many more new subscribers as you can before the first day of January next. Our club prices form a great inducement to those who wish to practise economy; and all who send three dollars to our publisher, will receive the KNICKERBOCKER for 1857, The *Art Journal*, a beautiful illustrated quarterly, for same time, and a Certificate of Membership in the 'Cosmopolitan Art Association,' which may bring them a work of art worth One Thousand Dollars. The member who last year drew the bust of WASHINGTON, by POWERS, subscribed for the KNICKERBOCKER at this office. But the KNICKERBOCKER will be richly worth Three Dollars for 1857, alone; and these additional inducements ought surely to more than double our list! Now do n't be backward, but send in your name and money early. See PROSPECTUS on second page.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION. — In a late number we noticed the *Art Journal* which this Association give to all their subscribers, and we would now call the attention of our readers to the inducements which they offer to all who take Magazines through them. These may be best known by their advertisement in the present number, and we commend it to the attention of all. We have favored this Association from its commencement, and have no reason to change our opinion. It has, like every new thing that aims at great results, had many difficulties and prejudices to encounter, but is rapidly overcoming them all. The managers are highly encouraged, and when they obtain one hundred thousand subscribers, as they will surely do, the public will open their eyes to the benefits of the institution. In addition to the Magazines, they offer an engraving well worth three dollars, which will be an ornament in every house.

Our publisher will send you and your friends certificates of membership, and you cannot do better than to send your name to him.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLVIII. DECEMBER, 1856.

No. 6.

A M E R I C A N S T U D E N T - L I F E :

OR SOME MEMORIES OF YALE.

THROUGH many an hour of summer suns,
By many pleasant ways,
Like HEEKIAN'S, backward runs
The shadow of my days :
I kiss the lips I once have kissed,
The gas-light wavers dimmer ;
And softly through a vision's mist,
My college friendships glimmer. — TENNYSON.

It is now, I dare not say how many years, since the night chum and I, emerging from Number Twenty-four, South College, descended the well-worn staircase and strolled out for the last time beneath the heavy shadows that hung darkly from the old elms of our Alma Mater. Commencement with its dazzling excitement — its piled galleries of fair faces to smile and approve, its gathered wisdom to listen and adjudge — was no longer the goal of our student hopes : and the realization that our joyous college days were over, pressed hard upon us as we paced slowly along, listening to the low night-wind among the summer leaves overhead, or looking up at the darkened windows whence the laugh and song of class-mates had so oft resounded to 'vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night,' and tutors.

I thought then, as I have often thought since, that our student-life must be 'the golden prime' compared with which the future would be brass and iron. Here Youth, with its keenness of enjoyment and generous heartiness, shares the expansion and elevation of mind, given by liberal studies and the sympathy of many kindred spirits, as it could never hope to do again. A glorious realm of golden dreams, of pleasant labor and enthusiastic fun, is student-life, as many a one has felt as, standing at the door of Alma Mater, he looked over the sunny meadows of her domain upon the dark encircling woodlands and rugged hills of the world. I trow the warm Italian's heart throbbed as he turned to take a last look upon disappearing Bologna, and remembered its noisy

days and fair *Novella de Andrea*,* first of curtain-lecturers. I warrant there were very pensive ancient leave-takings under the walls of the old Sorbonne, and phelgmatic Dutch sorrowing along the streets of Amsterdam. Howitt has told us of the smoking and beer-drinking conviviality of the Bûrschen, and Bristed's 'Five Years in an English University,' of the physical indulgence and intellectual jockeyism of Cambridge. 'The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman,' have given as good an idea as is desirable of the 'rowing men' in that very antediluvian stronghold of elegant scholarship; and *Blackwood* has told us somewhat of the scarlet-gowned 'Student-Life in Scotland,' 'Life in a Canadian College;' and 'Fireside Travels' have told of things nearer home, through the pages of *Putnam*. But I shall come nearer home; and while these relate the fun and joyfulness of old countries and olden time, be it mine to recall sweet memories of Mother Yale.

The days are gone that I dreamed away beneath the green arcades of the fair Elm City. But still come the budding spring and the blooming summer to embower those quiet old streets and fill the morning hour with birds' sweet singing. Still comes the gorgeous autumn — the dead summer laid in state — and the cloud-robed winter to round the circling year. Still streams the golden sun-light through the green canopies of tented elms, and still, I ween, do pretty school-girls loiter there along in flirting fascination, through the dreamy holiday afternoons, beneath their shade. Still do our memories haunt those old walks we loved so well; the avenue, shaded and silent, like grove of Academe, fit dwelling of colloquial man of science and genial metaphysician; the old Cemetery with its brown ivy-mantled wall, its dark massive evergreens, and moss-grown grave-stones, that before years had effaced their inscriptions, told the brief story of early settlers; elm-arched Temple-street, where the mid-night moon shone so softly through the dark masses of foliage, and slept so sweetly on the sloping green. Still do those old wharves and ware-houses, ancient haunts of colonial commerce and scenes of continental struggle, rest there in their quietude, hearing but murmurs of the noisy merchant-world without; and the fair bay lies silent among those green hills that slope southward to the Sound. Methinks I hear the ripple of its moon-lit waves, as in summer night it upbore our gallant boat and its fair freight, the far-off music stealing over the bright waters, the distant rattling of some paid-out cable as a newly-arrived ship anchored down the bay, or the lonely baying of a watch-dog at some farm-house on the height. I see the sail-boats bending under their canvas and dashing the salt foam from their bows as they rush through the smooth water, and the lateen-sailed oyster-boats cleaving the clear brine, bound for Fair-Haven of many shell-fish; while sturdy little sloops and schooners, suggestive of lobster or pine-apple trade, bow their big heads meekly, and sway themselves at rest. I see again those long lines of green-wooded slope here, crowned by a lonely farm-house, musing solitary on the hills as it looks off on the blue Sound: there ending abruptly in a weather-worn cliff

* In the fourteenth century *NOVELLA DE ANDREA*, daughter of the celebrated canonist, frequently occupied her father's chair; and her beauty was so striking, that a curtain was drawn before her, in order not to distract the attention of the students.

of splintered trap, or anon bringing down some arable acres to the very beach, where a gray old cottage, kept in countenance by two or three rugged poplars,

‘In der blauen Fluth sie beschauten.’

Nor can I soon forget those wild hill-sides, so glorious when the summer tides of foliage came pouring down their sides, or when Autumn, favorite child of the year, donned his coat of many colors and went abroad. Then on holiday afternoon, free from student care, we climbed East or West Rock, and looked abroad on distant city spires, or rock-ribbed hill-side and sail-dotted sea; or threaded the devious path to the Judges’ Cave, where tradition said that in colony times Goffe and Whalley lay hidden, and read on the lonely rock that in the winter wilderness over-hung their bleak hiding-place, in an old inscription, carved not without pain, in quaint letters of other years, the stirring and stern old watchword :

Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God!

Or going farther, we climbed Mount Carmel, and looked from its steep cliff down into the rock-strewn, solitary valley,

‘WHERE storm and lightning from that huge gray wall
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments.’

Now we wended our way to the lone hill-side of Cheshire, where the Running Brook, pouring down the steep ravine, flashed its clear waters into whitest foam, a liquid veil thrown over the unsightly rocks; or perchance in cumbrous boat we floated upon Lake Saltonstall, hermit of ponds, set like a liquid crystal among the hills. But to return.

In the midst of this fair city, and surrounded by these pleasant haunts, lies a sloping green, girt and bisected by rows of huge elms, and adorned with three churches, whose spires glisten above the tall trees, and with a stuccoed State-house, more beautiful in the design than in the execution. On the high ground looking down across the green, stretched out in a long line of eight hundred feet, the buildings of the College lie quietly in dense shade, ugly barracks of red brick; and without a line of beautifying architecture, they yet have an ancient air of repose, buried there in the deep shade, that pleases even the fastidious eye. In the rear an old Laboratory, diverted from its original gastronomic purpose of Hall by the progress of the age, a Cabinet similarly metamorphosed and containing magnificent specimens, such as only our New World can show, a gallery of paintings of college, colonial, and revolutionary worthies, (a collection of rare historical interest,) a library gothic and brown, with slender towers crowned with grinning heads — pointed out to incipient Freshmen as busts of the College Faculty — and a castellated gothic structure where the ancient literary societies hold their weekly meetings and the alumni their annual gatherings, make up the incongruous whole of the American University.

Such is the place where, about the middle of September, if you have been sojourning through the very quiet vacation in one of the almost

deserted hotels of New-Haven, you will begin to be conscious of an awakening from the six weeks' torpor, (the *long* vacation of hurried Americans who must study forty weeks in the year,) along the extended row of brick you will begin to discern aproned 'sweeps' clearing the month-and-a-half's accumulated rubbish from the walks, beating carpets on the grass-plots, re-lining with new fire-bricks the sheet-iron cylinder stoves, or furbishing old furniture, purchased at incredibly low prices of 'the last class,' to make good as new for the Freshmen, periphrastically known as 'the young gentlemen who have lately entered college.' It may be too, that your practised eye sees one of these timorous youths who, coming from a thousand miles in the interior, from the prairies of the West or the bayous of the South, has arrived before his time, and now, blushing unseen, is reconnoitering the intellectual fortress which he hopes soon to storm with 'small Latin and less Greek.' A few days more, and hackmen drive down Chapel-street hopefully, and return well laden with numerous carpet-bags and students, staring Freshmen, bad-hatted Sophomores, gentlemanly Juniors, and sage-looking Seniors. Hearty greetings, great purchase of text-books and shifting of quarters follow, new choice of rooms being given annually. In which chaotic state of things, the various employees of college, including the colored Aquarius, facetiously denominated Professor Pailey, stimulated by numerous quarters, greatly multiply and intensify their efforts.

But the chief interest of the opening year is clustered around the class about to unite its destinies with the college world. A new century of students from all parts of the land :

'The igneous men of Georgia,
The ligneous men of Maine,'

the rough, energetic Westerner, the refined, lethargic Metropolitan, with here and there a missionary's son from the Golden Horn, or the isles of the Pacific, yea, even a Chinese, long-cued and metaphysical, are to be divided between the two literary societies. These ancient fraternities, 'Linonia,' founded in 1753, and the 'Brothers in Unity,' founded in 1768, having, during the summer term, elected with due excitement their representatives and leaders for the coming 'campaign,' and having held numerous 'indignation meetings,' where abuse of the rival fraternity, and inquiries into the number to be sent down by the various academies, were earnestly prosecuted to the great neglect of debates and essays, now join issue with an adroitness on the part of their respective members, which bespeaks some knowledge of human nature, and gives great promise for political life. Committees at the Station-House await the arrival of every train, accost each individual of proper age and verandancy, and having ascertained that he is not a city-clerk, nor a graduate relapsed into his ante-academic state, offer their services as amateur porters, runners, guides, or tutors, according to the wants of the Freshman. Having ingratiated themselves, various are the ways of procedure. Should the new-comer prove confiding, he is told that 'There is one vacancy left in our society, and if you wish, I will try and get it for you,' which, after a short absence, presumed to be employed in strenuous effort, the amiable advocate succeeds in doing, to the great gratitude of his Freshman friend. Should he prove less tractable, and express a

desire to hear both sides, then some comrade is introduced as belonging to the rival society, and sorely worsted in a discussion of its merits. Or, if religious, the same supposititious member of the other society shall visit him on the Sabbath, and electioneer him with great use of profane language. By such and more honorable means the destiny of each is soon fixed, and only a few stragglers await, unprejudiced, the so-called 'statement of facts.' This is held one week from the beginning of the term, in 'Brewster's Hall.' Stout 'force committees' guard the doors, and preadmit Freshmen. Chosen orators on either side laud themselves and ridicule their opponents amid much cheering and interruption, until the unhappy Freshmen can make no head nor tail of the matter, and in chaotic state of mind, fall an easy prey to the first corner, and are initiated that very evening, with lusty cheers and noisy songs, protracted far into the night.

Not less notable are the secret societies, two or three of which exist in every class, and are handed down yearly to the care of successors. With more quiet but busy effort, each selects and 'pledges' the best men it can lay hands upon, who, with phosphorous, coffins, and dead men's bones, are awfully admitted to the mysteries of Greek initials. The purpose of these societies is claimed to be the cultivation of social feeling and more familiar intellectual intercourse. As select and united brethren, they form, moreover, *imperia in imperio* in the large societies much used by ambitious college politicians. Some of them have chapters at a dozen or more colleges, and hold annual conventions, attended by numerous delegates from the different colleges, and by graduate members. Without the political significance of the German University societies, they are remembered with warm attachment, as pleasant and profitable places of under-graduate reunion.

Close after society movements comes the foot-ball game between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. After challenge from the former, some autumn afternoon you may see the rival classes of one hundred each or thereabouts, drawn up on the green in battle-array, and old clothes undesirable to wandering Jews. The steps of the State-House are crowded with the 'upper classes,' and the balconies and windows of over-looking houses contain numerous ladies. The umpires clear the grounds. A dead silence succeeds, as some notable Freshman *warns* the ball. Then a rush and a shock of collision. 'Two hundred,' as the venerable Professor S—— remarked, 'are too many after one ball.' Few know where it is: no one sees it. One party gets possession and endeavors to force it through. Now there is fierce issue: neither party gives an inch. Now there is a side-movement and a revolution of the orb as to relieve the pressure. Now one side gives a little, then desperately closes in again on the encouraged enemy. Now a dozen are down in a heap, and there is a momentary lull: then at it again! Here a shirt is torn off: there a fiery spirit grows pugnacious and must be restrained by his class-mates. There are, in short, to use the language of a college bard: 'Breaches of peace, and pieces of breeches,' until the ball is carried over by main force, or gets without the crowd, and is rapidly carried over by observant light-infantry, while the heavy troops are still making fierce battle in the centre. Mighty, then, is the cheer-

ing of the victors, and defiant the groans of the defeated. Thus for three games, or until the evening chapel-bell calls to prayers, nice points of the game being interspersedly discussed with great fierceness. Pæans of victory are written and sung by torch-light on the State-House steps, and bouquets displayed, which are supposed to have been sent by the fair ones of the balconies.

Next in college-annals comes the 'Burial of Euclid.' The incipient Sophomores, assisted by the other classes, perform duly the funeral rites of their mathematical enemy of Freshman-year by nocturnal services at the 'Temple.' Wherefore, some dark Wednesday evening of the late October, masked and fancifully-dressed students may be seen gathering into rendezvous. An Indian chief, of gay leggins and solemn demeanor, goes down arm-in-arm with the Prince of Darkness, and uncle Toby communes sociably with a nondescript in turned coat and bad hat. Here are a reinforcement of 'Labs,' (students of chemistry,) noisy with numerous fish-horns, and there a detachment of 'Medics,' appropriately labelled, and armed with thigh-bones. Then, when gathered within the 'Temple of Satan,' a crowded mass of big-nosed masks, shocking bad hats, and ancient attire, look down from the steep slope of seats upon the stage where lies the effigy of Father Euclid in inflammable state : after a voluntary by the band facetiously denominated the 'Blow-Hards,' 'Horne Blenders,' etc, there is a mighty singing of a Latin song written with more reference to the occasion than to quantities, of which an opening verse may serve as a specimen :

'FUNDITE punc lacrymas,
Plorate Yalenses
ECCLIN rapuerunt fata
Membra et ejus inhumata
Liquimus tres menses.'

The wild, grotesque hilarity of these mid-night songs, when once experienced can never be forgotten. Oration, poem, and funeral oration, follow, interspersed with songs and music by the band ; 'Old Grimes is Dead,' 'Music from the Spheres,' and other solemn and choice masterpieces. Then are torches lighted, and, two-by-two, the long train of torch-bearers defiles through the silent mid-night streets to the swell of solemn music, and passing by the dark cemetery of the real dead, bear through 'Tutor's Lane' the coffin of Father Euclid. They climb the hill and commit it to the flames, invoking Pluto in Latin prayer, and chanting a final dirge : while the flare of torches, the wild grotesqueness of each uncouthly-disguised wight, and the back-ground of gold, star-lit sky, and dark, encircling forest, makes the wild merriment seem almost solemn.

I mention only the burlesque debate of Thanksgiving-Eve, when the smallest Freshman presides in each society : the 'noctes cœnæque deûm' of the secret societies : the varied excitements of appointments, prize essays and scholarships : the Yale Literary Magazine, now a venerable student periodical of twenty years' standing ; and the Exhibition of the Wooden Spoon, at which the 'low-appointment men' (whose motto is 'super sinistram lugemus') burlesque the staid performances of college exhibitions, and present the lowest man on the appointment-list

an immense wooden spoon, carved of rosewood, with the motto 'dum vivimus vivamus.'

The winter months, more spent in study, show less of the hilarity of student-life. But the time is needed, as the discipline of Alma Mater is not indulgent. There are three recitations daily, three examinations yearly, one at the end of each term, and two biennial examinations (written) one in the middle, and the other at the end of the four-years' course. At each of all these, the student is 'marked' according to his performance, and the average determines his standing at commencement. This demands hard work, work that gives zest to fun.

But the summer days come again, and the dozen club-boats, and their crews in showy uniform,

'Κοῦροι ἀναρρίπτειν ἄλα πηδῶ'

push out from Ryker's : some bound upward, past the oyster-beds of Fair-Haven, away up among the salt-marsh meadows, where the Quinnipiac wanders under quaint old bridges among fair green hills : some for the 'Light' : shooting out into the broad waters of the open bay, their feathered oars flashing in the sun-light : some for 'Savin's Rock,' where, up among the cool cedars that over-shadow the grass-grown rock, they sing uproarious songs, until the dreamy beauty of the scene, the rippling ocean, the distant white-sailed ships, and green, quiet shores, shall steal in upon their noisy mirth, and heart-felt silence succeed. And now, as in the twilight they float homeward, you may hear the song again :

'MANY the mile we row, boys,
Merry, merry the song :
The joys of long-ago, boys,
Shall be remembered long.
Then, as we rest upon the oar,
We raise the cheerful strain,
Which we have often sung before,
And gladly sing again.'

But perhaps the most interesting of college life is 'Presentation Day,' when the Senior class, having passed the various ordeals of written examinations, are presented to the President as worthy of their degrees. This ceremony is succeeded by a farewell oration, and poem by two of the class, chosen by their class-mates for the purpose, after which they partake of a collation with the College Faculty, and then gather under the elms in front of the colleges. They seat themselves on a ring of benches, inside of which are placed huge tubs of lemonade, long clay-pipes, and great store of mildest Turkish tobacco. Here, led on by an amateur and most miscellaneous band of musicians, through the long afternoon of 'the leafy month of June,' with other classes thronging around in cordial sympathy, they smoke manfully, harangue enthusiastically, laugh uproariously, and sing lustily, commencing always with the glorious German student-song of *Gaudeamus* :

I.

'GAUDEAMUS igitur
Juvenes dum sumus !
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.'

II.

'Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere ?
Transeas ad superos,
Abas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

III.

'Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finiatur
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

IV.

'Vivat academia,
Vivant professores
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

V.

'Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ;
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

VI.

'Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit;
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mecenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

VII.

'Pereat tristitia.
Pereant osiores;
Pereat diabolus
Quivis antiburshchius
Atque irrisores.'

Then, as the shadows grow long, they sing again those heart-felt words which one returning to the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his Alma Mater, wrote in all the glow of manly enthusiasm :

'Come not the tears of the long-gone years,
With their moments of pain and sorrow,
But laugh in the light of their memories bright,
And treasure them all for the morrow.
Then roll the song in waves along,
While the hours are bright before us;
And grand and hale are the towers of Yale,
Like guardians towering o'er us.

'Clasp ye the hand 'neath the arches grand
That with garlands span our greeting,
With a silent prayer that an hour as fair
May smile on each after meeting:
And long may the song, the joyous song,
Roll on in the hours before us;
And grand and hale may the elms of Yale
For many a year bend o'er us.'

Then, standing in closer circle, they pass around to give each a farewell grasp of the hand, and amid that extravagant merriment, the lips begin to quiver and eyes grow dim. Then two-by-two, preceded by the miscellaneous band, (headed by a huge base-viol, borne by two stout fellows, and played by a third,) they pass through each hall of the long line of buildings, giving farewell cheers : and hard by one of the towers each throws his handful of earth on the roots of an ivy, which, climbing about those brown masses of stone through years to come, he trusts will be typical of their mutual remembrance as he breathes the silent prayer :

'LORD, KEEP OUR MEMORIES GREEN.'

So ends the last of those extravagant, it may be, yet hearty and healthful relaxations, with which the student of our ancient university solaces himself after his hard mental labor. It is the remembrance, perhaps, of these joyful days which brings back the sons of Yale in such crowds to her annual gatherings. Graduates of three, ten, twenty, fifty years' standing, the strong young men, the gray-haired fathers, all hasten to re-visit well-loved scenes, and to clasp again the class-mate's hand.

'THEY come ere life departs,
Ere wingéd Death appears.'

' D Y I N G B Y I N C H E S . '

'Dying by inches : ' is there much of sorrow
In thinking of a death that comes so slow ?
Let us from this some consolation borrow,
Some precious comfort will the thought bestow.

For if we die more suddenly, thus leaving
Without a farewell word for those loved best,
Will they not have more reason for their grieving ?
Will not a deeper sorrow fill the breast ?

When death comes on with slow and stealing paces,
With ease we will unclasp the chains of earth ;
Taking a last look at familiar faces,
With a still higher sense of their dear worth.

For who would sink upon life's stormy billow,
And in a moment lose this fleeting breath ?
Is it not better e'en on weary pillow,
Calmly to wait the slow approach of death ?

We'll not regret the hours of pain and anguish,
When we have finished here our toilsome race :
What signifies it, if on earth we languish,
If we in Heaven may hope to find a place ?

Then, if it be Gon's will that we should tarry,
In pain and sorrow waiting, it is best
That we should still life's weary burden carry :
When we lie down more sweet will be the rest.

S. M.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

THE last attack upon the liberties of Christendom by pressure from without, was made in the year 1683, by a Turkish army of a hundred thousand men, commanded by the Grand Vizier SOLYMAN. They laid siege to Vienna for over five months, but when the city was almost reduced by famine and loss of men, they were utterly routed by an army under JOHN SOBIESKI, King of Poland; who sent the sacred banner blessed by MOHAMMED, which had floated triumphantly over a hundred battle-fields, to the Pope of Rome with this laconic epistle: 'I came, I saw, and God has conquered.'

I.

The armies of the Saracen encamp Vienna round,
Thrice thirty thousand valiant men the leaguered town surround;
The Prophet's banners wave on high, far stretching many a rood:
A crescent on a crimson sky, the type of war and blood.

II.

Thus SOLYMAN, their leader, swore: 'By ALLAH's holy name,
Unless you town my wrath deplore and own MOHAMMED's fame,
And open every gate full wide before the morrow's sun,
That all the faithful may with pride enjoy what they have won;

III.

Her threatening walls shall be o'erturned, her battlements o'erthrown,
Her palaces and churches burned, and crumbled stone by stone;
And all her citizens shall bleed, not one shall quarter find;
Their corpses shall the raven feed, examples to mankind.

IV.

For now the time hath come, that those who doubt the Prophet's power
Should see him trample on his foes and crush them in an hour;
Through me he speaks, my voice obey, on me his mantle fell,
By force convert, or falling, slay the haughty infidel.

V.

Deep sullen murmurs of applause ran through the Moslem host,
For they indeed had ample cause to make such seeming boast;
Each warrior was well supplied and fit for deeds of war,
And not a man but there had died to spread MOHAMMED's law.

VI.

The Austrian capital had few compared with these I ween,
But they were men well-tried and true, who many a fray had seen;
Their wives, their children, all they love, are gathered in the walls:
What soldier could a recreant prove when God and Nature calls?

VII.

Not in a single Christian's breast did enter doubt or fear,
But each his sword more firmly pressed when SOLYMAN drew near;
And though his force by far excelled those to Vienna drawn,
His summons they at once repelled with loathing and with scorn.

VIII.

Thus doth Vienna make reply to SOLYMAN's proud speech:
All those who live some day must die, death every man shall reach;
What profit would it be to live if honor should be lost?
So we through God this answer give unto thy haughty boast.

IX.

Through GOD we will our walls defend and keep thy arms at bay,
And CHRIST to us HIS aid will lend and HE shall be our stay ;
Before the armies of the Cross the Crescent soon shall wane :
If thou art spared, then mourn thy loss, nor menace us again.'

X.

Full fiercely burned the Paynim's rage, and he cursed the SAVIOUR then,
And vowed henceforth fell war to wage against all Christian men :
'I shall purge the earth by ALLAH'S aid, of the Christian name abhorred,
'Till every land shall own dismayed, the Prophet of the LORD.'

XI.

For five long months his cannon hurled their showers of iron hail,
The sacred banner was unfurled — how could the Moslem fail ?
And oft he made some fierce attack, and strove the walls to win ;
As often he was driven back by the brave hearts within.

XII.

Grim Famine now began to tell upon those warriors good,
And oft the weary sentinel would faint for want of food :
But still none thought of capture, none feared to look on death,
For JESUS they with rapture would gladly yield their breath.

XIII.

But Christendom at length awoke, and started from her trance,
And Poland rose to break the yoke, and Germany, and France :
And many a gallant Islander enlists in the crusade ;
On SOBIESKI all concur, and he their chief is made.

XIV.

With joy Vienna sees their ranks descending on the plain,
Her citizens to GOD give thanks, forgetting all their pain :
Then marshals all her men in haste, for vengeance strength inspires ;
Revenge they seek for homes laid waste, for slaughtered sons and sires.

XV.

Soon SOBIESKI gives the word, the troops in battle join,
And still his lion voice is heard above that glittering line :
'Ye fight for GOD, for HIM alone ye aim each deadly blow ;
The holy angels round HIS throne, fight with you 'gainst the foe.'

XVI.

Down with the Paynim to the ground, down with the Prophet's race ;
But even here let CHRIST be found, let mercy have a place.'
With Moslem slain the earth is piled, their corpses block the way ;
Before the Christian onset wild, they fade like dew away.

XVII.

At length they yield, they fly, the sacred banner falls,
And shouts of joyous victory ring from Vienna's walls ;
Then on the bloody field of war, thus SOBIESKI cries :
'I came ; the Moslem foe I saw ; but GOD hath won the prize.'

AN EVENING BY THE FIRE.

‘Do you know Souvestre?’

The lamp was just lighted, they had drawn up around the fire, the grate was well filled, and every thing seemed propitious for one of those pleasant, rambling talks, those light, kind touches upon weighty topics which had made the old sitting-room glow warmer and brighter in the bright, warm sun-light, or fire-light of many a summer and winter.

It was Paul that spoke, a kind-eyed old man, a face where childhood’s smile played on age’s wrinkles; with all the life of sixty-five bright years, not one drop lost, still swimming in his eyes and bathing the rich smile of his old lips with a charm more beautiful than beauty. The brothers whom life and labor had given him sat by his side, two old men, warm and kind like him, like him in all the true, ripe manliness of manhood, in spite of wide differences of memories, sentiments, and hopes. To them Paul spoke:

‘Do you know Souvestre? Have you ever read, in his pure, child-like French, his pretty story of the two simple old dames, good Madeline and Francoise, whom the Garret Philosopher, that spectator in tatters, meets on his trip to the Fête at Sevres? Do you remember their childish wonder at the sights they see; how they make the royal manufactories their own, and are Pompadours and Barrys for the time; how they pick up a bit of a broken cup in the back-yard and carry it home to boast that they share in the furniture of kings; how they luxuriate in their frugal dinner on the grass; how they meet the poor beggar-woman, poorer even than themselves, and finish the day in charity, and then go home, weary and foot-sore, but happy and blessed, to begin their old life again, to work, and dream, and remember as before, and date their future life from that happy day at Sevres?’

‘A pretty little story, to be sure,’ said Ralph, somewhat roughly, for he was always a little ashamed of his own kind nature; ‘a pretty story truly, but pray what more? Will Madeline and Francoise help the world along? Is it garret philosophers, talking wild sentiment, who are to work out life’s great problem?’

‘Nay, nay, good Ralph,’ Paul answered, mildly, for he knew him well. ‘Say what you think; own the brave beauty of such lives as theirs. They felt like queens, but you feel, I know, that they were more than queens, true women, high, pure, holy lives, whose warm, sweet breath comes fanning the world’s cold snow plains into singing brooks of happy summer, as a touch of May wakes up the earth after a winter like this. Do drop your talk of the world’s great problem. No man is to do its work. Each has his little figure to add, subtract, or carry, and O God knows we need all His great help to do that little well!’

There was silence for a time. They knew it was no boy who spoke, but a man who had lived and endeavored, who had tried the great problem in its strength and found it too hard for him, who had matched his powers against life and come off weary and jaded with the wrestling. They revered his memories, and so there was silence for a time. Then Ralph began again:

'You say each mortal has his little part to do in solving the great problem. What share do you give, Paul, to Madeline and Francoise?'

'What share, my friend!' cried the other, rousing from his reverie. 'The best, the holiest of shares, a faithful, hopeful, charitable life, shaping the little world of their being into a perfect sphere in the constant effort of cheerful duty, drawing faith from the past and hope from the future to mingle in one all-pervading, ever-present charity. Oh! how we need a plan of weights and measures wholly new, to weigh and gauge such sacred things as lives like these! I did not think it of you, Ralph, to ask that question. There are blind men enough. Why blind clear eyes like yours? What use a quiet, steadfast life, brave in its labor and devotion! What use is any beauty? You remember what the German we were reading yesterday so sweetly says—that he knows but two beauties in the universe, the starry heavens over our heads, and the sentiment of duty in our hearts. Think of those beauties. The holy rest of star-light and the holier majesty of a devoted life. You know we have talked of this before. You know I would decry too much study of the past, too much dreaming of the future, and give my life, where God has given it, to our blessed present, which it seems to me is made for lives like these.'

'I know it, Paul,' said Ralph, 'I have told you many a time that you do not look enough beyond your year. True enough, my good old friend, before another half-score of years, you and I, it is likely, will be gone; we're almost home already. Paul and Ralph will die, but humanity will live—lives *now* in hope. I would have you look to the future and catch what of its light you may to cheer the rough, unbroken roads that we walk together now. And Philip here,' he added, 'the kindest worshipper of the past, who loves one of those fossils of the middle ages like a brother, who holds that parchments are all-sacred things, who keeps the birth-days and the death-days of old knights and saints, I would teach him, too, to look the future in the face, would sweep the old dingy smoke of ages from his eyes and tell him to look onward and believe and hope with me.'

'Paul, strike that dead block of coal that lies at your end of the grate,' said Philip, with a quiet smile. Paul took the tongs and did as he was told. 'See there, dear Ralph,' said Philip, 'how the white smoke streams out at first and now look how the clear, warm flame is following from the self-same crack. Will you sweep away that smoke? Why, man, it must bring on the fire as the night brings on the day. I do love those old men and things of five centuries ago, and it angers me to see the young world turning Hindoo in good earnest, and taking his old father to the Ganges bank, and stuffing his poor old mouth with pious sand, and begging him to die. Let him take care. There may some day be younger men than we, and they may play the heathen offspring to their fathers too. It may be so. The laureate may be right. We may be 'ancients of the earth and in the morning of the times,' and so when it gets to be the noon, then *ours* will be the middle ages and *we* shall be forgotten or despised, and *our* lives will be blackened, and perchance our laureate himself will then be sneered and called no poet, and sent back to dwell with Lydgate, and Gower, and Skelton, and the

rest — nay, nay ' he pursued, in a lighter tone, seeing Ralph about to speak, ' I know your reasonings of old, and what I think them worth. Slow-pacing generations truly were those good old times, but then I do not think the worse of them for that. They shut up learning in cloisters, but then cloisters were excellent places to keep it in. They lost much literature that was of value, but then they cleared the world of much rubbish that was of no use at all ; to make room perhaps,' he added, smiling, ' for more rubbish that is worth still less. They were, perhaps, somewhat slow ; they set no rivers on fire, but then it was, perhaps, as comfortable both for themselves and for the rivers that they should flow on in peace and water, and not be Phlegethons. We have all been sick. Disease in some kind or other is the lot of almost every life, and if they preferred a slow and leisurely death by a patient and lingering consumption to the worrying, hurrying, vexing fever with which some of their children are consumed, why it was for themselves to choose. At least it is not respectable or dutiful for the son to be thus always finding fault with his poor old palsied father. Through God, our time owes its being to the times of those men. It owes them, beside what little it has of calm and quiet rest. The deep, still study of the thirteenth century comes down to purify and calm the stirring bustle of the nineteenth, like a great iceberg which breaks away from its own northern home of eternal coldness and stillness, and floats down into warmer regions, cooling and refreshing the hot air and water all around it. I love that blessed calm, and that is why, dear brothers, I love those good old times.'

' And I love you the better, Philip, for that love,' said Ralph, with warmth. ' I have seen many men and many times, but I never yet met a man with a warm love burning in his heart, whatever might be its object, who was not lovable himself. Not that I think you right. I grant they were our fathers, but must we worship those old men for that ? Is ancient wrong the god of modern right ? Because old Ahaz sends his children through the fire, and offers incense on the hills and plunders God's house to buy a heathen's aid, must Hezekiah, when he comes to reign, chain his young soul to precedent and do that which is evil in the sight of the LORD as his fathers had done ? If it be so decreed that Error in the round of time still fathers Truth, must Truth come and stain and tear her white robe and look up in her parent's face, and say : I yield ! Here am I, father, do with me as seemeth thee good ! No ! we are moving on. We, old dim-eyed, snow-headed men are too apt to forget that around us there is a world of young men and women, restless, hopeful, trustful, full of faith in the future and of manliness in the present, dowered, like the poet's poet, with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love. The world is theirs now. As for us, brothers — why, it was *ours* once. We led then, for all our fathers said, and they followed in our train. So we must follow our children. Let us take our old staffs and gird up our idle garments and do the best we can to keep pace with their young steps ; at least, let us keep them in sight, hopefully, reverently, watching their progress as we may, till we are called to share God's blessed rest, which is endless progress for evermore.'

‘And so forget the past,’ said Philip sadly. ‘Just because that fire goes out to-night and another is kindled in the morning, shall we forget that it has warmed us to-day? Shall your fathers be tombless, that your children may have cradles? While religion is sanctifying, and art ennobling, and power dazzling to us three here to-night, as much as to any three men God ever made, are we and the world to forget the good, and gifted, and powerful of old, while each year brings in with its first morning the birth-day of Zuingle, and Murillo, and Medici, and bears out on its last breath the life of good old Wickliffe, the Paul of the fourteenth-century Gentiles?’

‘What strange times the world has seen,’ said Ralph musingly. ‘It sounds like a very common-place remark. Children say such things, and I have little doubt, that it, or something very like it, found its way into my school-boy themes some half-a-century ago. But it is not till very lately that I seem to have fully felt its force. I think it is one of the dim windows by which we poor mortals may look upon the immense perfection, the self-completeness of God’s nature, this endless variety and strangeness which are reflected from it in man’s life. How the great world *has* ‘spun forever down the ringing grooves of change.’ How the grand old patriarchs walked that early earth like timid children half afraid of life, steadying the world’s first steps with the filial hand still clinging to their father God’s! How time made that child’s heart stronger, but colder in its strength. What a gloss and glow there must have been on that new earth of Enoch, and Lamech, and Seth. Just think how they must have talked. The very words they used were twice as original and twice as grand as now. Fresh ideas and fresh expressions must have poured fast from the lips of those fresh men. At the present day, for instance, it shows no very overwhelming amount of originality to talk of the SILVER moon, to compare bright eyes to *diamonds*, blushing cheeks to *roses*, or white teeth to *pearls*; but there was a time when these expressions and thousands like them, which are now the most trite of common places, were, with the ideas which they suggest, new and real. Ideas were waiting to be discovered, arts to be invented, sciences to be started, languages to be arranged. There was work enough to do close at hand, and so in simply and naturally doing this work, the man of those first times developed himself naturally and simply.’

‘Give me your hand, Ralph,’ said Philip, ‘and I will claim you for a brother, and you shall be sworn into our fraternity of the worshippers of the past.’

‘Nay, nay, too fast,’ answered Ralph. ‘Those old idols of yours are very different things. The fresh air of morning grows hot and close. The world of your love is a great sick-room where the giant lies and tosses in his fever, and talks sick nonsense and dreams sickly dreams. If *you* did not love it, Philip, I should say no honest, sensible man, with a fair share of head and heart, *could* love the spirit of those times. It was empty, frivolous and weak, and so unworthy of man and of God’s world in which he lives. What times they were! God be merciful unto us, that the world may never see such again! False faith, false

sentiment, and false pride, did their best to turn the poor world's head. Men talked without any of those motives of wisdom, love, or goodness, which alone can sanctify the human speech. They talked for talking's sake, and what a curse that is! Observation was nothing; talk, argument, debate was every thing. The whole world was like children in the old child's game we used to play, forever opening its mouth and shutting its eyes, and then waiting for something to make it wise.'

'You are not altogether wrong,' said Paul most cautiously.

'I sometimes think,' continued Ralph, 'what would have been the result if a little of our better spirit could have found its way into that strange, bad world. Suppose, for instance, a little of our literature transplanted. Fancy Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' cast like a Crimean shell into some rough old English baron's household. Imagine his chaplain or his clerk reading out the strange, wild rhyme to the unlettered lord. How it would have puzzled him. How he would have pished and pshawed a little while to know what the man could mean by all this talk about 'the heir of all the ages,' 'the parliament of man,' and the 'one increasing purpose' that runs through all the ages; and then drained his deep flagon and called for his hounds and gone his way to the hunt, your model, gentle Philip. Imagine some maiden of five centuries ago stumbling upon Shelley and knitting her pretty forehead over the Revolt of Islam. Think of Thomas Aquinas reading Wordsworth in the schools of Paris. Fancy old Paracelsus reading Robert Browning's version of his life. Would he have known himself? If a freak of nature had by some mischance cast in a Dickens or a Carlyle into a mass like this, what do you think would have become of them?'

'I suppose,' said Philip, smiling, 'that, being out of place, like all other misplaced things, they would have found their place or have been obliged to sing and talk to each other; and the world would have, perhaps, been none the worse. Men have been out of place before. What right had Prometheus to that stolen fire before the world was ready for it? What right ——'

'For shame, Philip,' interrupted Ralph, hastily. 'These men whom you call out of place, they are the world's best souls. Out of place! Was Moses out of place when he brought the stone tables down the mountains to the Israelites at their calf-worship? Were Socrates, and Luther, and Milton, and the martyrs, out of place, when they worked or wrote too nobly for their time? You are a Christian, Philip. Was Jesus out of place when He taught of peace, and charity, and kindness, and heavenly hope, when He gave the new commandment on the plains of Judea eighteen centuries ago? Away with such ideas! No true soul is ever out of place. We look to make the world more fit and ready to receive them, and this is why I look to the future. It is more fit now than once, more pure and clean, I think, for the dwelling of such souls. You remember what Mrs. Browning says:

'EARTH out-grows the mystic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth:
And those debonaire romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
PHŒBUS' chariot-course is run!
Look up, poets, to the sun!'

'Let us all try to look up there more than we have ever done. But, Paul,' he added, 'you are too silent. Judge between us. Our pleas are drawn, and you must decide. Be our Rhadamanthus, and judge between the shade of the past and the spirit of the future.'

'Between the *past* and the *future*?' said Paul. 'It is like asking me to judge between the beauty of a glorious day in autumn or in spring. The question is just as endless and just as useless. Neither past nor future is our sphere. We are living *now*, here in the present where there is work to do, and joy to feel, and good to win; where life is still poetry, and duty still sublime; where, as in all times,

'UNTO him who works and feels he works,
That same grand year is ever at the doors.'

Not that I disdain the past. I would only bind it, and the future too, to the service of the present, for this, I think, is their use. You bring your memory and your hope, and I would swell them into one blessed union of charitable, faithful, hopeful *content*. Past and future together may teach us the continuity and living power of our life and of our world, the eternal freshness of nature. Is it nothing that the sun, whose rising sent, this morning, so many a poor heart up singing to its God, is the same that waked old Memnon's chorus on the sands of Egypt when the world was young? I love to read of those old men living just as we do now. Their life was just what ours is. You can trace, they say, a family likeness in the old dry faces of Egypt's mummies as we can in each other's here. The household mark which God put upon their features, to bind them together, is still there. This is what gives value to the past. A day or two ago I saw at a friend's house an old earthen lamp, rough, rude, still full of Roman earth, which was found in one of Cicero's villas; and that old bit of classic pottery had a moral force, as it came out of its long sleep, and silently told of that old familiar life so like the life that we are living here to-night. The past, a thing of facts and dates, is dead, and so a curse; the past, a thing of sentiments and thoughts, is alive and god-like in the teachings of its life. Rome, a thing of stones and ruins, is a barren quarry and no more; Rome, a thing of memories and histories, of old heroism, old piety, old manhood, is all the world's teacher forever, and just so the future. Give it life and it gives back life to you. It sends back heaven's light for earth's. You know the story how the old theatre rose and swayed and echoed with its feeling when the verse of Ennius was uttered on its stage: 'I am a man; I think no man-like thing is alien to me.' It was man's tribute to humanity. But looking forward and backward, may we not humbly, reverently, and in God's strength, take a tone more high than Ennius's, the tone of CHRIST, pay man's high tribute to divinity and say: I am a god; I think no god-like thing alien to me? May we not all live god-like lives; bidding the future shine through the storms of the past to paint its rainbow on the present? Were not old Madeline and Françoise living such lives? Let us hope the world is full of such lives to-night. O Philip! Ralph! has God forbidden us to add three more to their number? Before our evening fire is quite out, let us consecrate our hearth anew. Let us set up our Penates, and let them be Duty, Memory, and Hope. God bless our vows! God keep

them for us when we fail! We are old men, but man is never old enough to live aright. We may have thought our voyage almost over, but let us gird up our loins and take the oar in hand, and, side by side, start like the old Ithacan on our new Odyssey of duty,

‘One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.’

And so good-night, brothers,’ said Paul, with his kind smile. ‘Let us pray for pleasant dreams to-night, and pleasant, happy, holy lives forever.’ And Ralph and Philip answered with Amen!

T H E D Y I N G Y E A R .

FROM the old woods, dim and lonely
Comes a moan;
There the winds are sighing only:
‘Summer’s gone!’
All the bright and sunny hours,
And the green and leafy bowers,
With the Summer’s latest flowers,
Are faded now;
And the brow
Of the waning year
Has been twined with dying leaves:
And the gathering of the sheaves
Tells us Autumn’s here.

Now the winds go loudly moaning
Through the vales:
And the forest trees are groaning
Mournful tales
Of decays that swiftly gather,
Of the coming wintry weather,
Of the snow, that like a feather
Soon will fall:
And the call
Of Death is sighing
Over all the rippling streams:
And the Summer’s lingering gleanings
Are sadly dying.

’T is the waning, waning twilight
Of the year
That hovers now, all strangely bright,
Round us here:
And soon the year will pass away,
Like the light of an autumn day,
Adown old Winter’s dim highway
To its tomb:
And the gloom
Of the Silent Land
Will rest on the bright years flown:
And the winds of Time will moan
O’er the dreamless band!

LUGUBRIOUS LINES.

O DEAR ! such a great, rainy, lonesome old night !
 When one cannot have but one little gas-light :
 And sitting like stupid Jacks round an old table,
 Each tries to enjoy himself as well as he 's able :
 I wish, I declare, I could hear a full band —
 I feel like the awfulest fool in the land :
 This abominable corn on my horrible toe,
 Makes one think of an Orthodox seated below,
 Enjoying himself by a great roaring fire,
 And wishing in vain he was up somewhat higher !
 I believe I must go and play an 'elegant tune,'
 So up in the parlor will fly like a coon :
 Good JOHN, what's the use of one trying to talk ?
 I wish to the mercy I was LOUIS GORTSCHALK !

BIOGRAPHY OF A GENIUS.

'WHAT Fates impose, that men must needs abide:
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.'

WHAT planet was in the ascendant on the day of my nativity, I am not able to say — whether the crab or dog-star : all I know is, that by common consent, I 'm considered a genius.

While yet in petticoats, not properly *matched*, my precocious curiosity led me to take my Dutch uncle's French watch to pieces, and put it together again — the pieces at least. Thus early, genius, like murder, will out : there is no hiding it : curiosity is the desire to know, and that leads to knowledge :

'How many a noble heart, now widely known,
 Owes its young impulse to this power alone !'

Having by accident one day, broken the leg of a pet duck, I was caught splicing it ; the duck said 'quack,' though others dubbed me doctor.

Titles came not single ; my ability to *plead* and make out a *case* of not guilty, when complaints were lodged against me, was evidence of such genius, as to entitle me to the name Lawyer ; my Dutch uncle unfortunately pronounced it *Liar*, but meant much better than he expressed himself.

'LIFTED up so high
 I strained subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest.'

The arts and sciences lay before me. Drawing, painting, and rhyming became my favorite pursuits. Paper by the ream and ink in pools were in demand. The market rose, my uncle's brows lowered. His eye was on economy, mine on fame.

A lecture on extravagance followed ; the genius of my muse took fire, and would indite, for the obedient hand to write, and thus she sang :

'Now it's rather hard to abuse
An humble bard — to accuse
Him with wasting ink ;
Merely for a humorous caper,
Scribbling numerous sheets of paper ;
Yet 't is none of yours I think.'

He read it, but whether its sublimity or impertinence struck him most, I can't say, only by his expression. I feared he might strike me, and give me a 'striking likeness of his dislikings.' As to my doting father, he made me do just as I pleased, always providing I pleased to do right, and attend to my business. Well, *we* always do what is right, if we know what that is, a species of knowledge hard to learn, blinded by self-love and high aspirations.

Music claimed my attention next, as a branch of the fine arts, before I could claim to be a son of Apollo. No sooner thought than done : a clarinet suited my taste if not that of others, with which I set the old people's teeth on edge, and cured my maiden aunt of the nervous twitches, by completely unstringing them.

Having accomplished so much in-doors, my genius, or evil geni, urged me to give all out-doors the benefit of my music : if a false note occasionally made my uncle think the geese were in concert with me, no matter.

'“THIS must be the music,” said he, ‘of the spears,
For I'm blest if each note of it does n't run through one.’”

Yes, like that of Orpheus, it attracted the very stones about me : a family council was convened, when it was resolved that I should not play in concert, nor disturb nature's repose, and the inertia of matter by my strain at melody ; they advised me to play solo on the flute, so low indeed as to disturb no one, lest I should be bound over to keep the peace.

Tastes differ, alas ! for a single genius in a family ! There is none to sympathize with him. I read Pope, but I hate Popes and potentates. And I do n't agree with Pope. He says :

'ONE science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, no narrow human wit.'

I am an exception, for I'm just as bright in one as the other of the varied sciences ; only like the man's farm, I can't get at it, because another man has his on the top of it. But I'll dig down and undermine it, or be buried in its ruins : away with misgivings :

'HALF of the ills we hoard within our hearts,
Are ills because we hoard them.'

A genius, like other folk, can't etherealize the realities of life, and the necessity of going into business was forced upon me. I preferred partnership, and, therefore, sought one, verifying the adage, 'they that seek will find.' A man of such varied capacities was considered adapted for keeping a variety-store, and a country store was just that thing. Though no capital in hand, every one agreed that I was a capital hand to go into it, and I went. Though my Dutch uncle told me 'to go where I went, and went where I will,' (when means were wanted,) I followed his advice, and went on my own hook, which, by-the-by, was soon straightened out, and let me down gently.

But all this is owing to phrenology, because a fellow told me my bump of benevolence was too large, and my acquisitiveness too small, and that I had a conscience, and such stuff. Be that as it may, my shelves were empty, though my books well filled. I collected my accounts, and as I could not alter my head I changed my business. That there was something wrong somewhere was certain; so I felt my head, but there was nothing in that, nor phrenology, though I felt the fellow's remarks.

A drug-store was next entered upon: here was a chance to dabble in unguents and tinctures, powders and pills, and all the ills that the genus homo is heir to. Having, unfortunately, no taste to take medicines myself, my plaguey conscience, or something, prevented me from forcing it upon others. But what I failed to do, doctors and printers did for me, and customers were not wanting.

Thus, no doubt, I should have gone on and prospered, had it not fallen to my lot to have a 'bublyjock.' If you wish to know what that is, consult Sir Walter Scott. We call it a hobby.

I had a peculiar propensity of wandering out into unfrequented paths, accoutred with a tin box and a small hoe: thus I'd wander through dark swamps, and climb the rugged hill-side, in quest of plants and flowers, insects and objects of natural history, and on such occasions enjoyed serene and refreshing contemplation, for

'NATURE hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.'

Those rambles excited suspicion in the villagers. The more wise shrewdly suspected I went out 'prospecting,' or in search of the philosopher's stone; if not, for an herb to make a universal panacea that would renew to old age the vigor of youth.

My Dutch uncle became curious, and when on my return he saw my collection, and heard the hard names I gave them, he looked puzzled, until one familiar to him arrested his attention. 'And what do you call that?' he asked. 'That is the *Aristolochia Serpentaria*,' said I. 'The Aristo what? I know better,' says he; 'it's the Snake-root.' 'Yes,' says I, 'but that name is applied to a dozen plants, belonging to as many genera — and by no means proper to use.' 'I know better, I have used it, and know the use of it, and assure you it is nothing but snake-root. What's the use to give such a name as you have? — it's

enough to choke a man,' said he. 'Uncle, you are joking now,' said I laughingly, and continued my work.

In time, by perseverance, much can be accomplished. A room set apart for the purpose became a queer-looking place to the uninitiated; boxes with clay, and pet caterpillars, jars, bottles with snakes and the like, and rows of insects stuck upon pins in motley groups.

This was my private sanctum, into which my uncle had not yet penetrated, until one day he came in 'sans ceremonie,' his eyes dilated with astonishment, and then softened into a look of pity. 'Surely,' says he, 'you must be crazy: this is why I have seen you run like a fool after bugs and butterflies, to torture the poor creatures and pin them down in boxes.'

To conciliate him, I exhibited to him the larva, cocoon, chrysalis, and perfect insect of a male and female *Egeria exitosa*, assuring him that they had been taken from the base of his favorite peach-tree, and then gave him a history of its progressive changes, illustrated by my drawings, laying before him a ream of unsized foolscap bound into a book, with other drawings and manuscripts. Seeing the interest he manifested in the history of the borer of his favorite peach-tree, I felt encouraged, especially as he turned the leaves and examined my drawings, that he would approve of my labors, for which I had pecuniary, [mean peculiar, reasons to desire, and left him to his cogitations undisturbed.

Still water runs deep; all this time, instead of admiring my labors, he was calculating how much time I had spent and paper wasted during the last twelve years, and summed up by informing me, that it was no wonder I could not get along in business, for the time and labor thus wasted, applied to getting property, would have enabled me to have a home of my own and all the comforts of life around me, and no favors to any body.

'Well, but uncle, it is creditable to be a naturalist!' said I, beseechingly. 'You are a natural fool, just as I always believed you would be. Who is going to pay you for all this?' was his reply. Oh! what a fall of hope!—it sank to zero. Why was I not born an idolater of the mighty dollar, instead of a genius? Every body seems selfish, publishers and all. Lithographers and binders all want pay, and that in advance. Then, while light reading sells like hot cakes, none but the few care for matters of history. There is no help for it, I mentally exclaimed, and gave myself up to despair. What the consequence might have been, I am not able to say, had not a number of the KNICKERBOCKER been put into my hands. To read it none can resist, be his grief ever so pungent. I did read: a few pages infused a new life into me: another draught, I laughed out-right—a cured man, sound in mind and body. It dissipates the blues, and will cure a gangrene, or any colored malady that man is subject to.

Having dabbled in curatives, I cordially recommend the KNICKERBOCKER to the healthy to laugh and grow fat on, and to the sickly to read it, for the flow of its vitality and stimulating powers.

Such is the testimony voluntarily given by

A GENIUS

THOUGHTS I HAD UPON MY BED.

AWAKE one night upon my bed,
 As various things I pondered o'er,
 Such thoughts came suddenly through my head,
 As never had been there before.

Such thoughts! — they had by far surpassed
 All I had ever heard or read,
 And wakened reveries so vast,
 They scarce found room within my head.

The moon down through the window-panes
 Was beaming brightly on my head :
 And half-commingled with her rays,
 Those marvellous visions came and fled.

They such surprising circuits made,
 And to such prodigies gave birth ;
 They through the heavens one moment strayed,
 The next came rushing back to earth.

Oh ! could I but have pinioned fast
 Those thoughts I had upon my bed ;
 Or pen transcribed them as they passed
 In swift succession through my head :

Such cogitations would be read
 In this nocturnal, marvellous store,
 As never yet upon his bed,
 A musing mortal had before.

But, with a transient visit paid,
 They back to native ether fled ;
 Of such ethereal stuff were made,
 Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

The moon, my nightly monitor,
 Had sent them thronging through my head .
 I saw them flying back to her,
 Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

And though I've sought with might and main
 To call them back into my head,
 She will not deign to send again
 Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

All lonely now and silent are
 The ' vacant chambers ' * in my head :
 Right gladly would I welcome there,
 Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

But as a-down the ocean green
 Full many a priceless gem has sped ;
 So passed from mortal ken, I ween,
 Those thoughts I had upon my bed.

C. E.

* ' That 's so ! ' .

S O N N E T .

REPINE not, Poet, though our age's bays
 By arts all alien to thy soul be won :
 Nor frown if aims thou canst not choose but shun
 Hold vested empire of the realm of praise.
 Though Honor, menial-clad, meek homage pays
 To petty crafts which shred out one by one
 Each thread of Nature's veil (that every sun
 Through ruder rents reveals her injured gaze ;)
 Though panting echoes vie that skill to sound
 Which wrings new service from the tortured wheel,
 Or cheats the minute in its hasty round ;
 Sing, Poet ! though none heed thee, glad and strong !
 The mighty choral of our human weal
 Some notes of love would want without thy song. LEON.

ELEANOR MANTON : OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER TEN.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

'I AM going.'

These words fell on my ears before my eyes had opened to the morning light. I looked up and saw Lina standing by the bed-side.

'What !' I exclaimed in consternation.

'I am going.'

'Going where, child ?'

'I do not know where ; but here I can stay no longer. I will wander in the streets ; I will beg, I will starve, rather than be any longer a slave.'

I was now fully awake, and aroused to the full importance of the step she was taking. I said :

'No, Lina, you must not do this ; you do not know the worse than slavery that awaits you, if you go forth unprotected into the street.'

'But are there not hundreds of others doing the same ? Is it any worse for me than for them ? I am better fitted to take care of myself than many. If I am not fitted for this I am fitted for nothing. No matter, nothing worse can come to me than I have experienced. I am going. You are the first who ever spoke kind words to me. You will soon be gone, and I cannot live again in such a desert as this would be without you. I must hurry, so as to get far away before they are up.'

'No, Lina, you must not go ; even this is better than the life you will fall into if you go out into the world. I cannot permit it. I will go to uncle Simeon and tell him the truth. His heart is not entirely

hard. He can be made to feel, and will see that you are treated better.'

'He is kind to me so far, that he does not scold or beat me ; but he knows it is done, and he cannot help it. Of what use is it for him to speak ? Aunt Dolly only goes into fits, and there is a general row, during which he is convinced that any thing is better than a fuss, and wishes I would hold my tongue, and not complain about nothing. She carries her point, and treats me worse than ever. No, I am going : it is of no use to persuade me. I thought at first I would not let you know, that no blame might rest upon you ; but I could not think of never seeing you again, without saying good-by.'

I found it was of no use to persuade her : in the midst of my entreaties she turned and ran. I heard her noiseless feet glide down the stairs ; the street-door opened and shut softly, and she was gone — 'to destruction,' I said to myself ; and then better thoughts came up. 'No,' she *will* take care of herself. I am sure no greater evil will befall her ;' for I have not soiled my pages with the record of the darkest crimes committed in making her miserable.

She was gone, and I must now prepare for the consternation I should meet when it became known in the household. I descended to breakfast with my face schooled to uncommunicativeness ; but it was not long in being discovered that the multifarious duties which were usually performed by her who 'neglected nothing,' were this morning left undone.

'Where is Lina ?' was soon reverberating through all the house. She was not to be found, and the servants knew nothing of her mysterious absence. I was asked if I knew where she was gone, and I could answer with truth that I knew not. Aunt Dolly had the usual series of fits, which yielded to the usual restoratives. It did not occur to her to accuse the young girl of fleeing from slavery or misery, but of hating restraint and loving folly and sin better than a home and friends who had been all friends could be to the homeless and friendless. She could not live without an object of hatred, something human on which to pour out her spleen, and now began to imagine and then to accuse me of having encouraged her in disobedience, and sin by sympathizing with her, and very likely aiding and abetting her in running away. I had sympathized with her surely, but my conscience did not trouble me for this. It would do her no good now to make the confession, so I kept silence. Whatever I had done, it was of no use now to deny ; for neither reason nor argument had any influence with my accuser. It was for her own gratification that she heaped up reproaches, and it would only increase her bitterness to be convinced they were undeserved. But being neither 'a destitute orphan' nor a bond slave, I was not obliged to remain subject to her malice : so I arose also and went. A parting would only have been an occasion of bitter recrimination, and my aversion to scenes was not less than uncle Simeon's. I therefore walked out, leaving vacancy to tell of my departure.

I was again in the brother's quiet home, where I was welcome, where others were happy, and where there was no reason why I should not be. The quiet was grateful, but I had no longer an object of sympathy or interest, and the morbid sadness came back again.

Now it was thought by those who were quiet and content, that I had been amidst the luxuries of wealth, and surrounded by fashionable splendor, till they had become necessary to me. Nothing would satisfy me but excitement. It is always strange to men that women can never be contented. It does not occur to them to imagine for themselves a change of position, occupation and amusement, and merely in imagination to be content with it.

The man who goes forth to business does not know that the air he is compelled to breathe invigorates him for his toil ; that the acquaintances he meets on the way, and the words of pleasant cheer which greet him, and the thousand sights and sounds which divert him, prevent care and thought from corroding. He does not know how much easier is any amount of independent toil than idleness. He does not know how impossible it is to be content with an active mind, a yearning heart, with no object of interest for the present, and no hope for the future.

There had come a little one to gladden the household, and the mother 'was never so happy,' never weary watching its budding charms, anticipating its wants, and pressing it to her bosom. It was hers—it was theirs ; what a wealth of happiness it brought to them ; they could not understand why it was not the same to me. If they had endeavored for a little time to feel the same interest in another's house and another's child that they did in their own, they might have learned that for me it was not enough to see others happy ; that the houses and children of others cannot fill the world for the stretched-out hands or aching heart of one who cannot call them MINE.

That can never be HOME to two persons who occupy it with separate interests. The house may be a shelter to her who has no voice in the direction of its affairs, a shelter for which she should be grateful ; but it is not home, and she is but an alien, though among her kindred. Ay, to be among strangers may be more grateful to her feelings, for it is the saddest of all experiences when those who once constituted a family, their wants supplied from the same source, must be self-reliant ; when those who have been accustomed to one common treasury must keep a 'debt-and-credit account ;' when sisters begin to say, 'You owe me,' and brothers, 'You never paid me,' the family-bond is broken : that they are of one blood, does not preserve the ties of affection.

'Do you ever wish something awful would happen ?' said a young lady to me one day.

I was on the point of denying it, for I thought it such an evidence of a corrupt and depraved nature, that it was like confessing myself a thief or murderer. So I answered with a question.

'Do you ?'

'Yes,' she said ; 'I do not really wish the things would happen, and yet I do. I cannot tell how it is, but I long for *something* to happen.'

I said : 'This is probably the solution of it, that you wish *something* to happen. So do I. I am sure no one could feel a more sincere sympathy for suffering, and yet to hear of calamities, of the devastations of war and pestilence, gives me a singular pleasure.'

'And me too,' said she. 'I feel as if I was dreadfully wicked ; but when last winter my sister lost her husband, and was so wretched, I

was glad, not that he died, or that my sister was unhappy ; I loved him and mourned him, and pitied her, and yet found myself lighter of heart.'

She had not philosophized so long upon it as I had, but I knew it was the change, the excitement, any thing to disturb the monotony of life. She lived in a luxurious home, which required of her no toil, which awakened in her no interest. Her life was like rank vegetation. She could even rejoice at the coming of death, to quicken pulsation and give zest to existence. I have since heard the same confession from many who lived in the same luxurious idleness. Something to do ! I was one day looking for calamities, when my eye fell upon an advertisement.

'A teacher is wanted in a family where there are three children, etc. ; references exchanged.' This was what I had been revolving in my mind, but I did not know how to bring it about. I had not thought of advertisements, and I had not spoken of my projects. I did not wish to be a *governess*. I had no faculty for governing, and especially for governing other people's children. This said teacher, I will answer it ; there can be no harm in that. I will see what they require.

I wrote, stating my qualifications ; what I was willing and what I was not willing to do. Now I had something to think about, at least till the reply should come to my letter, and till then I would keep my own counsel. It would be time enough to attend to the objections of others when my own were satisfied.

In a week it came, references, salary and all, and with the condescending assurance that 'With us a teacher is treated as one of the family, expected to sit at the table and see company.'

'They must be very nice people,' I said to myself, 'to allow a person who teaches their children to sit at the same table and see their company ! I think I will go. I wish to see something of life, and learn the ways of all kinds of people. I wish to do something that will seem useful and improve myself. There is nothing required that I cannot perform ; and if I do not like I can leave. I will go. I wrote accordingly, and then informed my friends of what I had done.

'Preposterous ! ridiculous ! what can you mean ?' were a few of the exclamations which met my declaration.

'A governess, a teacher, when you are independent and can do what you please. You must have lost your senses.'

'I am independent in one sense ; in another I am as dependent as the rest of womankind. I have a little money which procures me what I need to eat, drink, and wear ; but this is not all I need, though it is a truth incomprehensible to you. I am living entirely for myself, and this cannot satisfy any human being.'

'But here you are in a great city with thousands who are suffering every species of poverty and misery. Cannot you interest yourself in them, if you are so very earnest to do good ?'

'I could if I thought proper ; but to perform this kind of good, one must become conspicuous, and the class of persons by whom the work is systematized are not to my taste. I could easily engage my deepest sympathies in relieving the sufferings of the starving, but there is no

way in which I can do it efficiently without exposing myself to annoyance and obloquy which would soon destroy me. I cannot go alone through by-lanes and alleys on errands of mercy ; and beside, though very popular and of good repute, I do not consider it the only way of doing good. I do not pretend either to be seeking the good of others alone ; I am seeking also the benefits which will result to myself.'

Even Aunt Ida was moved to take up her pen in such a cause, though I had not known her to write three letters in all the time of our acquaintance. She was in consternation at the folly and disgrace of such a course. I had not attempted to give her reasons, for these she could not have understood, and very well I knew there would not be one apparent to her that would have a shadow of plausibility.

She promised to do any thing in her power to make home pleasant, and said I need not have a 'bit of care or thing to do if I would only come home.' Alas ! she did not know that a little care and something to do were just what I wanted, and because they could not be furnished me there, was just the reason I cared not to go.

My father expressed no special interest about it. I gave him no particulars except the liberal salary offered, and that I should be *earning money* was sufficient reason in his eyes for doing any thing, though money was not one of my wants.

It was indeed like lifting a millstone or moving a mountain to resolve to go out into the world alone, and act for myself ; to die and to be buried would have been far sweeter ; but I had not my choice. I must live, and did not choose to relapse into idiocy or go mad.

The family of which I was to become a member, lived in the country from April to December, and I was to go in May. My preparations were easily made, and the appointed time was not long in coming. On the first day of May, by the several conveyances of boat, cars, and stage, I went, and had no particular adventures by the way. At a cross-road station, where three roads met, I was told 'the carriage should meet me.' On arriving at the designated place, my one lone trunk was scarcely deposited upon the platform of the little station-house, when a tall black man in livery accosted me, asking politely : 'Is this Miss Manton ?' I answered, 'Yes,' and he said the carriage of Mr. Macroye was waiting for me. In a moment we were on the way, and it was three miles, he said, to the house. I looked out upon the fields as we passed, and was reminded of the descriptions I had read of English or Holland scenery, for there was not a mountain, hill, or knoll in sight. The trees were already in full foliage ; the grass was green, and around the little white cottages of the peasants spring-flowers were already in blossom.

Every thing was in the perfection of neatness, entirely surpassing any thing I had seen among an agricultural people before. The fences were painted white, and among the humblest cottagers there was an exhibition of taste to which I was not accustomed. I learned afterward that most of them were originally from Holland or England, and with not half the means of Yankee farmers, gave themselves many more of the elegancies of life. I could not say about their comforts until I could peep inside.

In the midst of my ruminations the carriage stopped, and I looked up to behold the fair mansion which was to be for a little time my home. It was a sort of Gothic structure, standing a few rods back from the street, with a high tower, in aspiring imitation of the castles of the age of feudal grandeur, though there were no battlements or other preparations of defence against barbaric foes. The walls were of wood, covered with dark-gray sand, which looked very much like stone, and answered every purpose in a peaceful country. A piazza, by a delicate tracery of carved work encircled the whole building, and broad granite steps led up to its massive doors on each of the four sides. We reached the north entrance by a circuitous drive within the gates.

A servant opened the door, and immediately appeared the lady of the house to welcome me, and immediately after her the children, with evident eagerness to see what sort of person she might be to whom they were to become subject. The lady was tall and thin, with the lines upon her face, and the variegated hues upon her hair, that told either of age or suffering, and a smile ever relaxing the otherwise stern features of her visage, which evidently did not come from her soul, but was worn for a purpose ; what this purpose was I had yet to discover. Her eye was like a meteor, with now and then a flash, that reminded one of the fierce glare of chain-lightning. In the days of her youth she must have been very handsome. Of my reception I had no reason to complain, nor of the apartments which were assigned me up a winding stairs in the third story, where, all to myself, I was to occupy them. The north window looked out upon the garden, which seemed to me a grand pasture, so extensive were its borders, so rich was its early bloom and so perfect the neatness of its arrangements. Upon the west I looked out upon the lawn, shorn to velvet smoothness, and the western sky, where the setting sun had just then shed upon a mass of fleecy clouds the richest gold and crimson tints ; and upon the neighboring fields a halo of purple splendor. The graceful linden was waving above my head, and the soft air of evening sighing among the branches of the cedar of Lebanon. Surely, I thought, this is paradise. May it be inhabited at least by *human* beings.

I was sitting by the window looking out upon a scene which one must certainly be less than human not to find exercising over him something of the enchantress's power, when the youngest of the little girls whom I had seen at my entrance, came gently in to tell me tea was ready, and Ma had sent her to guide me to the dining-room. She was pretty, with grace in every motion. I took her hand, and chatting pleasantly by the way, we were in a moment in the well-lighted, oblong room, where were gathered the family around the board where the smoking urn, muffins, toast, and many another delicacy, breathed hospitality and good cheer. Now I first saw the master of the mansion, who seemed about the age of his consort, but portly, with a quick, bustling air, that one feared a little additional breeze might convert into blustering, and a face upon which was written hardness, that nothing like a smile ever softened. His hair was iron-gray, and his eye of the same cold hue, but his manners were cordial, and hearty even, and a

manifest openness and sincerity which pleases, though every other pleasing quality may be lacking. The fire blazed brightly within the grate, for it was chilly, and as there was company, a cheerful flow of conversation was kept up, and there seemed to me a genial atmosphere.

After tea we adjourned to the library, where I underwent a kind of examination, as to my opinions and acquirements, but with an air which betrayed the desire to display the accomplishments of my interlocutor rather than my own, and which, therefore, could not be otherwise than satisfactory. I was weary, and retired early, and, gratified on the whole at my new prospects, needed no other opiate to insure my sleeping sweetly till morning.

I was awakened early by the birds who sang merrily in the trees, whose branches screened me from the morning sun, and before my toilet was fairly finished, was reminded, by a deep-toned bell, of what I was informed the night before, that breakfast was also early, and that punctuality was considered indispensable in all who dwelt under this roof. But it was the first bell, and I was in season to stroll into the garden before my punctuality would be endangered. Barley-wood was the name by which the country-seat was known, and this was the first time I had seen the perfection to which wealth and taste could bring a spot of earth, which, under inferior cultivation, would be called a farm. From a little eminence I could look over the length and breadth of the premises, and saw every rod teeming with beauty, whether it were the fields newly planted and sown ; the bit of forest left to its primeval grandeur ; the meadow green and bright, watered by the little rill that gleamed like a silver thread winding upon a sea of emerald ; the lawn dotted with tiny shrubs and grand, flowering trees of every name ; or the garden gay with the bloom of every clime. The treasures of the grapery, conservatory, and green-house I could only see through a glass darkly, and had only time for a glance over all the beautiful scene. It was like being awakened from a trance, when again the bell sounded in my ear, for in my dreams I had never pictured nature in a dress so fair.

My cheeks were glowing with the excitement of which my walk and pleasurable meditations were the cause, and very gratifying to my hearers were my exclamations of wonder and admiration.

After breakfast I was chaperoned over the establishment, at the perfection of which I was expected to exhibit the same astonishment, but I had seen elegant houses before, and if I had not, they had not the same effect on me as a beautiful garden, field, or grove. Yet I admired, for every thing was in the perfection of taste as well as elegance ; there was no specious glare or glitter, nothing indicating the vulgar desire for show, without delicacy or adaptation. But the consciousness that it was a rare exhibition was not the less evident, and the manners of the exhibitors' as plainly said, 'What a wide difference there must be between you and us.' I felt it, but could not tell exactly in what it consisted, and felt, also, the unmistakable indications that there was lacking in all the refinement of mind and soul which neither education nor the external appliances of wealth and position can ever give.

We have no disposition to criticise or quarrel with what is commonly termed 'parvenu aristocracy,' as the distinguishing appellation of a certain class whose only fault is that they have acquired their own wealth, instead of being indebted for it to their fathers. Neither inherited wealth nor an ancient pedigree confers refinement of soul and delicacy of feeling. We have seen a modest flower spring up in a hovel amid filth and vice, in a family which had its origin in crime and was wedded to degradation, that needed only to be transplanted in order to grace a palace, and would never be in danger of forfeiting her appellation of lady by a vulgar look or motion, without hint or instruction. Education and the restraints of society may teach self-government and conformation to the rules of etiquette and what the world calls good breeding, and are to be estimated at their full value ; but we prefer nature's perfect work, and no quantity or quality of acquirements can confer what she has withheld.

I saw that I had come among those who thought that wealth and a fine house had placed them on a pinnacle from which they could look down with contempt on all who had not these appendages, and that contempt was the proper feeling toward all upon whom they looked down. They took it for granted, and very naturally, that no person could undertake to teach them but from the necessity of coining money, and such a necessity in a woman implied degradation. But I did not feel disposed to murmur at this ; I had never found a bed of thornless roses, and certainly did not look for it here. I had not passed half a day with the ladies of the family without understanding well my position, but I did not on this account regret the assuming it. I came to teach the children, and had never yet failed in gaining the love of those with whom I was daily and hourly associated, unless hated for some reason entirely unconnected with myself. I had resolved not only to be benefited myself, but to do good to others, to fulfil every reasonable expectation, and a great deal more than perform my duty rather than not please. So I smiled in inward complaisancy, and made no attempt to seem on an equality with those who were to profit by my good resolutions.

I was permitted two or three days to form a general acquaintance with my pupils and the surroundings of the establishment before being installed in my office, and devoted them to rides, and walks, and conversations as familiar as the distance between me and my companions would allow.

The oldest girl was fourteen, a brunette, with a face in which flesh and blood, form and hue were so combined as to produce a dashing kind of beauty, which has more admirers than any other in the world, because in the world there are as yet few comparatively who can appreciate a higher kind. She was entirely of the earth earthy, and had no ambition which the most grovelling of earth's pleasures cannot satisfy. The second daughter was twelve, a blonde with a pensive cast of countenance and a fragile form, and as opposite in every trait of character as her external mould would indicate. The boy was ten, a bright, manly, good-tempered fellow, and his father's idol.

They had no ambition for themselves, and no love of knowledge.

To inspire them I soon found would be like inspiring the dogs and rabbits with which they played. They had no conception of the meaning of knowledge, and though they had been abundantly supplied with teachers, had not learned the first rudiments of music, or any language or science.

Their father's ambition was sufficient for a regiment, and had it been in his power to compel them, their acquirements would have been without limit, but his knowledge was confined to the names of things, and the long lists of books which catalogues contain. He knew his deficiencies in the learning of the schools, and for this reason would give his children every opportunity for acquiring it. But in his ignorance he had no means of judging of their real progress, and supposed they were not only precocious in genius, but rare examples of cultivation for their years. I was in despair, for having been apprized of his expectations at my hands, I knew failure must be written on all I attempted.

I had been told they could read French, and they did not know a verb from a noun, nor the rule by which to determine a single part of speech. They were musicians without having learned the difference between a note of eight beats and one of two, and they were arithmeticians without having once heard of the multiplication-table. It had never occurred to me that such ignorance could exist in a civilized community.

I began with saying that they had been very badly instructed, which was a truth almost appalling to a parent who believed them already accomplished. But I set myself to work diligently to supply the defects. The process was sufficiently tedious in itself, and one which no vividness of description could render readable. It will soon be evident how long I persevered in so thankless a task.

The mother had learned to read, and for the sole purpose, as she believed, of becoming familiar with two books—the Bible and *Mrs. Hannah More's Practical Piety*. The biography of this good lady was prohibited on the ground that there were some things recorded about which she thought there should have been 'the strictest silence—some things which she thought would have a very bad influence on the minds of young girls.' This opinion which I had now heard advanced for the first time, led me for the first time to look through the ponderous volume to find what could be so deleterious. And the young girls over whom she so assiduously watched, waited impatiently for the opportunity to do the same. But we still remained in ignorance, till I was confidentially informed that 'it could do the young no good to be made acquainted with the frivolous portion of her life,' and which by inquiry I succeeded in ascertaining, referred to an engagement of marriage! She could see no use in any knowledge but that which led us to prepare for death, while I could not help thinking that a preparation for life was quite as serviceable.

The ideas of her husband were exactly opposite, and theology and education therefore were a continual bone of contention between Mr. and Mrs. Macroye, which, during the six months that I remained there, never failed to be thrown like a gauntlet by one party and picked with the eagerness of famishing wolves by both, at least once a day.

The dinner-table was usually the battle-ground, and as this ceremony continued invariably two hours and a half, there was plenty of time for all mortal or immortal combats.

'Madame,' was the uniform appellation with which Mrs. Macroye was honored by her husband. And one could hardly refrain from the conclusion that 'Madame' had been selected to fill her present station, with sole reference to the qualities which she possessed for furnishing her husband with never-ending themes for dispute and family bickerings. It is true we never once heard them coincide in an opinion, and every preference, every habit, every matter of taste was in the one precisely opposite to what was in the other. We should have been forever in doubt about the nature of the magnet which attracted in such a case, if we had not heard her told in one of these combats, that 'when she was twenty she was a beauty and a fool, and now she was a fool and a mule.'

The 'Madame' so often and pertinaciously repeated, might have indicated a Gallic origin somewhat remote, had we not learned from indisputable authority that Monsieur was a genuine Hibernian, and the family name originally McRoy. The change of a letter or two gave it a doubtful appearance, and intercourse with the world, business and travel, combined with persevering effort, had deliterated all traces of the Emerald hue from the proprietor of it, though we confess this did not seem necessary in our eyes to his respectability, nor at all worth the pains which had been taken to bring about such a result. But 'Madame' had at least one virtue : nothing could exhaust her patience under any accumulation of wrath ; no clouds, nor storms, nor tempests, however fearful, could for an instant dissipate the smile which sat as if carved upon her countenance. The gleam of her eye was as changeful as the flame of a thousand fires, but it never communicated itself to her cheek, her tongue, or lips.

Punctuality, as we have said, was the one grand requisition of every member of the household, but it was a virtue which Madame in the twenty years she had lived with her husband had never learned to practise. She knew if she were not at the table the moment the servants were at their posts, Monsieur would first arraign her for that, and then would follow a list of all her short-comings, from her faith in Presbyterianism, which he hated, to her defects in knowledge, which he despised. Yet not three times in a month did she avoid this storm by the only compliance which would prevent it. Knowing that he had waited till his patience was exhausted and his impatience had converted him into a fury, she came in to be greeted by a torrent of reproach which made every other listener quail, as smiling as if she was listening to the most honeyed encomiums, and never by a word betrayed that they were not as pleasant to her ear.

Next to punctuality came order in arrangement, and a hair breadth's variation from the hair-line of its own proper position, of chairs, plate, knife or spoon, was sure to upset any composure which the storm of punctuality had permitted to remain, so that the anticipation of dinner was like anticipating a siege to those who are to witness but can take no part in the defence.

'If Madame would ever be in season ; if Madame would ever see to things ; but she knows nothing of her proper duties, and cares nothing for the comfort of her family. My daughters shall not grow up such fools.'

To all of which Madame responded not a word. How she could keep silent, thus degraded before her servants and children, or rather why she did not spend her days in toil or her nights in sleepless watching, to gratify whims and caprices, however exacting, and save herself this humiliation, we could never understand. Perhaps she had made fruitless efforts till she was weary, and perhaps she had grown callous. She was wise certainly in holding her peace, for contradiction would have made of the household a bedlam. The proofs that she was not wholly submissive were sometimes made manifest by her attempts to evade and circumvent ; but when discovered, as she often was, she smiled and bent her head to the storm. No word ever escaped her lips that betrayed dissatisfaction with her lot or her lord. She evidently considered herself 'well married,' and the children had the idea that 'a family' was universally and necessarily a scene of confusion and broils.

There were only ten families within eight miles who were considered society, and these were proprietors of similar establishments, and in one of them was a young lady occupying a position similar to my own. She was without fortune or friends, an orphan, whom suffering had taught in a few years what the happy and prosperous are a long lifetime in learning, or what they learn not at all, of the stern realities of life. We had a similar experience in being 'treated like one of the family,' and from her I learned what I should otherwise never have known, concerning the origin and struggles of those who now looked with such contempt upon the toiling and struggling.

Monsieur was in his childhood the most ragged and penniless of poverty-stricken urchins, whose mother, a genuine daughter of Erin, gained her livelihood by the process of bleaching, for which her countrywomen are so skilled ! and we record it as no disgrace. We only wonder how it is possible for people to so forget 'the pit whence they were digged.' Like the multitudes of the same class whom we see every day in the streets of a great city, he ventured his first pennies in pea-nuts and pop-corn, and sold them at a bargain. By the ordinary slow degrees he advanced step by step till a great commercial house owned him as its master-spirit, and in a great crash some half-a-dozen cursed him as the cause of their fall. Very early he retired from the contest, justifying himself with the adage, 'To the victor belong the spoils.' In addition to his gains he took with him the bitter hatred of his compeers, and in one year were impressed upon his form the marks of age which twenty should have been left to confer. Now he was lord of the manor, and cordially hated the republican institutions which could confer upon him no title that should infallibly distinguish him from those whom fortune had not thus favored. The manor of which he was lord was certainly one of which an English baron might be proud, and he had not studied the *régime* of baronial halls to no pur-

pose. But alas ! though he imported serfs to till his lands, the system of serfdom could not be maintained on republican soil. As soon as they breathed American air they were transformed — they grew restless and were, like their master, for ‘bettering their fortunes,’ which neither law nor custom could prevent.

He had travelled, observed keenly, reflected and profited by what he learned, but the wife, who, perhaps, was superior to him when they united their interests, had not enjoyed the same advantages ; the house owed the elegance and taste of its arrangements to one whom they had treated as a menial ; when once arranged, the mistress could keep it in order. She knew how to dress, but nature had denied her dignity and all capacity of cultivation ; all the blandishments of fortune could not make her a lady. She hated the position which was to her like a tread-mill, exacting a round of duties which afforded no pleasure, and which she could perform with no ease. The landscape was no more to her eye than a barren waste, and the flowers spread their wealth of bloom and shed their perfume at her feet unacknowledged by a smile.

The children of parents between whose characters there is no harmony, must necessarily be distorted, mentally, morally, or physically, and a nature more corrupt it was never our lot to meet, than the eldest daughter of a family whose position secured them from all vulgar associates, and who spent three fourths of the year in the seclusion of a rural home, which entirely precluded the possibility of learning evil by hearing it from or seeing it in others. The saying of the great lexicographer was verified, ‘If you would have a daughter sure to become polluted, leave her to solitude and her own thoughts. If she is with company you may know the influence she is under ; but if she is alone, the devil may be her companion !’

‘Father says I shan’t be married till I am twenty-five,’ she would soliloquize. ‘I guess it will take more than him to prevent me. Old curmudgeon, how I hate him ! He wants to keep me in the background, so that he may appear young. I’ll marry the first man that comes along. I’ll run away. I’m not going to be tied here to any body’s apron-strings. He says he was a fool to get married himself ; he hates mother, I know, and I’m sure I should think she would hate him ; I’m sure I do. Fury-fiend, everybody hates him.’

When this was not her theme, she was thinking about her dress, and longing for the time to come when she should be ‘brought out,’ and could wear velvets and satins and go to parties and operas. ‘I guess nobody will prevent my having as many beaux as I please, and going where I please with them. I know half-a-dozen now, that are dying for me. Father thinks I stay all day at Aunt White’s, when we go to the city, but he’s mistaken. Gracious ! would n’t he scold if he knew where I did go ; I have real fun. I’m not going to live in this moping way all the time. How I hate this old place ! I wish it was sunk ; mewed up with pigs, and chickens, and rabbits.’

Nothing could awaken in her mind an interest in books, in nature, or in art. The mother would not consent that she should read novels,

which might have diverted her from the grossest visions of her imagination, and works of truth and soberness of course a mind like hers could not plod through.

So she was left to her schemings, and what of food for her corrupt tastes she could extract from the gossip of the servants, in whose company she spent many hours that should have been devoted to sleep, as these were the only ones in which she was entirely secure from detection.

T H E P H A N T O M S .

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

I.

How maidens alas! prematurely decay!
 'T is Fate that allots them to Death for a prey;
 They fall like the grass when his sickle they feel,
 Allured by the ball, where a mazy quadrille
 With roses was strewing the ring.
 The stream disappears as it runs in the vale;
 The lightning must gleam for an instant, and pale;
 And blasted by April's invidious frost,
 The apple-tree's starry, white blossoms are lost —
 That odorous snow of spring.
 So life has its day, to be followed by night,
 And then comes the waking, in horror or light:
 A crowd at the banquet impatiently sits,
 But many a guest in confusion quits,
 Before the feast is done.

II.

How many have perished! One rosy and fair;
 Another, as lured of a heavenly air;
 A third, on her arm was supporting her head,
 And swayed as the branch when a bird is sped,
 The body snapped under the soul.
 One pale, wild prey to a sombre despair,
 Died whispering names to the vacant air;
 One faded away like a note on the lyre,
 And one with a smile I beheld expire,
 As angels may take wing.
 Frail blossoms with death in the ripening breast,
 Like Halcyons, drowned in a billowy nest;
 Doves, that from heaven had lit on the ground,
 With infantile graces and loveliness crowned,
 To number by springs their years.
 What, dead! and already laid under the stone!
 So fair, but with look and regard for none!
 Their torch is extinguished and flowers decayed.
 Oh! still let me gather the leaves as they fade,
 And plunge in the silent wood!

Sweet spirits! 't is there, as I dream in the shade,
 That to me their phantom-like visits are paid;
 By dubious light that conceals their forms
 Through branches and thickets entangled by storms,
 I've glimpses of eyes of fire.
 My soul is transformed to a sister shade,
 And life and the tomb upon memory fade;
 I dance to their measure, their wings I essay,
 Fair beings! am I disembodied as they,
 Or are they as quick as I!
 To fancy they lend immaterial form;
 I see them! I see them! they beckon me come;
 Encircling a tomb interwoven they shine,
 And dance till in distance they gently decline:
 I wake to myself again!

III.

Especially lovely, one maiden of Spain:
 Hands white, and the bosom convulsed with pain:
 Black eyes, in which kindled the fire creole;
 Ineffably charming, with fresh aureole,
 That rests on a brow of fifteen.
 It was not of love unrequited she died,
 For her love had yet neither pleasure nor pride:
 Nor e'er beat her heart with tumultuous whirl,
 When all that beheld her cried, Beautiful girl!
 And no one had whispered it low.
 Too fond of the dance! 't was the cause of her fall,
 The whirling, exciting, inebriate ball;
 And still do her ashes impatiently start,
 As the shimmering clouds of a still night dart
 And dance before the moon.
 Too fond of the ball! when a fête was in sight,
 'T was her day-light thought and her dream by night;
 And partners, and music, and dancing, instead
 Of resting, fatigued and bewildered her head,
 And jostled and laughed at her side.
 'Then 't was of jewels and collars she'd rave:
 Of zones with a luminous moiré wave:
 And tissues as light as the wing of a bee:
 Or garlands and ribbons and ornaments see,
 With flowers of lavish cost.
 When the fête began with a sister band,
 She'd run with her fluttering fan in hand,
 And clustering sit under silken scarf,
 With joyous scream and melodious laugh,
 An orchestra in themselves.
 'T was charming to see her engaged in the dance,
 With spangled skirt of an azure glance;
 'Neath the mantilla eyes dark and bright,
 Like a double star on the front of night,
 Piercing a sable cloud.
 Her life was a fête of delightful employ,
 And not a pretence of lugubrious joy:
 For, rarely at balls may the heart expand,
 Where exquisite silks upon ashes stand,
 And platitude weighs upon all.
 Absorbed with the waltz, in a flutter of gauze,
 She flew and returned, as impatient of pause;

Thrilling with music's inebriate sound,
Enchanted with glitter and gayety round,
And medley of foot and voice.
What joy in the galop so madly to spin !
To feel at each instant new vigor begin ;
And know not if cloud-sustained she rode,
Pursued the earth, or swiftly trod
An ever-turning wave.
Alas ! for the close ; when, with day-break at hand.
Silk-clad, in the porch, for a while they stand ;
And heedlessly oft will the dancer rare
Feel shivering play on her shoulder bare,
The chilly breath of dawn.
The morrow is sad, when it follows a ball ;
Farewell then to dancing and merriment all :
The song is succeeded by obstinate cough,
Dull fever drives all the sweet memories off,
And sparkling eyes are dim.

IV.

She died at fifteen, pretty, happy, adored ;
At the close of a ball that will e'er be deplored :
From the arms of her mother, distracted and wild,
Death ruthlessly snatched the idolized child,
To wrap her, full dressed, in the shroud.
For repeating the ball she was still arrayed,
So hotly did Death press the victim he made,
And roses that morning found wreathed on her head,
At evening the ball with its fervor had spread,
To wither next day in the tomb.

V.

Poor mother ! unconscious of what was decreed,
To lavish such love on a fragile reed ;
So long a watch over her sufferings to keep,
With nights spent in putting her crying to sleep,
Or watching beside her crib.
To what end, when thy darling is taken away ?
The worm battens now on his delicate prey :
She sleeps, and if e'er from the frozen ground,
The sepulchred dead should awake around,
To dance in the pale moon-light.
For, mother, a hideous ghost will mime,
Preside at her toilet, and whisper 't is time :
With a freezing kiss on her violet lip,
His skeleton fingers caressingly slip,
Through tresses dark-waving and long.

VI.

Fair girls that to balls your devotion have paid,
Remember the fate of this innocent maid ;
Enchanted, she plucked the fair roses of Life,
And busied herself in the rapturous strife
Of beauty, and pleasure, and love.
The poor child from one fête to another was led,
Till the roseate bloom from her cheeks had fled ;
Her life was but short, and o'erwhelmed by the tide
Of pleasure. OPHELIA-like, she died,
Culling the flowers of spring.

Rix RAY.

PLATONIC LOVE 'PLAYED OUT.'

Not many years gone by, there lived on one of the fashionable avenues of New-York, and in a mansion of no small pretensions, a wealthy maiden lady, whom, for the purposes of our story, we will call Miss Hannah Mitford. Whether she remained single from choice or necessity, it behoves us not to say. But it is most pertinent to remark that Miss Mitford had an adopted niece, whose youth, beauty, and 'expectancy,' bade fair to make her life less solitary than her dear aunt's. Sweet Earnest Mitford, ere her eighteenth year, had received a score of ardent suitors, and as she had rejected full twenty, not one could name himself 'the happy man.'

Still the intuition of her girlish heart told her that many times she had been loved with all the passionate devotion which may fire a manly breast. Yet had she more than once blighted the hopes of some presuming lover who united in himself the trinity of talent, rank, and fortune. Now why did she still appear unmoved and regardless of a tender sigh? Ah! that is what our story must explain. Earnest was neither a flirt nor a prude, and each new suitor seemed to make her sad. Having lived with her aunt from childhood, her education had been somewhat peculiar. Except in music and French, her worthy patroness had been her only teacher. And Miss Mitford, the elder, having a strong, masculine mind, exercised the most supreme control over the thoughts and actions of her fair ward. By the mere force of her will she could overcome the natural impulses of the weaker spirit. In short, Earnest had led a charmed existence, deferring always to the whim of her aunt.

Miss Hannah Mitford having never, even in her palmiest days, possessed the beauty of Helen, or the grace of Venus, had taken, with a perfect desperation, to the development of her intellect. And, according to her favorite theory, had the mind not been a very jewel, a real diamond, hers would have long ago been consumed with excessive polishing. She was wont sometimes to exclaim: 'Ah! Earnest, your dear aunt might have been married at your tender age, even, if with a common love she could have been content. But never was there one to love me for my mind alone; that divine essence which alone can give eternity to lovers' vows. Oh! to be loved for one's outward beauty, the delicate moulding of this transient clay, what a soulless, earthly passion must it be!'

The reader will discover by this little out-burst, that aunt Hannah had cherished a very healthful idea, till it had become a monomania with her. Some young ladies have been so intolerably vain of their persons as to neglect entirely the cultivation of their mind. This being a thing impossible with the elder Miss Mitford, she affected a supreme contempt of 'this mortal coil,' and only deemed the spiritual and intangible part of our nature worthy of our consideration. She would

make love an abstraction with which the senses have nothing to do. In short, she would carry her reform to the last limit of absurdity, and never dreamed that

'TRUTH, as of old, still loves a golden mean,
And shuns extremes to walk erect between.'

If this maiden lady had survived this age of spiritualism, she would have sighed for a union with the spirit of some departed bard, and have wedded Earnest to a medium. If she had been content to foster her one idea alone, it might have been well. But the thought of her gentle niece becoming a believer in these abominable love-metaphysics, was quite too bad. Earnest still could not help remembering how Frank Merryfield had praised her beauty once, and held her delicate hand in his. And she could not quite forget that at his last visit he had dared to kiss her tempting lips, and that in her heart she had forgiven him ere the blush had faded from her cheek. And it was not till she confided these little incidents to her worthy aunt, that she supposed Mr. Merryfield such a base fellow as this spiritual lady at once pronounced him. Thus was Earnest bound to report on all her suitors, and thus would she receive her aunt's commentary and disapproval.

Poor girl! she shed many tears, and ventured some supplications before she consented to tell Frank Merryfield that, for the future, he must discontinue his visits. Well, on the whole, it was not strange. Frank was her first and only love.

But at length there came a man of mind, one who could adore mind, wed mind; in short, one who was capable of a 'spirit-love.'

Vesperian Belleletters, Esq., was an individual whom the world would know to be a man of taste, intellect, and imagination. In figure he was gaunt and tall; indeed, *spiritually* thin. His features were all sharp and angular, and complexion very pallid. His dark eyes rolled incessantly, without even seeming to see any thing; and there was a nervous twitching to the mouth quite unaccountable. His long matted hair was brushed back of the ears, and his beard was neither shaven nor shorn. There was nothing peculiar about his dress; it was of a rusty black, and rather at loose ends. We should also mention that he wore a choking amount of satin cravat, *à la* Tom Moore, which more than compensated for the absence of collar and clean dickey. His motions were all quick and impulsive, even *jerky*: indications, it is supposed, of his restless spirit.

How it fell out that Mr. Vesperian Belleletters heard of the literary weakness of the elder Miss Mitford, and how he made the acquaintance of her charming niece, the writer must not relate. Still, he would hint darkly that the facts are all in his possession.

But let the reader feel assured that all the formal rules of the strictest etiquette were observed, and Mr. Belleletters soon became the accepted suitor of Earnest. At least, he had received the full indorsement of her aunt, and her own consent was quite a matter of course.

Vesperian's indifference to the palpable and visible, his total disregard of every thing which may appeal to the senses, showed that his strug-

gling spirit was like a bird confined. He pretended to know of Earnest's presence rather by psychological sympathy than any oracular proof. He was ready to swear he could not tell the color of her hair or the tinge of her cheek. Another might have observed that the former were of a dark liquid blue, and the latter of the hue of a newly-blown rose. Indeed, Earnest looked as fresh and fair as early apple-tree blossoms, as plump as a gooseberry, and seemed the very reverse of a *spirituelle*. Forgive these rustic comparisons, dear reader, for we were brought up in the country. In truth, she was such a sweet little body as might rejoice the eyes of any one but the spiritual Vesperian. He only received infinite delight in poring over Earnest's school-girl composition, and discovering, as he said, 'the tracings of her masculine mind.' Earnest, now in her eighteenth year, thought these exercises of hers were too sentimental, very silly, and quite stupid. And she was, therefore, somewhat surprised to hear her intellectual (?) lover say they were characterized by 'profundity of thought, facility of expression, and richness of imagery.' Still, he was a literary connoisseur, and who knew so well as he? But Mr. Belleletter's favorite theme, while in the company of Earnest, was a manuscript of his, on which he had exhausted the whole concentrated energy of a life-time. This precious production was entitled, '*Spirit Communion, or, the Secret of Platonic Love,*' and was nearly ready for the press. This great work, according to his prophecy, would not only redound to the author's eternal fame, but should effect such marvellous changes in society, that the first edition would spiritualize the whole world! One evening Earnest innocently asked him why he did not publish it immediately? In answer, Mr. Belleletters sprang from the sofa, and pacing up and down the room before his fair interrogator, with a highly melo-dramatic air, he began talking away down his throat like a stage-villain:

'Dost thou ask that, Earnest? Ask, rather, why genius is not appreciated in this material age! Tell me why poets starve and pill-makers grow rich! Why is an artisan in robes and an author in rags? Answer me, Earnest! Is it not because men have a care for their vile bodies, and the material vanities of the world? Is it so, or is it not? They ignore the mind, that immaculate emanation which—— Do they, or do they not? Think of it, Earnest! I was spurned from the publishing-house of Puffer and Blower, because, forsooth, my work had a metaphysical title! And because I've not the paltry sum of seven hundred dollars to pay for a first edition, the world must remain in ignorance! *O tempora! O mores!* Se-e-e-n hundred dollars! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!'

Vesperian's speech here sunk to a gurgle, and he dropped down again on the sofa quite exhausted. Earnest ran to loosen his voluminous cravat; and just at this moment the elder Miss Mitford, who had been listening to these heroics at the key-hole of the parlor-door, rushed precipitately into the room.

With a manner that would have done honor to a Lady Macbeth, she exclaimed: 'O happy moment of my life! Vesperian, arise! thy genius shall at last be unfettered! Know thou it shall be mine to help

unfurl the ethereal banner of 'spirit-communion !' To thee, indeed, may Earnest wed, and learn to mingle soul with soul ! This very eve, from out the myriad throng select some star to be thy future home ! The world, Vesperian, shall no longer pine, but love Platonic reign ! Think to crush thee for thy dearth of means ! Shameless ! shameless ! shameless !

Mr. Belleletters had arisen at command, and listened to this little extravaganza in mute silence, his arms folded convulsively upon his breast. The elder Miss Mitford finished her discourse and returned his gaze with equal passiveness. The writer has no doubt that at this breathless moment their spirits met and mingled directly under the chandelier which was pendent between them. Miss Hannah Mitford then left the scene, and in a few moments returned again, bearing in her hand a slip of paper, about eight inches by three in size. It was her check on the Merchants' Bank for seven hundred dollars. She handed it to Vesperian, and merely said : ' Give thy book to the world.' He took the paper, and with a sublime indifference answered : ' For the *world's* sake, not *mine*, be it received.' Earnest all this while had been a quiet spectator of this scene of heavy tragedy. The simple girl was perhaps wondering what her aunt meant by having ' a star for their future home,' when she had always dreamed of having a residence up the Hudson.

It was late that night when the spirit-lover took his soiled hat to depart. His last words were : ' Not till my book appears, can you know me as I am : adieu !'

Although it may be a great disappointment to the reader, the duty of a true historian compels us to say that after the little financial occurrence related above, Mr. Vesperian Belleletters was never again seen in the Mitford mansion. As to his real fate, little is known. The evidence of the paying-teller of the Merchants' Bank is conclusive as to the fact of his not having been assassinated on the night of his last adieu.

He identified the bearer of the check beyond all doubt. The publishing house of Puffer and Blower can also make affidavit that they never received application to issue any such work as ' Spirit-Communion, or the Secret of Platonic Love.' Stories soon went abroad that he was an impostor, that his character was assumed. Some said he was a strolling play-actor : others that he was a reporter of the *Herald*. But these slanders were no doubt circulated by some of Earnest's rejected suitors. There was one report about his having a wife in Baltimore, which we positively refuse to mention. It is somewhat strange, however, that Earnest never went into mourning at the supposed demise of her spirit-lover ; and that three months afterward, Frank Merryfield renewed his attentions with evident signs of success.

In what dark hour the spirit of Vesperian Belleletters sought its ' star' — who can tell ? That he may have lived out that seven hundred dollars during the hot weather of the succeeding July at Saratoga — who will blab ? Not we ! not we !

D E A T H O F A U T U M N .

BY GEORGE H. THURSTON.

I.

SPENT, bare, and haggard, Autumn dying lies,
Stretched at the threshold of young Winter's door:
Her mantle faded, all its gorgeous dyes
In dusty fragments strown the black fields o'er.

II.

For loss of Autumn's kindly smiles the air, forlorn,
By misty tears its sorrow for her death betrays:
And clad in gray the sky mourns 'bove her form,
Who queenly wore October's purple haze.

III.

Bleak, black, and desolate, the disrobed hills
Lift mournful foreheads to the cold gray sky;
While round them creeps a sad low wind which chills
The grieving air with Autumn's dying sigh.

IV.

Moved by her parting breath, the unleaved trees
Toss their bare arms and shake their discrowned heads:
While mourning prayers, the brooks tell o'er their beads
Upon the rounded pebbles of their beds.

V.

No fresh green blade, nor smiling flowret mocks
The melancholy faces of the fields,
As o'er all nature, save the stern-browed rocks,
A sadness for the death of Autumn steals.

VI.

Thus mourns great Nature for the fairest heir
Of four who filled the household of the year;
As brown-eyed Autumn, haggard, spent, and bare,
Upon young Winter's threshold finds her bier.

VII.

Still some few days, while yet her dying breath
Sighs 'mid the trees, the ghost of Autumn glides,
Where once she trod, a queen with golden hair,
In rivers down her mantle's crimson sides.

VIII.

When Winter marches to his ice-built throne,
From off his robe drops Autumn's snow-white shroud,
And freezes sorrowing nature into stone,
With frosty breath of many an Arctic cloud.

SOUVENIRS OF SAUNTERINGS.

ACROSS THE GREEN MOUNTAINS AND DOWN THE CONNECTICUT.

WHEN August with its delightful leisure came, I found myself with two intimate friends on board a steam-boat paddling on our watery path toward what some call 'The City of Domes,' while others enviously insist upon nicknaming it 'The City of Washbowls.'

After the usual enjoyment of the scenery, and of the leaping sturgeons, destined in due time to be converted into 'Albany Beef,' and assimilated by

'Wild Albanians *not* kirtled to the knee,'

we reached the wharf in safety, got to land without getting pushed off the gang-plank, passed the night at a hotel, and in the early morning, with our knapsacks on our backs, stretched away toward Troy.

The modern Trojans on our arrival certainly showed that the spice of curiosity had not been forgotten in their composition. Open flew every window not already open, and eager gazers appeared at every breach. We heard ourselves designated by various appellations, and thus 'ran the gauntlet' through the city, until at length we emerged upon the quiet though dusty road. The modern Mount Ida, which we saw at the back of the town, seems not to be quite so well behaved as the good old 'many-fountained Ida,' so finely sung by Homer and by Tennyson; she has at least been guilty of one slip which crushed some shanties and their inmates who were sleeping in fancied security at her foot.

On reaching the battle-ground of Saratoga, we all three sat down in the corner of a 'Virginia-fence' to take a quiet look at this celebrated field of strife bounded by Bemus' Heights. Athwart the bright sunshine quick memory called up the quondam wearers of the 'Buff and Blue,' the stalwart 'sovereigns in their own right,' who, crowned with cocked hats, fought or fell for freedom and for fatherland. The clear-headed, able, and patient Schuyler, who prepared every thing; the blunt, bold Morgan, at the head of his death-dealing rifles; Seth Warner, with his 'Green-Mountain Boys'; Kosciusko, doing duty as an engineer, with many more beside; while among them moved what was then a brightness but is now a shadow of the darkest hue, whose memory is perpetual gloom—the traitor Arnold, who bore the wounds he won so gloriously upon this battle-field under the uniform of a British general, the paltry price that was paid him for his soul, and, after fighting here so manfully beside his brethren, turned like a wolf to batten on their bones.

As we sat thus musing on, and talking of, the battle-field before us, a gay party of young men and young women passed by upon their prancing steeds, the latter with flowing veils, bright eyes, and gay laughter, that seemed to mock at death, and their companions with strong frames and gallant bearing, as if they never could brook to think

upon the bier. Yet frames as strongly built as theirs were once piled up upon each other beneath the sod out there, and eyes as bright and cheeks as red grew dim, and faded when the sad list of those who fell in that great battle came to their quiet homes.

Pushing on to Stillwater, we got some dinner at a sort of half-tavern half private-house, kept by a buxom dame, 'fair, fat, and forty,' who pointed out to us 'The Field of the Grounded Arms,' and showed us oxydized bullets and rusty ram-rods, undoubted relics from the field of strife.

At Sandy Hill, where still flits the shade of the murdered Miss McCrea, and where still lingers the sad memory of her fond lover who grew crazy, and so died for her sake, I felt the unromantic need of a shoemaker, for my sole had proved too thin to travel well the occasionally rocky roads of this rugged world; and, seeking out the nearest votary of St. Crispin, I requested him to put a new half-sole upon each shoe, so as to have sufficient resistance at the ball of the foot, and yet preserve the elastic bend of what shoe-makers call the shank. After having fortified my body with dinner, I returned to him who was to fortify my sole, and overheard him, as I approached, 'holding forth' to another man with complacent superiority on the curiousness of 'city folks,' who, for a mere notion, paid for having a half-sole put upon shoes that were nearly new.

At our next sleeping-place I forgot my watch on rising in the morning, recollecting it only when we were some three miles away. There was, then, no remedy but to walk back and get it, and one of the severest sermons on forgetfulness I ever underwent, was preached to me while I tramped over those six miles, by little crabbed, crusty Conscience. My two friends on this, as on many other occasions, (we have travelled together hundreds of miles on foot,) showed themselves to be thorough gentlemen, for there was not the slightest approach to any sharp remark in spite of the tedious delay.

Caldwell's at length received us, and the well-wooded shores of Lake George. How beautiful is the Horicon! How lovely is St. Sacrament! Transparent waters, with the white-ribbed sand lying there far down below; high hills clothed with tall pines from wave-washed base to breezy summit, some hunter's cabin half-way up, and on the seldom-visited ridge the mid-day lair of the dun deer; clear, full-voiced echoes among the mountains, that send back with startling distinctness the sharp crack of the rifle in the freshness of the dewy morning, or the soft notes of the bugle at that witching hour when the lake's pale cheek is deeply suffused with its warm sun-set blushes. What brighter or what purer home could Naiad or could Oread wish, to wile away their winsome lives in, wooed by the wandering breezes, caressing the curled waters, or sporting with the minnows in the mountain brook?

But hush! Even while I write,* the rapid rumor flies through all the land of a steamer burned upon the lake, and of many souls called suddenly to quit their frail, frail tenements of clay. If there be bright creatures that dwell in and have power over the elements, why could

* August, 1856.

they not save the fair, the wise, the good, the bright boy, and the mother that he clung to, from a sudden death so full of horror and dismay? Alas! they are victims of the same dread destiny that crushes us beneath its chariot-wheels; or rather children of the same inscrutable Providence, whose wise hand has woven into the web of our lives these mingled threads of sorrow and of joy.

Nor if, as some believe, the spirits of the dead still love to linger around the place of death, shall these sad-gliding ghosts flit unaccompanied over the pale waves beneath the moon. More than a hundred women butchered by the ruthless savages at the surrender of the fort upon the southern shores, (shame to Montcalm! that let them do it, and stood idly by,) have lent the same sad interest to the scene. Over these waters, also, the young, the gallant, the lamented Howe, with sixteen thousand at his back, swept onward to his death; and many a scattered partisan in those old border-wars, found here at once his death-shot and his grave; while, from the shadowy realms of romance, Hawk-eye, Chingachgook, and Uncas, glide out upon the lake in their light bark-canoe, and dip their paddles in the clear translucent flood.

The little steam-boat conveyed us safely from Caldwell's to the outlet of the lake, where we stood for some time to enjoy the leaping foam, and then placed ourselves in an old scow to be transported over the pale waters of Lake Champlain into world-renowned Yankeedom. On we went, along an ordinary country-road, bordered by tolerable farms, until we reached the base of the Green Mountains, which, thickly-wooded to the summit, well deserve their name.

We started to go up the mountain so early in the morning that we could not command a breakfast, but trusted to a widow who was said to live in a small house a short distance up the mountain, for that very necessary article. The keen morning air and the up-hill work had made us all 'sharp-set,' so that when we reached the widow's extremely modest mansion, we were well prepared to do justice to the homeliest fare; but imagine our dismay when we were treated to a doleful account of dire disasters that, even in our model republic, will happen to cows, and ovens, proving the pathetic preface to a still more doleful dish of thin sour milk, to wash down some half-baked, soggy bread. I have encountered some hard eating in my time, but I really think that a pet porker would have turned up his nose at such a breakfast; or if he did get along with the milk, he would be tolerably sure to stick, as my teeth did, at the bread. Nevertheless, such was all the 'lone widow' could give us, so we forced down enough to keep the gastric juice from gnawing our ribs, and then 'set our faces like flint' toward the top of the mountain.

A mountain-top usually implies a view. Here, however, the case was different. We found ourselves at the foot of trees that rose up from fifty to eighty feet above us, so that we were completely shut out, or rather shut in, and a council of war was held at the base of one of these aspiring vegetables. Climbing a tree is excellent exercise, but swarming up a stout trunk immediately after overcoming a mountain, especially with a reasonable doubt hanging about you as to whether you will see any thing when you get to the top, is a pleasure rather too com-

plicated for common constitutions ; so we contented ourselves with admiring a square rock adorned with half-a-dozen different kinds of moss, some long and trailing gracefully down, and studded with spurs an inch in length ; others short, but tipped with bright scarlet that lent a new brilliancy to the different tints of gray around them, forming a mass of rich yet subdued coloring that was very, very grateful to the eye, and all this where human foot-steps rarely trod, and on a rock that human eyes but seldom glanced at.

How touching is the idea of the old architects who carved with care the most out-of-the-way corners 'because God sees everywhere,' and thus higher orders of beings than ourselves may well enjoy what our eyes never look upon ; or, as glorious old John Milton so tunefully has sung :

' MILLIONS of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night.'

Is it not possible, also, that the flower, blushing unseen, has thrills of pleasure in its bright existence ? That the tree, rising up in the green glory of its strength, and wrestling with the winds, feels something of the exultation of the surf-bather, as he braces himself anew and bides the buffets of the billows ; nay that the modest moss that adorns the rugged surface of the rock is sufficiently superior to it in the scale of existence, to feel the exuberance of youth, the quiet enjoyment of sun and air, and the gradual but sure decay of all its powers ?

With such musings we wound down the mountain's side into the valley of White River, that pours its tributary silver into the larger treasury of the Connecticut. How secluded, and how beautiful in their seclusion are those green valleys of New-England ! In this one it really seemed as if some mighty hand had scooped out the green earth so as to leave gigantic terraces where man might dwell, and at the bottom of them all was the bed of the stream that never slept in

' THE paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages.'

We were seated one evening after a hearty pedestrian supper, in front of a small tavern near the bank of the stream that brawled incessantly below. The air was pleasantly cool, and all within view was flooded with the silver light that streamed so generously down from the fair moon, that bright but lonely wanderer of the sky. How beautiful she was that night ! How like a sphere of freshly-molten silver, purified from every taint of dross, she hung in the clear blue vault above ! Nature has her witching hours when her gentle influence irrigates all our limbs, and lulls all passions to repose. The fierce pursuit of the almighty dollar is suspended, sad grief is soothed, red revenge closes his blood-shot eyes, and all the smaller, meaner passions of the soul fade away like mist-shrouded minions of the night before the calm light of reason, as she resumes her seat upon that golden throne from which they sometimes thrust her.

One feels again the pure-heartedness of childhood, and is lifted high

above this daily strife in which we all more or less forget ourselves. The heart, the soul, the mind, all our superior part, seems bathed and purified in a higher and a holier element, and, though the morrow may see us entering again upon the scene of strife, it is with a disposition less apt to strain against the bonds of justice, less apt to be persuaded into doubtful deeds, in short, less apt to soil in any way the fresh-washed garments of our souls.

On this occasion I was not allowed to wait until the morrow to be brought down from this 'commercing with the skies.'

While I was thus 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' some young men of the place were engaged in village gossip near me, which fell unheeded on my preoccupied ear until the following story, with its rustic mirth, broke through the thicket of my thoughts, and curled the lake-like calmness of my brooding spirit with its rippling laughter.

'I say, Bill! you know that old maid that lives there at Smith's?'

'Yes.'

'Well they've got a cosset ram, an' he's gittin' more'n more savage every day. Well, t'other mornin' th' ol' maid went out to take in some clothes off the line, an' she did n't pay no attention to the young ram, an' jist as she was reachin' up, he come butt right agin' her legs, an' down she went; an' when she picked herself up, there she seen him makin' ready for another start. 'T wan't no use goin' to the gate, so she made for a hole in the hedge, but afore she got there he downed her ag'in; so she picked herself up ag'in mighty skeart, an' crawled on her hands an' knees to the gap, while the ram went back to git a good start; and jist as she got her head an' shoulders into the gap so that the rest of her offered a fair mark, he let drive, an' he hit true, too, for he helped her through that gap, I tell you, quicker'n wink.'

So I went to bed that night with mingled thoughts of moon-light and old maids, of cosset rams and heavenly calms, until soothing Somnus let down my lids to sleep.

Thus pleasantly we went on down the valley of White River, admiring the green meadows and the graceful elms, until we reached the river that gathers all the loose silver of the showers between the White Mountains and the Green. As no boats were to be had at the junction, we went five miles further down the stream, and, at a saw-mill, purchased for six dollars a small, flat-bottomed skiff, painted red, which we consequently baptized Red-Bird. Behold us then afloat! Those two tin pails under the rower's thwart hold our provisions for the day; good bread, with a small bowl of butter; boiled eggs; ham perhaps, or chicken, and, to crown all, a large apple-pie, cut up and stowed away to await with calm platitudes the decrees of voracious destiny.

We rowed with sculls held fast as usual by a swivel set in a hole in the gunwale. We could all manage an oar tolerably well, but the handles of these sculls over-lapped, and in our awkwardness, we were constantly knocking our knuckles, until practice taught us the trick of it. Our knapsacks we arranged in the bow and stern to recline upon. It was a pleasant revenge to make them bear us, after we had so long borne them. Each of us had half-an-hour to row, which gave an hour for lounging, arguing, reading, or enjoying scenery.

Our enjoyment was intense, and yet I find it difficult to describe. Starting early in the morning from some country tavern near the river, after eating a hearty breakfast, and cracking a few last jokes with the simple yet shrewd *Pagani* of the place, we carried our knapsacks, tin-pails, and sculls down to the boat, and, unlocking the trusty padlock, that by its resistance gave the tempted time to think, and so saved them from the sin of appropriation, we shoved the boat from shore with strong arms, light hearts, and well-replenished bread-baskets, and settled to our several stations as we glided out into the stream.

The fresh and balmy morning air, 'sweet-scented with the hay,' gave a divine lightness to our frames. The shadows of the trees upon the water vainly resisted the encroaching sun-shine, whose golden glory kept steadily advancing, as Jove to Danaë, upon the shining bosom of the stream. Sometimes, as we glided on, the bank was low, and through the Gothic arches of the bordering elms, we caught bright glimpses of the broad fields of standing grain, all ready for the 'cradle.' Sometimes the bank was high and wooded, and as the sun climbed higher up the sky, we hugged the shore and rowed on in the cool shade of over-arching trees. Oh! it was glorious, and at times our feelings, over-wrought, could find no other vent than a wild yell that startled, perhaps, some industrious farmer to the bank, who stood to gaze in sturdy wonder until the bending shores devoured us from his sight.

What pleasure these our poor neglected bodies can give us if we only treat them to a little pleasant exercise in the fresh air and sun-shine! They are the steeds our souls bestride, yet how sadly we neglect their grooming! How many keep them day after day in the stable, instead of trotting them out to stretch the muscles and keep the heart and brain in order! How many neglect to wash and curry them! How many wake up some fine morning utterly astonished to find that their animals can no longer carry them along life's roads with the same springy step and healthy action as before!

Then they rush to medicine, and, with a self-delusion that is perfectly refreshing, and seems gifted with perpetual verdure, they expect the draught of a doctor to bring in an instant high health and rounded strength to bone and muscle, to heart and lungs, that have been horribly neglected month after month, and year after year, resolutely rejecting all the while those pleasant medicines which the great PHYSICIAN has prescribed, His glorious sun-shine, His purifying water, and His balmy air, so far superior to all the balsams of the books.

We at least enjoyed them to the full, and not in homœopathic doses, until 'Dan Phœbus,' high climbing to the zenith, blazed burningly upon us. Then we peered into the nooks and coves to find some shady covert and some bubbling fountain, or little runlet, that with its trickling treasure, had 'just set out to meet the sea.' 'Tis found. We land; and then one builds a fire, a feat so much more easily performed now than in the 'matchless days of old;' another arranges seats and brings the frying-pan, while a third has the boat out in the stream, anchored by a stone, and is using those crooked persuasives wherewith men induce the little subjects of the great River-gods, leaving their lower element, to come and be of us.

The fire has furnished a fine bed of coals ; a ' nice mess of fish ' is brought to shore ; they are cleaned, and washed, and passed to Doc., who, with his handkerchief twisted artistically around his head, presides with talent and with taste at the savoury sacrifice. Methinks I see him now taking the nice new snuff-box that held our salt (we could find nothing nearer the mark in the country store wherein we did our shopping) and, with judicious pinch, sprinkling the slender shiners and the broad sun-fish with the crisp little snow-white crystals. Then when all was ready, how like gallant Ghebers we gathered round to worship the spirit of fire in its workings, each with his faithful jack-knife in his hand, and the top of a tin-pail, or a freshly-washed piece of board for a plate. As to the rest our meal answered to that old, brief, quaint and true description of a banquet which I first heard in Italy :

' *PRIMUM* silentium.
Tum stridor dentium.
Tum clamor gentium ; '*

for our banquet was usually interspersed with and ended by ' quips and cranks ' and ' bullets of the brain,' with perhaps a pleasant song from Doc., who *did* sing in those days, though he has since waxed uxorious and paternal, so that his tuneful pipes are clogged with happiness, and his symphonies have subsided into a son.

Thus pleasantly we spent our noon-day rest, and after some two hours devoted to dinner and digestion, we ' caught up ' and stowed away. He whose turn it was to row, settled himself down into his seat. He whose turn was in the bow, shoved off the boat, as he sprang lightly to his post, and we were off once more. Sometimes the channel took a sudden sheer, so that keeping on a straight course we ran aground. Then the unfortunate or careless ' look-out ' in the bow must first get out and try to shove her off ; if that did not suffice, the luxurious loungee at the stern must tumble out ; and sometimes, even the industrious and self-sacrificing rower must sacrifice himself still more, and lingeringly leave his dry seat for wet wading. With pulling and with pushing we got the boat once more afloat and then tumbled in to be carried, perchance, by the capricious stream close beneath some bushy bank where the branches stood ready to scrape off our hats, or us, according to their strength. Sometimes we came to the stretch of smooth water that precedes a dam, and as there is there of course no current to help along, every foot had to be won by the tough ash.

One of these lake-like expansions of the river I shall never forget. A sun-set, such as are so justly the glory of our climate, had, for some time, been tinging the white clouds with a delicate rose color, and we had been admiring the light beneath the leaves on either bank, where the brightest green and gold seemed striving for the mastery. The color of the clouds above kept deepening, and charm after charm was

* First, silence.
Then, noise of teeth.
Then, clamor of people
Or as it might be condensed :
First, quiet.
Then, diet.
Then, riot.

added to the landscape, when suddenly we turned a sharp bend of the stream, and such a scene of gorgeous splendour was vouchsafed our eyes as seldom, in this life at least, shines on a man to quicken his pulses and thrill his heart with pleasure.

Before us spread the river in a broad lake, whose surface, unruffled by any breeze, unrippled by any current, formed a polished mirror, in which the bordering bushes and the tallest trees that grew upon the banks were reflected in minute perfection down to the top-most leaf. The unreal was just as bright and perfect as the real, so that it was impossible to trace the dividing line between them. The sky was full of sun-set clouds, all perfectly reflected in the stream, so that our little bark seemed to have left the world and to be gliding into a rosy paradise, girt with a verdurous wall of foliage, fit only for unsullied angels fresh from the PRESENCE, or for that first pair that in their naked innocence walked in the garden with their God. The rower stopped his rowing and murmured exclamations of delight that alone broke the silent glory of the scene. It was my turn in the bow and nothing was before me to break the illusion :

‘ Boys, this is heavenly ! Glorious ! Magnificent ! ’

And thus we sat, absorbed in admiration, uttering occasionally some superlative, while thrill after thrill passed through us, until the descending sun began gently to withdraw his light and the glittering landscape to fade before our eyes. Then once more our boat sprang forward to seek a shelter for the night, but faithful memory treasured up this heavenly vision, and often since, in the bright day-time, or the darkness of the night, has it risen again before me to renew my pleasure and prove the truth of the poet when he tells us :

‘ A thing of beauty is a joy forever.’

One other scene, I recollect, that formed a most decided contrast to all this. An easterly storm had been brewing, and we had been rowing doggedly on all day under a dull gray sky. A raw, suicide-prompting east wind had been blowing and we all felt its depressing influence. Night was coming on and we were anxious to know how many miles we had still to row to reach a friendly tavern. Seeing the roof of a house at some distance from the river, we turned the boat to land and I jumped ashore to pick up some crumbs of knowledge. The land was sandy and destitute of trees, a bare, bleak waste, and the walking through the heavy sand about as discouraging as I ever experienced. Clambering over two fences and crossing a road, I reached the front of the house and knocked at the front-door. No one answered. Looking more closely at the house, I saw that some of the windows had broken panes, and the whole front showed strong evidences of neglect. I knocked again, still more loudly than before, so that my blows rang with a hollow sound through the whole house. No answer came. I heard no foot-step. A death-like stillness pervaded every thing, save occasionally the low moaning sigh of the raw wind, that seemed more dismal with the creeping darkness of the night. I felt an uneasy feeling coming over me, but resolutely shook it off, and passing through a dilapidated gate I crossed the garden where weeds as tall as the few

flower-bushes that were left, told their sad story of neglect, and reached the back of the house. Then at last I understood it all. The house was utterly untenanted and the roof had partly fallen in. The door, wide open, no longer guarded the sacredness of home. The intensest desolation reigned around. Never, save at the death of a relative or a friend, do I remember to have been so full of sadness. An old homestead abandoned to the demon of decay; the family perhaps extinct; the last scion dead. Crime, perhaps, had caused this desolation, and with the thought there came a creeping horror mingling with the load of sadness that weighed upon me, which I endeavored, but vainly, to get rid of. So, turning quickly around, I crossed the garden and the road, and clambering over the fences, made a straight line for the boat. I turned occasionally, I must confess, to look behind me, and once as I did so, saw a wagon with two men in it moving along the sandy road. I shouted lustily at them to get the desired information, but they paid no heed to all my shouts, as if they did not hear me, through the wind was blowing from me to them. They moved noiselessly and steadily onward, like figures in a dream, leaving me so full of superstitious fears that even when I reached my comrades they seemed, as they stood by the boat in relief against the gray sky, like weird figures on some lone and ghostly strand. Their voices, however, reassured me, and I felt relieved of a leaden weight as we pushed off from that dreary and desolate shore.

Are all such feelings merely the legitimate effect of such weather upon the nervous system, or are there times and seasons when the 'Prince of the powers of the air' has his hands loosed a little to try the armor of the sons of men?

In our intercourse with the 'natives of these regions' we sometimes met with interesting traits.

While we were sitting one evening in the bar-room of a tavern, curbing our impatient appetites until supper should be cooked, a man entered, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his elbows, a short piece of two-inch plank under his left arm, and in his right hand the upper part of a new fiddle. After saying good evening to him, the landlord asked: 'What are you going to do with that piece of plank?'

'Why, you see I'm making myself a fiddle. I've got the upper crust here made, and I'm taking home this piece of hemlock plank to make the under crust.'

'Is hemlock good for that?'

'Yes, *Sir*! first rate.'

I took 'the upper crust' from his hand to look at it, and was surprised to see how beautiful and smoothly made it was. He staid to talk a little while and we found him a very intelligent man. In the course of conversation he invited us to come to his house to see a cave, and we promised to do so. Next morning, following the landlord's directions, we reached the house, and getting a candle and some matches, our new-found friend explored with us the cave. It was not very astonishing, being formed by the over-lapping of the stratified rock, so that there was much crawling and no standing up. It might have answered to Putnamize a wolf, but not much more. Far more worthy of

regard was this plain, unpretending, but thoroughly intelligent farmer, who, when he wanted a fiddle, took a piece of plank and made one; and whose house and farm showed everywhere such cleanliness, thrift, and calm comfort. Of such a class any country might well be proud.

As we were approaching Brattleboro, one of our trio, more impatient than the rest, said: 'Now we have not made thirty miles any one day, and this afternoon we must get on to Brattleboro.' Such questions were always decided in council and the majority of course carried the day. On this occasion, however, our friend, whose college nick-name was *Il Penseroso*, very irreverently shortened into *Pense*, was so anxious to make the thirty miles that we yielded the point and agreed to push on, even though we should have to become 'borrowers of the night for a dark hour or twain.' Doc. and I rowed steadily, bantering *Pense* about his anxiety to get on; he, however, tugged fiercely when it came his turn, until about eight o'clock, at which time some faint remains of day-light were still lingering in the sky, and having missed the channel in our haste, we were pulling over a piece of rocky bottom, covered by about two feet of water, to regain it, when the blade of one of the sculls caught in a crevice of the rock just as he was laying out his strength upon it, and, though of tough ash, snapped short off near the swivel. Using one of the seats as a paddle, we made our way diagonally across the stream, approaching the other bank, where it formed a bluff a little back from the river, on top of which we saw against the sky the figure of a man.

'How far to Brattleboro?'

'Well, it's some distance yet, and before you get there you've got to pass by Lovell's rocks, and that's rather a ticklish place.'

'Don't you think we could get through?'

'Well yes, you might, but you'd have to look sharp.'

By this time our 'bluff' friend had come down to the bank, so that we could converse more at our ease. He was the ferryman of the wire-ferry, the wire of which stretching over our heads had helped to guide us to the shore. His hair was snow-white, and his head so finely shaped that it reminded me strongly of some of the best of Julien's '*Etudes à deux crayons*.'

It was now tolerably dark, and the idea of going down an unknown river among unknown rocks was not very pleasant to contemplate. *Pense* yielded reluctantly to 'the force of circumstances,' and on asking our old friend if there were a house near that could afford us food and shelter, he said:

'Well, I reckon we can give you a bed.'

Padlocking the boat and taking out our scull and a half, we followed the old man with our 'impedimenta.' Entertaining us with varied converse, he guided us up the path and along the level to his cottage, like a second *Philemon* as he was, though neither of us could claim to be *Jupiter* or '*Atlas*' grand-son with his wings put off.* All was still within the house, for it was now dark, but with the pleasant darkness of a summer evening when the light so lingeringly leaves the sky where it has revelled through the day in all the glorious brightness of its power.

* *ATLANTIADAS, positis caudifer alas.*

The fowls had gone to sleep and the simple dwellers of the little cottage had followed their example. We were hungry, it is true, but we did not wish the old man to disturb any one merely to get us supper. He insisted, however, and a pleasant, old-womanish voice answered most promptly to his call. The door of the inner room was partly opened and a head covered with a night-cap thrust out to reconnoitre, showing by the light of a tallow candle a wrinkled but pleasant face, evidently of one just fitted to play the part of Baucis to our friend Philemon. In that house their hands had in their youthful years, perhaps, been joined and in that house, perhaps, had they grown old together.* Again we protested, but in vain, and soon friend Baucis re-appearing in a plain dress of dark calico, her cap off, and her hair of alternating black and gray, carefully smoothed, set before us bread, butter, cheese, and milk, her homely, wholesome fare. While we were eating, Baucis prepared us where withal to sleep, and as I drew over me the fragrant coverlid, I exclaimed with genial Horace, quaintly translated by old Cotton :

HAPPY 's that man that is from city care
Sequestered as the ancients were;
That with his own oxen ploughs his father's lands,
Untainted with usurious bands;
That from alarms of war in quiet sleeps;
Nor 's frightened with the raging deeps;
That shuns litigious law, and the proud state
Of his more potent neighbor's gate.
Therefore, he either is employed to join
The poplar to the sprouting vine,
Pruning luxurious branches, grafting some
More hopeful offspring in their room:
Or else his sight in humble valleys feasts
With scattered troops of lowing beasts:
Or refined honey in fine vessels keeps;
Or shears his snowy tender sheep:
Or, when Autumnus shows his fruitful head
In the mellow fields with apples covered,
How he delights to pluck the grafted pear
And grapes, whose cheeks do purple wear!

But when cold winter does the storms prepare,
And snow of thundering JUPITER;
Then with his dogs the furious boar he foils,
Compelled into objected toils:
Or on the forks extends his meshy net
For greedy thrushes a deceit.
The fearful hare, too, and the stranger crane
With gins he takes, a pleasant gain.
Who but with such diversions would remove
All the malignant cares of love
—, if to these he have a modest spouse
To nurse his children, keep his house,
Such as the Sabine women, or the tanned
Wife of the painful Apulian,
To make a good fire of dry wood, when come
From his hard labor weary home:
The wanton cattle in their booths to tie,
Stripping their straddling udders dry,
Drawing the must from forth the cleanly vats,
To wash down their unpurchased eates.

* *ILLA sunt aut is juncti juven. ELLAS, ILLI
Conscutere eas.*

So soundly did we sleep that, ere our eyes unlidded, the summer sun had been two hours on duty, gilding profusely with his floods of gold the green garments of the earth; and on arising, we found that Baucis and her little hand-maid had been up betimes; for a plain hot breakfast, made savory by our savage appetites, gave us its smoking welcome. The little hand-maid was silently attentive to us, and Baucis moved to-and-fro with motherly care. It is pleasant to look at such old women; their quiet ways and gentle foot-steps disturb no one and give a home feeling that warms the heart, while their mild eyes, that have looked on so many scenes of sorrow and of joy, tranquillize the spirit, as those of 'Mary Mother' were wont (so it is said) to do.

After breakfast we went out before the door and saw, to our amazement, that Philemon had actually taken our broken 'scull,' got the iron swivel out of it, made a new scull out of a stout limb of a willow-tree, and riveted the swivel fast to it. To do all this he must have risen at the earliest dawn and have worked smartly every moment since. On looking at our new scull we were of course highly delighted at this very successful wholesale *trepanning*. As soon as it was smoothed off so as to be in tolerable working condition, we asked Philemon what we had to pay. Straightening up and looking at us, he laid the palm of his right hand upon the back of his head and stroking down the silver hairs, said:

'Well, 't aint right to grind the faces o' the unfortunate; I guess two shillins 'll do.'

'You mean two shillings for each of us.'

'No, two shillins for the whole.'

'Oh! no, that won't do. Just consider. We have had supper for three, lodging for three, breakfast for three, and a new oar.'

At last we prevailed on him to accept two shillings for each of us, and left him with many thanks. Such Arcadian simplicity in the heart of Yankee-land was indeed refreshing, prompting us to exclaim with Ariosto:

Oh! gran bontà de' cavalieri antiqui!*

and for a long time after 't aint right to grind the faces of the unfortunate' was a well-worn by-word with us.

When we came to Bellows Falls it was necessary to get our boat around them in some way or another. As good luck would have it, a painter hove in sight, pushing before him the short frame on two wheels which house-painters use to carry their long ladders on. A bargain was soon struck with the possessor of this machine, who engaged to 'tote' our boat right through the village and launch her safely on the other side. He did so, and we followed on behind in sober march with feelings, I imagine, much akin to those of dismounted dragoons. I mention the arrangement for the benefit of future 'voyageurs.'

At Northampton, staying over for a day, we saw from the top of Mount Holyoke a long bend of the river, the troublesome navigation of which might be avoided if one could only drag our flat-bottomed skiff over a narrow neck of land. We marked the spot where the neck was

* On! the great goodness of the men of old.

narrowest, and on reaching it next morning, ran the boat ashore, took out the baggage, and putting our strength upon the chain, soon slid her over the grass and launched her once more in her adopted element. Singularly enough, the next spring there came a strong freshet which cut across exactly in the track of our boat, thus making a new channel for the stream, which still exists.

At Hadley we left the river, arriving there just at dark, and were aided in finding a place to secure Red-Bird, as well as escorted to the tavern by a polite Yankee-boy of some sixteen years of age. Though in a round jacket, and plainly dressed, he displayed, during the short time that we saw him, all the ease and grace that mark the highest polish. Pleasant tones, graceful gestures, thoughtful kindness, all were there without any primness or affectation. Was he indeed of highly polished parents, or was he one of those singular instances one sometimes meets of innate good breeding, founded on a finer organization, kept up and improved by a clear appreciation of 'the fitness of things?' I know not; for, after conducting us to the tavern, receiving our thanks with the graceful ease of a courtier, and bidding us a pleasant 'good night,' he disappeared in the darkness and we saw him no more.

In the morning, while 'settling' with the landlord, we tried to get him to allow us a fair price for our boat. To understand this scene, you must imagine the bar-room of a Yankee tavern, with the stout landlord behind the bar among his embottled Lares and Penates; some morning-loungers, mostly 'in their shirt sleeves,' leaning in various attitudes, or sitting on chairs tilted up against the wall. Among the latter was an old dried-up little man, with a pair of sharp eyes looking out from a face full of wrinkles, who soon took part in our conversation with the host. We had our knapsacks on our backs and were in a hurry to settle up and be off. The landlord was slow to understand the good qualities of Red-Bird, notwithstanding our eloquent enumeration of them, and the little old man, sitting all in a heap, with his heels tucked up on the rung of his chair, actually commenced a regular cross-examination of us, and continued it until I turned to him and said:

'Why so? Do you think we stole the boat?'

'Shouldn't wonder,' was the polite response. We burst out into a laugh of course, but the old man's visage retained all its Draconian severity and his mind remained,

'Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved.'

The weight of the public safety was pressing like a heavy burthen upon him, and he was not to be turned from his convictions by the light laugh of three suspected strangers.

The landlord allowed us a dollar for Red-Bird, saying that he had no use for it himself, but his girls might want to take a 'ride' down the river. We would much have preferred to have presented it to our polite young friend of the previous evening, but we did not know his name, and the landlord could not designate him from our description. We closed, therefore, with his offer, and so we parted from her. How much pleasure had been ours within her sloping sides! How often had the whole world been arranged and rearranged within her! What

argumentative battles had been fought by keen and practised disputants ! And how the elastic ball of wit, urged by alternate hands, had flown to-and-fro, with hops, and skips, and most unexpected rebounds. We left her with regret, 'but so the fates decreed,' and our free footsteps pressed the pedestrian's path once more. Along well-kept roads and across the velvet sward of village-greens, girt with high arching elms and bowery willows, stopping for a moment on the top of every little hill to look down upon some thrifty farm, or some fresh scene of verdant glory, we reached at length the city of Hartford, so changed now from what it was in the days of Hooker and of Haynes.

A steam-boat carried us to the mouth of the river, and at the close of a fine summer day, emptied us into a full steamer that plied upon the Sound. No berths were to be had, so that we were apparently doomed to walk the deck all night. After a while, however, my two comrades found the loose corner of a spare sail, and stowed themselves away under its friendly shelter, lying close and making room for me also ; but I did not wish to impose on their good-nature, and therefore turned once more to perambulate the moon-lit deck.

Observing an individual stretched out upon the planks, and enjoying a pillow in the shape of a large bag, I said to him :

'Neighbor, that bag looks as if it were large enough to hold two heads.'

'Oh ! yes !' answered he with ready hospitality. 'Plenty of room.'

So, 'horizontalizing my corporosity,' I appropriated the unoccupied end, and stretched myself out on the opposite side of the bag ; but soon, alas ! too soon did I discover the reason why it had been so severely let alone, and why my friendly host soon after rose and left. The bag was full of raw potatoes, and each one of those obdurate subterraneans insisted upon making the most intimate personal acquaintance with the back of my neck and my head. While I was twisting and turning, and 'shifting oft my weary side,' a female figure stopped its perambulations near me and said something to me which I did not distinctly hear. Presuming that she was searching for her mislaid husband, I informed her, very regretfully of course, that I was not the happy man, and she immediately left me to enjoy my Spartan couch and rugged pillow.

Soon after, tired of such 'enjoyment,' I resumed my wanderings, studying the water and the sky, until the moon-light slowly gave place to day-light, and we neared the Empire City. We had left it in a steam-boat from the west side, and we now returned to it on the east. While approaching the wharf, we stood among the foremost of the sober-looking crowd, myself perhaps as sober as the rest, until my eye caught that of a model young sailor standing high up on the bulwarks of a tall ship, who was looking down upon us with a most amused countenance. Turning toward the faces of the crowd just awaked from sleep, and in the disarray of a hasty toilet, all staring intently at the dock-logs before us, I saw the reason of his smile, and shared the fun with him.

Soon, however, the gang-plank was put out, and, thronging through the narrow gang-way, we all scattered to our several homes, thus ending twenty days that I must ever consider among the happiest of my life.

M Y S H A D O W H O U S E .

No hoard of pelf have I,
No ships, nor stores, nor lands,
I labor for my daily bread
With hard and honest hands;
And yet I own a nobler wealth
Than mines of golden sands.

Unmarked, the wheels roll round;
Unheard, the hammer swings;
My chainless fancy ever dwells
With more congenial things;
And over all the lovely earth,
Flieeth on flashing wings.

Come on some quiet day,
When o'er the rippling stream,
The sunlight and the shadows play
Like fancies through a dream;
And summer glories all around
In radiant clusters gleam.

Along the river's bank,
Up through a shaded lane,
Where graceful locusts stretch beside
Vast fields of golden grain;
And blossoms from the hawthorn hedge
Come down in fragrant rain;

Then down a gentle slope,
Across a crystal run,
Where in the earliest days of spring,
Sweet violets, one by one,
Open among the velvet moss
Their blue eyes to the sun;

Beyond the running brook,
A hundred rods or more,
And now we stand upon my land,
And at my cottage-door,
A fairy cottage white as snow,
With roses climbing o'er.

Three blithe and happy hearts
Fill the dear household band;
Love gilds our home through all its halls
With its celestial hand;
And Peace and Joy, unwearying guests,
Dwell in our Eden land.

Out through the stately trees,
You see the river run,
Now ruffled in the sweeping breeze,
Now glittering in the sun;
Now heaving high its mimic seas,
Scowling, convulsed, and dun.

Before my cottage door
A lawn of smoothest grass
Slopes downward to a little lake,
Whose water shines like glass;
And round its borders shrubs and flowers
Grow in a tangled mass.

Amid its limpid depths
In radiant cohorts glide
Ten thousand fishes, green and gold,
And many hues beside;
And he who dares to angle there,
May wo that wretch betide.

On yon old mossy log,
In golden August days,
Six black and mailed turtles sit,
And solemnly they gaze,
As up and down with drowsy swell
Their mossy palace sways.

Birds of a hundred hues,
My aviary stock;
And music, that poor caged things
May never hope to mock,
Through all its fragrant alleys rings,
From God's sweet chanting flock.

Their flashing pinions beat
Against no prison bars;
No wired, cramped, and cruel cage
Their glad disporting mars;
But through the leaves they glance and gleam,
Like winged, wandering stars.

The radiant sky its roof,
The velvet grass its floor,
Where sparkling waters, clear and sweet,
In glad profusion pour;
They may touch its ample bounds,
Although to Heaven they soar.

Soon as the golden day
Comes flashing o'er the hills,
Burst forth from tree, and bush, and spray.
Ten thousand chants and trills,
And till the evening sky is gray.
Their joy the valley fills.

Then comes the whip-poor-will,
That lone, mysterious wight,
Whose piercing, wild, and wailing cry,
Through all the solemn night,
Seems like the plaining of a soul
With awful sin bedight.

Thank God for noble trees!
How stately, strong, and grand,
These bannered giants lift their crests,
O'er all our beauteous land!
Falsied the arm that needless smites;
Withered the Vandal hand.

Look on yon glorious shaft !
 That gorgeous crown of leaves !
 That pine hath seen, three hundred years,
 Ripen like garnered sheaves ;
 Unshaken yet, his kingly spire
 The crystal heaven cleaves.

Yon twain of gnarled oaks,
 Keep watch above the graves,
 Where bronzed and savage mourners came
 To lay their stricken braves ;
 When o'er their ancient land first broke
 The white man's bloody waves.

Lo ! the grand gothic elms,
 Like vast cathedral piles,
 Look how through groined and graceful roof
 The braided sunlight smiles ;
 While winds, with noble organ tones,
 Roll through their rocking aisles.

Pull down your mortared piles,
 Remodel or deface ;
 Mar as ye will, your own poor plans,
 O fell destructive race !
 But spare the *trees*, which ye *cannot*,
 And God *will* not replace.

A broad piazza runs
 All round my cottage walls,
 Where sit we on long summer eves
 Till slumber softly calls ;
 And mid-night counts the watching worlds
 That light her sombre halls.

We see celestial moons
 Invade the realms of stars,
 Now, cutting through their shining ranks
 Like golden scimitars ;
 Or calm and glorious riding high
 In silver-curtained cars.

We watch the thunder kings
 Marshal their legions dun,
 And rush on fierce and rapid wings
 Out on the mighty sun.
 We hear the thunders of the strife,
 We see the battle won.

From our serene retreat,
 We mark the awful fray,
 How like a glorious paladin,
 Fights the bright king of day ;
 His golden shafts how keen and fleet
 They rive the masses gray.

The mantle of the storm,
 With tattered fringes streams,
 By lightning fingers brodered o'er
 With golden rays and gleams,
 Whirled by the troops of rushing winds,
 In hideous writhing seams.

But soon the demon ranks
Are hurled in panic rout,
And bursting through their shattered flanks,
Their victor god shines out,
While earth applauds the victory,
With wild exulting shout.

The world is wondrous fair,
O ye dull moping clods!
Her suns and seas, her singing air,
Her green and waving woods.
Up! pluck the jewels from her hair,
And strido her soil like gods.

For us the march of stars,
For us the breezy tunes,
For us pile up their flowery cars
The fair and fragrant Junes;
And earth with sister bands of worlds
In hymns sublime communes.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

IN WHICH MACE ATTENDS AN UNDER-CRUST FREE-LOVE SOIREE.

WELL, my illustrious friends, here we are again. Not being one of your 'cute sort who write up to the pattern, or rather being a sort of smuggler's 'fence' in literature instead of a regular mercantile consignee, it is very likely that I don't work up to the Highstorical Rattorix according to Gunter, when I begin a fresh heat with such a slewrotation. For, as it just strikes me, we *ain't* here again altogether-some and in-a-lump-ically, by a double-headed jug-full. You, all of you, won't light on this chapter all in a minute and at the same place, and even if the companies would let me rush Sloper at you on the scan-mag-netic telegraph, there are a great many who could n't be hit before tea-time. Some of you won't preponderate over these Observations for a month to come, notwithstanding the publisher has been slinging a letter at me saying that he *must* have the 'copy' in hand, inside of ninety-six hours—a request which I (not being one of your 'cute sort) may-be don't understand, but which, as it stands, I'll be shot if I admire, seeing as I don't intend to copy what I'm going to send him from no book 'whatsomever,' but to write it all, as I have always done from the beginning, *out of my own head*. I know that the regular old hands in the literature business generally *do* copy a good deal (especially the poets) out of other books, and perhaps that's the way the printers got to thinking it was all hooked, whether it was or not, and so called it

‘copy.’ The fact is, since I took to authorising, I find that I learn something new every day.

Apropos of which I remember once being in the printing-office of the *Bumblebug Ragstirrer and Dryurnal Copper-Pot of Fine Arts, Politics, Music, Propriety, Religion, and the Ring*. While there I heard one man say to another: ‘Jim, you’ve got a fat take!’ Think I, ‘here’s a wrinkle to be had — let’s look and see what a ‘take’ is.’ And it was a *take* if there ever was one, and no mistake about it, for it was a piece cut from an original article in Mr. Dick Willis’s *Musical World*, and which was being printed for an original leader in the *Ragstirrer*. It was being taken bodily and boned like a turkey. And so I learned why, when one editor takes an editorial from another, the pieces into which they cut it to print are called ‘takes.’ And the *Ragstirrer* man is n’t the only editor I know of who has a taking way with him.

But all of this isn’t what I was going on to say — which was that I and my readers ain’t ‘here again,’ though Mace Sloper said so. Some of you may run your eyes against these lines in a month, some in six months, some in a year — *geracious!* — perhaps a hundred years from now, when the whole world will be changed into something rip-roariously cunctumbled out of its present shape, a few of these leaves will be read by some clever fellow who has discovered them in an old garret — if so be that any old garrets will still exist in that great mile-anyum age — and be spotted as one of the original specimens of Sloperism. What a man’s once got down in type he *may* have down for hundreds of years to come — there’s no getting it out — and when it’s been sprinkled round as superpromiscuously as the KNICKERBOCKER is apt to be, from California to Calcutta and Canton, the idea is a scary one. Any way, if any good fellow, a century from now, ever *should* happen to turn over an odd leaf of Sloper, let him remember that Mace, if he *did* wear a stove-pipe black-shiny hat, and *was* accoutred generally in the antiquated rig of the great-great-grandfathers of 1856, and if he *did* talk in a queer old-fashioned style, and mighty bad of its kind at that, and nowadays up with the age, mean as the age was; and, finally, if he *was* a rumbunctious old turnip, generally speaking, he still was *one of ‘em*, and right side up, whatever o’clock it was. And this at least is a great comfort to me; for I, for one, don’t believe that the world will ever get so old or so smart but what a brick will be a brick, *no matter when he lived*, and that though the correct style of illuminated owls are never over-plenty, yet that there’ll always be a few left of the same sort to all eternity, who, whenever they turn Sloper out, will count him in. Certain sure it is, that Mace counts all his readers in on this line, and never calculates for an instant that there’s one among ‘em who is n’t as good a fellow as ever swallowed an oyster or went a double-header without winking. Go it, my sons! you’re all down on the free-list — ‘dod rot the expense, says Deadhead!’

But to propel — people do turn up sometimes about as queer now-a-days as they can a hundred years before or behind time — and a sample of it came in my way no further ago than yesterday. And the grain of the split was this:

I had just dropped into the New-York Hotel to look up a rail-road man from Chicago, when, as I came out, I saw a not very extra-dressed, gray-haired, black-whiskered man of fifty, with a bad sudden sort of keen glance, always going from one side to another, as if his eyes were hyenas in cages, and always walking about uneasy from one corner to the other. But when any thing caught his eyes in front, they flashed right up, and puckered up too, under his gray old bushes of heavy eyebrows, as if he were chock full of mad, and suspicious that what he looked at was something to be plumb-lined and kept shy of.

When Mace Sloper catches looks of the 'who the devil are you?' sort, or the 'what rascality are you at?' kind, he always bluffs them down. Living as long as I've done in New-York, I ought to have more sense. But I have n't. A blower of an old fogey, who spreads in the English style, and gives me a hard old look, do n't generally take much that hand on *me*. In desperate cases I tip an awful wink; but whatever the case is, I believe that decent people will regulate their looks as much as their language — a rule which young puppies and old blackguards living at hotels would do well to lay to heart, and not suppose that every lady and gentlemen is to be looked at like a show, because they happen to sit at the same table.

Well, the fine-looking old buffler above described, went both eyes on me as we met, in the most disgusting style, and I reprospectualized back at him in a manner which he apparently discovered was mutually revolting, for he flung back his head as a millionaire merchant might do, if told by his errand-boy to 'dry-up!' and looked at me like boiled-down dunderblix.

'Old fellow!' thought I, 'a little nose-pulling and a small kick would be a good thing for your disorder!' For I must say that in all my life I never saw a human being show such symptoms of sass.

When all at once, Old Limberlicks dropped his constabulary deportment, and turning up his nose to heaven, as if very grateful for something that he did n't quite like the smell of, he cried with an accent that had more affectation in it than affection:

'Can I believe my eyes?'

'I do n't know,' says I; 'but on the whole I'm inclined to think you'd better not.'

'It is Sloper!' he cried. 'Sloper, the genius; Sloper, the remarkable man: the Sloper who — ah — has made his little fortin' by his own nobul industry.'

'Dry up,' I answered. 'When did you 'scape from the Island?'

'O Sloper! — ha've you fergot your old fren' — he that boarded with ye at Mrs. Mackarel's — ha've you forgot Jorum Wytles?'

And by this time I begun to spot the subject, and remembered a long time before, when Mace was young in New-York, and had more hopes than dollars, and used to think that a dinner at Willard's or Bunker's was a high old blow-out to dream over — and in those days Mace resided at Mrs. Mackarel's, and there too resided Jorum Wytles, who was a sort of half-teacher, half-preacher, who professed to know short-hand, and was up to just as much legerdemain and 'only innocent' tricks with cards, and had so many stories to tell about the scandalorous way

he had been imposed upon by the world, that Mace Sloper, after three days' acquaintance, took to locking up his few small chattels at all times with the utmost accuracy. Nothing, however, ever turned up missing, except Mr. Wytles himself, who, after mysteriously receiving an immense number of calls from 'serious' looking folks, most of them women, and after holding a blest convention every night in his room, finally departed, leaving behind him a bill, paid by a brother of his flock, and the reputation of having founded a sect known as the 'Bobbers' — the said sect being reputed to hold views differing somewhat extensively from those held by Christians, and to go a great ways in fact in setting up the Rev. Mr. Wytles himself as a divinity.

I'm not one of your 'cute sort, but I had no trouble in squeezing Old Wytles out dry as a sponge. As a general rule, scamps that do n't hold more than he does, are easy emptied. It is queer, but it's a fact, that they always are uneasy to show themselves off in their true colors to some body. They have to pile the hypocrite on so strong among the faithful that it's a relief to them to blow off among the 'wicked;' and Wytles, who at once grabbed at me for a convert, could n't hold in his mean, spiteful contempt of human nature, and his dirty pride in being at home in humbug, though it was to any thing but his advantage. I found that since we parted he had run through all the isms of the last twenty years, not studying of 'em like a scholar, but just circling round the edge, and running 'em all to the ground out of hand in lectures and sermons, and exhibitions to make money. He had tried on phrenology and animal magnetology, and biology, homopathicology, terra-culture, the water-cure, physiomanagony, astrology, skyromantics, and show-the-face-of-your-future-husband. He had been a retired clergyman, whose sands of life were most run out, and who wanted to give a cure for nervous complaints for the love of humanity and three postage-stamps. He had preached physiology and socialism, highstericks, short petticoats, and transcendentalism, and had at last brought up as High Grand Prophet and Something More of a new religion, which, as near as I could make out, was a mixture of Wakeman or wake woman up doctrine, rolled into spiritualism, spiced with Free and Easy Love, and blasphemed up with any amount of perverted Scripture.

Not being one of your 'cute sort, it is n't for Mace Sloper to say what is or is n't sensible among all the new dodges of the day. There's many a good notion which ran round promiscuously loose as an *ism*, until it was caught and biled down, and turned out as a good egg by scholars and scientific folks. But Old Wytles was no man of science, or scholar, but a confounded humbug, who caught up every thing before it was half-ripe, and whether it had any thing good in it or not, was sure to make it right away half-rotten. He did n't care for any thing, despised books, and went in for low tricks and putting people down by any sort of humbug.

The sect which he had got up called themselves the Holyites; but some of the outsiders, making fun of the name of the prophet, had named them Cold-Wittle-ites, of which that great and good man complained considerable, since his name he said ought to be pronounced *Wy* — tles, and not Wittles. 'But ye know, Mr. Sloper, that the enrighteous pre-

vail, but attend our worship, and wha-an the Speret discendeth, ye 'll see that we ha-a-vent cold vitals nor vittles nayther. The sperits are our me-anes of gra-ace, Sloper ; they are the harmonies, and wha-an ye git a-hold of tha-em, they 'll warm ye up like a ten-pla-ate stove.' And here Prophet Wytles leered and looked at me as ugly as green pison, and the hyena eyes rolled all over, and the gray eye-brows came over them, and I felt that if I, Mace Sloper, had been as green as some poor girls are, that the Prophet might have felt like a black snake fastinating a hummin' bird. As it was, any body who had seen Sloper's look back, might have thought that he was as much hyena as the old man. There was something in the old devil which woke up all the ugly in a *man* — but which might have acted awful when brought to bear, day in and day out, on weak people.

'Ye 'll come to-night, Sloper, and he-ar the wor-rks of the sperets, and le-arn how Jorum Wytles the Ma-an, has ris above the a-angels through the Har-monies. It's the Har-monies does it, Sloper. Come and be sa-anctified ! Come and worship with the sisters who ha-ave grown comely through gittin' their Har-monies. And you 've got your own little fortun' — ha-ay ? — by ye 're a-own industry, and ca-an give time to emprovin ye-ere speret ! Come a-long, Sloper, and take a ha-and with the Bles-sed !'

Where's there's any thing queer turns up, Mace generally counts himself in, and therefore he found himself that evening steering along with Prophet Wytles to what that gentleman called the Temple, which was, however, not exactly in the regular Temple style, seeing that it was only a second story back-room in Grand-street. The cellar in front, underneath, had a great burning red transparency by the entrance, marked OYSTERS, but which had an idea of something infernal about it, and made me think that may-be the oysters came from Hell Gate, while I remembered the ground-floor as connected with 'policy' operations. Up-stairs went we.

There was a hungry-looking man in a smash-hat, half-a-yard of beard and mustashes, and a long, seedy over-coat, standing in the entry by a door, and to him Wytles handed me over, while he made tracks himself for another door at the end of the passage. Without much ado, Smash Hat opened the door, and I found myself among the 'Holy-ites.' The room was hung all around with heavy white cloth, by the direction of the sperits, as I heard afterwards, 'to enforce a pure, moral example' — and perhaps, also, to keep any of the 'holy music' from being heard by the unconverted. Around the room, standing up in little bunches, talking, or laying round loose in spots, in great arm-chairs, or broad cushioned benches, were the faithful — and a mighty mixed-up party they were. I had supposed, from Wytles's coarse way and general style, that those whom he took in must be the lowest of the most vulgar — but I found myself mistaken. Some of the men seemed to be rather better class, some of the order looked quite well to do and respectable — none of 'em were really rowdy — while the women, who made up the audience, were all of a pretty good line. Of these, who were in the majority, there might have been twenty-five or thirty, and six or eight were, beyond all doubt, quite handsome. From the

general run of things, I concluded that parson Wytles had been very judgematical in selecting his converts.

One end of the room was partitioned off, and had a door in it — all white-curtained — and before it was a sort of pulpit. While a-looking at all this, the congregation, after a word from Smash Hat, got together : one of the women sat herself down to a harp in a corner, and they all set up a queer, wild, quavering noise, which, after humming and wailing, seemed to set some of them into a delirious state, and having got their souls and the music into the right key, they burst out into a hymn which I found by me printed on a slip :

'A GOING DOWN THE STREAM.

'Oh! when we rolled in mortal mire,
A-going down the stream;
In earthly rags we did attire,
A-going down the stream.
We had not got the Upper Love,
A-going down the stream;
Like blinded heathen we did rove,
A-going down the stream.
A-going — oo — hoo!
A-flow-ing — oo — hoo!
In vain was all our rowing!
A-going down the stream.

'But the spirits they did soon incline,
A-going down the stream.
And lifted up this life of mine,
A-going down the stream.
The Prophet took me by the hand,
A-going down the stream.
And now I'm in his sky-light band,
A-going down the stream.
A-going — oo — hoo!
A-flow-ing — a — hoo!
How blest became our rowing!
A-going down the stream.

'We're getting to the Harmonies,
A-going down the stream:
We're spreading like a Banyan tree,
A-going down the stream.
Oh! fare you well, my friends so dear!
A-going down the stream:
We're rising to the zodiac spear,
A-going down the stream.
A-going — oo — hoo!
A-flow-ing — oo — hoo!
How blest is all our rowing!
A-going down the stream.'

This was n't much for poetry, but Mace Sloper never heard a hymn sung to such a queer tune, or one which set the congregation off as it did. On the last verse there was a trembling and sobbing, and three or four women fell into the arms of their friends as if all gone. The 'zodiac spear,' whatever it was, seemed to stir them all up pretty extensively, and I, Mace Sloper, begun to be fluttered too, as a dainty pretty face at my elbow burst into tears and fell down ker-swallop, back on the cushions, sobbing out for 'Love,' 'affinity,' and 'my harmony!' But Smash Hat, who was round everywhere, soon set her up straight. While the congregation were all of a flutter, the end-door opened, and

Jorum Wytles, in a long white robe, with a gold crown on his head; came out. In an instant all were shut as mice. The Prophet moved along in a dreamy, see-nothing way, till he got his place, and waited half-a-minute, when all at once he bust out into a sort of sermon. He did n't move much till he got excited, and then every move he made was awful, and seemed to stir his whole soul with it — and the whole congregation, too. His eyes glared up like an evil one's; the hyenas jumped about like kittens — his mouth worked with his eyes — the old gray eyebrows seemed alive on their own hook, and working about wild with the rest, and the whole conventicle groaned and thrilled as if under rolling-mill pressure. And this was the speech :

'My fra-ands — for I ca-al ye my fra-ands in the sperit, though ye are all as di-irt before the gra-ace of your Prophet and La-ard, just as the a-arthly ones are as dirt before ye — I see ye a-again with the eyes of the ba-ody, though the sa-oul be a-far off. Sence the la-ast meeting the Speret has ris to a higher ci-ircle, and pa-enetra-ated ha-igher rings of the Harmonies, and got into ta-aller company a-among the indivisible enhabitants of the a-aother worl-ed. A gre-at red fi-ery light, my fra-ends, ka-ind o' mixed up with a sa-ort o' ya-allow bla-azes, is a whirlin' and whirlin' my speret up *now*, while I'm a ta-alkin' to ye, an' I ken he-ar simbols, an' dulsymares, an' orgins, an' ter-rumpits, an' der-rums, and the hull kwyrus of a-angels es pla-ain as ye can hear sister Berry a sobbin' in tha-at corner. (Here sister Berry gave a hoot and an extra convulsion.) An' all this ta-ime, my fra-ends, I'm a ta-alkin to ye out of the ter-remendous fire-works; an' every wor-red ye'll hear is the language of them simbols, and dulsymares, and orgins, and ter-rumpits, and drums, and the hull kwyrus of a-angels, and ye are the onnly pra-ivileged people this night on the fa-ace of the a-airth.

'My fra-ends, what air the Ha-armonies? What are them bless-sed ca-andles which the sperits light to elumenate us to glo-ory? My fra-ends, when you're a ga-oing by the French ba-arber's shop and sme-ell the sweet savor of his spike-na-ard and myrrh and fra-ankincense and col-ogny water and ba-ar's gre-ease, *that's* a little Harmony, if you ha-appen to like the sme-el. And if wha-an we're hungry, Bro-ther M'Garvey, or some of those bless-sed a-bundantly with wa-orldly goods, orders up an iseter sup-per from da-own sta-airs, and ye fa-are sumptuously and the a-appetite is pleased — tha-at's *another* little ha-armony. And wha-an the sperits move ye to an a-affinity for a sister and ye be-haold that she is fa-air, a-and the indivisible voice tells your Prophet that she is to be that brother's a-affinity, and she obeys the voice, tha-an, my fra-ends, that is a very *great* Harmony, and one over which the sperits rejoice and fill the soul of me, your holy mejum, with gre-at rejoicing, especially wha-an the brother who feels the a-affinity sha-ows his holy gratitude in a pra-oper manner with holy offerings of the silver and go-old with which the sperits have bless-sed him. And it is a Harmony, my fra-ends, if ye end the a-affinity to ta-ake up a new one in li-ike manner. But wha-an ye do all this, my fra-ends, ye only foller yer own small sperits that ha-ang round ye, and put ye up to wanting this or that a-airthly thing, or this or that sister, and sometimes two sperits ge-et to fitin', or ge-et ma-ad at one another,

and tha-an they make the two poor men run acrost each a-other's pa-ath — and that's a dis-Harmony, and a na-asty job it is. But wha-an you ha-ave a Prophet who hes ris from the airthly spear clean up through all the big-gest sort of sperets, through a-all the blue blazes and ya-allow blazes and spa-arklin suns and adamantine cra-owns of glo-ory to the sa-ound of tumbrels and dulsy-mares, tha-an, my fra-ends, ye need n't tra-ouble yerselves a-any more a-about the little na-asty querrel some sperits ye uset to ha-ave, for tha-an wha-an the Prophet is your inejum ye 'll git the big-gest kind of sperets that na-aver quarrel to en-spire avery little notion that comes into your heads ; and the idees that *they* 'll put into your heads, my fra-ends, 'll be gra-ate idees, though they may seem little at first and just like the a-old ones. But they 'll lead ye on to a better course and to enjoyin your-saelves better, and ma-akin more lucre and lead ye to better a-affinities with come-lier sisters, and ra-aise your souls from the de-lightful ha-armonies of airth up to the speretual ha-armonies of another life.

'Tha-arefore, my fra-ends, foller your feelins and study the natur' of the sperets. They're about you all the while ; good sperets with whaite wings a-flapping over them that the Prophet favors, and gra-ate green devils with fiery eyes a-clawin at the hair of them who sca-orn the Prophet and revile the bless-sed mejums and strive not to yield to their *affinities*, or seek na-ot their way uppards to the ga-iding Harmonies of the big sperets. Ya-as — I see 'em around ye now — black, blue, and yellow, fiery green, striped and speckled, breathing out hate, and yallow fever, and pa-overty, and squenchin' out affinities, and puttin' the moral wickedness of the outside world into your heads. They are here — I see 'em comin' ! — swarms of millions, razin' and tarin' at my words — black and awful in yowlin' nastiness — they scream — I kin smell 'em with the na-ose of my speret, and setch an a-awful old sm-ell you na-aver did. Yas, they're leapin' among ye — *save yerselves !*'

By this time most of the congregation were in a state of high doldrum upper triangles. Prophet Wytles worked as if all the evil spirits he spoke of had got into him, and his eyes glared, his whole corporation quivered, and his gray hair blazed up, like all horrors. The women screamed and fainted, the men shuddered and groaned, and I, Mace Sloper, nearly gave up the ghost myself in sheer rage and disgust. A fresh quiver of terror rose again like a gale, and Wytles leaped up with his arms raised in a fresh rush of ghastly warning. Once more there was a dreadful storm, blast of trembling and groans, screams, yells, and convulsions, and I had no doubt for an instant, that several would die on the spot. But suddenly the Prophet, spreading himself out so that his broad white robe seemed about to cover the whole congregation, cried :

'But they ca-anot ha-arm ye. There are the gra-ate white sperits with golden crowns and flowin' ra-obes coming da-own in millions of legions, and the ba-ad sperets ta-ake to flight. Wor-ship your Prophet, who will a-always keep 'em a-around ye, to en-spire ye with pla-asure, and wealth, and Harmonies. Worship your Prophet and return of your favors and of the bla-assings which he gets the sperets to give you,

unto him. Worship your Prophet who dwelleth not in the tents of the worldly sperits, but is always a-gittin a-out of this here, and a-gaoin' up tha-are among the adamantine cra-owns, and blue blazes, and big licks and things. Worship the Prophet, for he has brung nothing but blessings and choice affinities and white-wing sperets all about among ye world without e-end !'

And with this Prophet Wytles descended among his congregation, who, especially the women, proceeded to worship him to his heart's content. They fell down and wept before him in joy, they kissed his hands, they embraced his knees, and those who could not get near enough for this, struck up the anthem of 'Going down the stream' in a high pressure jubilee style, introducing several friendly halloos, which seemed to be meant as remarks to the good 'sperets' that it was all right now ; that they had hauled down a big pot, and intended henceforth to live as jolly as clams.

While all this giraffing and squalivating was on the griddle, and while the outside fat drops were running over the edge and flaring up in a blaze of glory on their own hook, I could n't help noticing Smash Hat, who was in no ways put out by the proceedings, and who, through the whole of it, only fixed the furniture from time to time, and was always on hand to keep the more acrobatic portion of the believers from lighting too hard on their heads when going in for extra sublime fly-ers in the way of sacred ground and lofty tumbling. He was a believer, but the luxury of being excited did n't come in his line, as he was employed (being poor) to keep the room straight and the congregation from being hurt. There was a scientific sort of set look on his face which was rather taking, and it set Mace Sloper to thinking that there is a queer likeness in sextons and ushers all the world over, and a mystery in their calling which common folks do n't think about and seldom get up to. Showmen in menageries, head-waiters at first-class hotels, superintendents of prisons, croupiers at gambling-tables, experienced secretaries of Tammany Hall meetings, and finally, drill-sergeants and judges on the bench, not to mention tip-top salesmen and experienced foremen in factories, all have *that* look. And every man who *has* got it is boss, and nothing can take it out of him, though he never do nothing more than sweep a Broadway crossing ; for it shows that he has got so as to command himself in business hours, and his business too. My friends, when you want a good man, get one of that style of beauty.

While sitting by myself I observed that the excitement grew less. Suddenly one of the ladies said : 'O Sister Stella !—Sister Stella ! here's a new convert !' And with this she turned to me, and I remembered in her a certain plump belle whom I met last winter at Alderman Buster's party. Sister Stella now swept forward and did her display with a bend and a spread which was evidently regarded as rather *the* thing and something particularly high above the vulgar. And Mace Sloper touched his hand to his forehead and keeping it there, bowed till he thought that the hotel room-key in his pocket had run about three inches into his side. And this, too, was evidently regarded as quite high-polite by the ladies around.

Stella had a very fair complexion and quite fine eyes, the brows just a *leetle* trimmed off and shaded with antimony, but the whole considerably striking. Her hair, of curly brown, had been shaved or depilated up in the part in front, which made the forehead, I believe, 'graceful and interesting,' by running it into a blue stem; though I, do n't quite see where the beauty of the arrangement comes in. The said hair was very carefully worked in scollops from the 'part' to the temples at great expense of stiffening applications, and then plaited in immense braids, something like fancy basket-work, and *dread*-ful fancy at that, the extremities behind being secured with a gilt comb and several furious red rosettes. Her stately figure was done up in a liberal allowance of blue and orange-colored mousselin delaine flounced to the waist, with crimson silk bretelles, extensively pinked and supported on each shoulder by a highly-ornamental loop. Such was the general rig of 'Stella,' the fair decoy duck of the 'Cold Wittles-itea.'

'Here in the Temple,' says she, 'we are all friends. Brother, thou art welcome. Are thou not glad that thou hast come in among us?'

'I should be uncommon hard to please if I was n't,' says I, looking at her as if she was just served up on the half-shell, and turning round so as to give the balance of the look to the other sisters. 'Awful hard.'

'Thou must a had affinities which drawed you here,' cried the Alderman Buster sister. 'Did n't you feel 'em, Brother, prompting you and giving thee no rest till thou was here among harmonious souls? Did n't you feel as if thou was drawn?'

'Yes,' said I, 'there was the feeling of a draw on me all along, and I could n't resist it. Then I came along just like a thief being dragged to the Tombs by a star.'

'Oh! how sweet thou talkest, Brother,' cried Stella. 'The spirits — the blessed, blessed, *blessed* spirits have done a great work in thee. They have led thee here a noble, and angelic, and good-looking man, to find thy affinity. Is thy eyes not opened?'

'Yes, indeedy,' says I; 'it would n't be easy keeping of 'em shut with such beauty as yours, and these other ladies, goin' on around. It would make any thing open its eyes to see *you*.'

'He is finding his affinities — he's findin' 'em,' buzzed several around.

'Follow the Harmonies, Brother,' observed Stella. 'When thy heart says to you 'Go,' you should goeth, and when it says 'Come,' thou should cometh. But thou has now got a new life and must speak the language of love and bear a new name.'

'Let him be na-a-med a-anew!' said the Prophet, drawing near.

'From this hour thou art devoted to follow thy Affinities here among us, and art called RINORDINE. Brother, bow thy head.'

And Mace Sloper bowed his head and received a sisterly kiss on his noble brow — or rather two of them — one from Stella and another from his plump friend, as also an embrace from each, which left a smell of tremendous mixed Patchouly and American Millefleurs on his coat for four days. I need not describe the *soirée* which followed, or the quick streak which I made in the Harmonies or with the Affinities; the great dodge in my rapid progress in the mysteries of the True Religion

being due to the fact that after the congregation had been reduced to a select two dozen, I ordered up unlimited oysters and sundry bottles of awful wine, or what they had the cheek to sell for wihe, and which the 'Affinities' and even Prophet Wytles seemed to have no doubt was a very extra sort of tippie. And the Holyites did pile it on pretty tolerably loud. Sister Buster (her real name in the flock was Clementine) worked away at the harp; Miss Stella and another young lady gave us the grand spirit dance with some excessively tall variations; the rest of the sect present sang; and the Prophet, who seemed pretty far gone, treated us to a mess of preaching, praying, prophesying, quite brilliant to behold. 'Go it, Buster!' cried I, Mace Sloper, as the young lady woke up in fast time on 'a little more cider too, all freed from earthly sin, O Ole Bob Ridley's come to town and the saints will count us in!' And 'Go—it—Sister!' echoed the Prophet, very much illuminated indeed; 'ye na-aver was so speretual befo-ore in ye'r life.' And twinkle-ty twang went the harp; 'woo-a-wooh!' sang the disciples; round and round spun Stella and the Sisters in the dance, and pop went the corks. And through it all, calm as a clam, Smash Hat went moving round, putting every thing in the right place, and the old unmoved twist of his right eye unmoved to the last. Only when Mace Sloper, when the bender was at its height, slipped quietly out, unseen by any body, did Smash Hat show a trace of humanity, for he then bid me good-by in a tone which seemed to indicate that he knew a gentleman and had Mace Sloper on the list.

There are queer things in New-York, and some people when they read about Wytles and his flock, will allow that Mace has drawn it mild in his description of their carryings on. Not being one of your 'cute sort, I have n't piled the agony on as I might have done, or described the little movements, fascinating and wolloping glances, aserified motions and other machinery which the regular pot-boilers keep by them in printed strips, and stick into the manuscript whenever they come to check-apron gorgyousness, three dollar champagne, and battle-axe brilliancy. For, in plain truth, Mace Sloper sees such stuff as a looker-on, and a rather disgusted one at that, and, though not one of the 'cutest men in New-York, still trusts that he is n't so far gone as to mix up cheap outsiderism with 'luxury, splendor, and wanton magnificence.'

THE EAR-TRUMPET PEDDLER.

It's not the thing for me, I know it,
To crack my own trumpet up, and blow it;
But it's *the best*, and Time will show it:
There was Mrs. F —, she was so very deaf
She might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap:
Well, I sold *her* a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!

Hood.

A M E M O R Y .

ST MARY WINIFRED STANLEY GIBSON.

I.

SOMETIMES I see him in my dreams,
 His fair hair crowned with wreaths of flowers ;
 Such as I wove by murmuring streams,
 For him, in those young days of ours.

II.

And then this ceaseless cry grows still,
 This lonely heart forgets its pain ;
 I close my eyes, and taste at will
 The bliss of being loved again

III.

I marvel at the love that lives
 When all that gave it birth is dead ;
 That nothing asks, yet all things gives ;
 And nothing speaks, yet all is said.

IV.

O heart ! be faithful to thy trust :
 The lovely things of memory,
 That now are but a heap of dust,
 Yet once were all in all to thee.

I.

An inward touching of my pain,
 A dream of all I should forget ;
 Thy dear face rising up again,
 And so my downcast eyes are wet.

II.

O vision of my early years !
 O hopes, that bloomed and died too soon !
 I give ye nothing but these tears,
 For at my morning it is noon.

III.

As gently as a child might lay
 Its hand upon its mother's breast,
 Ye feel around my heart to-day,
 And seek in vain to give it rest.

IV.

On ! strange and sweet that Love should come
 To comfort where it struck the blow :
 And seek to raise a happier home
 O'er homelike virtues lying low.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BOTHWELL: A Poem: In Six Parts. By W. EDMONSTONE AYTOUN, D.C.L. Author of 'Leys of the Scottish Cavaliers,' 'Bon Gualtier's Ballads,' etc. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

It is singular how few poems have been written upon **MARY**, Queen of Scots, when we consider how great dramatic interest, and what a wondrous amount of human passion and pity are contained within the story of her life. The death of her gallant father within a few hours after her birth: the mighty turbulent barons, who were beginning to be corrupted by the gold of England, and to lose all of their rude Scottish manhood but its stormy roughness, come before us, contrasted with the gay and polished court of France in which her youth was passed, and over which she ultimately reigned as queen.

Then comes her own life, sorrow, misapprehension, merciless persecution, religious and civil; the always beautiful picture of rare fidelity in the midst of almost universal treason; isolated truthfulness in a time when only not *all* men lied; the career of pain through which the loveliest woman of the age had to run, from the day that she landed amid the vexed waves, and in the dreary gray mists at Leith, until she laid her martyr's head upon the scaffold, to pay the price of her brother's treason, and to satisfy the blood-thirst of the licentious she-wolf, **ELIZABETH**.

AYTOUN takes for his subject only a portion of her life, that portion upon which the brutal shadow of **BOTHWELL** was cast; and into the mouth of that ruffian Liddlesdale lord he puts the words of the poem. The scene of the monologue is the Castle of Malmoe, the Danish prison in which **BOTHWELL** was confined, and embraces all the events from the horrid butchery of **DAVID RICCIO** to the parting of **MARY** and the Earl at Carberry Hill. The history of the time is quite faithfully rendered — the steadfast enmity of the **MESSALINA** of England — the visit of the Queen to her wounded servant — the murder of the petulant baby, **DARNLEY** — the abduction and forced marriage — are not imaginary scenes but true copies of history.

You watch the grim, grave, unscrupulous treason of MURRAY the Pious,
the falsest villain that ever Scotland bred:'

'FALSE to his faith, a wedded priest;
Still false to the crown:
False to the blood that in his veins
Made bastardy renown.
False to his sister, whom he swore
To guard and shield from harm:
The head of many a felon plot,
But never once the arm!
What tie so holy that his hand
Hath snapped it not in twain?
What oath so sacred but he broke
For selfish end or gain?
A verier knave ne'er stepped the earth
Since this wide world began;
And yet he bandies texts with KNOX,
And walks a pious man!'

You hear the hissing of that arch-snake, MAITLAND of Lethington, the querulous falsehoods of CHALELHERAULT and idiotic ARRAN. You see sleek, backstair, venal BUCHANNAN; and wily RANDOLPH, crafty CECIL's tool; and over all their whisperings, and prayings, and loud nasal chanting of discordant psalms, we hear the roar of the chained wolf in his Danish den, hoarse above the voice of the seas that wash it forever. There he lies, fretting at his manacles, howling, grim, gaunt, and in despair:

'Cold, cold! The wind howls fierce without,
It drives the sleet and snow;
With thundering hurl the angry sea
Smites on the crags below.
Each wave that leaps against the rock
Makes this old prison reel.
God! cast it down upon my head,
And let me cease to feel.
Cold, cold! The brands are burning out,
The dying embers wane;
The drops fall plashing from the roof
Like slow and sullen rain.
Cold, cold! And yet the villain kernes
Who keep me fettered here
Are feasting in the hall above,
And holding Christmas cheer.
Ay, howl again, thou bitter wind,
Roar louder yet, thou sea,
And drown the gusts of brutal mirth
That mock and madden me.
Ho! ho! the eagle of the North
Hath stooped upon the main!
Scream on, O eagle! in thy flight,
Through blast and hurricane.
And when thou meetest, on thy way,
The black and plunging bark
Where those who pilot by the stars
Stand quaking in the dark,
Down with thy pinion on the mast,
Scream louder in the air,
And stifle in the wallowing sea
The shrieks of their despair!'

Alas! when this reckless, fearless, cruel, brutal JOHN HEPBURN was her friend, what were poor MARY's enemies? One virtue this man had, that none of her own kindred and trusted servants could claim — he was not a traitor.

'FREE from one damning spot of guilt
My soul hath ever been :
I never sold my country's rights,
Nor fawned on England's queen.'

But that was all that rough, one-eyed BORNWELL could boast of. And what days of pain were those when

'POOR MARY stood
Unfriended and alone,
The tenant of a dreary hall,
A melancholy throne.
No more, as in her grandsire's days,
Surrounded by a ring
Of valiant lords and gentle knights,
Who for fair Scotland and her rights
Would die beside their king.
Gone was the star of chivalry
That gleamed so bright and pure
Upon the crests of those who fell
On Flodden's fatal moor.
Gone were the merry times of old,
The mask, and mirth, and glee,
And wearier was the palace then
Than prison needs to be.
Forbidden were the vesper-bells,
They broke the Sabbath calm;
Hushed were the notes of minstrelsy,
They chimed not with the psalm.
'T was sin to smile, 't was sin to laugh,
'T was sin to sport and play;
And heavier than a hermit's fast
Was each dull holiday.
Was but the sound of laughter heard,
Or tinkling of a lute,
Or, worse than all, in royal hall,
The tread of dancing foot,
Then, to a group of gaping clowns,
Would KNOX with unction tell
The vengeance that, in days of old,
Had fallen on JEZEBEL !'

It will be seen that AYTOUN has chosen for this long poem the old ballad metre which he made so stirringly effective in his 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' particularly the 'Death of MONTROSE,' and the 'Widow of Glencoe.' The 'fatal facility' of octosyllabic versification is visible in a poem of this length, and occasional sing-song and feebleness are discoverable; but at times the poet wakes up, and in thrilling trumpet-notes sounds forth his indignation and his scorn. As a contribution to the history of MARY, Queen of Scots, now only beginning to be elucidated, this book is of no little value; while, as a song, it is to be received with gratitude — a gratitude which does not preclude a healthy appetite for more just like it.

Apropos of MARY, Queen of Scots: we trust we violate no literary privacy, in stating that a work containing the particulars of her life and private history, many of them drawn from sources not only extremely rare, but until now inaccessible, is in preparation for, and partly passing through the press, in this city. The author is Mr. DONALD MACLEOD; and both in the extent and variety of research exhibited, as well as in the vigor and appropriateness of the style, we can promise our readers a 'rich and rare treat.' We but 'speak the things which we do know,' having been permitted to peruse in advance certain portions of the work.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS: THE SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N. In two volumes. Philadelphia: CHILDS AND PETERSON. Second Notice.

WE have read and re-read these volumes with so much interest and pleasure; they reflect such honor upon the indomitable energy, professional knowledge, and literary gifts of their author, as well as upon the liberality and humanity of the country, as exemplified in the noble example of Mr. HENRY GRINNELL; that we are really anxious to do our part *again*, in calling renewed attention to the work: not that it *needs* this favor at all at our hands, since the volumes, alike from their external and internal excellencies, have already commanded a wide and 'enthusiastic' reception, while their author is being received with the most marked demonstrations of respect and honor, in the best and highest circles of English society. Having had our *own* 'say' touching the interesting record of these 'Explorations,' however, we proceed now to show how cordially *kindred* praise is rendered to it by the best contemporaneous critics of our time. The capable and accomplished literary umpire of '*The Tribune*' daily journal 'awards' as follows, and gives therewithal a more ample synopsis of the events of the narrative than we had time or room to present in our November number: 'DR. KANE is one of the singularly fortunate men who are permitted not only to perform noble actions, but to leave a worthy record of their history. The admirable qualities which he has displayed in the discharge of his official duties are a sure pledge of permanent fame. Courage, wisdom, fertility of resource, power of endurance, devotion to an idea, and skill in accomplishment, are stamped on his intrepid career of Arctic research. The fulness of manhood gives a lofty character to his adventurous course. He might well be content with his exploits, which have called forth an order of talent that is rarely combined with the conditions of literary excellence. Distinction as a writer was unnecessary to give brilliancy to his achievements. But in the composition of these volumes he has gained a new title to the admiration of the public. If they presented merely a narrative of other men's performances, they would be counted as productions of remarkable interest, for their graphic vigor of description, and the richness and novelty of the information which they impart. But as a transcript of personal experience, they occupy a unique place in literature. Written with rare modesty of tone, great simplicity of expression, and a certain cordial frankness of manner, securing the sympathy of the reader, which at the same time is evidently taken for granted, they possess a peculiar charm, apart from their unquestionable value as memorials of maritime discovery.' The reviewer goes on to say:

'THE specific features of Dr. KANE's plan of research consisted in making the land-masses of the north of Greenland the basis of operations, assuming, from the analogies of geographical structure, that Greenland was to be regarded as a peninsula approaching the vicinity of the Pole rather than as a congeries of islands connected by interior glaciers. On this hypothesis, the course was to pass up Baffin's Bay to the most northern attainable point, and thence, pressing on toward the Pole, as far as boats or sledges could reach, to examine the coast-lines for vestiges of the lost party. The expedition which sailed in the '*Advance*' consisted of seventeen men beside the commander. The equipment was simple. A quantity of rough boards to serve for housing the vessel in winter, some India-rubber and canvas tents, and several strong sledges, built on a cor-

venient model, completed the outfit. For provisions, they took a liberal supply of pemmican, a parcel of BORDEN'S meat-biscuit, some packages of prepared potato, a store of dried fruits and vegetables, beside pickled cabbage, the salt beef and pork of the Navy ration, hard biscuit and flour. A moderate supply of liquors made up the bill of fare, although the party were pledged to total abstinence from this article, unless dispensed by special order.

'Leaving New-York on the thirtieth of May, 1853, the 'Advance' arrived at the harbor of Fiskernæs on the first of July. They proceeded gradually along the coast until, on the twenty-seventh of July, they neared the entrance of MELVILLE Bay. Here they encountered their first serious obstruction from the ice; Dr. KANE promptly decided to attempt a passage through the bay by a new track; and after a rough transit of eight days, the wisdom of the plan was confirmed by its success. In less than a week they entered SMITH'S Sound, and landing near LITTLETON'S Island, deposited a boat with a supply of stores, with the view of securing a retreat in case of disaster.

'On the western cape of LITTLETON Island, they erected a cairn, which might serve as a beacon to any following party, wedged a staff into the crevices of the rocks, and spreading the American flag, hailed its folds with three cheers as they expanded in the cold mid-night breeze. They immediately resumed their course, beating toward the north against wind and tide, and soon arriving at the regions of thick-ribbed ice, where they were compelled to moor their vessel to the rocks. Among the petty miseries which they now began to suffer was a pack of some fifty dogs, which formed a very inconvenient appendage to the travelling party. These animals were voracious as wolves. It was no easy matter to supply such a hungry family with food. They devoured a couple of bears in eight days. Two pounds of raw flesh every other day was a scanty allowance; but to obtain this was almost impossible. The pemmican could not be spared — corn-meal or beans they would not touch — and salt-junk would have killed them. The timely discovery of a dead narwhal or unicorn proved an excellent relief, affording six hundred pounds of good wholesome flesh, though of a rather unsavory odor.

'But a more serious trial was at hand. The vessel had been released from her moorings, and had fought her way through the ice for several days, when the sky gave tokens of an approaching storm. On the twentieth of August, the tempest came on with unmistakable Arctic fury.' (Its effects were described in an extract in the last KNICKERBOCKER.) 'By the twenty-second of August, they had reached the latitude of 78° 41' — a distance greater than had been attained by any previous explorer, except PARRY, on his Spitzbergen foot-tramp. About this time, some of the party began to exhibit symptoms of discontent. The rapid advance of winter, the deprivation of rest, and the slow progress of the expedition, tended to produce depression. One person volunteered an opinion in favor of returning to the south, and giving up the attempt to winter. It was no time for half-way measures. Dr. KANE at once called a council of his officers, and listened to their views in full. With but a single exception, they declared their conviction that a further progress to the north was impossible, and urged the propriety of returning southward to winter. The commander maintained the opposite view. Explaining the importance of securing a position which might expedite future sledge-journeys, he announced his intention of warping toward the northern headland of the bay. Once there, he could determine the best point for the operations of the spring, and would put the brig into winter harbor at the nearest possible shelter. His comrades received the decision with cheerful acquiescence, and zealously entered upon the perilous duties which it involved. During the process the gallant little vessel ran aground, and in the night had a narrow escape from fire. A sudden lurch tumbled the men out of their berths, and threw down the cabin-stove, with a full charge of glowing anthracite. The deck blazed up violently, but by the sacrifice of a heavy pilot-cloth coat the fire was smothered until water could be passed down to extinguish it. The powder was not far off. A few moments more might have brought the expedition to a sudden close.

'About the tenth of September, the vessel was brought into a sheltered harbor between the islands of the bay, in which she had been lying for some time, and all hands prepared for winter quarters. Of their mode of life during the long darkness of an Arctic winter, a vivid idea is given in Dr. KANE'S journal.

'Toward the end of April, the arrangements for a journey of exploration were completed, and leaving the brig in charge of a trustworthy detachment, four able-bodied and six disabled men, the commander, with seven others, set out upon the tour over the ice. His plan was to follow the ice-belt to the Great Glacier of HUMBOLDT, and from that point to stretch along the face of the glacier to the north-west, and make an attempt to cross the ice to the American side. The stores of the party consisted of pemmican, bread, and tea, a canvas tent five feet by six, and two sleeping bags of reindeer skin. The sledge was light, built of hickory, and but nine feet long. A soup-kettle, for melting snow and making tea, was arranged to boil either with lard or spirits. A sub-division of the party, with another sledge, started two days before the departure of Dr. KANE, which took place on the twenty-seventh. He reached the Great

Glacier in safety. The coast of Greenland in the vicinity is of a highly picturesque character. The red sand-stones present an impressive contrast with the blank whiteness, associating the cold tints of the dreary Arctic landscape with the warm coloring of more southern lands. The different layers of the cliff have the appearance of jointed masonry, and the narrow line of green stone caps them with natural battlements. At one place rose the dreamy semblance of a castle, flanked with triple towers, completely isolated and defined. To these Dr. KANE gave the name of the 'Three Brother Towers.' A still more striking object was a single cliff of green-stone, north of latitude 79 degrees, which reared itself from a crumbled base of sand-stones, like the boldly-chiseled rampart of an ancient city. On one extremity stands a solitary column or minaret tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. The length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet, and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high. 'I remember well,' says Dr. KANE, 'the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view. Cold and sick as I was, I brought back a sketch of it, which may have interest for the reader, though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent land-mark. Those who are happily familiar with the writings of TENNYSON, and have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness, will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name.' No description can do justice to the Great Glacier itself. Rising in solid glassy wall, three hundred feet above the water-level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth below it, its curved face sixty miles in length from Cape AGASSIZ to Cape FORBES vanishes into unknown space at not more than a single day's rail-road travel from the Pole. The interior with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed sea of ice, apparently of boundless dimensions.

The journey, however, failed of success in forcing a passage to the north. On the sixth day, the party were attacked by scurvy, from which they had suffered terribly during the winter. Two of the number were taken with snow-blindness, and one was condemned as altogether unfit for travel. To crown their discomfitures, they found that the bears had got hold of their pemmican casks, and thus destroyed their chances of recruiting their supply of provisions at the several caches. Dr. KANE himself was seized with violent illness; his limbs became rigid, and certain fetanoid symptoms made their appearance. In this condition he was unable to make more than nine miles a day. He was strapped upon a sledge, and the march continued; but he was soon so much reduced as to find the moderate temperature of 5° below zero intolerable. His left foot was frozen up to the ankle-joint, and the same night it became evident that the difficulty in his limbs was caused by dropsical effusion. The next day he grew delirious, and fainted whenever he was taken from the tent to the sledge. Every man in the party was so far gone as to make the continuance of the journey impossible. Scarcely able to travel, they bore the commander back to the brig, which they reached by forced marches on the fourteenth. Dr. KANE was entirely prostrated for about a week. The first business after his convalescence was to arrange new parties for exploration. They returned in safety, with ample experience of the perils of Arctic discovery.

Passing over the remainder of the summer without further extracts from the interesting narrative, we find the little party prepared to encounter the terrors of a second winter in that dreary region. The brig was fast in the ice, and every effort for her liberation had proved unsuccessful. At this crisis Dr. KANE called all hands together, and explained to them the reasons which had decided him not to forsake the brig. He left it to the choice of each man, however, to attempt an escape to open water, or to stand by the fortunes of the expedition. Eight of the seventeen survivors of the party resolved to remain with their commander; the others were fitted out with every appliance that could be furnished, and departed on their almost desperate enterprise. They carried with them every assurance of a brother's welcome should they be driven back; but it was not until after many weary months of trial and hardship that they were seen again.

The arrangement of the winter-quarters now occupied the whole attention of the little band. Dr. KANE determined to adhere to the routine of observances which had made up the sum of their daily life. No accustomed form was to be surrendered. The importance of systematic employment was fully appreciated. The distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonies of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, even the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky, it was decided should go on as they had before. In the material arrangements, many useful hints were borrowed from the Esquimaux. The brig was thoroughly lined and padded with moss and turf. A pile of barrels on the ice contained their supply of water-soaked beef and pork. Flour, beans, and dried apples formed a quadrangular block-house. The boats and spare cordage were placed along an avenue opening abeam of the brig. There was but a small store of vegetables. The pickled cabbage, dried apples and peaches had lost much of their anti-scorbutic virtue by constant use. The spices were all gone. Nothing remained but a few small bottles of horse-radish to season the standing fare of bread, beef, and pork. A kind of root-beer was brewed

by the Doctor from the branches of the crawling willow, of which a stock had been laid in some weeks before. The gun procured them an occasional supply of fresh meat. Bear's flesh was a favorite dish, but the liver of that animal proved poisonous. A less noxious article of diet was the rat. A perfect warren of this tribe was on board the brig. They had become impudent and fierce with their increase of numbers. Nothing could be saved from their voracity. Furs, woollens, shoes, specimens of natural history were gnawed into and destroyed. They harbored among the men's bedding in the fore-castle, and at last became intolerable nuisances. Dr. KANE took his revenge by decimating them for his private table. His companions did not share his taste, and he thus had the frequent advantage of a fresh-meat soup. To this inviting fare he ascribes his comparative freedom from scurvy.

'The want of fuel before the close of winter compelled them to rely upon their lamps for heat. Pork-fat, boiled to lessen its salt, was the substitute for oil; and by the use of metallic reverberators, a single wick was sufficient to keep liquid ten ounces of lard with a surrounding temperature of 30° below zero. Raw meat was now voted the most agreeable diet. A slice of blubber or a chunk of frozen walrus-beef was taken with infinite relish. The liver of a walrus eaten with little slices of fat was a dainty morsel. The flesh and blubber of that animal is stated to be 'the very best fuel a man can swallow.' But of these savory viands the party were now destitute. The sick began to suffer for want of meat. They were reduced to three days' allowance of frozen flesh, at the rate of four ounces a day for each man. In this emergency, Dr. KANE determined on a trip over the ice to a settlement of Esquimaux huts at the distance of about a hundred miles. He was accompanied by HANS CHRISTERN, a native Esquimaux, and five dogs. During the journey, a frightful storm came on. Before it had fairly commenced, the party succeeded in reaching an old hut, which had been abandoned by the Esquimaux. Taking in the dogs, with the blubber-lamp, food and bedding, which formed part of the burden of the sledge, they closed up the entrance with blocks of snow. They were scarcely housed before the storm broke out in all its fury. Completely cut off from the outer world, they here passed many miserable hours. They could keep no note of time. The only indication of the state of the weather was the whirling of the drift against the roof of the kennel. The time was divided between sleeping and preparing coffee, which they drank with a relish. When warned by their instincts of the lapse of twelve hours, they treated themselves to a meal, dividing impartial bits out of the hind leg of a fox to give zest to their biscuits spread with frozen tallow. It was two days before they were released from their narrow prison, reckoning the time by the increased altitude of the moon. Upon attempting to resume their journey they found it impossible to work through the piles of drifted snow. Sledge, dogs, and drivers were buried in the attempt. The two travellers harnessed themselves to the sledge, and 'lifted, levered, twisted, and pulled,' but all in vain. They were compelled to give it up, and returned to the wretched hut. Taking the back track, they reached the brig the next morning, and for several days were incapable of the slightest exertion. The entries in the Doctor's diary at this time reveal a world of misery—of simple, monotonous suffering. On the twenty-seventh of February, a glimpse was obtained of the returning sun, which was hailed with abundant joy.

'On the twentieth of May, the party were enabled to leave the vessel, which was irrecoverably imbedded in the ice, and take up the line of march for the settlements on the Greenland coast. During the intervening time they had not been idle. On every respite from their incredible sufferings by cold, famine, and disease, the search was continued for the object of the expedition, but after various fruitless attempts, they were obliged to relinquish all hope of success. We have no space to detail the perilous journey to the Danish settlements, at which they arrived about the first of August.

'The expedition under Dr. KANE, although not succeeding in the great purpose for which it was dispatched, has contributed important and valuable additions to the geography of the Arctic regions. The highest point reached was nearly eighty-one and a half degrees of latitude, within about five hundred miles of the Pole. In the different explorations by members of the party, the northern coast of Greenland was surveyed to its termination in the great HUMBOLDT Glacier: this glacial mass was examined and described as far as its northward extension into the new land named WASHINGTON; a large tract of land, forming the extension northward of the American continent, was discovered; and the existence ascertained of an open and iceless sea toward the Pole, making an area, with its channel, of over four thousand miles. The discovery of this polar sea is one of the most interesting results of Arctic exploration. It had long been suspected that such a tract of water was to be found in the vicinity of the Pole, and the suspicion was confirmed to some extent by actual or supposed discoveries. But hitherto no satisfactory proof of the fact had been obtained. The evidence which Dr. KANE has had the rare good fortune to collect is founded on facts of immediate observation. The coast of this mysterious sea was traversed for many miles; the water was viewed from an elevation of five hundred and eighty feet, presenting the same limitless spectacle, moved by a heavy swell, free from ice, and dashing in surf against a rock-bound shore.

In connection with this discovery, several facts were brought to light indicating a milder climate near the Pole. Crowds of marine birds, the advance of vegetable life, the melted snow upon the rocks, and the rise of the thermometer in the water, suggested the supposition of a climatic melioration toward the Pole, although Dr. KANE declines engaging in the discussion of the question.

In conclusion, we cannot but repeat the expression of our sense of the heroism, energy, and intelligence of the intrepid chief of the expedition. His modest narrative has a certain auto-biographical fascination, unconsciously revealing the highest order of manly qualities, while in the interest of its incidents, it is almost superfluous to say it surpasses the most exciting wonders of romance. A vein of beautiful humanity pervades its composition, and even in the describing of the most desperate scenes, a lurking humor often peeps forth, showing the impotence of uncongenial circumstances to depress an elastic and generous nature. The ethical lesson of these volumes is a no less precious gift to the reader than its scientific instruction and picturesque delineations.

With this further report upon Dr. KANE's great work, we take our leave of it in these pages; glad that there will hereafter be bound up in the KNICKERBOCKER two well-deserved tributes to an undaunted, humane, and gifted explorer, and well pleased that we should have had a hand in perpetuating his 'name and his fame.'

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co. 1856. Pp. 312. 8vo.

DICKENS writes for all who speak the English language. Mr. EMERSON addresses only his 'class.' This class consists of the cultivated men of both England and America, and by these the book bearing the above pithy title was seized as eagerly as the last chapter of *Little Dorrit* by the 'rest of mankind.' We have waited a long time for it, for the author has taken time to make it short. We have neither the time nor the inclination for an elaborate review of this book, but shall leave that task to other and abler pens, contenting ourselves with a few extracts: 'The English have more constitutional energy than any other people. They think with HENRY QUATRE, that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which gives our nature ascendancy over another; or with the Arabs, that the days spent in the chase are not counted on the length of life. They box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from pole to pole. They eat, and drink, and live jolly in the open air, putting (mark this Young America) a solid bar of sleep between day and day. As soon as he can handle a gun, hunting is the fine art of every Englishman of condition.'

Mr. EMERSON finds the Englishman 'to be him of all others who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves which they value in their horses, mettle and bottom.' 'On the day of my arrival in Liverpool, a gentleman, in describing to me the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say: 'Lord CLARENDON has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies.' And what I heard first I heard last, and the one thing the English value is pluck. The cab-men have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it; the *Times* newspaper, they say, is the pluckiest thing in England: and SYDNEY SMITH had made it a proverb

that little Lord JOHN RUSSELL, the minister, would take the command of the Channel fleet to-morrow.' Again, on the same subject, he says: 'I apply to Britannia, queen of seas and colonies, the words in which her latest novelist portrays his heroine: 'She is as mild as she is game, and as game as she is mild.' The English delight in the antagonism which combines in one person, the extremes of courage and tenderness. NELSON, dying at Trafalgar, sends his love to Lord COLLINGWOOD, and like an innocent school-boy that goes to bed, says: 'Kiss me, HARDY,' and turns to sleep.'

We take a paragraph or two from the chapter headed 'Truth,' Mr. EMERSON's epigrammatic style tempting us to quote almost at random. He says: 'The Teutonic tribes have a national singleness of heart. The German name has a proverbial significance of sincerity and honest meaning. The arts bear testimony to it. The faces of clergy and laity in old sculptures and illuminated missals, are charged with earnest belief. Add to this hereditary rectitude the punctuality and precise dealing which commerce creates and you have the English truth and credit. The government strictly performs its engagements. The subjects do not understand trifling on its part.

'When any breach of promise occurred in the old days of prerogative, it was resented by the people as an intolerable grievance. And in modern times, any slipperiness in the government in political faith, or any repudiation or crookedness in matters of finance, would bring the whole nation to a committee of inquiry and reform. Private men keep their promises, never so trivial. Down goes the flying word on the tablets, and is indelible as Domesday Book.' 'English veracity seems to result on a sounder animal structure, as if they could afford it. They are blunt in saying what they think, sparing of promises, and they require plain-dealing of others. ALFRED, the type of the race, is called the *Truth-Speaker*. They hate shuffling and equivocation, and the cause is damaged on which any paltering can be fixed.'

The doctrine of the Old Testament, says EMERSON, is the religion of England. 'The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open. It believes in a PROVIDENCE which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither Transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer, for the QUEEN's mind; ask neither for light nor right, but say bluntly, 'Grant her in health and wealth long to live.'

We ourselves have always had a great respect for the man who rides in his own coach, and partly understand the feelings of the pious PEPYS, quoted by EMERSON on this point: 'Abroad,' says PEPYS, 'with my wife, the first time I ever rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray Him to bless it to me, and continue it.'

We have given our readers a few passages, taken almost at random from the book. It would be coxcombery in us to criticise or praise it. We simply say that we think every man will be more 'virtuous' for reading such books. The strength and manly self-reliance of the author are in a manner infused into the reader. The book is as invigorating as a horseback ride, or a pleasant walk, in the bracing air of these cool October mornings.

'IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.' A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE. By CHARLES READ, Author of 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE,' 'PEG WOFFINGTON,' etc. In two volumes. Pp. 423, 424. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1856.

THIS work, after we had perused it with unwonted pleasure from title-page to 'Finis,' lay upon our table for only one single day, before it was spirited away; and whoever *did* 'so convey the same,' did 'his spirting gently' enough; and we must say, has evinced so much good taste and judgment in his selection, that we 'decline to prosecute' and shall not 'appear' against him. Meantime, while through the 'conduct aforesaid' we have been prevented from doing *our* duty 'in the premises,' an able contemporary, the Boston '*Christian Examiner*' for November, has been more fortunate: and its appreciative and critical views are in such exact accordance with our own, as we read the volumes, that we adopt and indorse them in each and every particular:

'In this powerful sketch of a few phases of real life in our own times, Mr. READ has amply redeemed the promise implied in his previous works. Less brilliant in coloring, it is even more vigorous in touch, and more various in interest, than either 'PEG WOFFINGTON' or 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE.' Dealing with an entirely different set of characters, and aiming to produce a deeper and more permanent impression upon his readers, our author has achieved a still more remarkable success, and has given us a work which, though marked by some defects, must yet place him among the first English novelists of the day.

'The characterization exhibits the same wide acquaintance with human nature, and the same rare insight into human motives, which were so apparent in his earlier and less elaborate productions. His men and women are neither impossible combinations of discordant qualities, nor are they mere personifications of abstract ideas. Though they are sometimes idealized and exaggerated, they are generally just such persons as we may have to deal with at almost any moment in some of the multifarious relations of life. Who, for instance, does not recognize the fidelity of the portrait of SUSAN MERTON — the very type of an average woman of her class? So, too, in the characters of GEORGE FIELDING, the honest farmer, and of TOM ROBINSON, the keen-witted and sharp-eyed thief, his truth to nature is equally noticeable. Such characters as EDEN, the single-hearted and devoted minister of our faith, scorning all thought of earthly advancement, and suffering much to save the wretched inmates of a prison; HAWES, the tyrannical and blood-thirsty governor of the jail; and MEADOWS, a scheming villain building up wickedness even while cherishing some noble and generous impulses — are more rare. Yet the character of HAWES is understood to have been drawn from life; and few will doubt that such men as EDEN and MEADOWS may sometimes be found. The minor characters are scarcely less real and life-like.

'The plot is extremely complicated; but in its management the writer shows great judgment, and the incidents are evolved with the utmost skill and discrimination. The scenes in the jail and in Australia, in particular, are wrought out with wonderful vigor. Nowhere have we seen a more vivid picture of life in Australia, both before the discovery of gold and during the early stages of the gold fever, than is presented in these chapters. The whole story fascinates the reader with an irresistible power.

'It is clear, however, from the most cursory reading, that Mr. READE has aimed at something more than the construction of a merely interesting tale. The work bears throughout the mark of an earnest purpose; and though it can scarcely be said that the interest of the story has been subordinated to the enforcement of the moral, it cannot be doubted that a chief purpose of the author was to utter his protest against the system of solitary confinement, and to make his readers share his deep-seated indignation.'

THE MUSICAL BOUQUET, AND INSTITUTE CHOIR: A Collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, and Choruses. Together with a New and Complete Course of Elementary Instructions and Lessons in Singing. For the School-room and Social Circle. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

WE have here something new and something fair to the eye. Its external and internal merits must secure for the '*Musical Bouquet*' many friends. In three points, it is assumed, this work may challenge successful competition: first, in the character of its melodies; secondly, the beauty and tenderness of the words, with some exceptions; and finally, in the mechanical execution. The stereotypers, Messrs. MILLER AND HOLMAN, are entitled to great credit for their share of the work, which certainly is an ornament to the unrivalled skill of our American mechanics. The valuable labors of Mr. BRADBURY are too well known to require mention in these pages, while Mr. CONVERSE ranks second to no man of his years. As a rising star we commend him to public notice, and we call attention to his efforts in the volume under consideration, as an earnest of what he may achieve upon the completion of his present studies in Europe.

We have alluded to the excellence of the poetry; and cite as a specimen the following lines from the pen of a contemporary editor, J. B. PLIMPTON, of Elmira:

'WHEN night-winds are wailing
Like spirits in thrall,
And Death walks in darkness
Through hamlet and hall:
Kind angel of mercy,
Wherever they are,
Watch over the slumbers
Of loved ones afar.

'Where'er they may wander,
By land or by sea,
THOU FATHER of angels,
We trust them with THEE!
Be THOU to earth's pilgrims
The day-beam and star,
The staff of the weary,
To loved ones afar.

'While life hath a pleasure,
Or hope hath a cheer,
While the heart can feel kindness,
Or sorrow a tear,
I ne'er can forget them,
Nor fail in the prayer,
That God will watch over
The loved ones afar!'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

JOHN PHENIX'S FOURTH-OF-JULY ORATION IN OREGON. — Our readers have known JOHN PHENIX as a Surveyor, a Topographical Engineer, a Humorist : but they have now to listen for the first time to him as a Fourth-of-July Orator. The matter is explained by the following

Correspondence.

'Fort Vancouver, W. T., June 15, 1856.

JOHN PHENIX, Esq., Sergt. Major, etc.

'DEAR SIR: 'I am requested by a number of your brother officers, and other gentlemen, to solicit you to deliver the oration at the celebration of the approaching Fourth of July, at this post.

'Very respectfully,

'Your friend and obdt. servt.,

'H. C. H.,

'1st Lieut 4th Infantry.'

'Portland, Ok! Tia, 17 June, 1856.

'DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very polite invitation to address a number of my brother officers, and other gentlemen, on the coming glorious anniversary, at Vancouver.

'In the words of a celebrated Roman emperor, when asked to take a drink, I reply, 'I will do it with great pleasure,' and shall immediately prepare myself for the discharge of the agreeable duty thus devolving upon me.

'Your invitation, Sir, arrived upon a most opportune occasion. Eighty years (or thereabouts) ago, this day, our respected ancestors marched up the side of BAKER'S Hill by a flank, to the following spirit-stirring tune:

'On! tweedle dum twee,
Oh! tweedle dum twee,
Oh! tweedle-tweedle, tweedle dum twee.'

And after getting there, feeling sick at their stomachs from fatigue, threw up a line of breastworks and trenches, that took the British very particularly by surprise. Behind those breast-works, Sir, our gallant ancestors stood shoulder to shoulder, and received the red-coated minions of the British monarch with a galling and destructive fire, that

caused them to retreat in confusion. Three successive times was the attack repeated, and three successive times were the British mercenaries repulsed. At the fourth attempt, Sir, our ancestors suddenly remembered certain business engagements in the country which could no longer be neglected, and they had not time to remain and see the matter through. They left; and a mingled mass of cow-hide boots and shirt-tails fluttering in the distance, was all the British could descry, when, out of breath, perfectly exhausted, they arrived on the summit of Breed's. This great engagement, Sir, was named the battle of Bunker Hill, on account of its not having occurred on a hill of that name, and a monument two hundred feet high has been erected on the spot, from the top of which a man once fell, and knocked the whole top off of his durned eternal head, Sir!

'From the top of this monument now floats the glorious spang-dangled stanner of our country, and long may it wave.

'Please, Sir, to accept the renewed assurances of my most distinguished consideration.
Curry and Stevens!

'With singular respect, I remain

'Your most obdt. servt.,

'JOHN PHENIX.

'Lieut. II. SEA. II.,

'1st. Lieut. 4th U. S. Foot,

'Vancouver, W. Tea.'

'Oration:

DELIVERED AT FORT VANCOUVER, W. T., ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1856, BY JOHN PHENIX, 2d S. D.
SERGEANT MAJOR, EIGHTY-THIRD REGIMENT, OREGON TERRITORY LIGHT MULES.

'BROTHER SOLDIERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I feel honored by the call that I have received and accepted to deliver on this great occasion, the glorious anniversary of our nation's independence, the customary oration. The word oration signifying a public address, I have reason to believe has a military origin. It originated in a custom once prevalent among commanding officers and chaplains, of making long and ~~and~~ verbose addresses to the troops, which were stigmatized as 'all talk and no rations,' whence the word noration, modernized into oration. The term address has also a similar origin, it having been the custom for the troops to be dressed to the right before the oration was delivered. From the word noration is derived the common expression — common in the sweet and classic vales of Pike — 'to norate.' Thus we hear an individual wishing to refer to an anecdote related to him in early life by his grandmother, say, '*I hurd her norrate it.*'

'This explanation may appear irrelevant and uninteresting; but I never lose an opportunity to impart a little valuable information.

'Brother soldiers and fellow-citizens: It is the Fourth of July. This morning, at half-past two o'clock, every inhabitant of this great, free, and enlightened republic, amounting in number to several millions, was awakened from a sound sleep by the discharge of cannon, the explosion of fire-crackers, and the continued and reiterated shouts of little boys, and children of larger growth. From that time until four o'clock sleep has been rendered impossible, and every inhabitant of this republic has had an opportunity to reflect with gratitude and thankfulness on the wisdom of our progenitors, and the greatness of our institutions; until at that hour the bells of every church, meeting-house, factory, steam-boat, and boarding-house throughout the land, beginning to pour forth a merry and universal peal, joining in the glad anthem of our nation's independence, every citizen has got up, put on his pantaloon, taken a cock-tail, and commenced the celebration of the day in good earnest.

'Throughout our whole vast extent of country, from Hancock Barracks, Houlton,

Maine, where they pry the sun up in the morning, to Fort Yuma on the Colorado River, where the thermometer stands at 212° in the shade, and the hens lay hard-boiled eggs, this day will be a day of hilarity, of frolicking and rejoicing.

'Processions will be formed, churches will be thronged, orations will be delivered, (many of them, possibly, of a superior character to this of mine,) the gallant militia, that right arm of our national defence, will pervade the streets in astounding uniforms, whereof it may be said that SOLOMON in all his glory was *not* arrayed like one of these. Small boys will fire pistols and burn their fingers; large boys will fire cannon and blow off their arms; men will guzzle inebriating liquors, and become much intoxicated thereby; and a mighty shout will go up from the land, which, if the wind happens to be in the right direction, will cause the Emperor ALEXANDER to tremble in his boots, and the young NAPOLEON to howl in his silver cradle. For on this day the great American eagle flaps her wings, and soars aloft, until it makes your eyes sore to look at her, and looking down upon her myriads of free and enlightened children, with flaming eye, she screams, '*E Pluribus Unum*,' which may be freely interpreted, 'Aint I some?' and myriads of freemen answer back with joyous shout: 'You *are* punkins!' On this glorious day, joy, good feeling, and good-nature animate each breast; babies cease to cry, ladies cease to scold, all is amiability; and I hesitate not to say, that were the commanding general of this Division on this day to ask the Governor of Oregon for a chew of tobacco, he would hand over the whole plug without a moment's delay or hesitation. And what is the cause of this general rejoicing, this universal hilarity, this amiable state of feeling, this love and veneration for this particular day of all days in the year—a day when the native American forgets all prejudices, and, though loving his country better than aught else, feels well disposed toward every thing beside—a day that our German population respect and speak of as 'more better as good'—a day which PAT, who believes one man is as good another, and a mighty sight better, reverences as he does 'Saint PATRICK's in the morning'—a day when aught unpleasant is forgotten, and mirth, and jollity, and fire-crackers abound. I will endeavor to inform you. Many years ago, before Vancouver was ever born or thought of, when the present magnificent city of Portland was but a wild forest of fir timber, and the waters of these mighty rivers, now daily ploughed by the splendid steamer 'Eagle,' were navigated by the Indian chief MULTNOMAH in his dug-out, provisioned with salmon and whortle-berries, there dwelt in the far-off city of Genoa, a worthy merchant named DANIEL COLUMBUS, who prosecuted his business as a dealer in velvets, under the name and style of LUMBUS & Co.

'This merchant, at a somewhat advanced age, was blest with a son of great promise, whom, out of compliment to his partners, he named CHRISTOPHER Co LUMBUS. From his earliest infancy this youth showed an ardent desire for a maritime life; and old LUMBUS gratified his inclinations by sending him to sea.

'In those days popular opinion turned to the belief that this world on which we live was a large square table, or plane surface, supported on columns of rocks, which extended all the way down. COLUMBUS, however, dissented from this opinion, and believing the earth to be a globe or ball, decided in his own mind that it might be feasible to start in a given direction, and sail clear round it, returning to the point of departure. Having communicated these views to ISABELLA, the Queen of Arragon, that lady, who was somewhat of an enthusiast, and had a strong conviction that COLUMBUS was 'one of them,' sold her hoop ear-rings and other jewelry, and fitted out three top-sail schooners, of which she gave him the command.

'With these vessels, CHRISTOPHER sailed in 1492, and after the most unheard-of

trials and difficulties, encountering many head-winds, and much opposition from his crew, finally discovered the West-India Islands; whence he immediately returned with a cargo of rum and sugar. This extraordinary discovery being noised abroad, a Spanish captain, who from his jovial disposition was called A MERRY CUSS, sailed away, and discovered this continent, which, from its discoverer, derived the name of America. Then New-England was discovered by JOHN CABOT, and Virginia by WALTER RALEIGH, who also discovered tobacco, and gave himself dyspepsia by smoking it to excess, and POCAHONTAS was discovered by JOHN SMITH, and South-Carolina by CALHOUN.

'Emigration from Great Britain and other countries then commenced, and continued to a tremendous extent, and all our fore-fathers, and eight grandfathers, came over and settled in the land.

'They planted corn and built houses, they killed the Indians, hung the Quakers and Baptists, burned the witches alive, and were very happy and comfortable indeed. So matters went on very happily, the colonies thus formed owing allegiance to the government of Great Britain until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a slight change took place in their arrangements. The king of Great Britain, a Dutchman of the name of GEORGE GUELPH, No. 3, having arrived at that stage of life when Dutchmen generally, if at all inclined that way, naturally begin to give way to ill-temper and obstinacy, became of a sudden exceedingly overbearing and ill-disposed toward the colonies. He had offenders sent to England to be tried; he was down on a bank and a protective tariff, and began to be considered little better than an abolitionist. He also put in effect an ordinance called the Stamp Act, which prevented applause in places of public amusement, prevented the protection of cattle against flies, and interfered with the manufacture of butter; and he finally capped the climax of his audacious impositions by placing such a tremendous duty on tea, that our female ancestors could not afford to drink that exhilarating beverage. Our ancestors were patient and long-suffering, but they could not stand every thing.

'Souchong and Young Hyson cost about twelve-and-a-half cents a cup; and our grandmothers were weeping with vexation, and would not be comforted with herb-tea and decoctions of sassafras. They annoyed our grandfathers to that extent that they rebelled, got up a Vigilance Committee in Boston, and destroyed two cargoes of English tea, and were fired on by the British troops in consequence. Then the whole country flew to arms; the battles of Concord and of Lexington followed, and our grandfathers went marching up to the tune of Yankee Doodle to the top of Bunker's Hill, whence they did not march down until they had given the British troops a most fearful and ever-to-be-remembered whipping. By this time it suddenly occurred to some of the smartest of our respectable ancestors that it was a good long way to the little island of England, that there was a good many people in the provinces, and that perhaps they were quite as able to govern themselves as GEORGE GUELPH No. 3 was to govern them. They accordingly appointed delegates from the various Provinces or States, who, meeting together in Philadelphia on the fourth day of July, 1776, decided to trouble the King of England no longer, and gave to the world that glorious Declaration of Independence, to the support of which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. This was the birth-day of Freedom—the birth-day of the United States, now eighty years of age; and as there are few of us but feel some inclination to celebrate our own birth-day, there can be little wonder that we celebrate the birth-day of our country in so joyous, earnest, and enthusiastic a manner.

'Love of country is strongly impressed on every mind; but, as Americans, we should and in fact do have this feeling more strongly developed than any other citizens of the world. For our country is a free country; its institutions are wise and liberal, and our advantages as its natives are greater than those of other citizens. To be sure, every body can vote two or three times in some places; it is true taxes are four and a half per cent on the amount of our property; it's a fact that it's difficult to get scrip paid; there's no disputing the existence of the Maine Liquor Law; and we do occasionally have a mob; but these are errors not arising from the principles of our government, but from circumstances, and they will finally obviate and correct themselves. Upon the whole, I believe that a man has quite as much chance for a life of happiness if born under the glorious stars and stripes as if he happened to be born anywhere else, and perhaps a little more. We elect our own rulers, and make our own laws, and if they do n't turn out well, it's very easy at the next election to make others in their place. Every body has a chance for distinction in this country; nothing is wanting but natural ability to attain it; and Mrs. LAVING PIKE's baby, now lying with a cotton-flannel shirt on, in a champagne basket, in Portland, O. T., has just as good a chance of being President of the United States, as the imperial infant of France, now sucking his royal thumbs in his silver cradle at Paris, has of being an emperor. I do not wish to flatter this audience; I do not intend to be thought particularly complimentary; but I do assure you, that there is not a man present who, if he had votes enough, might not be elected President of the United States. And this important fact is the result not so much of any particular merit or virtue on your part, as of the nature of our glorious, liberal, republican institutions.

'In this great and desirable country, any man may become rich, provided he will make money; any man may be well educated, if he will learn, and has money to pay for his board and schooling; and any man may become great, and of weight in the community, if he will take care of his health, and eat sufficiently of boiled salmon and potatoes.

'Moreover, I assert it unblushingly, any man in this country may marry any woman he pleases — the only difficulty being for him to find any woman that he does please.

'Fellow-citizens and brother soldiers: It is the Fourth of July; it is Independence Day — a day dear to every freeman, an anniversary which it is good to celebrate, as it will be celebrated till time shall cease, and the Union shall perish with it.

'Every boy in these United States knows the origin of this glorious day. Small sums of money, varying from twelve-and-a-half cents to a dollar and a half, according to the financial prosperity of their parents, have been annually given them to expend on this occasion, which indelibly impress the fact upon their memories, and lead them to look forward with pleasure to its return. One of my earliest and most cherished recollections is of my exploits on the first Fourth of July that I can remember, when, with patriotic fervor, I purchased a leaden cannon, which, exploding prematurely, burned off my hair and eye-brows, and put an end to the existence of a favorite cat of my aunt's that peacefully reclined, watching my operations. It is considered by many a duty to become intoxicated on the Fourth of July. I remember hearing a distinguished Senator express his opinion, 'that any man who did not get drunk on the Fourth of July was a damned rascal.' Without fully coinciding in this novel hypothesis, I can truly say, that I consider it the duty of every freeman to enjoy himself to the full limits of his capacity on this glorious occasion,

and if there are, as I dare say there are, individuals to whom getting drunk is the acme of human felicity, why, if they do allow themselves to be carried away on this day, there is surely more excuse for them than there would be on any less joyous occasion. An anecdote that went the round of the papers a few years since is amusing and interesting, as showing the independent feeling engendered in the minds of all classes by the arrival of the glorious Fourth.

'A parsimonious merchant who, I regret to say, flourished in Boston, kept his counting-room open on Independence Day, where he sat with his clerk, a boy of ten or twelve years of age, busy over his accounts, while the noise and uproar of the celebration were resounding without. Looking up from his employment, he perceived the unfortunate youth, perched upon his high stool, engaged in picking his nose, a practice that the merchant had frequently reprobated, and taken him to task for.

'*'WILLIAM,'* he exclaimed, 'why will you persist in that dirty practice? I am astonished at you.'

'*'I do n't care,'* whimpered the unhappy boy. 'It's Independence Day, and it's my own nose, and I'll pick thunder out of it.'

'An excellent custom prevails in many cities of the United States to celebrate the close of this day with a grand exhibition of fire-works. This is not only a beautiful and exciting spectacle, but, to the thinking mind, presents a refined pleasure in the analogy that is suggested; for he may think to himself that, as the day ends, so will end the lives of the enemies of freedom and the incendiary abolitionists, who threaten with parricidal efforts the union of these States. They will be followed by a grand display of fire-works in another world, if there is any truth in the orthodox doctrines of the age. I have never known a Fourth of July oration delivered, and I have listened to many, without a full and complete biography of the immortal WASHINGTON being given before its conclusion. It may appear a slightly hackneyed custom, but I shall certainly not let you go off without it. At the risk of appearing tedious, I shall therefore request your patience for a few moments, while I read from the 'Clatrap Cyclopaedia,' by Professor TUBB ROSE, the following beautiful tribute to the memory of this greatest of men:

FROM TUBB ROSE'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

'GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

'GEORGE WASHINGTON was one of the most distinguished movers in the American Revolution.

'He was born of poor but honest parents, at Genoa, in the year 1492. His mother was called the mother of WASHINGTON. He married, early in life, a widow lady, Mrs. MARTHA CUSTIS, whom PRESIDENT describes as the *cooziest* pretty woman south of MASON and DIXON's line. Young WASHINGTON commenced business as a county-surveyor, and was present in that character at a sham fight, under General BRADDOCK, when so many guns were fired that the whole body of militia were stunned by the explosion, and sat down to supper unable to hear a word that was said. This supper was afterward alluded to as BRADDOCK's deaf cat, and the simile, 'deaf as a BRADDOCK,' subsequently vulgarized into 'deaf as a haddock,' had its rise from that circumstance. WASHINGTON commanded several troops during the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself by fearlessly crossing the Delaware River on ice of very inadequate thickness, to visit a family of Hessians of his acquaintance. He was passionately fond of green peas and string-beans; and his favorite motto was: 'In time of peace prepare for war.'

"WASHINGTON's most intimate friend was a French gentleman, named MARCUS DEE, who, from his constant habits of risibility, was nick-named '*Laughy yet*.' His greatest victory was achieved at Germantown, where, coming upon the British in the night, he completely surrounded them with a wall of cotton bales, from which he opened a destructive and terrific fire, which soon caused the enemy to capitulate. The cotton-bales being perforated with musket-balls were much increased in weight, and consequently in value, and the expression, playfully used, 'What is the price of cotton?' was much in vogue after the battle.

"During the action, WASHINGTON might have been seen driving up and down the lines, exposed to a deadly fire, in a small Concord wagon, drawn by a bob-tailed gray horse. His celebrated dispatch, '*Veni, vidi, vici*,' or, I came and saw in a Concord wagon, has reference to this circumstance.

"WASHINGTON has been called the 'Father of his country; (an unapt title, more properly belonging to the late Mr. MCCLUSKEY, parent of the celebrated pugilist;) the child has grown, however, to that extent that its own father would not know it. General WALKER (WILLIAM WALKER) is also called the 'Father of Nicaragua,' and we have no doubt, in case of his demise, his children, the native Nicaraguans, would erect a suitable monument over his remains, with the inscription, 'Go, father, and fare worse.'

"WASHINGTON was a member of the Know-Nothing order, and directed that none but Americans should be put on guard, which greatly annoyed the Americans, their comfort being entirely destroyed by perpetual turns of guard-duty.

"He was twice elected President of the United States by the combined Whig and Know-Nothing parties, the Democrats and Abolitionists voting against him; and served out his time with great credit to himself and the country—drawing his salary with a regularity and precision worthy all commendation.

"Although, for the time in which he lived, a very distinguished man, the ignorance of WASHINGTON is something perfectly incredible. He never travelled on a steam-boat; never saw a rail-road, or a locomotive engine; was perfectly ignorant of the principle of the magnetic telegraph; never had a daguerreotype, Colt's pistol, Sharp's rifle, or used a friction match. He eat his meals with an iron fork, never used postage-stamps on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gas for illumination. Such a man as this could hardly be elected President of the United States in these times, although, it must be confessed, we occasionally have a candidate who proves not much better informed about matters in general.

"WASHINGTON died from exposure on the summit of Mount Vernon, in the year 1796, leaving behind him a name that will endure forever, if posterity persist in calling their children after him to the same extent that has been fashionable. He is mentioned in history as having been 'first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;' in other words, he was No. 1 in every thing, and it was equally his interest and his pleasure to look out for that number, and he took precious good care to do so. A portrait, by GILBERT STUART, of this great soldier and statesman may be seen, very badly engraved, on the 'History of the United States;' but as it was taken when the General was in the act of chewing tobacco, the left cheek is distended out of proportion, and the likeness rendered very unsatisfactory. Upon the whole, General GEORGE WASHINGTON was a very excellent man; though unfamiliar with 'Scott's Infantry Tactics,' he was a tolerable officer; though he married a widow, he was a fond husband; and though he did not know the BEECHER family, (and would have despised them if he had,) he was a sincere Christian.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

"A monument has been commenced in the city of Washington to his memory, which is to be five hundred feet in height; and it should be the wish of every true-hearted American that his virtues and services may not be forgotten before it is completed; in which case, their remembrance will probably endure forever."

'Accustomed as I am to public speaking, it has been with no ordinary distrust of my own powers that I have ventured to address you to-day. Standing beneath the waving banner of our country, with Mount Hood towering in snow-crowned magnificence above our heads, and the broad bosom of the noble Columbia spread in calm expanse at our feet, I see before me an attentive audience composed of individuals whose interest I am proud to awaken and command. I see before me some who have borne no undistinguished part in the bloody but most righteous war now raging in our vicinity; I see men who have pushed the war into the enemy's country with the gallant HALLER, and returned with him when he thought, perhaps, it would be about as well to leave; who accompanied the daring and skilful RAINES, when intrepidly rushing with drawn sword at the head of his troops into Father PANDOSY'S hut, he wrote that letter to the humbled KAMIAKIN; men who have planned and built block-houses, which serve alike as refuges from the attacks of the savage and merciless foe, and imperishable monuments of architectural taste and refinement. These services, which have brought this war so nearly to a close, (for already the Sun of peace may be seen gilding the clouds in the east preparatory to rising,) are well worthy of commendation; and no better occasion can be found to recapitulate and commemorate them than the present.

'Where are the gallant volunteers on this occasion, our tried and trusty comrades in the hour of danger — men who, at the call of their country, cast aside the frivolous axe, the enervating hoe, and the trifling pick, and, springing into their eighty-dollar saddles, shouldered their fifty-dollar rifles, and spurred their three-hundred dollar horses into the wild plains of the Walla Walla, and there desperately and recklessly encamped? To what destruction were many of these daring spirits exposed, forced by the attacks of famine and the scarcity of fresh beef to live for weeks together on hard bread and pickled pork? They might yet have kept together had the whiskey still held out; but alas! like the early cloud and the morning dew, it passed away, and even the jar that contained the ears of P. P. MOX MOX was exhausted! Then they returned — slowly and sadly they returned — and those who had never been peppered in service were mustered out. Like the prophets of old, they went forth with their staff and their scrip; but the staff soon resigned their commissions, and the scrip has not yet been paid. But, by the blessing of HEAVEN and Saint PIKE, that consummation, so devoutly to be wished, will yet be arrived at. The scrip will be paid, and we shall see Pike flourishing like a green bay horse.

'The toils and dangers of the war will be forgotten; in the elegant luxury and refinement of their homes, hardships will be looked back upon with pleasure; the physical suffering and results of exposure will yield to skilful treatment, and those who have suffered from sleeping on hard beds in the wilderness, can now console themselves by lying on wool.

'In future times, when by some impartial historian the present Oregon war is faithfully depicted, posterity, as it peruses the volume, will drop a tear o'er the picture of the sufferings of those noble volunteers that wallowed in the Walla Walla

valley, and their intrepid march into that country, and their return, will excite a thrill of admiration as an adventure never equalled even by NAPOLEON H. BONAPARTE, when he effected the passage of the Alps.

'But the war will soon be ended; it is even now drawing to a close. The completion of the Pacific Rail-road, which may be looked upon as certain in the course of the next fifty years, increasing our facilities for transportation of arms and supplies, will undoubtedly have a most favorable effect; and I look upon it as a matter of little doubt that, three or four hundred years from this time, hostilities will have ceased entirely, and the Indians will have been liberally treated with, and become quiet and valuable members of our society.

'The influence of that glorious banner will have been felt by them; they will have been made to see stars; they will have been compelled to feel stripes; and all will be peace and harmony, love and joy, among them. Four hundred years from this time, the descendants of KAMIAKIN will be celebrating with our posterity the recurrence of this glorious day, with feelings of interest and delight. While to-day that great chief, moved by feelings of animosity toward us, sits and gnaws the gambrel-joint of a defunct Cayuga pony, little knowing on which side of his staff of life the oleaginous product of lactation is disseminated. But long after that time shall arrive, centuries and centuries after our difficulties shall have been settled, and the scrip, with accumulated interest, paid, may our glorious institutions continue to flourish, may the Union be perpetuated forever in perfect bonds of strength and fraternal affection, and the

'STAR-SPANGLED banner continue to wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

A CALIFORNIA 'MODEL LOVE-LETTER.' — The following is a copy of a genuine 'California Love-Letter.' It was picked up in Marysville, in that State, not long since; and we should n't be surprised if it was 'JOHN SQUIBOB' who found it:

'Marysville july fore 1856.

'DERE CATZ, you know I luv you mor an any uthar Gidle in the World, and wat's the Reason you allways want Me to tell you so. I no you ar almost gitting tired of waiting for me; I no you luv me fit to brake your hart. I no we ort to git marid, but how kin we if we kant — sa! Wat's the use in thinkin bout it. I thort wen I sold mi mule that I wud have nough to pay the preacher and by you nice goun. But I tried mi luk at poker and got strapt the fust nite. CATZ, you never played poker — in korse not. Wel, it's a confounded mity nice game as long as you kin sit behind a smorl par; but when you kant get a par, the pot's gone. I luv you so much, CATZ, that I allmost hav a notion to sel me 1 hors wagin and buck a nite or 2 at farow; but how kin I — sa! Mi whol wagin wudent fech more an fore or 5 good staks. ile go back to the mountings an work and dig and swet and do every thing I kin to get money to git marid. I ain't anyways gelus, CATZ, but pleze don't hug an kiss and set on J — n B — s lapp any noor. you know he ain't worth shaks, he kant drink mor an 3 hornes 'thout gittin tite; I kin stand up under fifty. You no I kin lick him 2, and hav dun it and kin do it agin. But I ain't a bit gelus, I no I out to marid long ago. leven years is rether long to kort a gal, but ile hav you yit CATZ.

'Good by, tell next we meet.

'Your Affeckunate Lover,

'D — G —.

'Note a Bena, good by agin. Run that feller off.

'2th P. S. I'm nat a bit gelus, CATZ; but don't let him cum bout the house.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — If there is any one THING in this world that is utterly beneath contempt, it is a *Male coquette* — one who can trifle for a moment, although even 'just for fun,' with a woman's affections for which he has professed to exchange his own. Sometimes such bipeds 'catch it,' though, as was the case with the '*Three Merry Bachelors*,' whose story ('founded,' we are assured, in every particular) reaches us in a '*Bit of Gossip from Vermont*.' Read it: you will perceive that the writer — a woman, we'll be sworn — holds a facile pen:

'PETER SIMMONS, ALEK BROWN, and DAVY JOHNSON met on a certain evening at the Four Corners' Tavern in Yankeeville. They were steady fellows — quite so; and PETER belonged to the Temperance Society. The object of their meeting was, to have a snug supper, and, to use their own language, 'a little fun.' The supper was followed by cigars, and a single bottle of wine very fresh from the vintage of Messrs. LOGGEWOOD, LEDSHOOGER AND COMPANY, New-York. The trio in a short time, became moderately hilarious. They told stories, banded jokes, sang 'SALLIE Dear,' and improvised new verses to 'Jordan.' They also grew communicative; and after a time, owing to the great 'flow of soul,' it leaked out that all three had sweet-hearts, to whom they were devotedly attached, and whom they severally considered as paragons of beauty and excellence. Each intended, at some time not far distant, when he should have 'sowed a few more wild oats,' to enter upon a more profitable kind of husbandry, marry the girl of his choice, and settle down an exemplary Benedict. As I was not present, I cannot tell exactly how the conversation led to this object. I think it must have been owing to LOGGEWOOD, LEDSHOOGER AND COMPANY, that the secret transpired; for it is the custom in this part of the country to keep matrimonial engagements as private as possible. Sometimes a great deal of pains is taken by a pair of lovers to put dame GOSSIP on a wrong scent, and mislead a curious public. 'Young AMERICA' does not expect fathers and mothers to meddle.' 'The old folks did n't ask our leave when they were young: they had *their* way, and we will have *ours*,' is the ready argument.

'When the stream of confidence had ceased to flow, the imp of fun and mischief began to dance about the crania of the Three Merry Bachelors. Oddly enough, it did not impel them to wind up affairs in the usual manner, by taking gates from their hinges, cutting off the mane or tail of the deacon's horse, removing the blacksmith's sign to the watch-maker's shop, or the dentist's to the lawyer's office. The imp was of a more original genius. The 'course' of these three true lovers was, contrary to the poet's adage, running 'very smooth.' Would it not be fun to throw a few pebbles into those crystal waters?

'It was proposed that an epistle should be composed by the united talents of the trio, giving a hint at '*the mitten*,' gently but unmistakably, and that each one should make a copy of it and send it to his lady love, just to see how the different girls would 'take the thing.' Of course they expected to receive in answer farewell letters blotted with tears, and filled with tender reproaches. They expected protestations, lamentations, and inquiries into the *causes* of such cruel desertion. Then would follow explanations and reconciliation. 'It would be a capital joke!'

'The letters were prepared and dropped into the post-office that very night.

Had it been deferred, they would never have been sent: for, in the morning, our heroes had gone to their several homes; and being no longer able to keep each other in countenance, felt decidedly 'flat.' 'What a fool I was!' said DAVY to himself, at least twenty times during the following day: and the day after he was on the top of the stage-coach, looking very 'blue,' on his way to Perkinsville. The moon rose round and bright over a chain of hills, or rather one link of a chain, and shone down into a valley where the village of Perkinsville lay 'like a nest.' It shone into the front-parlor windows of the great brick house, and into the front-chamber windows. It shone upon a little round moon-face, all running down with tears, and looked sympathizingly on the damsel. The damsel returned its mild gaze and said:

'Ours of night, thy silver light
Shines o'er this peaceful vale;
But never on my soul's dark night
Shall pleasure beam again.'

'Just as she had murmured this doleful ditty, small feet pattered up the stairs, a little head was put inside the door, and a soft voice whispered:

"Sis, Mother says you must come down into the parlor; FRANK HOWLAND is there.'

'The love-lorn maiden washed her eyes, three dimples appeared with her returning spirits, one on each cheek and one on the chin. They talked—the damsel and FRANK HOWLAND—and laughed. It was all about 'nothing in particular,' as girls say of their letters; the singing-school, the caravan, balls in prospect, balls in retrospect, etc.

'DAVY meantime was being jolted along, down long hills, up steep pitches and through pine woods, until at last, coming into the village by a sudden turn of the road, the stage-coach rattled up to the hotel, with a grand flourish. Down jumped DAVY; and after stepping into the bar-room for a minute, to—brush off the dust, he walked over to the great brick house. He entered the gate softly, and approached the door with considerable agitation. Having given the bright brass knocker a deprecativ tilt, he waited until Mrs. BROADACRE opened the door. Although he had seen a light in the parlor and could hear a well-known voice there, he soon found himself seated in company with the 'old folks' in the 'sitting-room.'

"Is FANNY at home?" asked DAVY.

"She is," answered Mrs. BROADACRE, with solemnity and a most determined not-to-take-the-hint air. At the same time she pursued her knitting with commendable industry. After an awkward pause of some minutes, DAVY said modestly: 'Can I see her?'

'The good dame lowered her spectacles, and peered over them at the querist, as she answered: 'I believe FANNY has got company.' Then adjusting her glasses again, she knitted on faster than before.

'DAVY began to feel crest-fallen; but he resolved not to be forced into a retreat until he had seen his FANNY, and obtained pardon for his folly. After a long time, during which Mrs. BROADACRE's blue woollen stocking had sensibly increased in length, and the 'Captain' had fallen asleep, tipped back in his chair, FANNY and her 'company' came out into the entry, and our hero's ear caught the words, as FRANK asked FANNY to ride with him in the morning, and she—accepted the invitation. FANNY then tripped up stairs; but as she had not bidden her father and mother good night, DAVY thought she would come down again soon. He waited uneasily for a short time. Mrs. BROADACRE still clicked her needles faster and faster, and feigned to be unaware that any movement was expected of her. At last DAVY

broke silence again by asking the good lady, with some formality, if she would be so kind as to inform FANNY that he had come to see her, and ask her to grant him an interview. She said she would. So, having knitted to the seam-needle, wound up her ball, rolled up her long stocking, taken off her spectacles and placed them in a case, and the case in her pocket, she proceeded to light a very refractory oil-lamp with some still more refractory matches, and then left the room, stopping on her way to adjust several articles of furniture. She soon returned and said to DAVY:

‘‘Really now, Mr. JOHNSON, FANNY seems to be so fast asleep that some how, I hate to wake her up!’’

‘DAVY rose and said with very serious earnestness: ‘*I cannot go without seeing her.*’

‘‘I think you ‘d better,’ said Mrs. BROADACRE: ‘Some how, I think — I guess — FANNY was n’t expecting you; do *you* think she was?’ And she opened her spectacle-case. Then placing the great round silver-rimmed lenses in front of her keen gray eyes, she commenced unrolling the blue stocking. DAVY took his leave at that critical juncture and — has not since been heard from.

‘ALEX BROWN, being of a cooler temperament, allowed a week to elapse before he went in pursuit of his slighted love. Hearing nothing from her, meanwhile, and wishing to make all sure, he donned a new suit of clothes, and made a pleasant and leisurely journey of twenty-five miles, driving a very handsome pair of horses. Upon arriving at the end of his journey, he drove up to the public house, and while attending to the stabling of his horses, he engaged in a little condescending talk with the hostler.

‘‘What’s the news, JOHN?’’ asked ALEX.

‘‘Well,’ said the former, ‘not much stirring, as I know on. NANCY JONES and JIM SMITH were published last Sunday.’

‘ALEX tried hard to resist a start of surprise, but did not quite succeed. He however inquired with as much unconcern as he was able to assume, if the match was not rather ‘sudden.’ W-h-y no-o-o,’ said the groom, ‘I do n’t think it was *very* sudden;’ and he looked at ALEX with a malicious twinkle in his small black eyes, as he added with a know-nothing coolness: ‘He has been a courtin’ on her *this* six months!’

‘ALEX ordered out his horses after dinner and drove off, leaving all the hangers-on wondering what his business there could be: a mystery which they have never been able to solve to this day.

‘PETER SIMMONS waited still longer, before he made a movement toward reconciliation. Having a good deal of self-esteem, and a lofty idea of woman’s constancy in general and of JULIA’S in particular, he allowed about ten days to a glide away, and then he too set out on his travels. His lady lived at the distance of fifty miles. Making his appearance one day at her father’s door, which he supposed would be to him the door of ‘Paradise regained,’ he learned that JULIA had gone to visit some friends on the other side of the mountains. With a feeling of hope slightly ‘deferred,’ he proceeded to the place of her visit. Arriving there he found to his great chagrin, that she had left an hour before for Albany, to spend a few days with her cousin. Beginning to get warm in the chase, he hurried on to Albany, where he learned, to his extreme mortification, that ‘the cousin’ had emigrated to the West with his family, and that JULIA had gone with them. PETER was now in a very serious frame of mind. He was sorely puzzled. In fact he felt himself getting into a scrape. To be really balked was a thing that had never happened

to him in his life; and it was too great a wound to his pride to yield his will to a mere succession of unlucky accidents. The neighbors all thought that he was very 'sot in his ways' for a young man. Firmly believing that if he could only find his JULIA, it would be easy to 'conquer a peace,' he started for Illinois. After a good deal of trouble he reached the village, and the very dwelling containing the treasure he had so carelessly thrown away. Resuming his self-possession and native dignity, which had been somewhat disturbed by so many vexatious disappointments, PETER entered the house and receiving an affirmative answer to his inquiry whether Miss RAYMOND was at home, he drew from his pocket-book a handsomely engraved card, and requested that it might be given to her. The card was soon returned with these words written on the back in pencil: 'I am engaged.' He seated himself to wait until her term of engagement should expire; but looking again at the card he noticed that the word 'engaged' was underscored. The truth flashed upon him instantly. He left the house without delay; and as he walked off, felt certain that JULIA, (and perhaps her lover) was watching him from behind some curtained window!

'MORAL. — When *'The Three Merry Bachelors'* meet for another social supper, let them make careful choice of their wine and their wit; and remember that *Green Mountain Girls*, as well as *'Green Mountain Boys,'* are not to be trifled with.'

We rather think they'll do so! - - - *'The Christian Review'* for the October quarter, is before us. Its editorial force is 'numerous' and strong. It has two editors, and five assistant editors. The second paper in the present number is upon *'Traducianism and Creatianism.'* We should think it would prove generally popular. It is a review of a work which so many of our countrymen and women have been in the habit of taking to bed with them, and setting the curtains on fire in reading — namely: *'Der Biblischen Psychologie'* of DELITZSCH, in which 'the justice of God is viewed from the stand-point of predestination.' It is held, we see, by SCHRIFTBEWERS and STAUDENMEIR, the latter in his *'Dogmatik,'* that 'the entire circumference of man's being, the totality of his whole, is pervaded by evil or sin.' GANGAUF agrees with the same authors in this regard. The *'Jewish Targum,'* also, in the 'collection of small Midraschin,' (edited by AD. JELINSK,) we are surprised to find quoted affirmatively in this connection. BASSILOS too, on the *'Genesis of Kosmos,'* is in the same category. FROBSCHAMMER, it seems, likewise mainly confirms the same theory, with whom we find ZUKSIL; and 'according to GUNTHER,' his *'Dualism'* may be cited in the same argument. We are glad to see *one* thing set at rest by a ratiocination as pellucid as tar; and that is, the distinction between the *'False and True Trichotomy.'* Now we have often lain awake o' nights, revolving in our mind the question, which is here solved in seven lines:

'To say that the dichotomy *alone*, or that the *trichotomy* alone, of the human essence is in accordance with Scripture, is to say just nothing at all. ('Exactly so!') Our prevailing theories of dichotomy and of trichotomy are so heterogeneous, that, in general, we cannot affirm that the one doctrine or the other is either scriptural or unscriptural. The sacred oracles in some places speak dichotomously, in others very trichotomously. There is a false trichotomy, and in opposition to it a scriptural dichotomy; there is also a false dichotomy, and in opposition to it a scriptural trichotomy.'

There is no doubt in our mind, after reading the paper in question, that

'dichotomy, in its rudest modifications, is a *tertium quid*, resulting from the union of the *corpus terrenum*, and the *spiraculum vitæ*, or the *compositum* which originates in it.' 'Hence we view' — But we have not space to 'argufy the toptic:' we can but commend the learned disquisition under notice to the intelligent admiration of our readers, as a fine sample of 'writing up to common comprehension.' - - - 'TELL you what!' — the 'sound of dropping nuts is heard' about the wooded hills of Rockland in these mellow autumn days! 'Ches., wal., hickory, butter., and other nuts,' do greatly abound; and the stores are preparing everywhere for the winter's fire-side, when the storm shall be ravenning over the hills, and the lower lands shall 'spread wide a waste of snow.' By the by, walnuts are an ancient 'institution,' according to Mr. DUNCAN MACPHERSON, Inspector-General of Hospitals, late British attaché to the Turkish Contingent at Kertch, and in the Crimea, where he prosecuted antiquarian researches of the most interesting description. Near Mons. Mittiredates, among the *débris* of the ancient city of Panticapæum, built by the Milesians five hundred years before CHRIST, he 'bared to the day' a tomb, wherein he found many most remarkable and curious objects:

'The tomb was of a semi-circular form, and he found, on entering, that the floor was covered with beautiful pebbles and shells, such as are now found on the shores of the Sea of Azoff. The dust of a human frame, possessing still the form of man, lay on the floor. The bones had crumbled into dust, and the space occupied by the head did not exceed the size of the palm of the hand, the mode in which the garments enveloped the body, and the knots and fastenings by which they were bound, being easily traceable in the dust. Several bodies were discovered, and at the head of each was a glass bottle, and in one of these bottles was found a little wine. A cup and a lachrymatory of the same material, and a lamp, were placed on a small niche above each body. A coin and a few enamelled beads were placed in the left hand, and in the right hand a number of walnuts. Other similar tombs were explored, and various specimens of pottery, personal ornaments, vessels of glass, coins, beads, and other objects of interest were found.'

Think of this dusty ancient 'going-a-nutting' six hundred years before CHRIST! He had his wine, too, it seems, wherewith to regale his palate after he got back to Panticapæum:

'O, THE days when they went gypseying,
A long time ago!

Perhaps they *did* — who knows? - - - Is n't it astonishing how much genius lies fallow in this world of ours? Blushing unseen, wasting its sweetness, and things of that sort? 'We are led to these momentous reflections' by the perusal of a little pamphlet of thirty-one closely-printed pages, which has been sent us from New-Haven, entitled '*The Enemy Conquered, or Love Triumphant.*' It is an unique performance. The writer in his preface admits that 'the style is over-wrought;' but then he 'intended it to be:' he wrote it for the warm climate of Georgia, where the scene is laid. He does n't think much of SHAKSPEARE. 'No lunatic asylum,' he says, 'ever echoed to such balderdash as the storm-scene in Lear!' And yet SHAKSPEARE *did* write 'some good pieces.' Our author opens with some strikingly original remarks on WOMAN, *per se*:

'WOMAN, thou art more to be admired than the spicy gales of Arabia, and more
VOL. XLVIII. 42

sought for than the gold of Golconda. We believe that Woman should associate freely with man, and we believe that it is for the preservation of her rights. She should become acquainted with the metaphysical designs of those who condescend to sing the syren song of flattery. This, we think, should be according to the unwritten law of decorum, which is stamped upon every innocent heart. The precepts of prudence are often steeped in the guilt of contamination, which blasts the expectations of better moments. . . . Beset, as she has been, by the intellectual vulgar, the selfish, the designing, the cunning, the hidden, and the artful — no wonder she has sometimes folded her wings in despair, and forgotten her *heavenly* mission in the delirium of imagination; no wonder she searches out some wild desert, to find a peaceful home.'

'ELFONZO' is the name of the hero. His deeds are set forth in this passage:

'ARE you not Major ELFONZO, the great musician, the champion of a noble cause, the modern ACHILLES, who gained so many victories in the Florida War?' 'I bear that name,' said the Major, 'and those titles, trusting at the same time, that the ministers of grace will carry me triumphantly through all my laudable undertakings, and if,' continued the Major, 'you, Sir, are the patronizer of noble deeds, I should like to make you my confidant, and learn your address.' The youth looked somewhat amazed, bowed low, mused for a moment, and began: 'My name is ROSWELL. I have been recently admitted to the bar, and can only give a faint outline of my future success in that honorable profession; but I trust, Sir, like the Eagle, I shall look down from lofty rocks upon the dwellings of man, and shall ever be ready to give you any assistance in my official capacity, and whatever this muscular arm of mine can do, whenever it shall be called from its buried *greatness*.' The Major grasped him by the hand, and exclaimed: 'O thou exalted spirit of inspiration — thou flame of burning prosperity, may the Heaven-directed blaze be the glare of thy soul, and battle down every rampart that seems to impede your progress!' . . . ELFONZO had been somewhat of a dutiful son; yet fond of the amusements of life — had been in distant lands — had enjoyed the pleasure of the world, and had frequently returned to the scenes of his boyhood, almost destitute of many of the comforts of life. In this condition, he would frequently say to his father: 'Have I offended you, that you look upon me as a stranger, and frown upon me with stinging looks? Will you not favor me with the sound of your voice? If I have trampled upon your veneration, or have spread a humid veil of darkness around your expectations, send me back into the world, where no heart beats for me — where the foot of man has never yet trod; but give me at least one kind word — allow me to come into the presence sometimes of thy winter-worn locks.'

To which 'thus then' his father:

'ELFONZO, return to thy worldly occupation — take again in thy hand that chord of sweet sounds — struggle with the civilized world, and with your own heart; fly swiftly to the enchanted ground — let the night-Owl send forth its screams from the stubborn oak — let the sea sport upon the beach, and the stars sing together; but learn of these, ELFONZO, thy doom, and thy hiding-place. Our most innocent as well as our most lawful *desires* must often be denied us, that we may learn to sacrifice them to a *Heaven's* will.' Remembering such admonitions with gratitude, ELFONZO was immediately urged by the recollection of his father's family to keep moving.'

Major ELFONZO is in love with AMBULINIA, (euphonious name of the 'old school' of novels,) daughter of 'Esq. VULEER,' all of Cumming. 'The Major' has proposed for her hand; and in his note to 'the Esq.,' says: 'I wish no longer to be kept in suspense in this matter. I wish to act gentlemanly in every particular. AMBULINIA and I have sworn by the saints, by the gods of battle, and by that faith whereby just men are made perfect, (and a 'harp of a thousand strings,' doubtless, also,) to be united.' But 'the Esq.,' in a curt note, declines any communication with the lover. But Major ELFONZO is not thus to be put down. He feels, to use his own words, as if he could 'whip his weight in wild-cats;' he writes at once to his 'dear AMBULINIA: 'You cannot be ignorant that *thou* art the desire of my heart, whose thoughts are too noble to conceal themselves from *thee*.' He requests her to elope with him; she accepts the proposition; 'Sabbath, when every body will be at church;' but 'the Esq.' hears of it and they are inter-

cepted. The father storms and threatens to *kick* the lover — the daughter implores: 'O father! let me entreat you to be calm *upon this occasion*; and though ELFONZO may be the sport of the clouds and winds, yet I feel assured, that no fate will send him to the silent tomb, until the God of the Universe calls him hence with a triumphant voice.' But 'w'y,' as HOOD says, 'should we persew the 'arrowink tail?' Suffice it to say, that after all, Major ELFONZO *does* 'run away' with his 'cherished AMBULINIA,' and the curtain falls on a scene of real old-fashioned novel-happiness. Could any thing be more intensely *passé* than this? - - - NOTHING could be more nobly earned, or more worthily bestowed, than the honors recently awarded to Professor MORSE, in England. *He* is the Puck of our day and generation, who 'puts a girdle 'round the earth in twenty minutes.' His 'operators,' who 'carry out' his idea, have, in our estimation, a singular preëminence. Some of them are very young, and not perhaps 'rich,' as a general thing, in the worldly acceptance of the term; as they go 'on tick' for the most part, for their living. But when they put on their hats, leave the telegraph-office, and snuff the un-aciduous air, what mighty secrets swell their bosoms! This is election-night, and we have been thinking about the matter, 'on this occasion.' What clicking is a-going on over this 'ger-reat and gel-lorious kedn'try at this very moment! And what does JEEMS FILMONT, or MILLARD BUCHANAN, or JOHN C. FREMORE know about *themselves* even, and their fate, compared with the light-fingered, soft-touching young men, who 'move the wires,' and tell the whole story by lightning? — *transmitted* lightning, that as GEOFFREY CRAYON said to us on one occasion, 'runs in the *family*' of 'em! Think of the coils of wire, requiring ware-houses to contain them, that are lying in 'benighted Britain,' ready to be laid down in oceans heretofore only visited and accurately described by Sir JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, 'cousin-German on the Scotch side' to the Editor of the London *Times*, (a daily newspaper, published in the village of London, Middlesex, England,) who saw six duels recently in a Georgia rail-road car! Dr. FRANKLIN *caught* the wild lightning, and MORSE *harnessed* it! How true is the remark of the editor of the Flunkum Bagstaff: '*Edication is the creëwinin' gleëry of the United'n States'n!*' - - - WASHINGTON IRVING is right — he *always* is, for that matter — when he says: 'The sorrows and tears of childhood are as bitter as those of maturer years.' Just now little JOSE came rushing into the sanctum, with both hands over her face — her custom, always, when excited, as if to hide from outward sight the cause of her grief — ejaculating: 'O father! — *father!* — FATHER! Our PUSSY is dead! — our PUSSY is dead!' 'It can't *be*, JOSE,' we said; 'she has been lying on the rug here until within five minutes.' 'She *is*, father, she is DEAD — Mr. L — 's big black dog has killed her. Come out, and see her, down by the spring. She is warm now!' We took the little girl's hand, and went to the spot, a quarter of a mile off. We reached the 'corse.' It was too long to be that of our PUSSY, (a great favorite in the family, the best of *mousers*, and the readiest and most affectionate of *purrers*,) and so we said to JOSE. 'Oh! no, father, it *is* our PUSSY. She is *stretched out* now; but coil her up, as she used to lie in my lap. Oh! yes — it *is* her, father,' feeling her soft, and yet

warm 'trotters'; 'do n't I know these paws?' It *was* our favorite — and she is buried: and we have *another* cat: but never will the recollection of this great loss fade from the memory of that child-mind. 'Odorous comparisons' are every day instituted between the past and present favorite: it is the second wife, the step-mother, of the juvenile circle. But *our* opinion is, that the last kitten is the 'smartest' of the two: yet — and 'there's the rub' — our present young grimalkin does n't smooth himself against our legs when we are scribbling at night; does n't look up with moveless lids, and a horizontal slit in the pupil of his yellow eye, and wink every five minutes, as the *other* one used to do; and he has no purr — 'music in his soul' Perhaps he *will* have, by-and-by: but after all, José is right: 'It's not the same cat! — not the same!' - - - 'THE following impromptu lines,' says the Washington '*National Intelligencer*,' addressed to a lady, and accompanied by a riding-whip, are by the author of '*The Mother's First Grief*,' recently copied into our columns from the *KNICKERBOCKER Magazine*. The initials are those of ROBERT S. CHILTON, Esq., of the State Department at Washington:

'I SEND you the whip, though your spirited Bess
Rarely needs to be urged, I dare say:
(If appealed to *herself* on a question like this,
Do you think that she would n't say *neigh*?)

'But gauntlets, long skirts, and a hat with a plume,
In short a *full habit* must need
To make it, as we say in French, *comme il faut*.
A whip, or a something *indeed*.

'So I send you the nearest approach to the thing
That as yet I've been able to see:
But pray, when you use it, if any should ask
Who gave it, *do n't lay it on me!*

R. S. C.'

Very Hood-ish. - - - THERE is no use in lying — no use, because it wars against your peace, even if you can compose yourself for a moment — no use, but 'contrariwise otherwise,' because you lose self-respect in thinking of your infirmity of purpose, and you lose elasticity of body as well as moral strength — there is no use, we repeat, in lying in bed in the morning. If you are in the country, especially, do n't do it. Oh! the October sun-rises that we have seen during the present autumn over the *glasy*, many-colored waters of the Tappaân-zoe! — the DAY-GOD coming up over the rain-bow hills that rise beyond the swelling flood, flushing the few clouds that fleck his great red face, and making *our* side of the Hudson radiant with a 'multitudinous glory!' — lighting up the blue hills of Ramapo, kindling the fainter Shawangunk mountain-range that lies beyond, and turning into vast flower-gardens the vales that stretch in pensive quietness between! In town, we rather think we might perhaps agree with Hood:

'He who is fond precociously of 'stirring,'
Must be a 'Spoon.'

RICHARD the Third was not in London, when he said: 'Be stirring with the lark, good NORFOLK:' Day with its dull red glare, had not even developed the lurid pall that always overhangs the great metropolis, before the battle of Bosworth Field was over: at least, this must have been so, if the

STAGE writes its annals true, as to the time and space of that great martial event. No: you need n't get up quite so early in town: lie, and let your thoughts simmer; hear the fires a-building; the early prattle of your children; the supernatural shriek of your milkman, and the soothing gurgle of the water that is being 'ske-virted' into *his* can of 'milk,' some of which will be *yours* presently; yours, because you will have *paid* for it — 'some!' But if you are in the country, get up! — get up! For three months (unless he has 'disdained to shine') we have not failed in a single instance to see from 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' the SUN rise upon the glorious Hudson, and the near and distant hills of Rockland. But 's'posin' we *have n't!* 'Black SAM' might ask: 'Ah! ha!' — what *den?* — question on *dat!*' SAM is right, and we are — *done* — 'vanquished, but not dismayed!' - - - THE fallen leaves bring back with them our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.' We should be almost sorry for this, were it not for the fact, that pleasant as is her country correspondence, her pictures of metropolitan life are even more graphic and delightful: and she is to be among us 'takin' notes,' and we a-pretin' of them, all winter:

'A u t u m n L e a s e s .

'It is with rather a sad heart that I now address you, reader mine, for this is to be my last letter from Round Hill, and e'er it reaches your eyes I shall have bid adieu to 'those scenes so charming,' and be once more in the busy, bustling world of Gotham, and it is high time I was off too, for what with climbing fences and scaling mountains I have scarcely a whole dress to my back!

'An't you thankful, reader, that you have not such a hoyden for a wife, to make the fortune of her dress-maker, and ruin you by her rambling, scrambling, harum-scarum propensities? Well, 'every one to their fancy' as the old woman said when she kissed her cow, and though I don't approve of her taste, I echo her sentiment most feelingly.

'The truth is, I was never intended for civilized life; its restraints are wearisome, its monotonous routine unendurable to me; and if my complexion were a little darker and my cheek bones a little higher, I should be inclined to believe that my mother had changed papposes with some Indian squaw; for surely this passion for driving gay horses, climbing mountains, and wading streams could never have been inherited from a long line of sober Dutch ancestors; and no one will believe that a descendant of the staid old Knickerbockers could have been born with such propensities; but it is true, nevertheless. I could ride a horse and drive a pair before I knew a letter of the alphabet, and was looked upon as the dunce of the family! My older brothers and sisters shook their wise heads and declared I'd never be fit for any thing. The whole family, brothers and sisters, aunt and uncles, exhausted their patience in the vain endeavor to drive my A B Cs into my head. Right well do I remember the efforts of my dear sister, whose emblem ought to be a setting hen for the patience she wasted in the useless effort. I fancy she must often have been reminded of Mrs. GLASS's receipt for cooking a hare, which begins, 'First catch your hare,' and it was generally no easy matter to catch me! I seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of when there was a lesson in store for me, and was off to the woods, or down by the shore, sometimes in the hay-fields or the apple-orchards, wherever I thought I was least liable to be discovered; but when I was finally captured, I really did try to beat the letters into my brain, but it was no

use, they would not make any impression. My eyes were out of the window watching the clouds and the butterflies, and a bird flying past was sufficient to scatter my thoughts, and the confounded letters were forgotten.

'I was made to sit many a half-hour in a corner with a paper fools-cap on my giddy little pate, but all without effect, till finally all efforts were given up in despair, and I was left to grow up a dunce if I chose! Perhaps I have; that's a matter of opinion, and I have n't time to argue the case with you now. I want to write you about Round Hill and the splendid times I'm having here.

'The year is 'growing ancient,' as SHAKESPEARE says. The trees have laid aside the gorgeous robes in which of late they flaunted it so gayly, and assumed that 'green and yellow melancholy' of which the poet spoke. Dolefully does the autumn blast whistle among their almost naked branches, scattering at every touch some few of the poor withered leaves that remain. The song of the cricket has ceased to be merry, and the katydids seem inclined to let their argument drop, at least for this season. JACK FROST has warned the squirrels that it is time to be laying in their winter stores, and they are at it with an energy and perseverance that ought to be a lesson to some of us two-legged animals, and is only equalled by the troops of ragged urchins who are scouring the woods on the same errand. The harvests are gathered, the fields are bare, and the garners full; flowers and the birds have gone southward; in truth, all the bright things but myself have departed, and still I linger here, without the courage to tear myself away from a spot which is so dear to me. Three months have passed like a summer's-night dream, all has been bright and happy, with no cloud to cast a shadow on its brightness, no regret to mar its sweet serenity. Some memories of Round Hill will be enshrined in my heart among its dearest and purest remembrances, which can never be effaced till that heart shall cease to beat!

'Have you ever been to this place, reader, this wonderful town of Northampton? Well, it's a great place in its way, and chiefly distinguished for its water-cures, its paper-mills, and its button-factories, and according to the opinion of a rich and handsome Californian friend of mine, who flourishes through it with his jaunty little cane, black moustache and whiskers *à la militaire*, its *homely women*!

'I suppose it is on the same principle of the engines which use up their own steam, that the water-cures use up their own patients. That is, when one dies their clothes are sold to the paper-mills and their bones to the button-factories, and doubtless we ought to be thankful if we are not made into dice and dominoes!

'Have you any idea of hydropathic treatment, reader? How should you like to rise at day-break, take a long walk, and, on your return, instead of a nice breakfast, be obliged to take a cold 'dripping sheet' and start off again for another walk, and when you surely think you have earned a hot beefsteak and cup of coffee, be forced to content yourself with toast, and porridge, and a glass of cold water! Then go through a set of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, which to witness would convince any one that they had got in among a set of excited lunatics, and when you were well warmed by this process, be invited to indulge in a spray or shower-bath! Ah! those are the things 'that try men's souls' and women's, too, for that matter; but they really do live and thrive under it, as I can vouch by my own experience, having been a patient here three months and being now in good health, and to the best of my own belief, sound mind and understanding on most subjects. Every one has their little pet insanities, you know, reader, and I frankly confess that I have a number. One of the most prominent just at present is these mountains. I have watched them every hour of the day since I came here, and

marked all their varied changes; each change of light and shade, sun and cloud, every change of atmosphere or of temperature is reflected upon them. Sometimes they seem dreamy and absent-minded; at others, they stand boldly forth with their outline clearly defined against the sky, and seem to challenge your admiration and defy you to withhold it. I loved them in their summer beauty, and when in their autumn dress they seemed to stand 'like groups of giant kings in purple and in gold;' and even now that JACK FROST has done them most decidedly brown, I love them still! I have been six times to the top of Mount Holyoke, and each time found something new to fascinate and charm me. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed my walks lately; gathering autumn leaves became a perfect passion with me; I coveted every one I saw, and verily believe I would carried off whole trees if I had had sufficient strength. They were so rich and glowing that I could not resist their fascination, and each day I came home with my hands full of their transient brightness to see them wither and fade away; but the memory of those autumn walks will be far more enduring. My drives too, have been particularly charming of late; but if you take the advice of my friend ——, you never would risk your neck with my driving, reader; but I must say, I think he complains without cause; for many a drive we have had together, and no accident has befallen him yet! I never accept a gentleman's invitation to drive with him except on condition that I be allowed to do the driving, for I will not consent to *being driven* under any circumstance. Well, one afternoon, not long since, —— and I were out driving together: the horses were in fine spirits, and so were we: it was just the weather for the thorough enjoyment of those beautiful mountain rides, and we were going along at a dashing rate through a narrow road with a thick forest on one side and a steep bank on the other, when we overtook a fellow plodding along at an easy pace, and looking as though he did n't care who was President! I was obliged to draw rein, for he kept directly in the middle of the road. This fretted me and it fretted the horses, and at last I could stand it no longer. I called out to him very civilly to let me pass. To which he coolly replied: 'There ain't no room to turn out here.' 'Oh! yes there is,' said I. 'Well I shan't try it any how,' was his gruff rejoinder. 'Then *I will*,' said I, and I touched my horses smartly with the whip; they sprang forward and for a moment things did look a little scary! One wheel was on the edge of the precipice, and the other within a hair's breadth of the wheel of the other wagon; of course a collision would have demolished us, and a slide off the other side would probably have had the same result; a misstep of the horses, one particle of hesitation on my part, and I should n't be here to give an account of the adventure; but I knew my horses and I knew myself when I made the attempt, and the result proved that I had not over-rated either my own nerves or their sure-footedness, and we were soon out of sight of the impudent countryman, all safe and well. My companion read me a long lecture on my rashness, and declared he would never let me drive either himself or his horses again; but I am sorry to say that he has not kept his word.

'I had a delightful walk yesterday. The air was clear and a little frosty, when I, with a most agreeable companion, started for a town five miles from here, and walking at a brisk pace, and chatting pleasantly, we soon reached our destination, and discovered that it was just like any other country town, with nothing worthy of note, so we turned our steps homeward. We had proceeded but a short distance when it occurred to me, and I proposed to my friend, that we should leave the high road and take to the fields, and *walk a steeple chase* home! He was delighted with the notion, and at it we went. Our first experience was a meadow,

and that we thought a decided improvement of the dusty road: next came a turnip patch, not quite so good; and then a high board fence to climb, but we were equal to it and never flinched, but landed on the other side safe and sound; here we encountered stumps and stubble, briars and burs, but through them we pushed, and finally landed in a marsh, and our efforts to balance ourselves on small tufts of grass, and our hasty jumps from one stone to another, were so perfectly ludicrous, that we both got laughing till we were in danger of losing our footing and getting stuck in the mud; but the kind fates preserved us from a chance so sad; and our next attempt was to make our way through a wood, thick with underbrush. Most people would have been discouraged, but we were determined to persevere and accomplish our object, in spite of scratched faces and torn clothes, and at last we reached the edge of the woodland, where a stump-fence presented the most formidable obstacle to our progress we had yet encountered, and I think the scrambling over it was just about the most difficult operation I ever undertook, and I must confess that I fear my courage would have flagged had I not been sustained and cheered on by the indefatigable go-a-head-a-tive-ness and untiring energy of my companion. When the stump-fence was really overcome we found ourselves in a corn-field, then in a potato patch, and after crawling under half-a-dozen other fences and over as many more, we finally arrived just as the sun was setting, and long past the dinner-hour, on our own premises, safe and sound. And thus ended the latest and one of the most agreeable adventures of

'Round Hill, October 26th, 1856.

THE VERNON.

'More anon' from this same fresh pen. - - - 'The conceit of some people,' is enormously developed. Here is Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, who has been sending two 'stalks of corn to the *'Pennsylvania Jeffersonian,'* each measuring 'over twelve feet in length!' 'The corn,' adds our brother editor of *'The Jeffersonian,'* with commendable local pride, 'was raised in our borough, and is the tallest production we have yet seen.' Very likely: but you are 'behind the age' entirely. Three years ago, about the period of 'this present writing,' we sent to the *'Tribune'* office in town five stalks of '*Iota White Corn,*' (the seed a present from a friend in Davenport, 'of that ilk,') with five ears on each stalk, which 'H. G.,' in an editorial note accompanying our notelet, said, 'by actual measurement averaged fifteen feet and three inches in length!' See the record thereof in the journal aforesaid. Going down to the printing-office, to proof-read, past the 'Tribune Buildings,' we used to love to glance in, and see 'curious' people looking at 'em as they lay 'extended long and large' upon the floor of the publication office, little thinking that WE were close by! Agriculture is a noble science: but there must be emulation to insure success. Does our friend of *'The Jeffersonian'* take the idea? A wiser man than either of us has said, with entire truth, that 'When two men ride a horse, one *must* ride behind.' Reflect upon it a moment, and you 'll 'obsarve the p'int.' - - - 'I WANT' (writes some body from 'down East,' or somewhere else, for he is both nameless and dateless) 'to take you by the button for a moment. I have been 'a constant reader' of the KNICKERBOCKER for some years; 'and like many other bores,' (perhaps you are saying,) 'entertain the idea that such a relationship gives you an unquestionable 'lien' on the Editor.' Wait a bit, dear Sir! Very true, I am not among those likely to yield a generally conceded point, to my own

detriment; and, furthermore, I also confess to the belief that editors would have us think that they are really of great consequence in the world; but let me tell you, (and through you I would remove the starch from all others who 'take on airs,') that if it was n't for us *readers*, you would very soon be nobodies — just nobodies, and nothing else, Sir! I take *that* for a 'platform,' and could keep my position against all your arguments; but *my* time is valuable. So I proceed. Have you ever seen the following? I think I understand you distinctly to say: 'Nay, verily.' Well, then, let me 'pre-face' a little for the benefit of the general reader. Several years ago an acquaintance of your correspondent said he came upon the fine impromptu epigram which follows, in the hand-writing of Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD, while sojourning 'away down East' in the State of Maine. It should be remarked that NATHANIEL DEERING, Esq., of Portland, formerly practised law at Canaan; that he is known as an author in New-England, and beside numerous tales and poems of decided merit, wrote an Indian tragedy which was an unsuccessful candidate for the prize with *Metamora*, although it had many excellent points. Mr. DEERING went from Canaan to Portland when quite a young man; and should you ever go to that city, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, very likely he may be pointed out to you as a *beau-ideal* of 'a fine old Yankee gentleman, all of the *present* time' — as he *is*. But here is the epigram, which probably has not before been in print:

'WHOEVER shall wed the young lawyer at C ———,
Will find she 's a prospect most cheering;
For what must his person and intellect be,
When even his *name* is N. DEERING!'

This is capital. The other lines, purporting to have been copied from the KNICKERBOCKER in 1849, must have been simply a burlesque, judging from the 'sample-stanza' furnished. - - - HANNIBAL, our 'colored brother, JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, (eloquent passages from whose Discourses, given to the world through the KNICKERBOCKER, have excited the attention of 'both Hemispheres,' together with the Equator and the North and South Poles,) has been involved in an *imbroglio* — French for 'row,' or 'muss' — touching his hair, and the color thereof. The Rev. Mr. SCOVILLE, (editor of 'The State Register,' a mighty 'smart' and spicy sheet,) says that it is *red*. 'HANNIBAL' claims for 'Auburn' — stating 'specs,' as preventing *real* color from being seen, owing to refraction of the sun's rays in the day-time, and the protoxide of ipecacuanha in gas at night. The actual truth lies between the two. Brother HANNIBAL's hair is *not* red; neither is it 'Auburn': it is *Skaneateles* hair — seven miles this side of Auburn; as lovely a village as you could wish to see. - - - We have been under the impression that the autumn foliage of the hills and vales about 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' could not be surpassed in 'the States' for beauty and variety of color; but if a port-folio of most superb vari-colored and gracefully-shaped leaves from the hills and woods in the vicinity of Northampton, Massachusetts — perfect autumnal 'botanical specimens,' securely varnished, and exquisitely arranged by the fair hands of our 'DIE VERNON' — if *these* be a veritable *sample* of the 'generality of forest-trees in general' in New-Eng-

land, why then, we 'give in !' - - - WE are glad to perceive that Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS will give instruction at his studio in the University, or in private classes, to art-students, professional or amateur : especially to ladies or gentlemen who may desire to prepare themselves as teachers. His programme is : 'STUDIES : The use of the Lead Pencil and the Crayon, and Perspective : Landscape Painting in Oil and Water Colors, Designing and Drawing on Wood and on Stone, etc., etc. Evening Drawing Class for Gentlemen, at the University, from seven to nine o'clock. Mr. RICHARDS is an accomplished artist, and as we have been informed by the best judges, an excellent instructor. - - - WE do n't know whom to credit with this account of '*A New Disease ;*' but it has made us laugh heartily in the sanctum to-night : 'A friend of ours was visiting the White Hills, in the Granite State, last year ; and one day, while passing a house, observed a little child at the door with what he considered a very dangerous play-thing, namely, a chisel ; and thinking it kindness, accordingly stepped in to inform the parent. 'Madam,' said he, 'are you aware that your child has got *the chisel ?*' 'Why, the mercy on me !' exclaimed the mother. 'Well, I knew something was the matter, for *the child has been ailing a long time !*' The child was probably 'going it *full chisel*' at that very moment. What a dire disease !— '*the chisel !*' - - - HERE is a curious fact recorded in a recent number of '*The Citizen*,' weekly journal. We clip it from an interesting and instructive article entitled '*Astronomical and Meteorological Investigation :*' 'I take a bar of brass, which, when weighed on the earth's surface, actually weighs fifteen pounds. When I ascend to three miles up in the atmosphere and weigh this brass bar, it actually weighs, by a spring balance, only seven and a half pounds, and again at five miles up, positively only three pounds and a quarter. What is the cause of this ? The want of atmospherical pressure on it, and the sun's attraction, which becomes more apparent, the nearer we approach his orbit.' These facts are very striking, and very strikingly 'put.' - - - THE cold weather has driven our *Red Umbrella Insect-Exhibitor* from the Park. We are sorry for it. He had increased his glasses and enlarged his stock by two fine fleas ; was negotiating for six large bed-bugs, through 'a party' in Wall-street ; and had concluded a contract with the Croton-Aqueduct Company for water-drops for the season, in which to animalculize his audiences. It is a 'hard case,' 'with bleak December's winds ensuin' !'

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA. — Since the close of the Academy of Music, with the exception of two delightful concerts by PARODI, the lovers of music have had to content themselves with the German opera at NIBLO's, which, thus far, has been entirely successful. We see, with much pleasure, that the ACADEMY OF MUSIC will be opened again as we go to press by the LAGRANGE troupe, who are all great favorites of the patrons of the opera. Madame LAGRANGE is one of the most wonderful prima donnas in the world. In addition to her great vocal powers she is perfectly at home in every character she represents, and is never sick. We never hear of her even having a cold and how such a frail and delicate organization can endure such constant and arduous labors is astonishing. Let every one who can appreciate and enjoy harmony, see and hear her.

Edin 47748

Knickerbocker.



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[1856] NEW-YORK.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I.	AMERICAN STUDENT-LIFE,	551
II.	STANZAS: 'DYING BY INCHES,'	559
III.	THE SIEGE OF VIENNA,	560
IV.	AN EVENING BY THE FIRE,	562
V.	LINES: 'THE DYING YEAR,'	563
VI.	LUGUBRIOUS LINES,	569
VII.	THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GENIUS,	569
VIII.	THOUGHTS I HAD UPON MY BED,	573
IX.	SONNET ADDRESSED TO A POET,	574
X.	ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES,	574
XI.	THE PHANTOM. By VICTOR HUGO,	585
XII.	PLATONIC LOVE PLAYED OUT,	589
XIII.	LINES: 'THE DEATH OF AUTUMN,'	593
XIV.	SOUVENIRS OF SAUNTERINGS. NUMBER FOUR,	594
XV.	LINES: 'MY SHADOW HOUSE,'	608
XVI.	THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ. NUMBER ELEVEN,	611
XVII.	THE EAR-TRUMPET PEDDLER: AN EXTRACT,	621
XVIII.	STANZAS: 'MEMORY,'	623

LITERARY NOTICES :

1.	BOTHWELL, A POEM,	623
2.	KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS. SECOND NOTICE,	626
3.	EMERSON'S 'ENGLISH TRAITS,'	630
4.	'IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND,'	633
5.	THE 'MUSICAL BOUQUET,'	633

EDITOR'S TABLE :

1.	JOHN PHENIX'S FOURTH-OF-JULY ORATION IN OREGON,	634
2.	A CALIFORNIA MODEL LOVE-LETTER,	642
3.	GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	643
1. MALE-COQUETTES, OR THE THREE MERRY BACHELORS. 2. THE 'CHRISTIAN RE- VIEW': 'TRADUCIANISM AND CREATIANISM'; 'TRICHOTOMY' AND ALSO 'DI-CHO- TOMY'; PELLUCID 'CLINCHERS.' 3. 'NUTS' LATELY CRACKED IN ANCIENT EAST- ERN TOMBS. 4. A RARE WORK: 'THE ENEMY CONQUERED, OR LOVE TRIUM- PHANT.' 5. HONORS TO PROFESSOR MORSE: TELEGRAPH-OPERATORS, ETC. 6. THE 'SORROWS OF THE YOUNG': A CAT-ASTROPHE IN THE FAMILY. 7. LINES BY 'R. S. C.,' SENT WITH A RIDING-WHIP. 8. LYING IN BED IN THE MORNING. 9. CLOSING LETTER FROM 'DIE VERNON' AT ROUND HILL. 10. 'TALL CORN': MIS- TAKEN RIVALRY. 11. GOSSIPING LETTER FROM 'DOWN EAST' TO THE EDITOR: A CAPITAL EPIGRAM BY L. MARIA CHILD. 12. JULIUS CESAR HANNIBAL'S HAIR: RED vs. AUBURN: DECISION. 13. LEAVES FROM NEW-ENGLAND'S GARDENS. 14. T. ADDISON RICHARD'S 'ART-SCHOOL.' 15. A NEW DISEASE IN CHILDREN. 16. 'ASTRONOMICAL AND METEOROLOGICAL INVESTIGATION': A SINGULAR FACT. 15. DEPARTURE OF THE RED-UMBRELLA INSECT EXHIBITOR FROM THE PARK. 17. MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.		

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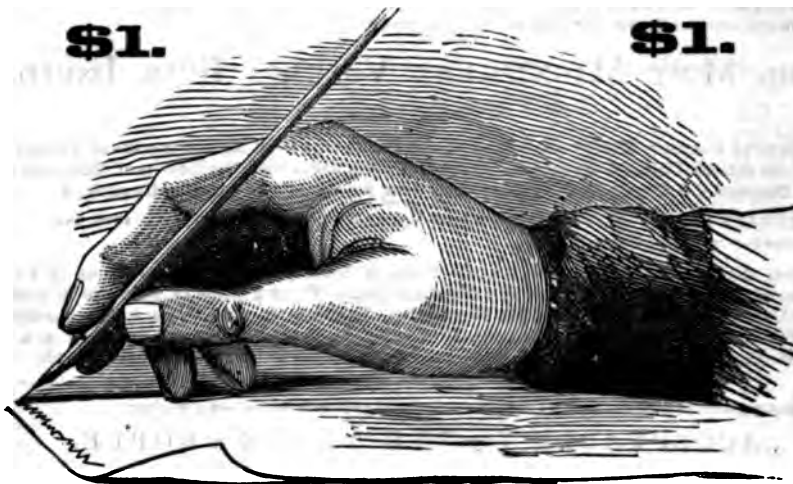
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